This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

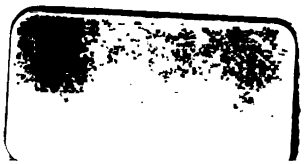
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Digitized by Google

Per. 2705 e. 485
1839(2)



Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

EDITED BY

JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

Οι Θεοι οικτειραντες ανθρωπων επιπονον πεφυκος γενος, τας Μουσας και Απολλωνα και Διονυσον ξυνεορταστας εδοσαν.—*Plato de Legibus, L. 2.*

JULY TO DECEMBER.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER.

1839.

Digitized by Google

LONDON:

PRINTED BY JOHN WERTHEIMER AND CO.
CIRCUS-PLACE, FINSBURY-CIRCUS.

Digitized by Google

INDEX.

A. PAGE.

Absence 431
Adamus Exul, the, of Grotius; or, the Prototype of Paradise Lost, translated from the Latin by Francis Barham, Esq. 365, 535
Adelphi Theatre 607
America, a Response from 344
American Ramblers 693
Annuals, the 600
Anster John, LL.D. his Lines on Glengariffe..... ib.
Antipopopriestian, by J. Rogers 711
Arabian Nights' Entertainments 602
Association, National, for the Encouragement of Literature, 628
Autobiography of Thos. Platter 601

B.

Ballot, Cicero's Opinion of the. 134
Ballot, the, the Chartists, and Government Plan of Education 119
Beauty, the Pilgrim of, by Saml. Mullen 229
Bernays, Leopold J., his translation of Goethe's Faust, second part..... 74, 182, 326, 447
Biography — Life of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, 357; of Mrs. Siddons, by Thomas Campbell, 357 ; of Charles Fourier, 432; of Sir Humphrey Davy..... 667
British and Foreign Review.... 359
Brougham, Lord, and Education 503

C. PAGE.

Cecilia Alford, being No. 8, second series of the Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse.. 513
Census of Foreign Literature— Charles Fourier and Socialism in France, 64 ; Ferdinand Freiligrath, 407 ; Modern Literature of France.... .... 564, 671
Chronicle of the Law Officers of England, by C. J. Smyth, A.B. 116
Cicero's Opinion of the Ballot.. 134
Cid, Romancero of the 137
Chartist Epic, the 218
Cigar Box, Our..... 386
Coalitionary Journals, by the Syncretist 170
Cock-Crow, by Dr. Willis 646
Coleridge, Samuel T., Literary Remains of, collected and edited by Henry N. Coleridge, A.M. 100, 218
Condition of the People 719
Cook, Eliza, her Poems 607
Cookery made Easy, by a Lady 359
Correspondence — The Chartist Epic, and Coleridge's Philosophy, a Letter to the Editor, 218 ; Editor's Reply..... 220
Cory, Isaac Preston, his Practical Treatise on Accounts 116
Costanza of Mistra, a Tale 228
Covent Garden Theatre, 106, 607, 718
Crypt, Our Monthly ..108, 474, 70

Digitized by Google

PAGE.
Cryptic Dialogues..... 221
Cumming, W. F., his Notes of a Wanderer 117

D.

Death-rattle of Party 361
Discovery of America by the Northmen in the Tenth Century 715
Dodd's Church History of England..... .....484, 714
Duelling and Christian Principle 583
Drama, State of the 609
Dramatic Productions, recent.. 621

E.

Eccaleobion, the 118
Eccentric Club, Selections from the Records of the, by Nic Sober 151
Education 120
Egypt, the history of, under the Ptolemies, by Samuel Sharpe 116
Elegy, Gray's, illustrated 229
Encyclopædia Britannica..... 114
Encyclopædia, the Popular ... 115
English Opera House 360
Ernest, the Chartist Epic..... 1
Exile, the, from the French of L'Abbé de la Mennais..... 93

F.

Fables, Library edition of..... 114
Family Sanctuary..... 115
Faust of Goethe, Part I, translated by the Hon. Robt. Talbot 486
Faust of Goethe, part 2, translated by Leopold J. Bernays, 74, 182, 326, 447
Ferdinand Freiligrath 407
Festus; a Poem, reviewed 247
Finden's Tableaux 601
Forget Me Not 600
Fra Cipolla, by Sir Jno. Hanmer, Bart. 112

PAGE.
France and England; an Ode, by John A. Heraud 578
France, Modern Literature of, 564, 671
Friendship's Offering 600

G.

Germany, the Spirit of, her History, &c., by Dr. Bisset Hawkins, 117; New School of Philosophy in 472
Goethe's Faust, 2nd part, translated by Leopold J. Bernays, 74, 182, 326, 447
Going the whole Hog, a Scene in a Backwoods' Court-room ... 264
Glengariffe, Lines on, by Dr. Anster 600
Grandier; or, the Victim of Richelieu, by C. Dent 398
Green Room, 106, 229, 359, 488, 718
Grotius, the Character of, by Francis Barham, Esq. 314
——— the Adamus Exul of, translated by Francis Barham, Esq. 365, 535
Guizot, and the Misrepresentations of his Policy in Blackwood and other periodicals, by the Syncretist 283
Gulliver's Travels, illustrated by Grandville 607

H.

Hannibal in Bithynia; a Dramatic Poem, by Henry Gally Knight, Esq., M.P. 487
Haymarket Theatre, 229, 361, 488, 718
Hemans, Mrs., her Works, with a Memoir of her Life, by her Sister..... 113, 489
Heraud, John A., his Reply to Professor Wilson 237

Digitized by Google

PAGE.

Herand, his Providence Divine (Ghazel) 245
——— Stanzas, by,..... 364
——— France and England, an Ode, by..... 578

J.

Jack Sheppard..... 717
Immortality 229

K.

Knowles, James Sheridan, his "Love," a Play..... 616

L.

Lancashire Witches 635
Leigh, Lord, his Poems 228
Library Gleanings. 353
Life of Sir Humphry Davy 687
Literature, a few Lines on, by Hannah D. Burdon 683
Love and Charity, No. IV., selected from the Records of the Eccentric Club 151
Lovers, the, an Every-day Life Sketch 94

M.

Macready's Henry V. 106
Maid of Otaheite, from the Odes of Victor Hugo..... 216
Maniac, the, by H. L. Mansel, Esq. 167
Manuel for the College of Surgeons in London 601
Martin, R. M., on the Colonies 117
Memory, to the Sorcerer..... 275
Modern Pythonism, by the Modern Cryptologist..... 108
Mr. and Mrs. Littledale, being IX. and last of 2nd series of the Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse 648
My God-child Mary, being No. VII. *ibid* 295

N.

PAGE.

Napoleon, the History of, by R. H. Horne..... 114
Newfoundland, Poems written in 716
Nonsense, a Praise of, by Cornelius Webbe..... 276
North, Christopher, his Review of John Wilson's Poetry 121

O.

O'Connell Answered..... 713
Oriental Annual, the 600
Ouseley, Thos. John, his Vision of Death's Destruction..... 229
Outlines of Pathological Semeiology, by D. Spillan 486

P.

Penny Postage, the..... 713
Pepoli, Professor Caclo, his Retrospect of Spanish Literature 137
Physic and Physicians 474
Plain Abstracts for Popular Use of all the Acts of Parliament, by John H. Brady..... 713
Pleasures of Memory, and other Poems, by Samuel Rogers.... 607
Progress of Insurrection 232

Q.

Quakerism and Quakers..... 417

R.

Rambles in the Isle of Man.... 462
Reade's Catiline 628
Remembrances of a Monthly Nurse, second series—
No. VI. Rebecca Levison 38
VII. My God-child Mary 295
VIII. Cecilia Alford 518
IX. Mr. and Mrs. Littledale..... 648
Reminisences of the People.... 673
Retrospect of Spanish Literature, by Professor Caclo Pepoli—
The Romancero of the Cid—

Digitized by Google

PAGE.

and Sketches of Spanish Literature..... 137
Review—Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, collected and edited by Henry N. Coleridge, A.M., vol. 4.... 100
Review of New Books 228

S.

Salomon, Dr. G., his Twelve Sermons 353
Sardinia, Adventures in..... 209
Shakspere Illustrated..... 114
Shelley's Poetical Works, edited by Mrs. Shelley 112
Sketches of Spanish Literature 137
Stanzas 364
State of the Drama 609
Stevens's Gertrude and Beatrice 621
Strand Theatre 488
Sunyassee, the, an Eastern Tale, and other Poems, by James Hutchinson, Esq., &c. &c.... 113
Supernaturalist, the.....200, 587
Surrey Theatre 231, 361

T.

Theology..... 353
Tournament, the 675

W.

Ward's Library of Standard Divinity 114
Webbe, Cornelius, his Praise of Nonsense 276
Wellington, Life of, by Major Basil Jackson and Captain C. Rochefort Scott..... 114
Western India in 1838..... 716
Wilmott, Robt. Aris, his Letters of Eminent Persons..... 117
Wilson, John, his Poetry Reviewed by Christopher North 121
—— Letter of Editor to 237
Winter's Wreath 601
Wizard of Windshaw 118

Digitized by Google

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

VOL. II.] JULY, 1839. [No. 7.

THE CHARTIST EPIC.*

WE have resolved on reviewing this poem at length, as the most fitting service we can render to the religious and political necessities of the present times. Advocating the most extreme principles, the author of this work is a poet of the highest rank, and of the deepest piety. What Shelley did in the republican style of verse-writing, was nullified by his professed (though misnamed) Atheism. He condemned himself, and destroyed the influence of his production by the title that he assumed; but the author of the poem before us is thoroughly Miltonic in sentiment and opinion, both political and religious. Like Milton, he errs, in expecting that mere naked principle can be carried out in the social state, and that it is possible, without ultimate damage, for a society to revert to the first elements of its constitution. From such decomposition, not life, but death will ensue. And even if we grant, that in societies, as in individuals, the soul survives the dissolution of the body; we contend that it will not reanimate the same body. It will either exist as a separate spirit, or, if it should indeed be the psychological law that souls transmigrate, it will enliven another people in another land, and not the people and the land that it has once left. Both socially and individually, it is a truth, never enough however asserted, that organisation is the result of life—that the constitution of society, as we have it, is the result of a specific life; that if once dissolved, there is no re-constitution of it, as life will not supervene on organisation as a result, but precedes and pervades it in every part as a cause. Ages are required for the growth and developement of an organised social body; nor has any people at any time the power of producing a new one in a day, a week, a month, or a year, simply by an effort of will, and the promulgation of a decree. Legislative assemblies themselves, whether ordinary or extraordinary, whether old Parliament, or new National Convention, are but parts of the body, not its soul, much less its author.

The writer before us, would of course be undeserving of our consideration, were it not evident, that, like Milton, he is both a poet and divine, as well as a republican; and that in his latter character,

* Ernest, or Political Regeneration, in Twelve Books; London: printed for the Author, by R. Gadsden, Upper St. Martin's Lane, 1839. [unpublished.]

Digitized by Google

he is of all the more weight, on account of his connexion with the former. This point may be proved at once in his own language.

> Yes, poetry, I know thee, and thou art
> The *harbinger of faith*; thou should'st controul,
> Thou genius of all good, man's fleshly heart,
> Fitting it for a spiritual soul.
> Ah, wherefore art ye two so long apart?
> But now, e'en now at length, into one whole
> Be blent each wild poetic melody,
> Full streaming in a deep religious harmony.
>
> Making one truth of many phantasies,
> Of many various colours one pure light—
> One soul of many sensibilities—
> One high-throned reason to rule all aright,
> That peace and joy may crown man's destinies,
> And glory be to God in heaven's height;
> A righteous consummation!" *Introduction.*

We prefer dealing in the first instance, with the purely poetical part of this production.

A Family Scene.

> Duty well done
> Is joy well earned; and a glad wife was she,
> When, her devotion o'er, she rose again,
> To do whate'er her husband's hungry need
> Demanded done: for not till now had she spread
> Her board, as loth his presence to presume,
> And rue him so, being absent, all the more:
> For disappointment with a viperous scourge
> Scores out the account of hope; and love is still
> A fearful prophet. But now all being ripe,
> And expectation substanced into bliss;
> Her nimble spirits ran through every act,
> O'erquickening the delay; serving each need,
> With fairy-skilful noiseless ministry:
> The work prompt as the will: what though the fiend
> Of gluttony bestrode not their slight board
> With heavy oppression: though no sweltering spilth
> Were there, to drown the spiritual soul,
> And choak the throat of utterance: no lamps
> Drunk with their oily swill, flaring away
> Above the guests, in rival bravery:
> Yet had they all that happiness would have,
> And fail not having it: plenty, and peace,
> And comfort. Parent brows smoothed in that warmth.
> And childish faces gazing on the fire,
> E'en as its fascination held them fast,
> Smiling they knew not why; as the young smile,
> And the old despond. Anon the kettle breathed
> Its invitation to familiar rites;
> First gently murmuring with rise and fall
> And stop, as who preludes before he plays:
> Then blowing a more moody and deeper blast,
> As summoning its strength, till at the last,
> Brooking no more delay, it boils amain
> Impatient, as the enthusiast Pythoness,
> Of its hot fumes. The housewife heard well pleased

Digitized by Google

That challenge, and forthwith gave to flow forth
Its rash tumultuous incontinence
Into a vessel of more richer art,
Silver—a precious stuff—and wrought to a price.—
Yet costlier than its own—her grandsire's gift,
When on her bridal day he sent her forth,
Enriched with this, and with his blessing more,
Could it have been: a gift memorial
Of happier years and wealthier circumstance,
Not to be known again—or only when
Those artful leaves and tendril luxuries,
Outvying truth with curious mockery,
Shall bud to very fruit! the sudden steam,
Breathing a breath too hot for purity,
Dimmed the bright vase: meantime that careful dame,
The purifying influence outpoured,
In every cup, passing from each to each,
Lustration due—then from the cupboard nook
Produced a chest whose odorous potency
Might shame the cedar's boast—its lid disclosed,
Forth flew the fragrant spirit on airy wing,
Joyous and free. Then did the wife dole out
Her chary herbage, pondering, spoon by spoon,
As prizing right its precious quality,
To the vase's gaping void—stooping anon
To scent its pleasantness, incense as sweet
As ever breathed to heaven: this done, on the heap,
Piled in her present joy higher than wont,
She poured the liquid penetrative heat
Once, and again renewed—then a short pause
By talk made shorter ere she 'gan dispense
Her gracious drink; that gracious drink transfused
Into its cognate cups of far Cathay,
And blended there with cream, soft temperature,
Its virgin harshness changed to a gentler kind,
Inviting taste—nor needed urgency
To strain the invitation; as when erst
Mad revelry, with stress that more beseems
The hangman's office and the poisoned cup,
Would force its swilling potion down the throat
Of the abject drunkard. Hail, thou blessed plant!
Sacred to comfort and complacency,
Gentle refreshment! sure some providence,
Wiser than Pallas and more loving far,
Created thee to countervail the curse
Of that luxurious vine, whose first effect
(Type of its proofs in all futurity,)
Redounded to its Patriarch Author's shame;
Perverting reverence and pious dues
To ribald leer and rank obscenity,
Clean against nature. Then must grace go out
When riot rules: but thou dost still repress
Each passion in its dark cell of the brain,
There to lie still; whispering in the ear
Of mad distemperature a voice of calm,
Rebuking all misrule. Sure it was thou,
Though strangely named, didst once reform the crew
Of old Ulysses to humanity
From bestial lewdness, so reclaiming back

Digitized by Google

By thy mild potency those haggard souls;
And rendering them to their reason again,
Forgotten and foregone. Then was joy rife,
'Neath that poor thatch—and the minutes winged their way
Like a glad dream—sportive as fairy sprites
Dancing at eve with feet that but provoke
The springy grass to rise against their tread,
Leaving no trace. Their joy blazed as a star,
Needing nought else to feed it—from each brow
To each reflected, glancing eye from eye,
Well had it lustred every nook of the room,
Though light beside were none. Howled the fierce storm,
Shaking the stanchions, beating 'gainst the door,
Like to a maniac; aye howl away
In frustrate fury, for that din the more
Endears our warm security within;
To think what we might be, doubles the bliss
Of what we are. So did their mirth long hold
Its holiday, for childish revelry,
Once kindled, lightly finds whereon to feed;
Finds, or else fancies it. But age hath cares,
And cares will cloud the brow; as they did then
That man's—and as the fire he gazed upon,
Subsided from its blaze to a darkling heap;
So did his temperature and pitch of soul
Fall from its height; nor did she not take note—
That loving anxious wife, of what she saw,
But nothing, yet spoke not her sense of it,
As hoping well that cloud, haply chance-strayed,
Across his light, might pass as quickly away,
And all be clear. So she essayed awhile
By matter new and question manifold,
Graced with her lively cheer, to give the spur
To his sinking spirit—but vainly—for the cloak
Discloses not what it conceals within,
To the gentle lamp that doth solicit it.
She saw and knew, and thus in winning wise—"

Book i.

The measure here changes to lyrical metres, specimens of which we shall by and bye quote. At present, we remain with the descriptive portions, as in them we can best separate the poetic from the religious feeling.

A Description of Natural Phenomena:—

Ere this the sun
Had climbed the ascent of heaven, and there paused,
Rejoicing in his power, as one glad
To look from his height on lowly happiness,
And feel the warm reflection of his beams,
Thrown back upon himself from the wide world,
That he did bless. But Hermann suddenly
Made pause, as he who hunted long by cares
Unto exhaustion, stands at length a-bay:—
And sat him down upon a little knoll,
Planted with five tall trees and ever green,
Both with the cool protection of their shade,

Digitized by Google

And the refreshment of a secret fount,
That had its birth there in the depth below,
And gave that verdant token of its life,
Unseen but not unfelt. Thence was he wont,
Erewhile, what haste soe'er might urge him on,
To look with silent pleasure on the scene
That spread before him its rich amplitude
Far as the eye could reach: stealing her thoughts
From the tired soul, and lending in their stead
Such images as sweeten solitude.
There in that vale, loosely stretched out at length,
Dame Nature lay, as on her genial couch,
Soliciting the due of husbandry
To quicken her rich womb, and the far hills
So graciously opposed their boundary,
As who should say, Look there and sate your sense,
Where wonderment may well exhaust itself,
Nor ask for more. There was the village spire,
Pointing to Heaven in high significance,
For those, the few, who see with other eyes
Than those of sense; and there the church-yard lay,
Sloping so gently and so sunnily,
It seemed to say, "Come take your rest with me,
And make the grave your pillow"—all alike,
Meadow and wood, and the clear sky above
Was blended in an harmony of joy,
Save where perchance man's spirit mixed itself,
To jar the glad accord with its own grief.
O manhood, what a fallen thing thou art!
The crowning glory, the great miracle,
Of the creator's hand, added o'er all
For the accomplishment of blessedness,
And the perfection of the glorious work,
Thou dost but mar the whole, sad is the truth;
And none e'er felt its sadness trulier,
Than did that lonely youth. He looked and saw,
And wished his sight seared to the very quick,
So he might see no more. That golden light
Served but to show his gloom yet gloomier,
E'en as the sun, startling the murderer
With his own shadow; oftimes was he wont,
When that his haste had reached where then he stood,
And but an eye-shot kept him from his home,
To stay fond gazing; and send on his sight
To gather in the first fruits of his joy,
And fill his heart. There was the homely thatch,
The orchard and small garden, and rude porch,
Whereon the climbing rose and eglantine,
Like artless flowers upon a village maid,
Did show more sweet decking rusticity:
And there they stood gladsome and smilingly,
As was their wont—nor to their loveliness,
Did there lack aught save the glad radiance,
That the beholder's soul should minister,
Consenting with them. Alas! where that should be,
Was but a void—a dreary void—for there,
The sum of all his joy was swallowed up,
To be no more—his spirit drooped to the earth;
And in that selfsame bias droopingly,
He laid his weary body down at length. *Book* iii.

Digitized by Google

A Fancy touching Prometheus:—

" Sure he who erst,
As fables tell us, fabling haply a truth,
Stole fire from heaven to animate our clay
Was but a scanty thief, who having spent
His daring on that danger, lacked at last
The spirit to stretch forth his hand for the prize,
And fled dispurposed by preposterous fear,
Leaving his work half done, and bringing down
But some sad ashes where all fire was dead,
And only a poor lingering warmth o'erlived,
To be our being's soul: else had that fire
Been but itself, and held its quality,
O what a thing were man! surpassing all,
He aspires in hope or feels in consciousness,
Far as the star that glorifies all heaven,
Excels the marshborn vaporous meteor.
But truly whoso first devised that tale
Told it not for a memory of things done,
But for a hope of what remains to do:
That so regret of an old dream might prompt
A new desire to compass the thing dreamt:
Pointing to nature what she needeth most,
Not what she hath—that man so stirred might rise,
Aspiringly, up to the height of heaven,
And hath the spirit he lacks, by exercise
Of Heavenly visions high contemplative,
Such as draw down by their communion,
The holy flame to his soul, the flame that erst
Prophets did use, and patriots must use now,
Or die in the dark; themselves and all their hopes
And the Commonwealth of man. But why this waste
Of wholesome words? Sooner shall the dull earth
That we do walk, ourselves as dull and dead,
Pause in its ceaseless and most eager whirl,
To list the holy music of the spheres,
Than man in the moil and hurry of this life
Give wisdom but a moment's audience,
Though but to show her high credentials
The God she came from. No—each man doth tread
The path his father trod long ages back,
So wearing for themselves a track so deep
That they can see nought else save the dull mound,
That bars them in; so ever at the heels
Of use and old example, a damned pair,
Plodding their weary life, hopeless of good,
Endless of ill—nor thinking once to turn
Aside, and well consider the sure chart,
That wisdom from its height contemplative
Viewing at large, sets forth to save their pains,
And expedite their end—but thereto first,
Needs rectitude of soul and counsel too,
And next, such stirring fiery temperature
As may enforce that visionary right
To a reality.—*Book* iv.

Rural Sketches by the Hand of a Master:

" In such thought,
More cheerful since his soul had taken wing

Digitized by Google

To a determined point, even and straight,
Onward he sped—and now his calmer mood
Imaged the landscape's gay reflection
In chequered brightness rich: as is a shawl
From far Cashmere spread to the wondering eyes
Of village maiden. Inly he thanked his God,
That he could feel the season's graciousness,
Darkened to him of late by his soul's cloud;
Nor only feel, but render what he felt
To him who gave it, in like grace again,
E'en with the spirit of adoring love.
And now he felt the air breathe tenderly,
As from his home; he passed the village through,
Straggling and far between, broken with wood,
Orchard, and garden trim and pastures green,
Betokening plenty; and, from door to door,
Still as he past he scattered from his heart
The largess of his words, prized not the less
For their small cost, but bearing still a rate
Of friendliness and grace and of good will,
Such as o'erpeers all price. His dewy words,
As best beseems a preacher of God's grace,
Fell every where. The old dame out of doors
Basking in the sun beside her spinning-wheel,
Intent on work, but yet not so intent
As not to greet him coming with blithe phrase,
And bless him parting for his ministry,
Whereby he wrought on her and other souls
Such saving worth:—the old shepherd who best loves
Serious talk, and she who needs it most,
The simple maid, pert in her prettiness,
O'erweening of herself. All had their turn
Of question, or kind word, or kinder smile,
As each one crost his way—so on he past,
Glad with the radiance of that sweet scene,
And gladder still in sunshine of his heart,
Until, well nigh before his consciousness,
He reached his father's house. Him, there he found,
'Scaped from his scholars' impish noisomeness,
Taking his solace in the sunny ground
He tilled with his own hands—and tilled it so,
That scarce could a born peasant of them all
Better his work: faith, if he only wrought
His scholars' minds to the like pregnancy,
They past all praise. It seem'd some kindly sprite
Had ta'en a turn at the delightful task,
To show how best 'twere done. The rounded beds
Were swelling to the birth, the stately flowers
Rose daintily, as ladies of the soil,
Clean from the level mould. The gravelled path
Showed like a golden stream, bright glistening
In the rich day. The earth smelt gratefully:
The hedges in their shapeliness of trim
Presented a smooth couch, where the hot sun
Might take his mid-day rest. Through the whole space
The soul of summer shed its influence,
And not a weed was there, foully to mar
The sweet society of herbs and flowers.
Hermann viewed all in thoughtful consciousness,

Digitized by Google

And inly thus he said—" Old man, thou'rt blest
Both in thy toil, and in the fruit of it,
And I, in thy example, were blest too,
Did but the sire descend unto the son,
As like should gender like—but oh! harsh Fate,
And harsher Love!" So as he thought, he paced
Evermore on in silent thoughtfulness,
'Till at the sound of his step, the old man turned
Hastily, and with like haste, thus began :"—*Book* iv.

Philosophical and Pious Reflections on Family Estrangement.

" So did the sire and son hold their discourse—
Meeting in love, parting as those whose hope
And dearest wish is ne'er to meet again,
Lest that their love, being in substance lost,
Should lose in their contention e'en to its show,
Sinking from chill to cold—meeting but so
As shadows meet, darkly and silently,
And so pass scowling by. O who can look
Upon such passages in life as this!
'Strangement of blood from blood, father 'gainst son,
Nor wish to be vilest of those vile things
That have no feeling; change humanity
For an ape's grin, and bide whate'er may chance
To be no more a slave in the social gang,
Manacled to companionship, where each
Being bound by such shrewd ties as cut to the quick
Where'er they bind, must bear both gall and jar
When that his fellow starting from caprice,
Or swerving from his line and rightful way,
Or flinging himself foully on the path,
Drags the whole chain awry. O who was he,
The shallow fool, that would fain have his soul
Gifted with observation and sure sight
Of the human heart? Such sight as his eye hath
For things of outward form; that sight once seen
In all its foulness, and its hideousness,
'Twere a bold man would look on it again—
Much rather would he tear the memory
From his mind, and fling it to the winds away
For a devil's charm. Truly, far lovelier
Were the aspect of the Libyan wilderness,
Bare of all else, but teeming with strange shapes,
Whose venom is their life; who but would fly
From such a horror to his darkest dreams,
And think them heaven? For to look once on it
Were to put out with tears the light of our eyes,
And weep all joy away, Such were our life,
Being itself alone; if man's whole hope
Rested but only on his fellow men:
But when that hope is perished, then comes faith
The angel-guide, showing where refuge is
From the world to God, making all smooth where all
Was rough before; visiting home the heart
Of the sad pilgrim—lightening the way
And pointing to the end: blest be that faith
As they are blest that do partake of it.

Digitized by Google

A Domestic Scene.—Mother and daughter communing concerning the state of the latter's affections and their object. The quotation will be found to consist both of the lyrical and the epic.

The careful dame marked her fair daughter's brow
Woefully drooping, and thus spoke to her.

"Lucy, the sun is golden bright,
The sky is silver clear,
And all is full of joy and light,
O be of better cheer!
And tell me whither hast thou been
To find thy silent care?
For in thee only is it seen,
And all is gay elsewhere.
Prithee, is aught upon thy heart?
For sure if crosses fall,
A simple maiden as thou art,
Should tell her mother all."
"Mother, thou knowest all I know,
For oft I've heard thee say,
There's many a cloud that will not go,
For brightness of the day:
And sometimes we are apt to smile,
And then again to cry;
Joying or grieving all the while,
And yet we know not why.
And I felt something of distress,
Some dark and distant fear;
And for I knew it foolishness,
I came to hide it here."
"Nay, Lucy, hide what else you will,
But hide not truth from me;
For truth beseems a maiden still,
Whate'er the matter be.
For thou hast wept; and in thine eye,
I see the glistening tear:
And when a maid weeps silently,
A mother must needs fear.
The clouds upon a virgin face,
Full lightly come and go:
But tears are of a deeper place,
Whenever they do flow."
"Yes, mother, I will tell thee true,
And I have wept full sore:
And let me weep, 'tis sorrow's due;
Or I must grieve the more,"
"Ah! is it love? yes, sure 'tis so,—
For nought but love could bow
A pretty maiden's heart so low,
As thine is bent e'en now.
But when did love become a crime,
A thing of shame and scorn?
'Twas not so rated in my time,
Or thou hadst ne'er been born.
And other maiden hearts are light,
And why shouldst thou despair;
With brow so smooth and eye so bright,
And golden flowing hair?
And soon will Linsingen be here,
And he hath much to say
Will sound like music in thine ear,
And grief will then away."
"But he is come of ancient line,
And courteous though he be,
Yet never can I call him mine;
He may not stoop to me.
No! never can he share our lot,
Then wherefore dream in vain?
Oh leave me to this lowly cot,
And name him not again."

The maiden ceased: the mother looked on her
With such a look as, through the encountering eye,
Pierces to the heart in penetration keen;
Angrily at the first, then earnestly;
So to discern by the significance,
Featured in that most pure and guileless face
If that her speech were sooth. Much did she fear,
(For much had she suspected of long time,
Since that the maiden neither talked nor wept,
While yet her spirit dwelt within a cloud),
That there lay something lodged within her heart
Too deep for words. Oft had that dame discoursed
(For misery from its darkness loves to look,
Up to the merest chink that lets light in,
And with it hope) of the young Linsingen,
His youth, his beauty, his wealth and parentage,
All that commends a man, both to the eyes
And judgment too—she spake, and Lucy heard,
And haply listened; but it might well be
Felt not at all, or whatsoe'er she felt,
'Twas not the pulse of love.—Nor matters what;
The truth will speak itself in her after acts,
Clearer than words—only thus much is sure,
That this most prudent dame, knowing full well,

Digitized by Google

How love when poor is but a beggar boy,
And, like his kind, wretched in beggary,
Wretched the more, as waking from rich dreams;
This having learned, as use taught her the truth,
Not knowingly alone, but feelingly,
In daily desolation of her heart;
Fain would she compensate her own sad chance
With a golden fortune for her child achieved:
Its substance for her child, and for herself
Its warm reflected golden radiance,
To be the comfort of her later life.
Therefore on Hermann, in that scope of thought,
Her countenance was cold, as being one
Whose industry was all his faculty
To push his fortune on; and his high hopes
O'erlooking worldly aims, were winged to a mark
Though beauteous, yet distant, bare, and cold,
As a far glacier, rich with many rills
To fertilize and bless the nether earth,
But barren for itself. From such a man
Her eager eyes would turn to Linsingen
As to an angel, that should take the hand
Of her child and lead her forth to paradise,
There to be blest, and from her father's house,
Bringing her virtues to a worthier home,
Would leave that house a blessing in her stead,
Rich as herself. So did the mother hope,
And as she hoped so trusted a long time;
In confidence that her most gentle girl
Was to her will, but as a gentle boat
Is to a willful stream, that goes nor stirs
But as the stream will have it: else she had deemed,
If that the maid should choose of her own choice,
A very miracle were sprung to life,
Shocking old use—so had security
Set up its habit for the very truth,
Rating all else that likelihood did urge,
At a dream's rate; nor e'er imagining
That the young eye seeing but by itself,
Not with the artifice and glass of age,
Eager, but nothing curious of search,
Doth oft forerun expedience with desire,
Taking a glitter of sand for very gold,
A hope for a sure good.—Such is man's law,
But, for that law is nowhere writ in brass,
Nor trumpeted abroad with brazen sound,
The hopeful matron took no note of it,
When 'twere most need. But yet something ere this
Had she misdoubted of the things she saw,
As caution gave the alarm; and this new doub
Forth issuing from her daughter's cloudiness
And covert phrase, sudden with violent start,
Burst ope the door where Surety lay asleep,
And let Suspicion in; she addressed herself
Forthwith to wring the spungy secret out,
And so had done; for in such circumstance
A parent's heart is hard, and maiden souls
Are all as soft; and what she could she would,
Though with it she had wrung the life-blood forth

Digitized by Google

To its last drop: but he on whose behalf
She was solicitous, sudden appeared
While yet his noble name was in their ears,
Himself more nobly present to their eyes,
Her hope, her joy, the gallant Linsingen.—*Book* v.

Arthur Hermann's supposed father, the old shoolmaster, having impeached his confederates, occasion is taken to evade the suit of the son. The consequent meeting between Arthur Hermann and Lucy Hess, is delicately as well as vigorously touched-off.

Sir, there's one thing I'd ask,
To see your daughter, and so hear from her
What I have good assurance from your lips,
But nearer yet from hers." "'Tis just and right,"
Answered the father, "and shall surely be.
Wait but her coming down; nay, 'tis herself
There in the garden—she shall know your wish,
Yours and her own." He went, and Hermann alone
Remained: 'twas a short space; but large enough
For thousand various thoughts to crowd between,
Confounded in one vague, thronging like motes,
Though joyless of the sun: then was all still,
Save the unruly beating of his heart,
That broke the stillness: soon another sound
That none might hear, save who had listened it;
A quick light step, and then a gentle hand
Upon the door, and gliding through the room
A youthful presence of pale loveliness,
Lovely though pale, she moved as in a dream,
Noiseless and vague and all unconsciously,
For her deep passion had enveloped her
As with a cloud: she stood, and had sunk there
Ere she could speak; but Hermann hastily
Rose and encountered her, and took her hand,
And seated her in drooping passiveness,
That so she might collect her spirit again
And be herself. Sadly he gazed on her,
Then broke the sad pause, "Lucy, look on me,
And speak me a word--surely we may be friends.
Such severance as ours it breeds not hate
But pity—speak to me, and let me hear
That this same gulf but parts us being friends
No hostile distance—nay, but weep not so,
Thy grief is my worst pain. Oh answer me
Only a word." "Oh yes, I'll answer thee;
But what to say? Forgive me; that is all.
Forgive me now as thou didst love me once,
Wholly—so shall my pain haply be less:
But no—that I deserve not—nor dare hope—
Only forgive me." "Lucy 'tis too much:
Wherefore forgive? What thou hast done, from my heart
I do commend it for a noble deed:
But if thou lovest more the other word,
Then do I tell thee I forgive it all,
As free as we forgive our dearest friends
For seeking our best good: nay, mark me this—
Had I such cause and motive for the act,
I'd done no less myself—I loved thee much---

Digitized by Google

Thou know'st it: and I felt and ever shall.
Yet, in the heat and flagrance of my zeal,
I had spent a hundred thousand loves like thine
To gain but one such man as thou hast gained
On our behalf in noble Linsingen:
So prithee be content." "Nay, what thou say'st,"
The maiden answered him with streaming tears,
"It shows thy spirit's greatness greater yet
And all my baseness baser than before.
Oh! had'st thou been my brother—how blest then
Thy sister."—"Lucy, deem it even so:
I am thy brother, we're twinborn in soul:
What would we more? Only be thou indeed
My own true sister in this enterprize,
So shalt thou have not only a husband's love,
Which was the richest hope I offered thee,
But a brother's also on the top of that,
Crowning the measure: yes, by my faith I think
A sister's name is of the sweeter sound
Purer and chaster; less of earth in it,
And more of heaven. Lucy, 'tis God's grace,
And, for I deem it so, thy forehead I kiss
For a most holy and baptismal sign,
That thou art sistered to me. This is good:
Never was I a brother yet before,
And now I feel the spirit in my heart
As a new born angel. Is it so with thee?
Prithee, believe no less—we must part now—
A longer stay might not beseem us well;
But there's a word I'd say: haply thou knowest
There is a force of soldiers here hard by
In Salberg—Soldiers, but yet men no less:
And not mere stocks for muskets as some are.
There hath been sown good seed among those men
And it hath taken root. Now in that force
Young Edward Linsingen doth hold a charge,
Being an ensign: what I know of him,
He is a kind of metal might be wrought
To our hottest use—now Lucy, for my sake,
And yours, and Linsingen's, and all of us,
While yet your husband's love holds its first heat,
Fashion it to this end, to work upon
His brother, whose good means may move those men
To join hands with us e'en as their hearts are;
Wilt thou do this, thou'lt do our utmost aim,
Our foe's destruction—I say, if thou wilt,
For sure the power waits upon thy will:
And never did a woman's will before
Wield a like power to this: hast thou a soul,
To look beyond thine eyes what shall be done
In after-years? Oh thou'lt be honoured,
So high, that she of Orleans, the French maid,
Shall be but a poor wench, what she first was,
By thy comparison! Yield us thus much,
I do beseech thee, and so bless us all,
Or rather, yield thy own good spirit its way.
'Tis a brave guide! Lucy, then shall I know
What I do trust thee now, that thou art true;
And leaving me, leavest one thou dost love

Digitized by Google

But for thy country's sake. O think of it!
And may the act be instant on the thought
Lest some cross chance mar all: and now I go—
Give me thy ambient blessing with me hence—
Thy own true brother!" He kissed her and away;
And she was left in a deep loneliness;
And many thoughts came o'er her, vague and dark,
Till at the last they fell into this frame: —

"Did I behold him?
And truly was it he?
All I told him
And all he answered me?
No—for in my blindness
I did him a foul wrong:
Sure such words of kindness
Could ne'er be from his tongue.
Nay—but dearest
Tell me was it thou,
Sure thou hearest—
Or art thou perished now?
Yes, thou'rt parted
Wilt never turn again—
Here lone-hearted
Here must I remain.—
Were I only
A reckless soldier lad!
But thus lonely!
Sure I shall be mad.
Then were anguish
Lost in the stormy strife:
Now I languish
A despairing life.
Oh it doth grieve me
Thou visitest me so,
Only to leave me
Deeper in my woe!
While thou art present
All that we dreamt of yore,
Lovely and pleasant,
I dream it all once more.
Then that old vision
A very truth doth seem:—
Then my ambition
Shows as a foolish dream.
Yes, its high glimmer
More distant doth appear;
Fainter and dimmer,
Whenever thou art near.
There a star lone gleaming
That hath no home on earth,
Here a blaze warm beaming
From our bright household hearth.
Alas! fond hearts are driven
By anger and by scorn,
But so to be forgiven
Is harder to be borne.
Yet thou art vanished!
And my woman weakness too
Hence be it banished—
Lo here I arise anew!
Gone is thy loved feature—
But others I see there;
Many a grim stature
All armed round thy chair;
Or is it but a vision
So troubles my poor brain?
I'll dream no more; then back, thou stern Decision,
Thus am I thine again."

She rose; and as she rose her mother came
To comfort her—but what we bear in the hand
We may not always lay it on the heart—
No—'tis the various spirit makes it balm
Or gall and nettles. Lucy started up
As she heard the door a-hinge—lest some strange soul
In a familiar form should come to ask
Merciless questions in another tone
Than she must answer them. Who feels with us,
He is our friend, our father and mother too,
In the heart's affliction; and all else soe'er,
Though 'twere all our familiars met in one
Are but cold hands of clay: so she came in,
That tender mother, and spake kind to her;
But 'tis the season brings the flower forth,
The season and conspiring elements,
And not the sun alone.—

The lyrical pieces that we have hitherto given have been erotic; but we must, in conscience now, give those of a religio-political character.

"Brethren and friends, 'tis well,
Ye've said, and what ye've said, who shall gainsay?
Not all the host of Hell,
Shall now withstand your will or bar your destined way.
We're risen up: and where's the mighty hand

Digitized by Google

Shall smite us down?
We're risen up to win unto this land
Her old renown—
Her ancient high prerogative,
To teach the nations how to live.
Long it was an idle boast,
Least vouchsafed when vaunted most;
But the lie is now made true,
Thanks to ye and honour due.
Due to ye all, and to your patriot worth,
And to the blessed land that sent ye forth.
Yes, hail to thee! my glorious mother-land,
For glorious shalt thou be!
Thou that hast borne this holy-brother band,
All hail to thee!
Men shall look to thee from far,
As to some lone shining star,
Shining in the dead of night,
For a high and guiding light:
Now the patriot glow I feel;
Now I know the fervent zeal,
Never known or felt before,
Vassal'd as thou wert of yore;
For who in his most fond imaginings
Could love thee then?
O'erlorded by all cursed creeping things,
Instead of men?
Things that had crawl'd unto their height,
Thence to rule thee in the right
Of their fangs and poisonous power;
But, thanks to God, they have fulfill'd their hour.
Mother of Freedom, yes, I greet thee now,
Thy travail o'er;
There beams a high-souled beauty from thy brow,
Was not before.
And ever brighter glance thy fountains,
And ever higher swell thy mountains;
And all for pride that thou art grown
To stand amid the world alone:
Stand alone, while others fall,
Bending to the queen of all.
I greet thee with a kiss; and ye around,
Bare ye your feet, for this is holy ground;
And mark the spot, and set a sign thereon—
A sign of grace, to bide when ye are gone.
Some stone-heaped altar on the lone hill-side,
Young Freedom's monument, and the far pilgrim's guide.
And see, this day, how brightly doth it shine!
A heavenly token—a most gracious sign;
But brighter yet, and yet more heavenly clear,
Its future radiance foredestined for each year.
As now on us, so on our memories then,
A day of thanks to God, of joy among all men:
In holy honour, second but to one,
That blessed day that gave the Saviour Son:
Saviour alike and leveller of man,
Divine reformer, arch-republican.
For what are we but workers of his will?
As he foretold, e'en so do we fulfil.

Digitized by Google

Then in this surety gird ye each his sword,
And in your swelling souls receive the Lord:
Receive him there; and there he will abide,
A saving power still present on our side.
O 'tis a glorious mission that ye claim!
Your scope is high, and be your souls the same!
Fearless of all such fear as worldlings feel,
Each grief, each joy, consumed in blazing zeal;
A blazing zeal, that neither cares nor knows
Of perils swarming on the path it goes;
Looking but to its glorious end on high,
And flashing back that glory from its eye.
Whate'er befall, enduring all alike,
Hardship or ease, to suffer or to strike:
Counting all gain, and careless of all loss,
Save of Christ only, and his holy cross.
Such is the spirit that must speed us on
Another way than other men have gone:
Yes, brethren, mark me this, another way—
And further, straiter, and more sure than they;
Ah, if it were not so, the thought were vain,
But one link more to lengthen out our chain;
Look on that chain, and see how it is made;—
'Tis wrought from many a broken patriot blade,
Shivered against the strength they foolishly assayed.
But what we purpose, none e'er dared it yet,
Then who shall say that we are vainly met?
I tell ye none hath failed where none hath tried;
Others have past away, our counsel shall abide.
The puny traitor-fools this land hath known,
Were frighted at the shadow of the throne,
And fell, uncared of all, who cared but for their own.
So dastard fear is father to its fate,
But rebel greatness must be boldly great:
Brethren, we know it well; and what we know,
Our knowledge in our daring must we show.
No plotting treachery, no courtly lies,
Such puny tricks as suit a puny prize,
And weak hands execute, and slavish souls devise.
No; let the mighty mass display its power,
Broad as the banner o'er some sovereign tower;
The mighty mass that never rais'd its head,
While factions countered, and while nobles bled;
But now, impatient of its stolen right,
Shall brandish its high hand, and burst into the fight.
Hark! hear ye not? 'tis the fresh Spirit's sweep,
Stooping to stir the fountains of the deep.
And lo! a mighty flood shall level all,
New powers arise, and ancient empires fall.
Joy to ye, brethren, joy; for many are they
Whose livelong spirits yearned to see this day,
And saw it not, but past in frustrate hope away.
That sight—that holy work is all our own,
By God's free grace:
O let us give him honour, kneeling down
Here in this place.
We have been a brotherhood,
True and holy, fast and good;

Digitized by Google

I your minister, and ye
Children of my ministry,
Hearers of the word I preach,
Livers of the life I teach;
Zealous for the gospel cause,
In despite of worldly laws;
So of late I deemed ye all—
Is it now the time to fall?
Shamefully to fall aloof,
Bidden thus to bide the proof?
No; it would grieve me sore;
Shall this our house so strictly edified,
Fall loosely on the shore,
Impotent of the assailing tide?
And often have I preached and prayed with you,
Communing mind with mind;
And now the time is come that we should do
What we designed.
That which ye did profess,
To be devoted to your Saviour's will,
I deem ye are no less;
We promised then, and now much more fulfil."

Such is the poet's hatred of infidelity, that he portrays the traitor to the Chartist-cause as an infidel. Having thus exhibited the character and creed of the author in the best and fairest light, we may now proceed to some analysis of his work. His persons are, for the most part, of the middle and lower classes. First of all, there is Frederick Hess, with whom the poem opens, as travelling homeward over the hills, in a stormy night. Having arrived at his cottage, he expresses to his wife and his daughter Lucy, his dissatisfaction at having heard that the pastor of the parish had sent down his mandate to the village, claiming his tithe, and denouncing all who resist payment. Ere long, Arthur Hermann joins the party, the unaccepted lover of Lucy; on account of their mutual poverty, both are sickening with hope deferred. The evil of late marriages rouses, at this point, the poet into a strain of indignant apostrophe. He then relates the early story of Arthur Hermann's life, premising that in his form was neither strength nor comeliness, that he was the son of a peasant (it afterwards turns out, however, that he was a foundling, and his right name, Ernest), who, notwithstanding his subsequent treason, is described as having been one, "not so enslaved unto his toil as to begrudge his spirit," and who, by a perusal of scripture so kindled his mind, as finally to induce him to leave farming and take to pedagogy:—

He took on him the rule and mastery
Of village urchins. There in grave estate
Among his rueful scholars he would sit,
But lived among his books; forging quaint forms
In his quick fancy; torturing plain sense
To mystic meanings, as usurpers use,
Unwont to rule, and plagued with ceaseless itch
To prove their power: turning all settlement
To a most troubled stir: old things to new;

Digitized by Google

Season to importunity; and use
To utter strangeness; ever fain to catch
The popular vain gaze with changefulness,
And questioning with jealous picking points,
What ancient and successive sovereignty
Had left to bide in state; racking the truth
But never proving it: such was the sire,
A brain fermented to one maggot mass;
But such was not the son. His father's mind
Belike on some conceit was gone astray
When he begot him; for his body and soul
Owned not one parentage. That diet of books
Was surfeit to his taste—physic not food—
He left the dark impenetrable wood
And strayed to look for flowers: many he found
Wreathed into garlands fair by poetry:
And many an old romantic warlike tale
Or lay of love, turned all his natural soul
To a spirit of fire—such fuel did he find,
There in that ancient hall, which from yon woods,
Proud as the family that dwelt in it,
Looks down on its domain. But that house then
Owned a base lord.

The writer of this passage is one well acquainted with both the genesis and exodus of both mysticism and infidelity. To pursue the story, Arthur Hermann becomes the tutor and companion of the son of the squire alluded to in the last of the preceding lines. For a time, they are friends; but at length quarrelling and falling to fisticuffs, a breach is naturally made between Arthur Hermann and the family, which the former abruptly quits. A kinsman of his father, the proprietor of a book stall "in a starved market town," took compassion on the wanderer, and prevailed with him "to serve his time in that same scanty shop, in hope to fill his void when he should die, and stand successor there." We are then told that the youth made a monk's cell of the small place of business, and acquired a habit of reading to excess—

"As one who felt his soul must perish else,
For lack of food."

Sometimes, however, roaming among the surrounding mountain scenery and, in fine, as we gather from the following verses, qualified himself, by the study both of books and nature, to become a preacher:—

"He lit his torch from heaven; and with that torch
Kindled all hearts—the poor look gladly on high,
Having no comfort here—first, one of them,
And then another, he did strongly essay,
'Till he assembled some to hear his word—
A simple congregation, and a small,
But a godly preacher; for as the light poured
In his soul, so did he pour it forth again,
A glorious warm flood—a lustrous power,
Native and pure, e'en as it came from God;
Shaming all artifice as the sun shames

Digitized by Google

Those earthly lights that shine only at night
By the darkness that surrounds them: therefore, they
Who hold those lights, would close our shutters up,
Making a doubtful semblance and dark show,
That we may need them. Oh, but they were blest,
The souls that waited on young Hermann then
To drink of his pure doctrine—nay, not so;
But rather to be bathed in the fount of life
That he did open—heart and soul refreshed
Till life was angel-winged to a spirit of joy,
Earth blent with heaven. And this change wrought on them
But as the light works its effect on earth,
Simple and pure, creating no new thing,
But only showing truly truth herself
In her own loveliness; scattering vain fears
And monstrous fancies: faith, the gospel, and love;
These three he preached, leaving the mysteries
Devised by man, for God's simplicity.
And viewing in the earth one commonwealth
Level as is the ocean—so his word
Waxed and took wings and flew forth wondrously,
An angel of good tidings; and he hoped
To win all hearts with peace and gentleness,
That even privilege having that hope
Of better things graced with a higher grace,
Would know its worth how vain, and strip itself
To the bare man, so to hold fellowship
On a free level, and forget what was
For a gaudy dream."

In all this, we think there is no exaggeration; but the common course of such developements is stated in consonance with fact, and the ordinary experience of the kind of life treated of; and the character of the hero reminds us of Wordsworth's *Pedlar* in the *Excursion*. Would that the new poet had looked on such phenomena with the judicious circumspection of the old one!

The character of Frederick Hess has next to be considered. Spendthrift in his youth, he began early to feel the consequences of folly, added to which, the law dealt with him unmercifully. The farm he tilled was a paternal heritage, and delightfully situate near to the parsonage, the incumbent of which was so anxious for its improvement as to add to the old glebe certain other fields, through which winded a public path, which the parson presumed to cross with fence and gates. All this was very unjust, and was resisted by Frederick Hess.

"I stood at the head,
Stood—nay—I stirred me 'faith, aye, and them too,
Till their hot zeal boiled over. Down it came
In a heap—and such a shout upon its fall,
As drowned the crash that caused it—and, again,
Wide open as the sea to each free sail
The pathway stood, e'en as it still shall stand,
Greeting the comer. This was nobly done;
The nobler, that it ran a dangerous risk,
To be paid heinously: the farm I tilled
Was franchised by old use from due of tithe,
That tribute paid indeed to Antichrist

Digitized by Google

Though meant for God; whereby the arch-enemy
(Compact, most serpent-subtle and malign)
Gives over to the parson his base pelf,
And takes for his own share the peace, and love,
And charity, that should have blest mankind,
To make his sport of them; leaving the church
A thing of stone, soul-less and void of grace,
A mere oppression on the groaning land
That doth uphold it. 'Tis a galling ill
To many, and was a crushing one for me:
For other engine of his malice none
Did he, my spiritual father, find
So ready and apt to his hand; he touched the spring
Of the law, and set the whole machine amove,
Which like the Indian monster car, moves not,
Save o'er those wretches, whose strange senselessness
Hath set them in its path. 'Tis a short tale.
He challenged my exemption from his due:
Would have my proofs set forth; and I, who knew
Nor had no title save by ancient use,
From sire remote delivered down to son,
And plain good faith and price of privilege
Paid to the height of its worth. I, poor lost soul,
Was e'en so mad to seek surety from law,
Grace out of Hell, and 'gainst his heavy assault
To buckle such a crazy armour on,
As did but cripple me; till buffeted
In that strange turmoil out of strength and sight,
I would fain rid me of such sore defence,
And so have done: but, death and fury! it stuck
E'en to my substance like a venomous shirt,
And parted not but with my very flesh,
Leaving me bare to the bone; my wealth ground down
And scattered to the winds; my being swept
From the face of that fair land where it had birth;
Myself beggared to rags; my home laid waste,
And if my fortune run her course to the end,
Even as she hath channell'd it thus far;
My sons turned thief, my daughters prostitute.
Oh! if you have a heart for sympathy,
Prithee laugh with me as the fiend doth now,
At such a merry turn; such trick of love
From shepherd to his sheep."

Subsequently imprisoned, and then discharged with his health as well as prospects ruined; the life of Hess was vagrant, and his mind fed on seditious books. We know not how well to express what follows save by extract:—

"Fortune hath hunted me
To this my last poor hold, the heart of my home,
And stabbed me there. Look now around and see
How blithe the cheer she has left me! come what will,
She's still my foe: her hate lives rancorously
Unto my death. But, Hermann, mark me this,
She visits my home no more: so help me Heaven!
I'll leave my house to the rats, and march forthright

Digitized by Google

To meet her soldierly at some far point
She little wots of. For mark me once again:
I've wrestled with the law, and that same law
Hath flung me a shrewd fall, but yet not so,
Like the Angel with the Patriarch of old,
As my sinews to unstring; no, 'twas sheer strength
Laid me thus low, and by sheer strength again
I think to raise me up. Lo! here I stand
A flaming energy: what though the breath
Of fortune dally with my sail no more,
Yet may the blast of passion and fierce hate,
Speed me as well; raising a surge so high
And stormy, as may bear my enterprize
Above the sands and shallows that long use
And ancient idleness have gathered there
To bar free way, heaping obstruction up,
And naming it law."

Powerfully as all this is described, we would venture to suggest to the author that it is an extreme case, and that a good cause need not be built on extreme cases. They are not the rules, but exceptions to the rules, and, however grinding on individuals, are no valid reasons for insurrection. They proceed, indeed, not from institutions, but from men. So long as men are evil we shall all have much to bear and to forbear, and must each make the best of the common lot. No government, nor lack of government, can remedy the original sin of man. On all such occasions, let man seek his redress from God, not from public vengeance; and he will then surely find aid which by other means he shall as surely miss. As the present author is a person of piety, and his Chartist coadjutors also seem to be religious men, we confidently press these considerations on them as deserving of much weight.

The manner in which Frederick Hess's conversation acts on Arthur's mind, together with the conflict of love and reason in his bosom, are brought out with the skill of a man well acquainted with the springs of human emotions and character. Not even Shakspere himself is, in such respects, greater than the writer before us.

"Look on the clouds embattled o'er thee,
Hark to the war-blast of the wind;
Turn from the raging flood before thee,
Then view the peace thou hast left behind.
Gaze on the gulf that roars below
Till dizzy horror dim thine eyes:
For thee and thine it rages so,
Look once, and be for ever wise.
That cloud shall pass over;
And then the clear sky,
That its curtain doth cover,
Shall gladden thine eye.
And the flood that thou fearest,
Shall lend thee its force;
Wheresoever thou steerest,
Still speeding thy course."

Digitized by Google

What manner of man was the father of Arthur Hermann, and how he became of a mystic schoolmaster, infidel and traitor, is skilfully indicated. To the last change he was principally induced by his knowledge that his son had a rival in the affections of Lucy Hess—which rival, Count Linsingen, is ultimately successful. The way in which a person of his rank became connected with people of such ruined fortunes is naturally accounted for.

"Truly, he was a man
Of high nobility, and yet withal,
Simple as is the simplest shepherd's boy,
And careless of himself, weening no more
Of his proud ancestors, than they of him
While mouldering in their tombs, giving much grace
To his high house, but taking none therefrom,
As being arrayed in that pure lustre of light
That puts the false to shame. And so he stood,
Scorning the far-fetched memory of names,
And usurpation of another's praise,
A simple man, great in simplicity,
Prouder without his plume; true, he had felt
Erewhile the gripe of penury, and they
Whose duty then was friendliness of aid,
Left him to fight against her iron claws
With his bare hand, as though their common blood
Were but the water of the common pool,
And kindred but a name for their cold breath
To blow away and care no more of it.
So they were nought to him, nor he to them;
And in his bitterness oft his heart yearned
To make hobility through all the world
The blank it bore in his eyes; but hate and scorn,
Though well they nurse themselves in the inmost heart,
Keep not the body warm, nor drive the wolf
From the door—nay, rather sharpen his keen fangs
And whet his rage. So having spent his all,
Save one poor plank whereon to scape the wreck,
To that same plank he did commit himself,
To sink or swim; leaving behind him nought
Save emptiness for who came after him,
And curses for his kin—so did he part,
Wishing nought more 'twixt him and those he left,
Save a far space. And on a little farm,
That in its littleness had been o'erlooked
When ruin struck the rest, he made his home:
Reckless as any banished thief of the world
He left behind.—Then he flung clean away
The memory of what so late he had been,
As one just waked from a dream of nobleness;
And brought his spirit to keep even wing
With the level of his place; and having thrown
His vain imaginations off from him,
'Stead of the puffed and feathery thing he was,
Stood armed in manhood; till being unthralled
From the base beggary of idleness,
And poor dependance on another's hands,

Digitized by Google

For uses that his own might well have wrought,
He found his loss the greatest gain of all,
Richer than his old wealth: nor lacked he aught,
Whether of field, orchard, or garden growth,
Only what now he had, he enjoyed the more,
As earned by his strong toil; nor yet his sports
Did he not urge, and pastimes of old wont;
Changed but in this, that the same active means
Which erst he used to cut off his slow hours,
Stragglers and lagsters from Time's tedious march,
Wasting the old enemy to minishment;
He did employ those self-same weapons now,
Not to consume, but fructify his life
With fruits whence it might live; so marrying sport
To toil, and raising up a goodly growth
Of plenty, health, contentment, and what else
Springs of that parentage: so did he range
With but his dog and gun for ministers,
The wilderness, that else had been a waste,
And made it fruitful for his sustenance,
Scattering a leaden seed: so he fared on,
Pursuing questionless his wilful way
O'er wilds that bore no mark of ownership,
Nor trace of toil; till on a luckless time,
There came among the mountains a strange man,
And claimed them to be his, as 'twere a babe
Crying to have its toy; as truly his own,
As they were first God's who created them.
And he was asked how were these mountains his,
More than the sea or sky, who ne'er had tilled,
No, nor e'en trodden them; and then he showed,
For all his answer, an old withered skin,
O'erwritten with strange words, which, as he said,
Had virtue 'gainst all reason and all rule,
Nature and rights of man, to make that his
Which they did note for him; and who said Nay,
Such a denial were best kept in words,
Not acted out. All this to Linsingen
Seemed strange, as to a waking man his dreams,
Nor better worth a thought.—So on he held,
Heeding no more such stay than if a witch
Had set a straw across his wonted path,
To bar him there; but danger when least deemed,
Her deadliest weapons oftentimes doth bear
'Neath a silly disguise. And those ill words
Were pregnant with worse acts, for wilfulness
Though it do much for pleasure of its will,
Must suffer more; the law, subtle and sharp
As a snare of wire, caught him in the open act
And held him fast, spite of his hands and teeth,
Till he had satisfied her utmost due.
A heavy burden made yet heavier,
By this strife to fling it off."

Thus all parties, whatever their origin, are brought down to the democratic level; all enemies of law as it is—of things as they are—and all equally engaged in forming the *beau ideal* of a world as it ought to be, yet maintaining themselves as criminals under

Digitized by Google

the present constitution of mundane affairs. Fortune, nevertheless, returns to Linsingen, showering down wealth upon him, without, however, altering his opinion of our social state. A day of out-door pleasure between Linsingen, Arthur Hermann, Lucy, her parents, and an old harper, is exquisitely described in the fifth and sixth books, together with a visit to an old fisher's hut, terminated by the entrance of an old shepherd, with news of old Hermann's treachery. The effect that it produces on Arthur's mind is startling; the mild and maidenlike becomes at once fierce and vehement. Linsingen, for a while doubts him, and asserts his own headship of the enterprise—but the spark once kindled will grow to a flame. The philosophical *acumen* with which this part of the poem is wrought, betrays us into admiration. For instance: Linsingen has addressed the discontented crowd on the wrongs of man.

> "He spake; but his speech, uttered brokenly,
> Died in the air, seeking an answering shout,
> But finding none through that wide multitude;
> Extinct half-way, e'en as the miner's train
> Ere that the perilous magazine hath caught
> Its flame, and with a burst of wild uproar
> Confounded all around; yet was it not
> Unknown, nor unapproved, the end he aimed;
> They willed none other. But the multitude
> Is as a mass of tinder, apt to fire
> If that the stroke from above be swift and strong,
> And the sparks fall streamingly,—else gloomy and dark,
> Having no light nor heat within itself,
> But from without; and tardiness of tongue
> Hath not the spell to quicken sympathy,
> But leaves it to lie dead, dulling the sense
> That it should point—the forward faculty
> That plays with words and wields them at its will:
> Never did Linsingen pay court to it,
> And now lacked it at need; and the eloquence
> That should blow ever with continuous breath,
> He gave it forth in gusts, waking zeal up
> But for a while—to start and look around—
> Then flag again. Oh words, vain words! how much
> More potent are ye than the things ye mean?
> Who would be great let him observe ye well
> To help his greatness. Linsingen stood back,
> And Hermann, thus fieryly, with bold front."

Arthur's habit of preaching now serves him in good stead, and he succeeds in exciting general enthusiasm. *He counsels physical force.*

> "Say'st thou, brute force? Why, yes, my feeble friend,
> 'Tis truly to be dreaded, but by whom?
> Not, certes, by the strong, but by the weak;
> By those whose wrongful weakness doth usurp
> Our native rights against our rightful strength.
> Look to our Sires—they reasoned vainly, until
> They armed—so we, likewise; true, 'tis a mass
> Heavy to raise—the people of this land,
> But set your lever once on the firm soil,
> We'll heave it high enough."

Digitized by Google

He then moves a set of resolutions—1. That the sovereign people should assume the government. 2. That the land should be given to the husbandmen and labourers under certain conditions. 3. That the state take the place of the landlord, and that there be no property but what a man has in the results of his skill and labour. 4. That leisure be granted to the labourer, and fit occupation for his leisure, by means of public walks, gardens, spacious shades, ground for pastime, &c. 5. That public schools, libraries, and lecture-rooms, be provided. 6. That the church be subverted, and then "reframed in frame apostolic," and on the plan of the Independents. 7. That all men should be bred to arms. 8. That Foreign grain should be imported free, save necessary dues. 9. That the laws be made perfect. 10. That political suffrage shall be universal and by ballot. 11. That these claims shall be asserted by physical force. And now the magistrate and his troop approach the scene of action, only, however, to suffer rout and defeat, their leader being struck from his horse to the ground by a bludgeon in the hands of Linsingen, whom this same justice had formerly injured. The overt act of revolt has now been committed, and those engaged in it, even for their own safety, must proceed to the issue. A storm comes on which drives them to their homes—providentially, for it also disperses the military, who were turned out against them; and it is even at this moment of triumph, that Arthur Hermann finds his long suit of Lucy Hess to have been frustrate. Notwithstanding the late demonstration that he had made, she speaks of him as still suspected. There is, we think, some human corruption here, which in a new Chartist state of society, might grow to a huge sore, take what pains they may towards its prevention. The style in which old Dame Hess gives Arthur Hermann his *congé* is highly characteristic and amusing.

We have thus proceeded to the end of the eighth book. We now find a new character at the hut of the old Shepherd, of whom brief mention has been made, whither Arthur Hermann has wandered. There he meets assembled brethren, familiars, friends, who hail his presence in safety. The company is composed of the Shepherd and his wife—"a sallow blear-eyed cobbler"—"a sturdy hind," and one Christopher Ernst.

> "A man broad and high-boned, and big of limb—
> A mass of mighty members, incompact,
> Of most rude juncture: in his sprawling gait
> Belying the strong promise of his frame;
> And for his face, 'twas full, but very pale,
> As the life-blood did never visit it—
> Clay-featured of the potter—a damp mask
> Without a soul—spiritless there he sate
> Like to a man opprest with his own weight,
> Too much for him to raise—sunk in his flesh,
> Stifled and buried there; for the light and life
> Within him, 'twas all centered in one point,
> Firing his eye. And sure that eye did show
> Most like a lamp, blazing through a dull fog.

Digitized by Google

Wondrously bright. His coat hung on his back
As loose, as on its mother a gypsey brat,
In a strange heap—uncouth habiliments,
And bushy hair, all tangled and all wild,
As a thicket in a waste. Such was the man
Christopher Ernst—erewhile solicitous
Of a preacher's office in the ministry;
And for his gifts, they fell no tittle short
Of the height that he aspired: and many there
Did deem his fervent speech inspired of God.
But, for he looked but to his own impulse,
Nor made his reason of the vulgar rule,
Therefore, the more denied him what he asked,
Counting him mad. Madness, thou art a name
They best deserve who take so crooked a stick
As is man's custom for their canon of right,
And judge all things thereby; but who is wise,
And with deep wisdom—he will show it most,
Hiding it deep away. So let him do,
Else will men deem him a fool."

We have no doubt that the supposed maniac, Thoms, who called himself Sir William Courtenay, and instigated the late well-remembered riots in Kent, sat for this portrait. His poet calls him a "stern enthusiast," and speaks of his "wild and visionary glance," nevertheless, he repudiates his insanity. There is no doubt, that enthusiasm has often been mistaken for madness; and in some relations, the two words are used synonymously, the word madness being sometimes employed in a good sense, as well as the word enthusiasm in a bad. We speak of the "fine phrenzy" of bard or sage; and Shakspere ascribes to the lunatic, the lover, and the poet, the same quality of imagination. Enthusiasm, properly understood, is a God-given energy, and the mere pretence to it is hypocrisy. All piety is enthusiasm—but an excess of it, is madness. But what is the excess? The amount of it that St. Paul had, appeared madness to Festus, who ascribed it to too much learning. It was, however, inspiration. In all ages of the world, inspiration and madness have been confounded by contemporary judgments. Now, what is called religious madness is connected with inspiration or not, according to the fact of the enthusiasm being genuine or not. A difference is to be drawn between the enthusiast gone mad, and the hypocrite gone mad. If the latter, the case does not properly come within the limits of the religious question; it is a mere case of profane lunacy, and must be surrendered to the secular arm. But if the former, it is a case for the investigation of the church, and only she has authority over it; although it is one not exercised by the Protestant Church, though it ought to be by all churches. Here then would return the question: what is enthusiasm in excess? Legitimate enthusiasm is nothing more nor less than a spiritual in-dwelling, and is the light and life of the spiritual man. What then are the bounds of the possession so called? The sphere of the spiritual! Thereby a keener, a more vivid, perception of moral truths and principles is accorded to the soul of the pious, for the regulation of his moral, his true being.

Digitized by Google

Of those truths, those principles, he may discourse with his fellow-men, in order instrumentally to awaken in them similar perceptions; corroborated as he is by the fact, that by such communications the latent inspiration may possibly be kindled in his neighbour's spirit. We are willing to concede this right, even if exercised to the full extent of fanaticism; nay, to the extent of *malignant* fanaticism; such as would propagate a particular faith by sword and brand. Such has existed, and yet short of madness—the fanaticism of Mahomet and the Inquisition; because the end sought to be obtained is spiritual dominion, to which physical force is but used as the means. But if these high principles, such as the chartists now hold, and Thoms illustrated, are recognised only for physical ends, by physical means, the boundaries of their operation are overstepped, and all its efforts are frustrate in their misapplication. The great idea of human perfectibility is changed for some meagre conception of a new and improved social state, such as the fancy of its authors can readiest figure, and the popular mind easiest apprehend. *That*, the object of which ought to be a high *moral* end, is perverted to some supposed physical good. A new set of institutions are to do the business, which can only be done by a regeneration of the natures of those who are makers and members of such. And who are to be the founders of such institutions? The enthusiasts of the new era! And were not the founders of the states that have hitherto flourished, genuine enthusiasts, who, by the testimony of their own age, and the records of history, are of acknowledged inspiration? It requires an enthusiast, indeed, not a wild, but a wise one, to found an institution aright; and from the time of its foundation to its termination, it will be found *better* than the men for whom it is designed. The Jews attained not to the perfection of their law, and Christians fall short of the standard of church excellence. The church as it is, the state as it is—according to the anonymous poet before us, are corrupt. In what? In the concrete, i. e. in the men who compose them and carry them out. But surely not in the idea? in the constitution of either as a principle? That remains always pure—it is in the mind of every speculatist on church and state; and in his most, who most complains of the symbol for its inaccuracy and inadequacy. Well then, let the murmurer make his new chart—his new diagram—embodied in a series of resolutions. Men have resolved—in words—but they must carry out their resolutions in acts. The chart should not exist on paper only, it must be expressed in the conduct of living men. What reason have the new chartists to hope that their ideal will be fulfilled by the mass of mankind, better than the ideal of perhaps wiser men before them? Or if they have, how do they demonstrate that physical force will in the readiest manner accomplish such fulfilment?

Nor does it lessen the difficulty, but multitudinously increase it, that all the present institutions of society must be radically subverted, before the chartist can begin the work that he proposes. It is not only king and priest that he would remove, but the landlord; this is the commission given to Christopher Ernest, by an angel of the Lord in a vision.

Digitized by Google

" Speaking not to the ear,
But striking on my soul immediate,
Without all sense. " I am the living God,
And I have chosen thee to be my voice;
Speak thou to those with whom thou art in league
As God speaketh to thee—they who have ruled
I've suffered them long time—but now no more.
The cup of their iniquity is full,
And they shall drink it to the lowest lees.
There was a time for grace; they let it pass:
For mercy, and they took no heed of it:
Now is the hour of wrath: I give them up
To be smitten with the sword and burnt with fire,
To be a lesson in all time to come:
For other function they can now fill none,
Being so deep in sin: go cut them off;
For they are an abhorrence in my sight
For the evil they have done; their blood is foul;
Pour ye it forth—and when ye have cleansed all,
Then build ye a pure priesthood up anew.
But for your lords, having o'erthrown them once
Set none up in their stead—for I alone
Am Lord and God, and privilege in man,
Whether of land or honour or aught else,
Is but a root of all perversity.
So do, and once a foot return not back,
Till ye've done all—lest what ye fail 'gainst them,
Ye draw that vengeance down on your own heads.
Go forth: as I have said, to execute—"
Brethren this is the Lord, these are his words.
They've starved us, have those men, of half our bread,
For two loaves, scantly one—they've made our church
A den of thieves and hirelings baser far;
And for the law, they have so fashioned it,
So murderously, to be a ball of spikes,
Wounding his hand that doth solicit it,
Worse than his wrong—therefore I call on ye,
Go force those villains to gorge up our spoil
Though it come with their hearts' blood: then slaughter them,
Them and their sons on heap—and of their bones
Rear up a pile high as the pyramids
For a sign and wonder—thus I counsel ye
For the Lord's sake, and for yourselves yet more,
That ye fulfil his words, spare not to slay,
But slay and spare not—and O bitterly
Be he cursed that comes not to the aid of the Lord
Against the mighty. I have warned ye aright,
E'en as my God and conscience have warned me;
The rest is yours."

Look at the men who undertake a mission like this, the characters that make up the poem. Are they not confessedly men, who from their own folly or ignorance, have brought themselves to a discontented mood of mind, and thence into contention with the world? What sort of living stones would these be, to build up the new edifice of society? We find that the old human passions were at work, in the affair between Arthur Hermann and Lucy Hess. We

Digitized by Google

think that the rejected lover was used ill—very ill; and are of opinion, that it is fortunate for him at the end of the poem, where the chartist cause is described as triumphant, that he is not to be found for the purpose of being made a king. Verily, a stiff-necked generation it would have been his fate to govern.

The author of Ernest adores Milton? Why learned he not wisdom from the self-confessed folly of that great man? Milton lived to refer the divine idealisms that haunt the mind of bard and sage to their own sphere—the world of the soul! Brought to bear on the impracticable masses of matter, they rebuke us, as illusions—and have accordingly been called "sublime illusions!" by the worldly experimentalist—but while acting in a moral field, they assume a reality that needs no demonstration. Milton has left on record the disappointment of his after-life, at the commencement of the third book of his History of England, in which he goes out of his way to introduce some eloquent "reflections on the late civil wars in England, from the year 1640 to the year 1660." Thus he writes:

"Of those who swayed most in the late troubles, few words may suffice. They had arms, leaders, and successes to their wish; but to make use of so great an advantage was not their skill.

"To other causes therefore, and not to the want of force or warlike manhood, in the Britons, both those and these lately, we must impute the ill husbanding of those fair opportunities, which might seem to have put liberty, so long desired, like a *Bride* in our hands. Of which other causes, equally belonging to ruler, priest, and people, alone hath been related: which, as they brought those ancient natives to misery and ruin, by liberty, which rightly used, might have made them happy; so brought they these of late, after many labours, much bloodshed and vast expense, to ridiculous frustration, in whom the like effects, the like miscarriages, notoriously appeared, with vices not less hateful or inexcusable."

He then proceeds to describe the long parliament; how "some who had been called from shops and warehouses, without other merit, to sit in supreme councils and committees (as their breeding was) fell to huckster the commonwealth;" and in the end, none of these upstarts was prepared to face what Milton beautifully calls, the "dreaded name of Just Account."

And if (he continues) the State were in this plight, Religion was not in much better; to reform which a certain number of divines were called, who were neither chosen by any rule or custom ecclesiastical, nor eminent for either piety or knowledge above others who were left-out; only as each member of parliament in his private fancy thought fit, so they were elected one by one. The most part of them were such, as had preached and cried-down, with great show of zeal, the avarice and pluralities of bishops and prelates; declaring that one cure of souls was a full employment for one spiritual pastor how able soever, if not a charge rather above human strength. Yet these conscientious men (ere any part of the work was done for which they came together, and that on the publick salary) wanted not boldness, (to the ignominy and scandal of their pastorlike profession, and especially of their boasted reformation,) to seize into their hands, or not unwillingly to accept (besides one, sometimes two, or more, of the best livings) collegiate masterships in the universities,

Digitized by Google

and rich lectures in the city, setting sail to all winds that might blow gain into their covetous bosoms: by which means these great rebukers of non-residence, among so many distant cures, were not ashamed to be seen so quickly pluralists and non-residents themselves, to a fearful condemnation, doubtless, by their own mouths. And yet the main doctrine for which they took such pay, and insisted-upon with more vehemence than gospel, was but to tell us in effect, that their doctrine was worth nothing, and the spiritual power of their ministry less available than bodily compulsion; persuading the magistrate to use it, as a stronger means to subdue and bring-in conscience, than evangelical persuasion: distrusting the virtue of their own spiritual weapons, which were given them, if they be rightly called, with full warrant of sufficiency to pull-down all thoughts and imaginations that exalt themselves against God. But, while they taught compulsion without convincement, which not long before they complained of as executed unchristianly, against themselves; these intents are clear to have been no better than antichristian: setting-up a spiritual tyranny by a secular power, to the advancing of their own authority above the magistrate, whom they would have made their executioner, to punish church-delinquencies whereof civil laws have no cognizance.

And well did their disciples manifest themselves to be no better principled than their teachers, trusted with committeeships and other gainful offices, upon their commendations for zealous, (and as they sticked not to term them) godly men; but executing their places like children of the devil, unfaithfully, unjustly, unmercifully, and, where not corruptly, stupidly. So that between them the teachers, and these the disciples, there hath not been a more ignominious and mortal wound to faith, to piety, to the work of reformation, nor more cause of blaspheming given to the enemies of God and truth, since the first preaching of reformation.

The people therefore looking one while on the Statists, (whom they beheld without constancy or firmness, labouring doubtfully beneath the weight of their own too high undertakings, busiest in petty things, trifling in the main,) deluded and quite alienated, expressed in divers ways their disaffection; some despising those persons whom before they had honoured, some deserting, some inveighing, some conspiring against them. Then looking on the churchmen, (whom they saw, under subtle hypocrisy, to have preached their own follies, most of them, not the gospel, and to be time-servers, covetous, illiterate, persecutors, not lovers of the truth, and to be like to their predecessors in most of the vices whereof they had accused them):—looking on all this, the people (which had been kept warm a while with the counterfeit zeal of their pulpits,) after a false heat, became more cold and obdurate than before, some turning to lewdness, some to flat atheism, put beside their old religion, and foully scandalized in what they expected should be the new.

Thus they who of late were extolled as our greatest deliverers, and had the people wholly at their devotion, by so discharging their trust as we see, did not only weaken and unfit themselves to be dispensers of what liberty they pretended, but unfitted also the people, now grown worse and more disordinate, to receive or to digest any liberty at all. For stories teach us, that liberty sought out of season, in a corrupt and degenerate age, brought Rome itself to a farther slavery; for liberty hath a sharp and double edge, fit only to be handled by just and virtuous men; to the bad and dissolute, it becomes a mischief unwieldy in their own hands: neither is it completely given, but by them who have the happy skill to know what is grievance and unjust to a people, and how to remove it wisely; what good laws are wanting, and how to frame them substantially, that good men may enjoy the freedom which they merit, and the bad feel the curb which they need. But to do this, and to know these exquisite proportions, the heroic wisdom which is required, surmounted far the principles of these narrow politicians: what wonder then was it if they sunk (as these unfortunate Britains had done before them,) entangled and oppressed with things too hard and generous, above their strain and temper?

Digitized by Google

For Britain, to speak a truth not often spoken, as it is a land fruitful enough of men, stout and courageous in war, so it is naturally not over-fertile of men able to govern justly and prudently in peace, trusting only in their own mother-wit; who consider not justly, that civility, prudence, love of the public good, more than of money, or vain honour, are to this soil in a manner outlandish; grow not here, but in minds well implanted with solid and elaborate breeding, too impolitic else and rude, if not headstrong and intractable to the industry and virtue either of executing or understanding true civil government. Valiant indeed, and prosperous to win a field; but to know the end and reason of winning, unjudicious, and unwise: in good or bad success, alike unteachable. For the sun, which we want, ripens wits as well as fruits; and, as wine and oil are imported to us from abroad, so must ripe understanding, and many civil virtues, be imported into our minds from foreign writings, and examples of best ages; we shall else miscarry still, and come short in the attempts of any great enterprise. Hence did their victories prove as fruitless as their losses dangerous; and left them, though still conquering, under the same grievances that men suffer when they are conquered: which was indeed unlikely to go otherwise, unless men more than vulgar, bred-up, (as few of them were,) in the knowledge of ancient and illustrious deeds, invincible against many and vain titles, and free from partiality to friendships and relations, had conducted their affairs. But, in the late times, from the chapman to the retailer, many whose ignorance was more audacious than the rest, were admitted, with all their sordid rudiments, to bear no mean sway among them, both in Church and State.

From the confluence of all their errours, mischiefs, and misdemeanors, what in the eyes of man could be expected, but what befel those ancient inhabitants, whom they so much resembled, confusion in the end?

When Milton came to the composition of *Paradise Lost*, we find him accordingly, advocating heaven's monarchy against Satan's rebellion, and condemning, in the latter character, the specious doctrines of revolutionary discontent and democratic ambition.

What hope have the Chartists that better results than those deplored by Milton, can flow from a new democratic revolution? Have they better materials to work with? We take it that they think they have—for this is one of their resolutions and the ground of it:—

> "'Tis good the general voice should be
> Arbitress of the general estate,
> Since discipline has given intelligence
> Abroad, and with that gift, the right of its use."

Well, then! such results have been brought about either by reason, or in spite, of existing institutions. Either assumption will answer our purpose. If the latter, the power that has triumphed thus far against, may triumph much further with them. If the former, how unjust, as well as dangerous, to repay such benefits with destruction. Of the two assumptions, also, this is the more tenable. Before we can talk of reform either in Church or State, these institutions must exist to be reformed, and their utility besides must have preceded their corruption. Beware how, in order to reform, you attempt to destroy, lest you cut away all the wood of which your stick is to be made. You have a Church and a State now; but it is not quite so sure, that when these are removed, you will have materials to edify withal a new Church and a new State, whether worse or better. This is the point; and it is precisely the one where the physical-force principle fails!

Digitized by Google

The first and the last appeal must and should be made to moral power. Shelley had a clear perception of this; he desired for carrying out his visionary schemes none other. It is characteristic of the two bards, that Shelley was altogether ideal in his materials, and extravagantly fanciful in the composition of his poems; whereas the poet before us has gone to real men and women for his characters and events, and in his style is stern and concise as Dante. The severity and simplicity of his style is admirable—at the same time dignified and intelligible: it astonishes us with the artistic skill displayed. The description of Christopher Ernst, already given, and the speech of the Angel, are both grand and appropriate. Now take the vision itself:—

> "I have seen visions, and dreamt dreams ere now,
> And lively ones—and I believed them true,
> They were so like the truth—but not so now:
> No, they were false as hell, I know them false;
> Sure as I know this lamp is no true sun,
> Having seen both. An angel yesternight
> Visited me, an angel of the Lord—
> Nay, start not, here I set my soul at stake,
> And if I tell a lie, the fiend himself
> (And be ye witnesses to this our bond,)
> Fang me now if he please and hold me fast
> Once and for all. Yes, 'twas indeed no less
> A glory of Heaven, an angel of the Lord,
> I knew him well, not by my eyes that saw,
> But by my soul that felt him: thus it was—
> My wife and little ones were all a-bed,
> And I left there to brood o'er my faint thoughts,
> Faint as the dying embers. Suddenly
> There shone a vehement light through all the room,
> As though a thousand suns were lit at once,
> So bright it did extinguish all things else,
> That nought was seen for its brightness. I looked round
> But my eyes failed me, and I was visionless;
> Yet was I conscious of a presence there,
> Being the spirit of that radiance,
> Clothed in its lustre—a strange consciousness
> That was not of this earth; nor may be told,
> Nor heard nor known; past wonder there I stood
> Astounded, and this truth burst forth on me,
> No sound, nor vocal utterance of words,
> But the truth itself—speaking not to the ear,
> But striking on my soul immediate,
> Without all sense."

There is also an equally fine specimen of propriety in the speech of a scorner, which is answered by Arthur Hermann to the effect, that the time has now come for joint action, not for separate thinking. The moral of the visions above-cited seems contained in the following lines.—Religion, says the poet,

> "Is a fresh soul, breathed
> In the old man so strong and subtle as makes
> All that he is, e'en to his dullest flesh,
> New-born to spirit; that where'er he goes,
> He feels in fiercest danger and distress,

Digitized by Google

The presence and protection of his God,
And in that strength is strangely confident
'Gainst all the world. Oh! would'st thou take on thee
High enterprize, daring and dangerous,
Be thou religious—that thou may'st be strong,
And beat all barriers down. Look up to God,
And down on man; trusting so fervently
As shall flame out and dissipate all fear,
So shalt thou turn thy brow to adamant
Against the opposer's threats; doubting no doubt,
Dreading no dread; but doing all thou dost
As thou hadst heard God's voice within thy ear,
Go do it. Our greatness is but this, to be
Thus greatly ancestored—coming from God;
For what but littleness can come of man,
From the worm he is? he must put off himself,
And be regenerate unto the Lord,
Then shall he feel a strength to wield the whole world.
Then, as the heaven is high above the earth,
So shall his courage rise above his fear,
Till the hugest fear show faint as a far speck;
And the most stormy blast danger can blow,
He will lay bare his head, open his breast,
To brace his nerves by its breath—'Danger, come on,
Thou'rt but a storm, and soon thou must blow o'er;
I'll stand and shout against thee.' Such e'en then,
Was the spirit that possest young Hermann's soul."

We lament all the more the author's error in this respect, as in the character of Arthur Hermann, otherwise Ernest, he has shewn that degree of skill in depicting moral agency, which might have stood him in good stead. He is described as being one of an organised brotherhood.

"Where every man was zealous, not alone
With his single zeal, but with the fervency
Of the whole host. They had been banded long—
But so, as by the rulers of the land
They were deemed only what they seemed to be,
Preachers, austere and devout listeners,
Aiming at Heaven, and for this earth's estate,
How it were ruled, little regarding it,
Nor caring to disturb. Thus as they grew,
Others confided—truly confidence
Thou'rt a good swordsman, but yet all unfit
To hold the shield. And so this people waxed
Daily and hourly, trunk and branches too,
Spreading o'er all the region round about,
Like a fresh fame; that who of the poor sort,
Belonged not to them, lived as one plague-sick
So shunned and pointed at. They'd a good cause,
And more than that, they had a method too
Bettering that goodness. He is but a fool
Who would cry down a state with another cry
Than that of religion: treason 's a hot taste,
And needs hot appetite to swallow it—
A hot enthusiastic appetite;
And this enthusiasm is a fire

Digitized by Google

That feeds on its own smoke—easy kept up,
If we but starve it of all solid food,
And diet it with vapours. Who sees clear
He is no zealot: truth doth purge for him
Those visionary fumes; but where none knows,
And each man may believe whate'er he list,
There is the enthusiast a king indeed,
And of wide royalty: then hail to thee,
Religion, nursing mother of that fire,
Predestined to consume the bonds of man,
Easy as withered tow!"

Rulers of the land! here is your ignorance and its specific kind, distinctly pointed out! Ponder on this, as ye value the safety of the realm! The men who have arrayed themselves against you, are, as they style themselves, "Saints"—men having "ever in their mouth the praise of God, and in their sinewy hands a two-edged sword, to execute sharp vengeance—to smite kings to the ground, and smitten, to bind them in chains, them and their nobles too." The poem proceeds to describe other means of enlarging their numbers, and improving the discipline of their adherents.

"To sum all,
They were a mass so many as might well
Peril a stronger state, and all in one
So bonded and compact, as needs must make
That staggering peril a sure overthrow."

Nor do we believe that there is any poetical exaggeration in these descriptions. All things being thus prepared, advantage is taken of a public fair to throng the spot in fearful multitudes—the yeomanry, who are present, demand the surrender of Hess, Hermann, and Linsingen: this is refused. Christopher Ernst is foremost in the fray that ensues—and is slain,—

"his brain spattered by a pistol shot,
Sprinkled that trooper, whom the film of death
Had not obscured his certainty of eye
Ere he took aim."

The old harper declares, that he saw the souls of Ernest and others who died in the conflict,

"mount up on high,
In a strange glory to the sky."

And, encouraged by his wild strains, the party proceed to attack the castle of Count Stolberg, whose dead body lies on the field. The reader will perceive, that to disguise the immediate design of the poem, German names are given to persons and places, clearly English.

The eleventh book commences with a vigorous apostrophe to daringness—"that has hands only, and no tongue at all." The Stolberg garrison annihilated by the popular wrath; the conspirators then take counsel together, and resolve to procure to their cause the aid of the smugglers on the coast. This is done—and the statement of the means shews the poet's knowledge of the kind of life predicated. The service is proposed for Linsingen, who, as th

Digitized by Google

head, refuses to be the feet, and, therefore, the task is undertaken by the more generous Hermann, who turns out in the end to be not the old traitor's son, but a foundling of the royal family of Ernest. Linsingen, Lucy, and her father, fall victims to the insurrectionary movement. Nevertheless, it is more than a revolt—it is a *revolution*. The popular cause succeeds; and the poem thus concludes:—

"But Hermann! where is he?
Where is the king? come forth and show thyself,
That loyalty may do thee obsequious due,
And crown thee with a free crown laurel-wreathed
By victory. Oh, come, they call for thee,
Thy faithful people. Shine in their glad eyes,
And be so kingly in thy grace, as they
Are loyal in their love. All ask of thee,
Questioning darkly, in wild tumultuous wise,
But none may answer them. Why, 'tis most strange?
Strange as the trunk and limbs to stand alone,
And the head gone—when was it heard before,
A king was lost and no more known of him,
More than a gypsey's brat. Treason, speak out;
Hast slain him? if thou hast, thou'lt answer it
Fearfully to such wrath as ne'er raged yet,
The wrath of a mad people. But who last
Beheld him? in what place and circumstance,
What time? Then many spake, but only one
Was listened, for his grave authority
Outweighed the worth of many witnesses:
'Twas he—the honest shepherd then came forth
And said, 'I loved him much, and honoured him,
And therefore through the danger of the day
I watched him close: when we broke out at last
He was in front of us, cheering us on,
Himself the first of the rush. I followed him
Fearless, for there was something more in him
Than doth belong to man; so it seemed then,
And so his bearing shewed. He rode forthright
O'er rough and level, hill, brushwood and bog,
Through the wild panic of the enemy
In midst of danger; and soliciting death,
But ne'er inflicting it: striking no stroke;
Firing no shot at all, but with sword hung
Heavily from his hand by his horses' flank,
E'en as his arm were shattered, so he rode,
And so I followed him up to the stream,
Or hard upon; when, as we neared the bank,
Down fell my horse stumbling in the thick furze,
I under him—and there, senseless and stunned,
I saw no more; but rising after awhile,
Looked round, and nought was there in front of me,
But the swift river flowing silently
Behind; and on each side the din of war
Roaring as ye all heard it. I've said all.
Heaven grant us better certainty than this
That I can shew." Then was much murmuring,
Since that no light appeared from all that tale
But darker doubt. Then was the river too

Digitized by Google

Questioned with drags, and with all manner of search
To tell the truth: vainly—for were it so,
Yet such a royal prize once chanced to him
Was little hope that he would render it,
And so perplexity, all means being spent,
Stood there with folded arms. But time past on
Indifferent; and days were heaped on days
To a full month; and in that while the folk
Confest the hand of God seen plainly there,
And grew to cheerful calm: then as they met
Duly, for statement of their ordinance;
And there was question who for their lost king
Should rule them in his stead—" No, we'll have none,
(Cried the conspiring universal voice,)
No other ruler. only his memory
And the rule he gave shall be our sovereign,
And in his empty throne none else shall sit
Till he return—for he but bides his time,
As ancient Providence hath so ordained;
And as of late he did no less again.
He will revisit us at pinch of need,
Watchful whene'er. Meanwhile we'll honour him
Our patriot hero, in honour next to God,
With ceremonious due, festal and full,
The yearly celebration of set days,
And with heart-worship holier than all,
And deeper? that this land's prosperity
May ne'er forget herself whence she first rose,
Nor him the fountain and the source of all:
But emulate her ever-growing weal
With the like growth of fuller gratitude,—
So be it—and Ernest, when thou com'st again,
As thou would'st find us so may we be found."

This reminds us of *Sophocles' Œdipus Coloneus.*

We have now given sufficient specimens to show the spirit in which the physical-force principle is conceived, and the intelligence, both poetical and religious, by which it is supported. Singular that the Chartist-cause, even in its cradle, should possess a poet to render it at once immortal. It is so: for this work once made known to the public, can never die. It can never die, for it is a work of genius. We blush not that we have mentioned in connexion with it, the productions of Milton and Dante. Would, however, that the author had learned wisdom from their experience. He knows not what he has lost by it. He might have made this poem the epic of the age, suited to its wants and character; but in this he has failed because of his one-sidedness. Homer celebrates Hector quite as much as Achilles—he does justice to both parties. But the poet of *Ernest* is blind to the excellence of existing institutions, and the merit of established functionaries. He has contented himself with being the poet of a party, when he might have been the poet of his time. We are not insensible to the claims of the operatives; and in our "*Judgement of the Flood,*" asserted their rights in such parts of the poem as related to the race of Cain, who are the *workmen* of the antediluvian period; but we shewed also what of

Digitized by Google

right belonged to the races of Abel and of Seth; and no poem that takes up this great argument, should treat it under fewer than these three points of view. Pity, with the advantages of a subject coming to the business and bosoms of all people at the present day, that a writer of the ability before us, should address one section of social interests, and that in a manner subversive of all present good, and establishing no future equivalent.

It could easily be proved that his plan of political regeneration is a mere dream; that he substitutes opinions for principles, and that the principles assumed are carried out more beneficially by existing arrangements, than they could be by those he proposes to substitute.

We have said something above of the subject being fitted for the epic of the age, when such shall be written; and might, if more wisely planned, have made, even this, the predicated work. We recollect walking with Mr. Thomas Carlyle down Regent Street, when he remarked, that we poets had all of us mistaken the argument that we should treat. "The past," he said, "is all too old for this age of progress. Look at this throng of carriages, this multitude of men and horses, of women and children. Every one of these has a reason for going this way rather than that. If we could penetrate their minds, and ascertain their motives, an epic poem would present itself, exhibiting the Business of Life as it actually is, with all its passions and interests, hopes and fears. A poem, whether in verse or prose, conceived in this spirit, and impartially written, would be the epic of the age." And in this spirit it was that he conceived the plan of his own "French Revolution, a History."

Considering the political aim and tendency of this poem, it was not without reluctance or advice, that we resolved on giving it this prominent notice. We were, on one side, counselled to throw contempt on it, to cover it with ridicule because of its cause. But we considered that nothing could be more contemptible or ridiculous than such a line of proceeding. On the other hand, we were recommended (and among our advisers on this side, was no less an authority than William Wordsworth, with whom we had lately the pleasure of conversing on this and other subjects) to give the author all the credit due to him, rather to err, indeed, on the side of praise than of blame; and then to urge on the statesman-like mind the attention and consideration that a phenomenon of the sort naturally demanded. For is not the appearance of such a poem, under such circumstances, something in the nature of a miracle? Moreover, does it not utter the groans and supposed wrongs of millions of our countrymen? Should we not see to this? If the lower orders of society have their attention directed to the first principles that lie as the ground and basis of society, is it not due to the manner in which they have recently been sported with for party-purposes? Have not the Poor Law Amendment Act, and the criticisms for and against it, in the leaders of influential newspapers, had strong and deep influence on the agitated intellect of the time; always at work now to canvass every new measure?

Digitized by Google

Is not the question of Reform, also, as far from settlement as ever? The strife of old was wont to rage in front of the outworks of the Constitution. These have been carried; and Insurrection now attacks the citadel. It is only wise that we should acquaint ourselves with the means moral, intellectual, and physical that they possess, to carry it. A poem is the highest exertion of human genius and wisdom: such an one we have before us. It is a type of greater peril that belongs to ordinary occasions. No man of common intelligence should remain uninformed that danger is abroad, not vulgarly attired, but arrayed in singing robes, and anointed with sanctity, at once a Prophet and a Priest.

To the transcendental influences that pervade our literature at the present time, the generation of this character is mainly due. For what is man? as he truly is—as he is in the idea? Man immortal—the inhabitant of eternity? What is he but the right-hand fellow of the Infinite? How inadequately do time and space represent those ideas, which grow on the human reason, as if divinely produced there by sympathetic union with the Divine! With the partial inadequate representations of the senses, it is, however, not the part of wisdom to be discontented or dissatisfied. Suffice it to know, that representations are inadequate by a primary law, and that, however comparatively perfect the temporal conditions are, they must still, nevertheless, remain so.

The man who attains to the dignity of his nature, as the image of the eternal and the infinite,—like him of whom he is the uttered idea, will, with equal eye, contemplate the excellent criteria which are projected from his own being, as the standards of persons and things, that only exist as the instances or substitutes of the principles thus announced. At best, these instances or substitutes can but approximate their sublime exemplars, nor will the man who is renewed in the divine image, commit the folly of expecting from them, what cannot be performed by them.

The human spirit itself is the standard by which man measures all other things. Do they fall short? What then? hast thou, O man! thyself no measurer? Nay, do not the eternal and the infinite measure thee? Are they the growth of, or the law over, thy being? Verily, the law! verily, the law! Thou art but the growth—a shrunk and shrivelled one; else, wherefore do we find thee in this time-estate at all, murmuring at the insufficient and unsatisfying shadows of good things, that hover, in illusive vision, before the dream-gaze of the equivocating and merely equivocal, somno-vigilant seer? The eternity that comprehends thee, and is not comprehended by thee, yearns (as it unconsciously penetrates and encircles thee, and would consciously embrace thee,) for intimate and most loving contact. But thou dwindlest to a narrow point, the centre of a poor circle in phenomenal time, or, poorer still, the focus of a mean oval in phenomenal space. How art thou fallen, O man, from that which is thy standard! Blame not, then, the things which thou measurest, for falling short; since thou thyself art fallen so miserably from that which measures thee! If so, how short art thou of Him who is the measurer of the infinite, the mea-

Digitized by Google

surer of the eternal? What hast thou to do, O carper! with the institutions of the world, whether in church or state, and their manifold imperfections; so long as thou remainest thyself so imperfect? Turnest thou in scorn from them, and from thy fellows, and from the things that are created on the earth? What if the measure thou metest should be meted unto thee again? Should the Eternal, that still is (yet, because of thy defection, so distantly) clasping thee, with unceasing and unweariable desire,—should, we say, the Eternal (were it possible) withdraw in scorn from thee? Verily, thou hast reason to rejoice for the immutability of that embracing mercy. More so, that He who is its measure, changes not in his love, and repents not of his purposes for ever and ever.

Yet, though not in scorn, nor in anger, turn thou, O man! from them, and from thy fellows, and from the things that are created on the earth. Turn from them to their criteria, to principles, to transcendental ideas. Turn from them to the Eternal and the Infinite —turn from them to Him who is the Only Perfect—the only, the absolute Good, whose tender mercies are over all his works.

Contemplate what is above thee, what surrounds thee, what comprehends thee! Enlarge the circle of thy being—or to Him who is the standard for all, surrender thy being to be enlarged—not only beyond that narrow circle of time, and still narrower sphere of space, to which thou hast contracted it—but beyond the orbits of time and space themselves, with all their populous planetary worlds; —nay, thou may'st ascend above the very eternity itself—the eternal and the infinite—to Him, who is the Measure and the Measurer, of whom no tongue can speak, no heart conceive, no spirit idealise; yet who speaks in every tongue, conceives in every heart, and idealises in every spirit; yes, thither by his aid, thou may'st ascend again, and yet again. Thou wilt then apprehend that thou art but an echo of his affirmation, and that all other things through thee, are but the echoes of that echo. Hear but that utterance in thy spirit—keep silence, that thou may'st hear, and thou wilt recognize the Affirmation and its Echoes more and more distinctly. Nay, thou thyself shalt echo it; and, thus pronouncing, teach the other echoes an improved response. Thus shall the things that are created on the earth, thy fellows, and the institutions of society, learn of thee, the nobler way; exhibit to thee a more excellent reflection; and all incentives to discontent and motives to dissatisfaction shall diminish, as thou permittest the love and wisdom, and power of God to increase in thee, and thus by enlarging thee, to draw thee nigher unto Himself.

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

SECOND SERIES.

No. VI.—Rebecca Levison.

There are not more beautiful eyes in the whole world, than those we often see amongst the race descended from old Father Abraham!

Digitized by Google

Many a young Jewess do I know, possessing such jet-black, sparkling, and intelligent orbs, that they make one cease to wonder, that the Patriarch Jacob should have served fourteen years to have so brilliant a pair always within his view; to call the owner of them, the Hebrew maiden, Rachel, *his own*.

But however pleasing the expression of the *young* Jewess's eyes are here within our own observation, I cannot account for it why the dark ones of all the ladies descended from that ancient nation, should acquire in later life, a sinister, and almost repulsive look? The whole contour of their handsome, well-formed features, altogether give one then the idea of both boldness and cunning, and the piquant archness and playfulness once beaming from those beautiful dark fountains, of intelligence are changed into a look of defiance, almost of impudence!—yet so it invariably is amongst them. Can it be, that, living as they do in a stranger land, where they meet with many slights, not to say insults, they lose by degrees the calm and happy look of nature, and habitually learn to answer scorn with scorn? This is a bad state of things; but it is gradually mending.

I have mixed much with some of the higher classes of the Jews settled in this country; have been often a guest at some of their magnificent feasts, fit for the entertainment of princes; and have received much hospitality at their hands. I purpose in this sketch, to give an account of one Hebrew family with whom I have been intimately acquainted, and whose names are recorded in my note-book.

Not many years ago, I was invited to one of those expensive festivals, given in honor of the marriage between the son and daughter of two very opulent Jew merchants, where pine-apples and the choicest hot-house fruits and flowers, were heaped up in such abundance upon the board, that I could have fancied myself at one of our great horticultural dinners, only for the highly flavoured wines and liqueurs of every description, that accompanied them.

Towards the evening, the four elegant rooms furnished *en suite*, were thrown open to admit a crowd of less favoured guests, and they were literally *crammed* with the Hebrew youth of both sexes, together with their still handsome, but showily dressed mammas, each having the bold expression I have just mentioned, attended by their money-getting, keen-eyed husbands——.

"Let us go round the circle" said I to my friend Mrs. Lascelles, who had been invited also; "let us take a circuit of these splendid rooms, and behold the brilliant eyes with which they are illuminated!—and pray make particular observation to see, if we can find a single pair of female ones, whose owner is past *five and twenty*, which still boast of the unadulterated look of nature, simplicity, and good humour?—No—there they stand, you observe, and sit by hundreds, all with that shrewd, knowing, and artificial expression, bold as amazons! But then the young girls—O what a contrast! If Mahomet wanted a fresh supply of bright-eyed Houries for his Paradise above, surely he could not do better than

Digitized by Google

send down a host of his best strong-armed Mahometans, to capture and carry off (as did the Sabines of old), some of these young Jewish maidens!—But Houries never get *old*: they tell us so. New-ones are not wanted; unless indeed, some of the present ones wished to retire upon *brevet*-rank."

But I must give a description of the bride of that gay scene.—Walter Scott has portrayed to the life, *his* Rebecca, in that gorgeous work "Ivanhoe;" my heroine, unfortunately for me, was a *Rebecca* also; but if *attire* and beauty could make her equally as attractive, the bride of that evening was surely so, and being under happier circumstances than old "Isaac of York's" daughter, she had a sun-light on those oriental eyes of hers, that made it dangerous for other eyes, belonging I mean to the opposite sex, to gaze upon them.

There were many Jews, and some Gentiles I believe also, who envied no doubt the young and handsome bridegroom of that evening—his name was Joel *Levison*, Esq., or in other words, he was the *son of Levi*, who had changed his cognomen, thinking it sounded better, into Levison, now called by courtesy as I have first spelt it.

What a profusion of costly jewels adorned the person of Rebecca Salomons, soon to be Mrs. Levison, on that day! Then the veil that hung back upon her dark curled tresses; of what immense value! It had been brought from Brussels for the purpose, and was as fine a one as ever was made there—her bracelets, ear-rings, armlets, and the girdle round her slender waist, were of brilliants; the clasp of the latter formed of emeralds—her white velvet reticule was fringed and tasseled also with diamonds and seed-pearls; her fan rivetted with two sable ones of the former—but her eyes eclipsed all this lustre; there was no resisting the attraction of this dazzling young creature, so Mrs. Lascelles and myself thought ourselves exceedingly fortunate in procuring seats close to her, where we could gaze our fill, and watch every look of the youthful Hebrew bride.

As I was thus employed, I could not help thinking of those beauties of the same nation now no more—of Sarah, the sister and wife of the Father of the Faithful; of Jacob's beloved wife, and his lovely daughter Dinah—of Bathsheba, and Susanna, and a whole galaxy of Jewish damsels who were so fair to look upon! "What a pity it is," said I, whispering to my friend, "that this handsome race, especially the women, should so soon lose the greatest charm of their beauty, their innocence and purity of look! —What a difference between the mothers and daughters! I cannot account for it!"

It seems that Rebecca Salamons, the young bride, with a quickness of hearing that quite astonished me, had overheard every word of my late observations; for, leaning gently towards me, and placing one of her slender fingers on my arm, she said with a smile of peculiar sweetness, blended with a little archness, and a slight shade of melancholy; it might be intended for *reproof* she said—It is all owing my dear madam, to you naughty *Gentiles!* It is your fault not ours, that we are so soon despoiled of that openness and freshness

Digitized by Google

of look, you seem so much to deplore!—you all teach us to feel (of course I except yourself) that we are of a despised race; tolerated more than loved—misrepresented, and only prized for the wealth we happen to possess, not for the virtues of our hearts—can it be wondered at, that we should become indignant at such treatment, and consequently watchful, insinuating, artful, and insincere!—Let us only feel *at our ease* amongst you, as you do with each other, and you will see that our countenances will preserve, equally with your own, all the graces of confidence and repose."

I own I felt somewhat abashed at the sweet rebuke of Rebecca Salamons, and I told her so with a candour, that seemed to please her, for she tried to assure me, by saying "that she had observed the same thing herself of her people;—Come hither, Joel," said she to her bridegroom, who was then leaning over the couch on which we were seated, nigh to the canopy under which his Rebecca was to be placed like an eastern princess: "come hither, and convince this lady, that the perpetual consciousness of being contemned, and thought inferior by those amongst whom we dwell, gives to us in after-life, a discontented and often hypocritical look, and frets away all the bloom of our beauty."

Although Rebecca Salamons said this to her intended husband in a playful manner, and with extreme sweetness of look, yet I thought I saw a slight shade, or cloud, pass across his brow as he glanced upon me, and wondered no doubt what observation of mine had called forth this question from his fair bride.

"What! this from you?" answered he, half reproachfully, half fondly, as he bent over her—"Is it possible that I hear Rebecca attribute to her *favourite Gentiles* any injustice to her people? any unpleasant consequence arising from it? I assure you, madam," continued he, turning courteously to me, "this lady is always an advocate for the Christians, and is never so happy as when she is in conversation with them;"—then turning to her, he whispered something in her ear, which seemed to intimate, that he feared she liked them better than her own nation: but observing that I had partly overheard him, he suddenly broke off and changed the discourse.

What could be the meaning of that bright blush, which mantled over the face, bosom, hands and arms, even to the finger-ends of the fair bride, at hearing what her bridegroom said to her respecting her partiality for the Christians?—Surely, thought I, it is more than what the occasion merited! There was a confusion in her whole countenance, that puzzled me much; and little light did either Mrs. Lascelles or myself gain upon the subject by the next remark of the interesting young Jewess, when she had sufficiently mastered her feelings, whatever they might be, to make one, wholly disregarding the turn her bridegroom wished to give the conversation, and the eyes of the whole multitude fastened upon her.

"How fortunate it is, my dear Joel," said Rebecca, with some peculiar meaning couched in her observation, although it was said very gaily;" how fortunate it is, that with us, as with the Roman Catholics, we Hebrew girls, are not obliged to have a *Father Cor*

Digitized by Google

fessor!—whatever is my creed, then, I shall be able still to hold it unobserved, you know."

The ancient Rabbi, coming up at this moment,—Rebecca gracefully arose, and presented to him her hand—she was quickly surrounded by a whole host of elders belonging to her family and people, ladies drest in rich blond caps, with diamonds and feathers in abundance. The old men looking as sallow and wrinkled as possible, and as if they were going to persuade you to take a counterfeit guinea for a genuine one—sly, calculating, designing, certainly was their general expression—"Surely," thought I, "these men can never be the lineal descendants of the noble-minded Joseph; of him who behaved with such simple grandeur to his unkind brothers, who had sold him into the land of Egypt! But I forgot at the moment, that *ten* out of the twelve tribes of Israel, Joseph's amongst them, were now so dispersed over the face of the earth, so lost to all identity, that they cannot be recognised even by the other two tribes. Eugenius, indeed, believes that they still exist as a separate people amidst the Affghans in Persia, the interior of India, the very depths of Thibet, scattered up and down throughout China, and even in the very heart of Africa, preserving many of their Hebrew words entire, and their ancient rites and ceremonies; as it is, he tells me, well known, that there are both white and black Jews.

But I was called off my private speculations on this most remarkable people, by finding that the marriage ceremony was just going to be performed.

The superb canopy under which the bride and bridegroom were to walk, now drew my attention. It was made for the occasion from one of the curtains belonging to the ark, the Rabbi having accorded that favour to the family as a high compliment, and for a certain fee, which he had no compunction in receiving for its use. It was richly ornamented, fringed with weighty gold bullion, and had supports inlaid with gold and gems. Four of the most distinguished fathers in Israel stood ready to carry it, and Mr. Levison and Rebecca took their station beneath it. The venerable Rabbi with white flowing beard and hair, but with eyes of a strongly marked, sinister, almost fox-like, expression, habited in his priestly robes, taking his stand at the head of the procession, the relations, friends and numerous visitors following in, as they best could, with rather an indecorous and noisy crowding.

Mrs. Lascelles and myself were a good deal elbowed about at this stirring moment, so got but an indifferent and distant place to observe the ceremony, yet, being tolerably tall, I caught sight of a large beautiful cut glass goblet, of immense size, which was dashed into a thousand pieces over the head of the young bride by Mr. Levison himself, and each separate fragment distributed afterwards as an especial favor to those around—Rebecca, with a grace and a smile, that I shall never forget, sent me a piece by the hands of her young kinsman.

"What is the meaning of this part of the ceremony?" I enquired of the youth who brought it; but he could not tell me much, saving

Digitized by Google

that it was intended as a symbol, meaning, by this act of gallantry to shew, that the love of the new-made bridegroom would endure even until all the fragments of that glass should be joined together again.

As the whole rite was in Hebrew, I could not make much out of it; but it struck me how very irreverent all the relations were in their manner, and that the Rabbi himself mumbled it all over in any thing but an impressive way.

When the walking procession had ceased, and the canopy was fixed into the ground at the upper end of the room, every one approached, as at court, to pay their respects to the new-married pair, and kiss the bride's hand—as I went up in due course to render this homage, Mrs. Levison leaned towards me, and softly whispered in my ear—"You will come and see me, Mrs. Griffiths, at my new residence at Stamford-hill?—Remember, I shall be hurt if you do not; and shall expect you *soon*."

After a reasonable time for their sitting thus in state, the dancing began; and the bride was hurried off to partake in that recreation; so after watching its gay mazes for a couple of hours or so, my friend and myself stole off unobserved, and were conducted in her carriage home to her residence in C——-place.

"It will cost me at least twelve shillings," argued I, with myself "to hire a fly, in order that I may pay a morning call to Mrs. Levison at Stamford-hill; now is it worth while to do so?"—"Certainly not" said Prudence—"perhaps only a mere compliment, her asking me," said Pride—"She may have forgotten that she gave it," whispered Doubt; but then what said *Inclination?* Why she routed all the others, as she generally does—sent Prudence, Pride and Doubt to the winds. Has she not ever out-mastered them from the commencement of the world; and, what is still worse to say of her, triumphed over even *Principle* itself?

"Cost what it will," said I, finishing the disputation at once with a high hand, "I am determined I will see that lovely young Jewess once more; and if she likes me half as well only as I like her (and I think she has prepossession that way) we shall be friends."—

If I admired the fair Rebecca dazzling in jewels and lace, the cynosure of all eyes the day of her marriage; still more delightful did she appear to me in her simple morning robe, made of the softest whitest muslin confined with a blue ribbon; no ornament on her head, saving those that adorned the head of Eve in Paradise, her own natural ringlets, but, whether they were of the glossy blackness of Rebecca's, of the shade of Prior's nut-brown maid's, or fair as unspun flax, history has not determined; but I can almost swear she had not tresses like some of Eve's daughters, red as the autumnal leaf: how they have become *engrafted* upon the human head, let naturalists decide.

The raven hair of Rebecca Levison was parted from her fair high forehead like one of Vandyke's beauties. I will not speak again of her eye, it would be a twice told tale, but the long dark fringes edging the white curtains of these orbs, I may be allowed to mention, as I have never seen them equalled for length, blackness.

Digitized by Google

and regularity, each particular hair having a fine curve upwards, the whole casting a shadow beneath them.

But enough of personal attractions—methinks I hear the reader exclaim, "What's in an eye?" I answer, "What is there not within one little rolling world, whatever may be its colour? What myriads of expressions pour forth from the small round orifice, there denominated the *pupil*, and an apt *pupil* is it; for the mighty spirit, enthroned invisibly at its depth, teaches it all things that it expresses, and is the preceptor and the master!"

Mrs. Levison advanced to meet and welcome me with a smile, and an assurance that she should have been quite hurt, if I had failed to visit her; "for," added she, "there was a contract of friendship entered into by *glance of eye*, if not by word of mouth, between you and myself, when last we met; and they, you know, are equally binding, or ought to be so, as if we had *signed, sealed, and delivered.*"

"You are come to spend the day with me, Mrs. Griffiths"—eagerly demanded Mrs. Levison, "I am going to be quite alone; at least if we are not broken in upon by morning-callers, as Joel will be engaged in the city until a very late hour, for you must know this is the most important day in the whole year at *our Synagogue*, the 'Day of Atonement,' which takes place on the 10th of the month, Tishri, or the seventh month."

"I know very little of your rites and ceremonies," I replied: "but do not the women partake in them?"

"It is not necessary they should do so," answered she, "but I am not over-particular about these matters. Still you have not satisfied me, respecting your stay with me to-day: send off your little equipage, and I will undertake for your safe conveyance home this evening, for our fat lazy coach-horses want exercise much. Levison prefers riding on horseback, and I hate taking an airing alone."

We are easily persuaded to do what we like; so I sent off '*the Fly*,' and arranged my bonnet-cap in the best manner I could, congratulating myself that it happened to be trimmed with a little clean, white satin ribbon, and that with my nicely plaited lace ruff, and new French kid gloves, I should do very well for a chance visitor; and more especially, as I had put on my splendid diamond ring, before setting off; that ring of which I am for ever talking, and therefore must be proud.

And how did we spend the day together, this beautiful young Hebrew woman, and the matronly "Monthly Nurse" of Kensington? Was it in looking over the various bijoux, and expensive trinkets casketed in their morocco cases belonging to her? or in turning over the superb portfeuilles of coloured engravings, that were ensconced within the library? or in inspecting the cabinet of minerals, gems, and ancient coins, that her husband had fitted up for her, knowing that she was fond of these things? No: she gave me a more curious and interesting study than all these combined together: she entrusted to me the secret, that she had been reading with breathless attention, the truths contained in the *New Testament!* that she had endeavoured to compare them with those of the Old,

Digitized by Google

but felt herself incompetent to the task: she owned that she was almost compelled to become a Christian, from the evidence: but still she wavered in some of her opinions. "And it was for this reason, that I wanted to know more of you, Mrs. Griffiths," added she, with the most amiable ingenuousness; "as I felt convinced you were no bigot, and would with patience and kindness listen to my doubts, and with candour meet them, either to confute them or to grant they were well founded."

"And how come you, at your tender age, to entertain this subject at all?" demanded I, "Who has put the New Testament into your hands?"

"It is surprising," answered my lovely young hostess, "how small a circumstance sometimes make a deep impression on us, and yet how very long it may be before it produces any active results! When I was a very little girl, I was allowed to have a child about my own age, the daughter of our gardener, to come and play with me; for I am an only child, and they thought I languished for companions.

"This little protegée of mine I grew exceedingly fond of: we dressed our dolls together; and she amused me much, by repeating to me Fairy tales and wonderful stories. Amongst the rest, she told me the *Scripture History*, as she called it, of Jesus of Nazareth—his miraculous birth—his purity of life, and the astonishing cures he performed, and the parables he related. From that hour, I have longed to know more of this most extraordinary being; have felt a deep reverence for his character; and whenever I have heard him by my own people styled 'Impostor,' 'Deceiver,' 'Hypocrite,' I have had great difficulty in suppressing my resentment, and bidding his detractors to go and do as he did."

"I believe even the most prejudiced Jew," said I, "allows that '*the Nazarene's*' life, as they call him, was an example for all men; that 'never man spake as he spake.'"

"Indeed, you are much mistaken," replied my young Hebrew friend; "they often feel and express the bitterest rancour towards a being, who, whatever might be his office, they cannot deny 'went about doing good:' but I want to come to particulars, to have the advantage of your reasoning upon this matter, and you will not, I am sure, look shocked or offended at my questions; for, indeed, they will not be vexatious ones, but only put forth with a hope that you may be able to satisfy my mind upon them."

"You have given me a task of much responsibility," said I, "and I wish my friend *Eugenius*, a young clergyman I know, were the champion in this case, instead of myself: but at any rate speak out freely, and have no fear that I shall feel hurt or impatient at your doubts. I am only charmed, that situated as you have been, you could thus far surmount the prejudices in which you have been educated; but I think I hear the voice of your good mother in the hall: it is too peculiar a one for me to be deceived." And as I spoke, Mrs. Salamons entered the room.

There needed not a look of admonition from the fair Rebecca, to keep me silent on the subject of our late conversation, before the

Digitized by Google

lady who now made one of our little party: she was a gay, portly, handsome woman, most expensively attired, and came, she said, "to take her daughter a drive, now all the men were huddled together in the different synagogues."

However much we might have wished to spend the day tête à tête, still Mrs. Levison was of too kind and filial a nature, to show the smallest sign of dissatisfaction at her mother's unexpected visit.

Guessing more than discerning my discomforture, the beautiful Rebecca gave me a smile of ineffable sweetness, as she asked me, "If I were fond of old Hebrew melodies? for," said she, "if so, I will give you that one my mamma and Mr. Levison are so fond of—it is a chaunt supposed to be very ancient indeed, as far back as the time of David, and has a simplicity and solemnity about it that ever delights myself."

Mrs. Levison obliged me with this ancient chaunt (of which she wrote me out the melody also). No less than three times that day did she sing it to us, so much was I charmed with its sublime expression; and her mother seeing how much I was pleased with it, asked me if I knew any thing whatever of the Jewish ceremonies, as now practised; and finding I did not, she very good naturedly began to describe some of them at my request, much to my edification.

"Our Feast of the Passover is kept on the fourteenth day of the first month, as we reckon time, which is about that of your Easter; but the first month *Nisan*, did not always stand the first even with ourselves. King Hezekiah caused our style to be changed; but we still reckon in our own minds from the ancient dates, as they are traced back to the creation of the world."

"Do we reckon, Mamma, from the creation of the world, or the birth of Adam, the first man?" enquired her daughter, with a slight shade of irony in her tone; but of so very covert a kind, that her lady mother did not perceive it.

"My dear Rebecca," answered her mother, "you ought to know these things even better than I, after the pains Dr. ——— has taken with you: of course we date from the birth of this planet itself, and not from that of the first rational creature upon it."

"And yet, my dear mother," argued Rebecca, with that arch and beautiful smile of hers, "it should not be so: time could not be said *to exist*, until man, who alone could take account of it, existed also; besides, could Adam know himself how many days old the world was, when he found himself upon it; before then it must have been *eternity;* the boundless extent of incalculable infinity that then prevailed—depend upon it, mother, with man, came also time."

"You always were a little casuist, Rebecca," said her mother rather petulantly, "and that your father and all our elders ever thought. Surely Moses ought to know better than you; and he dates from the day of the creation of the world itself."

"I give up the point to him, dear mother," said her daughter meekly, "as in duty bound."

"Since our dispersion," continued Mrs. Salamons, looking kindly and approvingly at the pretty disputant, "we have never actually

Digitized by Google

sacrificed the paschal lamb: we are forbidden to do so out of Jerusalem, but the pains we take to prepare the unleavened bread, proves how anxious we are to perpetuate this commemoration of the Lord's sparing our first-born in the land of Egypt."

"I am very fond of your passover cake," said I.

"We are most particular in the preparation of it," added she, "for the word *homitz* has a much wider signification than what you Christians attach to that of *leaven*, by which word it is rendered in your translations of the Bible, for *homitz* means the fermentation of corn in any shape, whether as beer, or spirituous liquors distilled from corn; therefore, during the passover week, a Jew-distiller or brewer, must suspend his business for part of that time, he may work only on what we call the *half holy days*, but on the days of the full holy days, he can do nothing."

"I suppose you have heard of our society, which consist of our elders, and pious men," she went on to say: "they often go out into the fields at the time of harvest to select the finest ripe wheat, and no expense is spared to get in a sufficient quantity for our use, and with the greatest dispatch; this is carefully kept until the ensuing spring, in a dry place, lest any moisture should fall upon it, and cause *fermentation*. The time we take to cleanse the mill we hire for grinding this pure wheat, is very long, a full week; giving away to the Gentiles the flour we first grind in it, lest it be contaminated by any remains of the *old leaven* left therein before; next the ovens we use throughout all the country, must be heated several times, if they do not belong exclusively to ourselves, that they may be purified, and "purged out from old abominations."

"Oh" said Rebecca, "that 'the *inside* of the cup and platter' could be equallywell attended to!" but her mother, not having read the New Testament, understood not the allusion: she did not, however, like the interruption, nor the use of the word '*platter*,' she thought it, she said, not over and above *genteel*.

"Well," said I, wishing to restore good humour, "how do you knead these cakes, when you have got this fine unleavened flour ground to your mind."

"Oh! I forgot to tell you that," responded Mrs. Salamons; "why the pious Jews and Jewesses are employed in kneading and rolling out the paste, which must never exceed ten minutes in the operation; so if we have not sufficient persons to finish the work in that time, the wealthiest Jews in the land will hasten to assist them. Do you remember, Rebecca, seeing your father and uncle covered with flour, a year or two ago, because the society had not engaged enough hands?"

"Yes, my dear mother," answered Rebecca smiling, giving a side glance at me, "and also how angry he was the night before the passover, when he was searching all over our house with a host of candles, held by all our servants, to hunt up and remove away every crumb of bread, that might by chance be lying about, containing the abominated leaven, when he discovered in my little Indian cabinet, I remember, a *whole Gentile seed-cake*, brought to me as a present by my play-fellow, our gardener's daughter, Fanny

Digitized by Google

Pritchard. O how he questioned me, as to whether I had secreted more in any other place; 'thus bringing down' he said, 'the just resentment of the God of Israel, upon himself and all his race, by breaking His express commandments!'"

"I am rejoiced to find my child," said the kind-hearted mother, "that you have not forgotten the reprimands of your dear father upon that occasion, and also what our Rabbi said to you upon it. I am not over-*strict* myself, but to have such a thing as a *Gentile diet cake* in my house during the passover week, it would be scandalous! I would rather lose my ———, no, not lose, but I should deserve to lose my first-born child, even thee, my Rebecca;" who now with infinite grace, here arose, and tenderly kissed her mother. She was not only the first-born, but the *only* child of her parents.

"How do you eat the passover?" I enquired of Mrs. Salamons, although I much feared I had asked a question that might be deemed improper, as I remembered having once before received a very severe rebuff from another Jewess I happened to know, by begging her to translate for me, the Hebrew characters that I saw in gold letters, placed under glass, round the doors of all her rooms. I have since had them explained to me by one of a lower grade, who took down from one of hers, a bit of vellum carefully enclosed in a case of tin, which was nailed at the top of every door in her humble abode; she assured me that they had the same writing in every Jewish house; some most gorgeously emblazoned, some in gold cases, others wrapt up, like the one I saw, in different metals. It begins with (but of course in Hebrew) thus—

"Hear O Israel! I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage, &c. &c."

These sentences are also written on vellum, and sewn within the leather frontlets, that they accustom their young boys to wear every morning upon their foreheads for some time, as if their divine legislators wished such important truths to be engraven on the fleshy tables of the head or heart. And yet, perhaps, *seeing* a holy text upon the doors of our habitations, as the Musselmans put verses of their Koran on the outsides of their houses, might chance to recall some wanderers back to their duty, or help to instruct the ignorant.

But long ere I had made these wise reflections, Mrs. Salamons had informed me of the manner in which the passover was eaten in her husband's house; I fear I shall weary the reader by repeating it, and yet it lies full in my way.

"When the solemn evening, the feast of the passover arrives" said the good lady, "for which the men have all prepared themselves by prayer in the synagogue, every member of the family, servants and all, assemble. On the table are placed three dishes; one contains three of the unleavened cakes; the second one with horse-radish and bitter herbs, and the third, a small piece of roast meat, and a roasted egg; these two last, are to symbolise the pascal, or sacrificial lamb, and the offering with it. There is also a dish of vinegar, or salt and water, and a mixture of various ingredients, worked up to resemble *lime*, to remind us of the time we worked in Egypt."

Digitized by Google

"I remember breaking my glass at the ceremony," remarked the young Rebecca, "when I was a child, and getting a rebuke for my awkwardness from my poor dear father!"

"It was, I suppose, because you were in such a hurry to get at the wine," said her mother smiling, "and besides, you never could bear at that age, I remember, to sit still."

"Nor do I much like it now I am older," responded Rebecca archly; "make haste, dear mother, and finish the passover supper tale, for I begin to weary of it."

"I shall soon have done with it," continued the mother; "each person has a glass, or cup, which is filled four times in the course of the ceremony; the master of the house stands up, with his loins girded, his staff in his hand, and his shoes on his feet, as if in haste to depart from the land of Egypt."

"The first cup of wine is called 'The cup of sanctification;' some of the bitter herbs are dipped in the vinegar, and each one has a small portion given to them by the master of the feast."

"Which I always contrived to slip under the table," interrupted Rebecca laughing, "I cannot endure such horrid stuff." "Thou art but a scoffing maiden at the best," said her mother rather gravely, "and if thy uncle knew half thy tricks, or Joel Levison either, the elders would be made acquainted with them, and—"

"Well, what would they do unto me, my dearest mother?" said the incorrigible girl. "Would they beat me with rods, think you; these terrible old men, with their beards, and grey old locks? but pray tell Mrs. Griffiths all about the '*Effickonmen*.'"

"Of the *what*?" I enquired, "O, I must write down that mighty word in my tablets; or, I shall forget it, pray tell me how you spell it?"

"*Effick-on-men*," said the mother, slightly tapping her Rebecca's hand for interfering. "This word means 'the past hidden,' which the master of the house takes from the dish of cakes, wraps up in a napkin, and carefully conceals 'in some part of the house.'"

"And what is the meaning of this?" I enquired. "I do not think any of us quite know, not even the sagacious Rabbi himself," said Rebecca.

"You are a silly girl," gravely replied her mother; "it is the common belief, that this part of the ceremony means, *the hidden manna*, or bread of life, that God has entrusted to our care; and that the bitter herbs mean, 'Lo, this is as the bread of affliction, which our ancestors ate in the land of Egypt.'"

"My dearest mother, do you remember the fearful agony I was thrown into," asked Mrs. Levison, "when first admitted to the supper of the passover? never shall I forget what I then endured, when later in the evening, *the hidden cake*, or *Effick-on-men*, was brought forth, and *Elijah's cup* was filled."

"Elijah's cup!" I repeated, "I never heard of that before."

"Nor had I," continued Mrs. Levison, "at that time: so when the cup was filled, with all due solemnity by my father, and he arose to open *the door for the admission of the prophet Elijah*, who I knew had been dead so many years, when I saw the eyes of all the company

Digitized by Google

fixed upon that open door, hoping, partly expecting, I believe, that he would enter there bodily, and take his place beside us, the dead with the living, to bring us tidings that the Messiah is at hand, I thought I should have fainted, and can never witness the filling of '*Elijah's cup*,' even now, without a tremor and a shudder."

There was a pause of some short time in our conversation just here; and during it, I could not help reflecting, that 'The last supper of our Lord," was commemorated in somewhat of this manner, " He to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it;" likewise also, the cup *after* supper. The breaking of the bread being mentioned in connection with this cup, gave me reason to suppose, that it was the " *hidden cake*," which our Lord used according to custom, as symbolic of the hidden manna, or bread of life.

" After the passover, comes the Feast of Weeks," said Mrs. Salamons, " but"—

" O for mercy's sake, do not let us go through the whole catalogue of our ceremonials," interrupted our young hostess, " you will make me sick to death of our religion, and that would certainly be a heinous sin in you. Come, I will shew Mrs. Griffiths some of those splendid views of the *two temples*, and my own drawing of Pharaoh's daughter, picking up the pretty baby Moses, who it seems, *would not* be drowned; but had he lived in our days, he would certainly have been *hanged*, for slaying the Egyptian, and then burying him in the sand."

" Rebecca!" said her mother, " do you wish me to leave your house? Never will I enter it again if you speak in that light manner, of our great *lawgiver* Moses."

" Our great lawgiver was *Jehovah*, and Moses was only his *servant*, my dearest mother," argued the fair Hebrew, looking like one inspired, " never did you hear your child fail in respect to *Him*, before whom even the angels veil their faces; but it seems to me, much like Roman Catholic idolatry, thus to almost worship a man, who, however wise and good, still was a mere human being, with all our weaknesses and frailties: but I pain you, mother; so look at this, I have made the young Moses a fine sturdy boy you see, with limbs and cheeks fit for a heathen's Bacchus. In this drawing, I have done him ample justice, so I hope he and you will forgive me for all former offences."

" The Pharaoh's daughter is the very image of your own," said I, looking from one to the other, and handing the drawing to Mrs. Salamons.

" Yes," murmured out that lady, not quite restored yet to her usual good humour, " Levison, who is a good draftsman, came in one morning when this subject was in hand, and with a lover's flattery sketched in Rebecca's face from memory, before she entered the room. It was a very foolish thing for him to do, but when men are in their courting days, they may well be said to be in their dotage; he has flattered her, I think," added the good lady, a mother's pride getting the better of her momentary displeasure.

" Is that really your opinion, Madam?" enquired I, with an archness that was well understood by both mother and daughter;

Digitized by Google

"nothing ever could have surpassed the loveliness of Mrs. Levison."

"Rebecca," enquired her mother, quite recovered of her petulance, "do you intend to go to-morrow to assist in making poor Esther Cohen's shroud? I think it would be but kind in you, as her sister is too much afflicted to help in that office: I shall certainly go, and can call for you."

"Certainly I will," responded Mrs. Levison; then turning to me, she added, "This is one of our usages also, and one I approve of more than many of the others. We never allow a *stranger-hand*, to touch the dead; no coarse and vulgar undertaker ever approaches the body of those we love: women prepare the burial-dress of women; and men those of men; and what is very singular, and also I think, very proper too, the grave-clothes of the very poorest of our people, are made of the same materials, and in the same form precisely, as those of the very richest: we say, for this reason, 'That at the final day, when we must all reappear, no respect of persons will be there shown, but all habited alike, will stand before Jehovah's awful throne, and his Messiah.'"

I took my leave at an early hour,—in parting, Mrs. Levison insisted on my promising to spend a day very soon with her again, whispering as she pressed her lips to my cheek, "That we may resume you know our high argument, and should I be convinced"—

"What then?" demanded I, looking most searchingly upon her.

"Can you not divine?" she answered most earnestly; "but—but it would kill my mother, I believe."

"*What* would kill me, my dearest child?" quickly asked that mother, who had overheard the last sentence, and looked from one to the other in some alarm. "*What* would cause my death?"

"Making my burial-clothes, as I must assist to do to-morrow, for poor Esther Cohen," answered her daughter, with ready, and surely justifiable equivocation.

Her answer fully satisfied Mrs. Salamons; she merely wondered that her Rebecca had made any mystery about it: "but she loved this poor girl once," she said, as if explaining it to herself; "and they saw a good deal of each other when they were both young: lately indeed"——

"Hush! dearest mother," softly murmured the young Hebrew lady; but the spirit of *Christianity* lent its divine radiance to her eye as she spoke—"Hush, I beseech you; whatever errors fell to the lot of this poor girl, remember that *she is dead*, and that 'judgment belongs only unto the Lord.'"

"I am not ashamed to learn from my own child," said the really kind-natured mother; "and I will mention her faults no more: perhaps they were not so heavy as the elders thought, when they admonished her so the other day, and"——

"Let her faults and her virtues, mother, repose within the bosom of her Father and God," said the sweet remonstrator; "but we are detaining Mrs. Griffiths; the carriage is at the door. And," continued Mrs. Levison, but in a low voice to me as I took my seat, "shall you be at home on Saturday? it is Sabbath, you know. If so, I will

Digitized by Google

call upon you?" I merely nodded in the affirmative, as the footman closed the door; and I drove off from Stamford Hill.

At an early hour Mrs. Levison arrived at Kensington on the following Saturday. At my reqnest, she sent away the chariot until the evening, as I assured her I had prepared a little dinner expressly for her, as I knew her husband would be engaged a good deal during the day at synagogue. I was sorry to observe that the fair Rebecca looked agitated and unwell. She told me that her husband more than suspected her bias in favour of Christianity; and that it had been the cause of some disquiet and very unpleasant feeling between them—he had even insinuated that he conceived it was his duty to report her wavering, and almost apostate state, to the Elders, adding, but with much tenderness of manner, "that he could not endure the thought of his own beloved wife, wandering away from the true faith of Abraham, to the worship of '*strange gods*,' for such he deemed the adoration that the Christians pay to 'Jesus of Nazareth.' What course ought I to pursue, dear Mrs. Griffiths, ?" demanded she. "If I embrace the doctrines of your church, I excite the anger, perhaps the hatred, of Mr. Levison, and very probably cause the death of my mother. On the other hand, shall I not offend most fearfully my great Creator by temporising on such a subject, and denying, as your Peter did, the Son of God—my Lord and master? I am in a most dreadful strait, and must implore your advice to guide me—already my poor Joel has assured me, 'that he would never love a *vile Meshumid*, or apostate, but must depart from me, or send me, like Hagar, away into the wilderness:'—it was but a threat." And as poor Rebecca said this, those brilliant eyes of her's were moist with tears; and she turned away her head to prevent my seeing them: in another moment they were gone.

"But," said I, "you have still doubts respecting the truth of our religion. Is it not premature to think yet of abandoning your own, giving deep offence to your nearest connections, and after all find out, perhaps, that you are neither one thing nor the other—neither Jew nor Christian? How did Mr. Levison suspect that you had changed any of your opinions?"

"By seeing me constantly reading this book, to him so obnoxious. Indeed he threw my New Testament into the fire; but I have purchased another, and here it is."

"And do you mean to let him see you studying this one also," I enquired, "thus giving him food for perpetual altercation?"

"That is exactly one of the questions I meant to ask you," she replied; "I ought not to be ashamed of doing what I consider right; and surely the importance of seeking to know whether the Messiah is yet come, must be allowed to justify fully my research."

"Assuredly," said I; "but there seems to me no necessity for dashing into this enquiry with all a zealot's warmth, and making a *display* of sentiments that are not yet even fixed within your own mind! Cannot you peruse and study this sacred volume *in secret* and calmness? Weigh well the arguments you find there; and should

Digitized by Google

you, as I fervently trust will be the case, feel satisfied of the truths contained therein; should conviction come into your heart; keep it a dear and holy thing, a divine and sacred gift, until a proper season for declaration takes place."

"What!" cried Mrs. Levison, with a vivacity that made her eyes sparkle like brilliants. "Would you have me shrink from my duty?—abstain from acknowledging *the Christ*; and thus commit the same error, and deserve the same punishment as did my forefathers, eighteen hundred years ago; for which they have been a dispersed and despised people ever since?"

"My dear Rebecca," said I, "all young converts (and I begin now to think you really are one,) are possessed ever with this burning thirst for publickly avowing their faith, and fighting on their way through all opposition. Were you a man instead of a woman, I should encourage such a noble daring, perchance; but it appears to me, that every end would be answered by your becoming *in heart* a Christian, namely ensuring your own salvation, by doing, as the virgin mother of our Lord did, until she saw there was the proper season arrived, namely, 'pondering on these things in her heart.' You can neither preach to others, nor go out as a missionary; but you can exercise the divine precepts of our religion by devotion, forbearance, charity, and meekness. Who knows but what in time, by a patient submission to God's will, by slow degrees, by a careful unfolding of those Truths you know and delight in, by a judicious and watchful *diplomacy*, if I may use such a word for such a subject, you may be the means, assisted by the Spirit of God, of converting your beloved husband also."

"O that is too much to hope!" exclaimed the young wife, "you are not aware that Mr. Levison has just written a book to prove, that the modern Jews have entirely cleansed themselves from the oral traditions of the Talmud, and practise nothing but the pure ordinances of Moses."

"And is not this the case?" enquired I.

"Far from it," answered she; "for we are taught to hold sacred even the writings of the '*Mishna*,' which has nothing to do with the divine writings, but is a collection of traditions transmitted down by word of mouth from father to son, and now bound together in one volume. O that you could see the records of the Jewish '*Beth-din*,' or tribunal, here in London. What absurdities have crept in since the time of Moses!"

"It is far better that I should not," cried I; "surely it is enough for us to know, that moral blindness is upon your nation, and to hope the scales may be removed from their eyes, so that they may see the blessed light that has entered into our own."

"Then you think there is no necessity," enquired Mrs. Levison, with much embarassment, "no absolute *requisition* for me, in case, that is, of my having all my doubts removed, of my being *publicly baptised*, and openly renouncing Judaism?"

"First get away your doubts, and then I will answer your questions," said I; but I could not help smiling at the extreme earnestness of her manner, as she mentioned *baptism*, and her

Digitized by Google

insisting on my replying to her query before she would enter upon the subject of her doubts.

Thus pressed, I gave an opinion that I ought to have referred first to my worthy diocesan, the Bishop of London, who, most kindly has already attended to some of my appeals to him, and who, if I have been *wrong* in the judgment I gave to Mrs. Levison, will, I hope, have the kindness to set me right.

"Then you think there would be no necessity for my being publicly baptised?" demanded Rebecca.

"Decidedly not," I answered; "nor do I think as these ceremonies of adult baptism are now conducted in our churches of the establishment, they are productive of any good whatever, as they savour more of a public spectacle than a religious rite."

"It would break my heart, I think," said Rebecca, "if Joel should call me in earnest, '*Meshumid*,' or '*the accursed apostate*.' I have fretted much about it, I do assure you."

"Go home, then, my dear Rebecca," said I, tenderly taking her hand; "bury as you would your dearest treasure, the saving truths that are contained in this little book, in the depths of your own heart; conceal the book itself, and only study it as we protestants were obliged to do of old, *with pious fraud, covertly in the midst of caverns*, or secretly in forests, *until happier days*, which have come to us, and may come to you. But now for your doubts."

"I hardly know how to mention *one*," said the beautiful young Hebrew woman, deeply blushing; "indeed it seems now to be my only scruple; I wish I could get over that."

"Speak it out freely, daughter of Judah," I said, sportively.

"I have written it down," added Rebecca, much confused, "at least, I have written the exact words of Mr. Levison upon the subject, after our conversation which took place some months ago, either in *Teboth*, *Shebat*, or *Adar*, I forget which month."

"You forget too," said I, "that all these names are *Hebrew* to me; but never mind the month."

"I wrote them down from memory," said Rebecca; "Joel was speaking to *the Gaon*, or chief Rabbi."

She read it aloud:—"And it is on this sandy ground that these credulous Christians found their faith—the miraculous conception! Why, it has been reported the very same of all the heathen heroes and demi-gods! all claim their origin, or their disciples have done it for them, from Divinity! And on this preternatural birth hangs their chief evidence. How absurd to suppose that a *Virgin* should conceive! The prophets never imagined such a thing without the usual means ordained!"

"I did not stay to hear the argument concluded, you may be sure," said Rebecca, with the loveliest modesty; "yet still I am staggered by what was said."

"Then you believe the miracles our Lord performed?" said I.

"I have no repugnance to them," answered Rebecca; "but for this other."

"I see no difficulty about it," answered I, "the *first* Adam, or man of the earth, sprung from thence, and without marriage, without

Digitized by Google

the union of the sexes; why should not then the second Adam, as he is called, the Lord from Heaven come, or be made manifest to his creatures in the same or any other manner? But it seems to me, that neither the miraculous conception, nor the miracles themselves, are at all necessary to prove the identity of the promised Saviour with Jesus of Nazareth, as his divine precepts and blessed example, his exemption from all taint of sin, bear full and sufficient evidence within themselves of his origin. The testimony is complete without them."

"What! think you then that Jehovah, the Great and Mighty One, actually took up his abode for nine long months within the bosom of the Virgin Mary?" demanded Rebecca: "this seems to me incredible, impossible! for who was there then to superintend and uphold the entire universe, when he, the Maker, the Sustainer, was so cribbed up? I feel lost, Mrs. Griffiths, at the idea, and own myself here a sceptic."*

"Only enlarge your ideas of the Deity, and you will get rid of all the difficulty," said I. "So clogged are our minds by our close connection with *material* things, that we form but a gross conception of the spiritual nature of the first essential cause,—of his omnipresence. His indwelling, therefore, and generating power in the Father of our Lord, prevented not in the smallest degree his universal presence, throughout the boundless, the untraversed, the unimagined fields of space; and knowing intimately the thoughts and actions of every created thing, however mean, however minute, that inhabited the myriads of planets that shoot into existence at his command, and are annihilated at his bidding; the incalculable *strata* of brilliant orbs, above, below, around; beyond the reach of any telescope that has been, or ever can be, invented! Where then is the mystery in this incarnation, more than in every other birth? Each one alike owes its creation to Him, the Giver of all life, although effected by more common means."

I paused, and smiled at my own enthusiasm. I was only surprised I had not broken my neck over some of those *rolling planets* I had met with thus in my course, and come down headlong like poor Cocking in his parachute, without another word to say for himself, and his *tin* hypothesis, which broke like Cardinal Wolsey's bladders, not *under him* "*but right a-head.*"

"Pray proceed," said Rebecca after a pause, which I interpreted into a high compliment to my rhetoric, "pray proceed," said she, "I could listen to you for hours!"

"I doubt that very much," I answered sportively, "nothing wearies the mind so much, as these high flights into immensity; aye, and wearies the body too! I wonder my old Bridget has not brought in the tea! I have no doubt she is rummaging up all my fine tea-equipage, a present to me from my heart's darling, Algernon Meredith, on his old nurse's birthday. O sure enough, here comes the glittering, embossed, silver tea-pot, cream ewer, and sugar

* This is an argument I have heard advanced by a Unitarian; and the Jews constantly make use of it.

Digitized by Google

basin, with all the china array, 'fit,' as she often says 'for any duchess.'"

"Go on with the Virgin Mary."

"She must have been a most sanctified creature herself," said Rebecca, "to be selected for the shrine, the resting-place of the Holy Spirit, for *your* book says it '*overshadowed* her;' to give birth to the Messiah, or 'God with us.'"

"No doubt she was so," I replied; "I amused myself the other day in imagining the thoughts, the aspirations of the youthful Mary, before the annunciation that called forth from her that beautiful poem of hers, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord,' &c."

"And did you put your thoughts on paper?" eagerly asked my fair guest, "I *will* have them. If you refuse me," she added, with most delightful archness, "I vow I will go home, and be *immediately publicly baptised!* Dressed in white, will I sit in the Rector's pew, with all eyes gazing on the young Jewess, and thinking more of her than of their prayers, or even of the impressive sermon made expressly for the occasion, and afterwards printed in 'The Pulpit.'"

"You are a little satirist," said I, "only think what a splendid sight it was (*not an auto da fé* certainly, but something of the same nature) when a clergyman I knew, actually got up *eight* Hebrew converts for *one exhibition*. O how attractive! Had St. Paul himself announced in great placards upon the Church-doors his intention to preach within these walls upon baptism, he could not have obtained a larger congregation—such crowding!"

"You were there?" enquired Mrs. Levison with some anxiety.

"I am *every where*," said I.

"I feel there is a *better* way of proving my conversion," said Rebecca, "than that; and I will endeavour to do so: but shew me what you have written about the young Virgin Mary, the mother of our Lord."

I arose at this expression: my bosom swelled; my eyes overflowed; and, folding the perfect form of Rebecca Levison to my heart, I kissed her forehead and blessed her.—

We were both much affected: so to relieve her and myself, I opened my little portfolio; I took out a scrap of paper, blotted and underscored—the nucleus of a poem, that may perhaps see the light of day, but which is already *born* in the world of imagination—conceived by the immortal spirit, and therefore in real being. What a fuss I am making about a couple of half finished verses, on a dingy bit of paper. I declare, on the back of my washing-bill!—if it were not for Rebecca's sake, I would not take the trouble of transcribing them, but "*Transcendentalism*," O what a long word! is now quite the fashion; and I have a spice of it in my constitution.

Lines supposed to be spoken by the Virgin Mary when almost a Child.

"I cannot braid with gold my hair,
Or join the dance to Timbrel's sound;
I must to Zion's courts repair;
I love to tread on holy ground;
What rapture feels my bosom there!
His presence fills the space around!

Digitized by Google

I love to breathe Jehovah's name,
And feel devotion's purest flame!
And speak to God in prayer!

O hear me as I bend my knee,
And keep my soul from taint of sin;
For *hateful* is its sound to me!
This child-like bosom dwell within,
And fill it with pure thoughts of Thee!
Let me be like thy Cherubin!
Who have no wish, but do thy will;
And, doing, grow in glory still,
Through all eternity——!"

"I will pay you no higher compliment on them than saying, I will try to make them the study of my own life!"—said my guest, much affected.

"If you do," said I impressively, "you may be blessed, not indeed as Mary was, who bore the *promised-one*, the Redeemer of the human race, for that has been accomplished, that you may bring into the world *a child of God*. You look astonished, my Rebecca, but I can speak no more to you on this most important subject at present; still, like Mary of old, 'ponder upon these things in your heart;' and we may be able to resume the subject another day."

"You say quite right," said Mrs. Levison; "I cannot fear them now—(you see I have read our book, and I shall study it *privately* at home),—but without the zealot's fierce desire to signalise myself by beginning open hostilities with those who have such strong claims on my affections—and here comes my husband's carriage—his Sabbath is now over, and I feel I ought to hasten home."

"Then I will not detain you; but let me first put up your new purchase for you in paper: if Mr. Levison sees it when you return, it may cause fresh dissension—and there is no need of it—we want no martyrs now!"

Rebecca insisted on leaving a small emerald ring upon my finger, that she took off her own: it was rather too small, I must allow, for me, but I have had it stretched, and wear it constantly on the little finger of my left hand, for the sake of one of the loveliest, and most amiable women on the earth.

As I said before, I have given up my nursing vocation some years. I have no longer occasion to sit up at nights, and dandle babies: yet so strong is habit, that I rather like to *be in the house* where such things are going on, that is, to give advice when it is requested, and often admonition where it is not; so about a year after the visit I have been speaking of, when Mrs. Levison left the ring upon my finger, I received an invitation from my Hebrew friend at Stamford-hill, to spend a few weeks with them *at the time* of the young Hebrew lady's confinement, as they had somehow or other, gained the knowledge, that I was somewhat expert in these matters. Rebecca's health had not been good for a long while; she had become thin, and lost a good deal of that beautiful roundness of limb, that had before so much distinguished her—there was a look about her, pinched and drawn, that her mother

Digitized by Google

did not like—and the hour after I arrived, she apologised for entering into my sleeping apartment, to talk to me about her daughter, and ask my opinion.

"I am sure she is not happy," observed Mrs. Salamons, "she frets about something or other, depend upon it; but I cannot get to the bottom of the business. I wish, Mrs. Griffiths, you would try to sound her; for she is very partial to you."

"Mr. Levison is very fond of her, I think: Nothing wrong there?"—I enquired.

"Oh no," said the affectionate mother, drying her eyes; "poor Joel doats upon the ground on which she walks. Some time ago, indeed, just after they were married (which is always a rough sort of time you know), when they were in *apprenticeship* to each other as I call it, and had not learnt properly their respective duties, I thought I discovered a little pulling in contrary ways; but they settled it between themselves, which is always the best way, and have gone on most lovingly ever since."

"Then what can she have to fret about?" I enquired; "young, beautiful, rich, beloved, with the prospect of giving her husband a fresh tie of affection, what can she have to care about?"

"Why, I dont know that," said the good-humoured lady. "I sometimes think,—but then it would be very unnatural of her, that she grieves because she is *a Heb ew*, and she sees that more respect is paid to you Gentiles,—Christians I mean, than to us. I have had something of this feeling myself, and Rebecca is very proud; but pray closely observe her, for if we can 'pluck out her sorrow by the roots,' I would give half my fortune."

I promised I would do my best; and we parted.

"My dearest Rebecca," said Mr. Levison to his lovely young wife, I have brought you home a present; and I trust you will like it. My friend Nathan is returned from India, and has brought a couple of Cashmere shawls with him, both extremely handsome: I have them here for you to take your choice of—after you have done so, dearest, present the other to this good lady here, your respected mother, and tell her it is to be worn in honour of her first grandson."

"How very kind!" exclaimed the overjoyed Mrs. Salamons;' "but if it should chance to be a *little girl*, am I to lose my shawl, Joel?"

"Why, as to that," said Mr. Levison, "let me look upon her face first, and if it resembles that *of her mother*, I shall not withdraw the present. What says my Rebecca?" and the fond husband unfolded the magnificent purchases, and laid them before his young wife, who was reclining on a sofa. She raised herself, and smiled her thanks, but the bright sunshine in her eyes was fled; she thanked her husband with appropriate *words*, but there was no pleasure in the sound of her voice. She made her selection between the two, but it was in consequence, I saw, of hearing her mother express the most animated praises of the other. I observed, indeed, with extreme pain, that something was lying heavy at Rebecca's heart: I resolved to question her more closely."

"You are quite right, my dear friend," said she with an anguished

Digitized by Google

smile, on my tenderly asking her what was her grief;—"I am far from happy; and yet I have the kindest husband in the world, wealth at command, and a mother who is wrapt up in her child—I wish I could overcome this mental malady, for such it is; but it will overpower me, I fear, and I shall sink under it—you may easily guess the cause."

"Indeed I do not," answered I; "for if you are alluding to your conversion, that ought to be a source of delight to you, not of suffering, especially as it seems no longer to be a bone of contention between you and your husband."

"O no," replied the young wife; "he has ceased a long time ago to reproach me with my 'apostasy,' as he once called it; although he now fully understands that I have in heart abjured Judaism—but my grief is, that my child, the being that seems part of myself, that is lying night and day in my bosom, must be trained up in a faith that will cause him to renounce *the Saviour*, and thus to crucify the Son of God again!—I could wish rather that my infant died before it saw the light, than witness what I know that child will utter if it lives. How soon will its infant lips revile, as did the Jews of old, the Redeemer of mankind!"

As she said this, she burst into a passionate flood of tears, and refused for some time to be comforted.

"My dear Mrs Levison," said I, "are you not a little unreasonable, nay ungrateful too, for the mercies you have received? Do you manifest that *faith* which hopeth all things? Your nerves, no doubt, have at present much to do with these melancholy thoughts; so I shall not scold you now: but if you continue in this mood after the birth of your first-born child, I shall tell you, that you deserve to have the *destroying angel*, not to *pass-over*, but enter your doors and leave you sorrowful."

"Is it possible that *you* do not see this matter in the same light as I do, Mrs. Griffiths?" said Rebecca almost reproachfully; "I should have thought, after the conversations we have had together, you would have sympathised, at least, with my present discomfort—but why do you call me *ungrateful* as well as unreasonable?"

"Because so much has already been granted to you of good, yet still you murmur—how then can you expect more? A year ago, you dreaded lest you should lose entirely the affections of your husband, from your change of faith; yet now, although he is fully acquainted with that change, see how exquisitely kind he is to you—*he persecutes you not*—yet still you repine. Cannot that Being who has produced so wonderful and beneficial a change in your favour, do still more—either bring conviction into that husband's heart, full and entire, or give you fortitude to bear circumstances as they are?"

Often did Rebecca and myself renew this theme, whilst I was staying at Stamford-hill; and several times did Mr. Levison himself allude openly and forbearingly to his young wife's being a Christian. When he did so, her agitation increased so much, that he became ultimately alarmed, and requested my opinion on her case. Frankly did I inform him of the precise cause of her distress, and

Digitized by Google

that I feared, if her mind could not be relieved, that she would sink when her hour of trial came on,

"What can I do to save her?" asked poor Levison, almost distracted. "She is dearer to me every day she lives! I will speak to her again upon this subject: nay, I will do more, I will examine it myself; I will read and study this favorite book of hers, which is proscribed to us, it is true. I will compare it with Moses and the prophets; and should I see sufficient grounds even to doubt, I will give my beloved Rebecca the benefit of that doubt, and her child shall be of its mother's present faith.

Was it indeed an artifice in me so bad as to need repentance, that I wrote off secretly to my friend Eugenius, that young but most excellent clergyman of the establishment, he to whom Lord Walter Maxwell owed so much; that I told him exactly how things stood in Mr. Levison's family; and requested he would come off immediately to town, and call on me, *as if by accident*, whilst I was at Stamford-hill? Not even to Rebecca herself did I confide this little plot, lest her agitation on seeing him, should betray me to her husband. I knew that if once I could contrive to get him into an argument with my candid, intelligent, and eloquent friend, there might be a hope of having more converts than one in Mr. Levison's family.

Never yet did Eugenius neglect a call that was to do his Master's service. This I knew well by old experience: hence I calculated to a certainty, the very hour of his coming, and arranged matters so that he should be ushered into the room, where both the husband, wife, and myself were sitting. I introduced him as my near relation (and so I am proud to own him), and Mr. Levison very politely invited him to dinner: I of course pressed him also, more indeed than was necessary, as Eugenius, with a noble frankness all his own, accepted the invitation at once.

Mr. Levison again most handsomely insisted on my relation staying there a day or two. His portmanteau was sent for to the inn, and in him I obtained an auxiliary to my good work of mighty power.

After dinner, to my great surprise, the master of the house led at once of his own accord to the subject of Christianity, and, hearing his guest was a clergyman, requested information of this unbigoted being upon its doctrines. O that I could have collected together the overwhelming evidences Eugenius brought as to their truth, simple, yet profound; patient, calm, dignified, persuasive. How did he connect the links of the golden chain! how string prophecies together! how speak of their fulfilment! Breathlessly did Rebecca and myself attend that night to this most momentous discourse. How did we turn our eyes from one face to the other of the disputants! I had taken the liberty of stepping out, to order the servants not to let us be interrupted, nor did we feel how fast the hours slipped away.

The blue light of early morning peeped into every hole and crevice of the shutters (it being too warm to close the curtains) and still they argued on. I was the person who thought it right to

Digitized by Google

break up the conference, for poor Rebecca I fancied looked paler than usual, from anxiety: perhaps, more than life hung upon the question; we therefore retired. The argument was adjourned to the next day. Mr. Levison himself gave orders, then, that "no one was to be admitted:" even poor Mrs. Salamons herself was to be told "They had a stranger with them on most *important business*, and should not be allowed just then to enter." Luckily, she had a severe tooth-ache, and did not call; I say, *luckily*, for the next day the dentist extracted the grievance and the tooth together.

Eugenius departed from us at the time proposed. How did Rebecca's cheek crimson with delight! how did those dark fringed eyes of her's sparkle with gratitude to God, his minister, and to her husband, when she heard the latter, on taking leave of my valued clerical friend, add these words, with a most cordial shake of the hand:—

"Well, then, we understand one another, *Eugenius* (for so your relative, Mrs. Griffiths, I find, loves to call you). On condition that you will come up yourself to town and perform the ceremony, I consent that this little expected scion from the stock of Abraham shall be baptised. I trust he will find his way to the bosom of that Patriarch, although sprinkled by the waters of the Christian Dispensation."

"Amen!" ejaculated Rebecca, throwing her arms round her Joel's neck, and bursting into a flood of joyous tears. "*Let him be called Eugenius*" murmured she, lifting up her head from her husband's shoulder.

"Let him be called *Eugenius*," repeated the happy Mr. Levison.

How Mrs. Salamons did *stare* when her son-in-law informed her, that he intended to have her grandson *christened by the name of* "*Eugenius!*" Her vast surprise chained her tongue!—she looked as if planet-struck; or as my gardener says (that is, the man that mows and sweeps my little grass-plot five or six times a year), "perfectly conglomerated, or 'all of a heap,' as the woman said of yeast dumplings."

Fortunately, for it seems we were then quite favourites of fortune, who dispenses good or bad luck according to the humour she is in, which also much depends upon her digestive organs, luckily I say, for the second time in one week, to save poor Mrs. Salamons' feelings, Rebecca, just at that very moment, gave some indication that "*her hour was come.*" Who could think of Christian names or Jews, at such a time? Away ran the affectionate mother to send off for the doctor, and nurse to order the fire: in short, all was bustle, all was preparation; I had nothing to do but to pour into Rebecca's ear, my delighted congratulations on *our triumph*, greater far to us than those even a Wellington can boast of, and these are not very inconsiderable either!

I am not about to give an account of any thing that happened between the hour I am speaking, and that wherein the first-born son of Joel Levison, Esq., diamond merchant, attired far finer than he himself, poor little thing, had any conception of—when the black-eyed boy of my loved Rebecca, on the *eighth day*, the one

Digitized by Google

set apart amongst the Jews for the performance of *another* ancient ceremony, received upon his infant forehead by the hands of his godfather, the Rev. Mr. Pelham, otherwise Eugenius, the sign of the cross, the symbol of the Christian religion.

When this rite had been impressively gone through, and the child had been taken out by the nurse, Rebecca had to sustain a joyful surprise indeed, one that I anticipated, but had promised to keep secret from even my young friend herself. I thought the eyes of poor Mrs. Salamons would have started from her head, when she heard Mr. Levison say—

"Rebecca, mother of my child, you are in heart a christian, would you like to receive the outward and visible sign of your religion, now our child's excellent godfather is with us? It is an opportunity that we cannot, I fear, get easily again. I detest making *a scene* of a religious rite, and it can be done now in private. Will you be baptised?"

"O Joel, this is indeed kind!" said the young mother, who was reclining on a couch, and as yet extremely weak. Mrs. Salamons opened her mouth wide as well as her eyes. She was beginning to speak; but I assured her in a whisper, that any agitation now would be most injurious to her daughter.

"Let them please themselves," added I: it was a summary way certainly of getting rid of the argument.

"I understand nothing! I am in a dream! Hark! what does he say more?" said Mrs. Salamons; it was now *my* turn to feel astonishment; thus spake Mr. Levison.

"Husbands and wives, Eugenius are said to be of '*one flesh*;' I know it will give you pleasure to hear, Sir, that I am persuaded by your arguments, followed up by my subsequent investigation of them, and aided a little by this good lady here your relative, who is somewhat of a divine herself, I am afraid; *we will be baptised together!*"

"Not to day, not to day!" responded the young Clergyman; "I will have no converts from *sudden impulses*, but from *solid conviction*—you and I, my dear Sir, will have a little more talk together this evening; and should you after that be resolved to abjure Judaism, and enter the pale of *our* Messiah's kingdom, I will administer to both you and Mrs. Levison the initiatory rite,—you shall be baptised together."

I went into the room that afternoon where the gentlemen were sitting. Many books were scattered over the table: I lingered a few minutes unobserved to hear their conversation, I uttered not a syllable.

"Listen," said my respected relative, "and candidly confess, that a religion which lays so much stress upon *externals* cannot be supposed to have much vitality; the real and interior communication with the Father of Truth.

"Let me read this extract from Maimonides in his treatise on the subject of your slaughtering animals; which treatise is acted on now as an authority by the Hebrews here in England. This slaughtering is not for sacrifice, or its peculiarity might be ac-

Digitized by Google

counted for; but for common food, which is eaten every day upon the Hebrew's table:—

"'On which part of the animal is the slaughtering to be effected? On the windpipe from the edge of the *rivala* downwards, as far as the top of the extremity of the lungs, as these parts are situated, when the beast stretches out its neck to feed; this is the exact place of the slaughtering in the windpipe. But if there be any flaw or gap in the instrument, any furrow on the edge, even though the furrow be the least possible, *the slaughtering is unlawful.* If a slaughterer who has not had his slaughtering-knife examined before a wise man, a Rabbi, slaughters by himself, and it be found to have a gap in it, he is to be deposed from his office, excommunicated, and proclamation is to be made, that all the meat which he has slaughtered *is carrion.*' And it seems" said Eugenius, "that these regulations are now in full force, for I find that Mr.———, the slaughterer at ——— for the Hebrews, is now under the ban of your *Gaon*, or chief Rabbi, for not attending to these rules properly, that it has been entered 'that the testimony of this offending party, ———, is inadmissible upon his oath;' and 'that every one who is surnamed with the name of Israel, must take heed not to eat of this so slaughtered meat. Further, even the vessels of those householders who eat of his slaughtering, *are unlawful*, as the vessels in which *carrion* or torn meat are boiled.'

"This," continued Eugenius, "is according to the rules laid down within *the Talmud*, fully recognised by your society the Elders. Now own to me, whether such trifles as these should be deemed of more importance than those divine doctrines laid down by our great Lawgiver, which we have gone over again this day, To do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with our God?" I stole out of the room on this to Mrs. Levison, who showed me afterwards the passage from Maimonides which Eugenius had read to her husband.

So easy was the temper of Mrs. Salamons, and so entire her devotion to the happiness of her beloved daughter, that she very soon grew reconciled to the thought of her becoming a Christian, especially as her husband chose to become one also.

The next day, *quietly, without display*, I witnessed the ceremony of baptism conferred on my beloved young Hebrew and her amiable husband; and I believe them to be, what is very rarely the case, though many may have submitted to the same rites, really in heart and conduct the disciples of Him, "who went about doing good."

Rebecca's health has improved with peace of mind. She has since increased the number of her divine Master's fold, and has done me the compliment to call her little daughter, since born, by the name of her she delighted to honour; and I do verily believe my young namesake "Mary" will turn out one of these days to be quite as beautiful as her mother. May she also be as good!

Digitized by Google

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

CHARLES FOURIER, AND SOCIALISM IN FRANCE.

Théorie des Quatre Mouvements. Par Charles Fourier. 1808.
Association Domestique Agricole. C. Fourier. 1822.
Nouveau Monde Industriel. C. Fourier. 1829.
Destinée Sociale. Par Victor Considerant. 1834.
Fourier et son Systeme. Par Madame Gatti de Gamond. 1838.

THERE is a vague and undefined idea now stealing gradually over the minds of the industrious classes, respecting a regeneration of society, upon principles almost the reverse of those which have for six thousand years governed the world. This mechanical process of regeneration, is universally known by the name of "Socialism." Three individuals of original genius and astonishing perseverance, amid the revilings, the buffetings, and the raillery of society—each for himself—lay claim, respectively, to the honour of having first awakened the public mind to this unitary mode of conducting human affairs. These three are, St. Simon, Fourier, Owen. We arrange them in the chronological order of their manifestations in the press.

But Owen has certainly the honour, if honour it be, of having first filled the columns of the daily papers with his doctrines, and disseminated over Europe the knowledge of his name. St. Simon first appeared as an author in 1801; but his views were not then fully developed: he directed his thoughts to scientific unity before he entered upon the career of political or industrial agitation, He preferred the spirit of the Cartesian, to that of the Newtonian philosophy—"Descartes," he said, "avait monarchisé la science, Newton l'a republicanisée, il l'a anarchisée." Descartes maintained the theory of a universal harmonicon or analogy. Newton, according to St. Simon, has destroyed this idea, by leading the mind to fragmental philosophy—fragmental sciences, detached from the universal science, or the one philosophy—for which the socialists all contend, in their own peculiar style. In 1814 he brought his scientific theory into politics, and in 1819 he published his celebrated parable, for which he was tried, and acquitted, by jury, in 1820. This latter date is the epoch of St. Simon's notoriety. Owen was well known to all Europe, three years before this (1817). He bought the London press—spent several thousand pounds in a few weeks, upon newspapers only—and so loaded the mail-coaches with the new social ideas, that the directors of the post-office entered a complaint against him to the Government. Amongst the crimes laid to his charge, was that of having, on one occasion, delayed the departure of the mail twenty-minutes—this was in 1817. Fourier published his first work in 1808: but the work in which the science of association is reduced to a form and subjected to a severely critical and laborious analysis, is the *Association Domestique Agricole*, published in 1822. It is, therefore, impossible to determine to which of the trio the priority belongs, for each is prior in one sense, and posterior in another.

St. Simonism made a brilliant attempt to hatch the new social system in 1830; but ere two years had passed the sect was politically extinct, and now, *sole stat nominis umbra*; the ghost of a name alone remains to tell what it was. It gave an immense impulse, however, to French

Digitized by Google

industry. Even the *Dublin Review* acknowledges this; and one of the principal leaders of the party. *Michel Chevalier*, is now a favourite *ingenieur* of Louis Philippe, who gives abundant employment to his active mind—in making official inquiries into the mechanical industry of foreign lands—and suggesting plans for regenerating France, by the popular and lucrative means of Canals, and *Chemins de fer*. Many of the St. Simoneans were men of singular talent—Bazard especially was a man of true genius, and deserves to be noted for the decided stand which he took against the most offensive doctrine of the school, respecting the relationship of the two sexes. Enfantin prevailed, but the secession of Bazard destroyed the vitality of the sect; and Louis Philippe completed the dispersion of the party, by an act of prerogative. Enfantin went to Egypt, and took office under the Pacha; but has lately returned to France and married—*à la mode Chrétienne*.

Owenism is labouring hard in England—but progresses only amongst the poor. It never can progress amongst any other class; for its fundamental principle is equality. It gives the same wages to a bad, as to a good workman; to an idle, as to an industrious workman; to a fool, as to a man of talent. Men of talent, therefore, will never flock around it—and rich men will defy it. The poor have everything to gain by it. Idlers would certainly have good reason to hail it as a kind and indulgent parent, and bad workmen would rejoice to find that their clumsy work was paid as well for as the more finished and skilful performances of abler men. But talent and industry have rights of their own, and it is not possible for a system of perfect equality to annihilate them. If man has a right to appropriate the earth to himself, without regarding the interest of the brute creation—so has talent a right to superior power and wealth, which are, in an especial manner, its own creation. Physical power may work and toil; but it is talent alone that makes that physical power profitable for the increase of wealth. True it is, that the labourer is worthy of his hire; he ought to be well fed, clothed, and lodged, if the aggregate produce of society can afford it; but it is not reasonable to affirm that a man of industry, of skill, of genius, deserves no higher reward than "the fat boy," to whom nature has given only a facility for eating and sleeping. In one sense, there is no merit in being a genius, nor demerit in being a fool. There is no merit in being a man, nor demerit in being a horse; but the man has rights superior to those of the horse—rights of talent—by which rights of talent, he makes the horse his servant. And the horse is happy in its servitude, when its servile rights are acknowledged and conceded. There is a similar relationship between the talented and untalented man. The rights of man are somewhat more complex than the equalists deem them. It is only where the men themselves are equal, that the rights are equal.

Upon this point, Fourier has chosen the right ground—the only tenable ground in fact—and his social system differs from all other social systems, in not only not destroying the spirit of competition, but in giving it additional impulse; and so controlling it by counter checks, as to make it an essential instrument to the introduction of social harmony. It does not destroy private property, nor emulation, nor inequality of rank and fortune. It preserves all the gradations of society, as the ladder of ambition, which every man of industry and prudence, may

Digitized by Google

mount successfully. In this respect, therefore, the rich have no occasion to fear it, Nay, if the social philosophers' calculation be correct, they are as much interested in the success of the experiment, as the poor themselves. These calculations, however, are not to be received with simple and undoubting faith: they want the testimony of experience to corroborate them; and experience will throw down many an obstacle in the way, which Fourier's imagination, however minute and pictorial, forgot to introduce into the social composition.

We shall try to embody, in as concise and popular a form as possible, the conception of socialism by Fourier, in order that the English public may thoroughly understand what the French Socialists are aiming at—for there is no other system of socialism propounded in France at the present moment. Moreover this system is of a more respectable and rational character than any of the preceding.—It is essentially peaceful and conservative. So much so, that it has at last attracted the attention of Royalty,—the Duke of Orleans being a subscriber to the periodicals of the school, and his example followed by many members of the Legislature..

Fourier died on 10th October, 1837. He was born at Besançon, 1772, was trained to the mercantile profession which he pursued till the age of sixty, when he retired on a small income. Since his death, his place has been supplied by Victor Considerant, a man of talent and prudence, whose mother-in-law, Madame Clarisse Vigoureux, a lady of property, has materially contributed by her bounty to support the infant system. She alone has borne the expense of the establishment in *Rue Jacob*, where M. Considerant presides and occasionally reads lectures, and converses with the disciples of the school, and where an English architect, Mr. Daly, is employed in drawing architectural models for perfecting the idea of the *Phalanstere*. There is no agitation or popular excitement encouraged by Considerant. His coldness in this respect has given offence to many, and caused a rent in the party—but the name of Fourier unites them all, and the rent only brings into operation two modes of action. The original school published the "*Phalange*," a fortnightly periodical, price half a franc, and the "Secession," publishes monthly the "*Chronique du Mouvement Social.*"

The doctrine of Fourier commences with the poetic and scientific idea of a universal harmony, and hence it proceeds analogically to the organisation of society, following the models which God himself has given us in his own sublime creation both astral and terrestrial. The destiny of man, says Considerant, is "la gestion de son globe," or, in Scriptural language, the dominion of the world; but it is man as a sympathetic morally organised unity alone, that can do this divinely. Unity is the fulcrum of authority. There may be force and strength of an inferior degree exercised by a race of living beings individually, but it is only in their collective capacity that we determine their authority. When that collective capacity is a combination of forces turning on a single pivot, then we must admit that the race alluded to, is a moral unity. When the collective capacity is not a combination of forces, but a resolution of conflicting forces, then the unity is awanting. When these forces are many, there is confusion and loss of power—anarchy. When there are only two forces, and the weaker patiently submits to the

Digitized by Google

stronger—there is no loss of power—this is the Divine law. But justice alone will give the requisite patience. The consummation of social progress is to arrive at this beau ideal. To make individual man perfect, *morally*, is impossible, for that would be equivalent to Divinity, but to perfect, intellectually, *the conception* of the law, is not only possible, but assumed as practicable by all legislators. The law is assumed to be perfect, and always more perfect than the individual; no man can be so good as the law of his own country—there never was a law so bad as as not to be better than its subjects. The law is the perfection of justice, because, as Sir William Blackstone avers, it is founded on the law of Nature, and it is neither just nor binding unless it be in accordance with the law of Nature.

To perfect the conception of Law, therefore, is the first, and great aim of Fourier. Individual training then proceeds under a perfect master—he sets out *a priori*, with unity and harmony, as the postulates of the argument. Man, as a phenomenal existence in nature, was first a physical unity, as every material individual is; in that one condition, he was relatively perfect, there being no division in humanity; but as divisions multiplied by generation, the want of a moral union became apparent, this want of moral union, is the condition of the fall—man's birth into time is the fall itself. The moral union is the restoration from the fall; when man becomes morally one, even as he was primitively, a physical unity. Fourier has not expressed himself in this manner, but this is his idea of unity in mankind. Now as it is impossible to begin with mankind *in toto*, to form this moral union, we must begin with a portion; and that portion must be neither an individual, nor a family related by blood, but a family related by moral and spiritual relationship, or feelings—a small type of universal man, namely, an association containing individual representatives of all that human society consists of. Each association, of this description, becomes a little world, a microcosm, which like Adam, the first man, reproduces its own likeness, and gradually replenishes the world with moral or spiritual families. It is a new species of generation. It is evident, therefore, that the whole theory is illustrated by the organic form of one association, even as human nature is illustrated by the organic form of one man.

Progress begins *individually*. In the individual it has hitherto been progressing; but there is a limit to the individual system of training, beyond which it cannot go. There are vices which it necessarily cherishes. The man, his wife and children, being one isolated interest, must have isolated feelings; and even the best of men, under such influences, cannot denude themselves of the individualism of their condition. By enlarging the family alone, can the affections and the sympathy be expanded, so as to form a type of universality? That type is a *Phalanstere*, what in England is vulgarly denominated a community. But with Fourier, the idea of a community is essentially different from that of Owen, having three distinct classes—men of capital, of talent, and of labour, with wages for each, and a guarantee of the minimum of subsistence, and that a comfortable subsistence, for all. Fourier, like Owen, considers that about 2000 individuals, or 400 families, are required to constitute a little type or model of universal society; and as all society is based upon agricultural industry, he begins agriculturally, and

Digitized by Google

calls this model the *Association Domestique Agricole.* This association will consist of men of capital, who may or may not reside in the "*Phalanstere;*" of men of talent, of men of industry; and one man may belong to one, two, or all of these classes.

The principal moral agent by which the industry of this *Phalange* is propelled corresponds to that by which the planets are maintained in their orbits, and by which a stone falls to the ground: namely, attraction. Industry, to be vigorous, must be attractive. Now, a man can learn more trades than one, and be a better workman in two than in one only. In two or three years, a man is as good a tailor as ever he will be; and, in these three years, he may learn shoe-making also, and carpentering; and find himself, at the end of these three years, as well skilled in these three trades as he would have been in one only. Fellenberg has already solved this question at Hofwyl, where the young men have a most extensive experimental knowledge of mechanics; and can handle a needle, an awl, a plane, and a chisel, in a workman-like manner, producing specimens of handiwork which we could not distinguish from those of the best London markets. Fourier recommends the adoption of this system for social labour: thus carrying out the system of the division of labour, by which art is improved, and destroying the aversion that the division of labour has so copiously infused into human industry. His short sittings (*seances*) of two hours at most, are the basis of attractive industry. A man may work two hours, patiently, three times a-week making pin-heads, who would be wretched indeed were he doomed to toil perpetually at this one employment. But the pin-maker of one sitting may be the carpenter of another and tailor of a third; and on another occasion may be relaxing both legs and arms, and strengthening sinew and muscle by hammering a piece of red-hot iron in the smithy. In all these employments, he may be quite *au fait;* for the one will be relief and relaxation from the other.

To carry on industry in the most economical and attractive manner, Fourier recommends series and groups for the different departments, and affirms that one man may belong to thirty different groups or series. These series and sub-series would so divide and sub-divide the labour of the community, that in one little association almost every useful art might be pursued, and some always carried to great perfection, according to the prevailing genius of the party, the climate, and locality. To make this industry as active as possible, rivalry is necessary between the groups. The groups must compete even to antipathy: for there is vigour in antagonism. This is the law of discord, which is essential to harmony. Concord alone cannot produce music; but as each man does or may belong to thirty different groups, he co-operates on one occasion with him with whom he competes on another; and thus the law of concord subdues the law of discord, and produces an harmonious combination of active and energetic faculties.

This large family of 2000 individuals would occupy one palace, each individual family being provided with separate apartments, with power to eat alone or in company, at discretion; but as one kitchen, one laundry, one bake-house and oven, one nursery, one school, would serve for all; it is evident that the domestic economy of this palace would be greater than that of four hundred separate houses, whilst additional comforts

Digitized by Google

would be enjoyed by all, in cleanliness, saving of time, nursery, and education of children. The economy of farming would also be great. The estate of such a phalanstere would enjoy all the advantages of a large farm; advantages so great, that agriculture is at present mainly retarded by the inability of farmers to do justice to the soil. "Where," asks Arthur Young, "is the little farmer to be found who will cover his whole farm with marl at the rate of 100 or 150 tons per acre? Who will drain all his land at the expense of 2*l.* or 3*l.* an acre? Who will pay a heavy price for the manure of towns, and convey it thirty miles by land carriage? Who will float his meadows at the expense of 5*l.* an acre? Who, to improve the breed of his sheep, will give a thousand guineas for the use of a single ram for a single season? Who will send across the kingdom for new implements, and for men to use them? Who will employ and pay men for residing in provinces where practices are found which they want to introduce into their farms? At the very mention of such exertions, common in England, what mind can be so perversely framed as to imagine for a single moment that such things are to be effected by little farmers? Deduct from agriculture all the practices which have made it flourishing in this island, and you have precisely the management of little farms." Thus it appears that the individual system of farming, or farming on a small scale, is the lowest species of agriculture, a single step beyond the savage state; but by the co-operation which capital procures to the wealthy landholder, a species of association is formed consisting of master, servants, capital, and talent, by which the productiveness of the soil is so greatly increased, that, according to an intelligent and scientific farmer, Mr. Oliver, of Lochend, in comparing the system of 1723 with that of the present day, the quantity raised is twelve times greater under the new than under the old system. But even yet the capital and labour are insufficient. The land still calls for labour; and may it not be the design of Providence thus to urge on man to social organization, by which alone that labour can be obtained in masses upon an economical and comfortable system? Fourier's *phalanstere* is a large farm, consisting of about nine square miles, or three miles in breadth; so that the dwelling will not be more than a mile and a half from the extremities. The government has all the unity and vigour of monarchy, by residing in an individual selected by the majority for his competency: and hence it may be said to combine all the advantages of a large farm with the additional advantage of an enormous increase of labour, equal to capital, and, as large a deduction of expense, arising from the economy of one building; this economy, consisting of saving of land, saving of roads, saving of enclosures, saving of fuel, of time, both for men and women; and, above all, the advantages derivable from variety of employment, by which almost the implements of industry could be constructed by the establishment itself. Such an establishment could do what no landed proprietor can accomplish for want of capital. It could concentrate all mechanical industry within itself; it could be self-sufficient, always excepting its dependence upon other localities for material in which its own is defective.

"Fourier promises," says Abel Transon in the *Revue Encyclopedique*, "to lead the passions to equilibrium by the influence of pleasures, not by moral discourses, the method hitherto adopted by all moralists— a

Digitized by Google

method which, however, has never succeeded." It is the education of the heart and not of the intellect only—the heart cannot be effectively taught by words alone; it is taught by condition, by circumstances and its own mystic feelings therein. The heart ruminates; and whilst it ruminates, it discusses its own relationship with surrounding things. When these surrounding things are the creation of selfishness and injustice, in which erring egotism with its thievish paws acts the most distinguished part; the heart becomes a rebel, the passions are in mutiny, reason becomes disordered by the fever of the imagination; suspicion reigns paramount, it regards the moralist as an impostor, the priest as a deceiver, the judge as a tyrant. But when these surrounding things are the creations of justice and the social interest; how very different is the rumination of the heart! The heart is not prone to evil thoughts in a good social condition; it is highly susceptible of kind impressions, it is highly sensitive to justice—there is a common sense of justice in all men, even in children—It is felt; and the feeling is accompanied with lightness of heart and goodness of purpose—How easy, how very easy it is to teach men morals by condition, how difficult how impossible to make them good, independent of condition! The heart is the best scholar in the school of morals. Moralists have hitherto taught the head chiefly. But, say the objectors, man is insatiable; he will never be content even with this—" But why," says Fourier," despair of the goodness of God in creation before we have studied his designs in the calculations of the *social permanent Revelation* or impassioned attraction, of which one cannot determine the ultimate object but in proceeding regularly by analysis and synthesis. But this calculation seems absurd at first sight. It informs us that every one desires to possess millions and a palace. How can these be given to all the world. Frivolous objections! Is this a motive to abandon a study? Pursue it without fear. Follow the precepts of your philosophers which enjoin you to explore the whole domain of science. Finish therefore that which Newton has commenced, the calculus of attraction. It will teach you that that which desires millions and a palace desires *too little;* for in the social state the poorest of men will enjoy five hundred thousand palaces, where he will find gratuitously much more pleasure than a King of France can procure with thirty five millions of revenue."

We have given a vague idea of a phalanstere, without entering into any of the critical details and numerical calculations, and metaphysical analyses and syntheses and protheses of the author; of which the curious student will find a goodly array in Fourier's works. In attempting to perfect the several sciences, a result which can only be obtained when all the other sciences are perfect, Fourier has frequently put his imagination on the rack for invention. That a perfect harmonicon exists in the universe—in the divine mind, is a species of axiom which only the atheist or anarchist will deny; and moreover, that the harmony of nature in all its parts is expressible, numerically and geometrically, as well as morally and poetically, must be conceded by every enlarged and universalizing mind. Religion has consecrated three, and seven, and ten, and twelve in a peculiar manner; science has latterly confirmed this act of consecration in many departments of knowledge. There are evidently certain numbers which are distinguished more than others by a species

Digitized by Google

of nobility; and a wide field of thought is yet unexplored in the regions of numerical analogy. But it is very evident that many castles must be built in the air before a solid structure upon a permanent foundation be erected. Much may be learned from Fourier's digest of moral philosophy; but that it is final is somewhat dubious or rather indubious. The threefold basis of Labour, Capital, and Skill, is perhaps indisputable—This is the triune power of society; numerically harmonising with the theological trinity, but it may be disputed whether the following mode of determining the value of each be founded on the divine law. Fourier distinguishes twelve principal passions, amongst which he enumerates 1st, the five senses, corresponding to labour; rather selfish than social; 2d, four social passions—viz. Friendship, Ambition, Love, Familism, corresponding to capital or the acquisitive principle; and 3d, three other passions which are the essential sources of social organization—viz. the Love of Variety—(*La Papillonne*), the Spirit of Party—(*Cabilisme*) and Public Speech (*Compositisme*), corresponding to talent as the organising principle. These three classes, consisting of 5, 4, 3, according to Fourier, should divide the profits of industry in the same proportion. Labour receiving five-twelfths; Capital four-twelfths; and Talent, three-twelfths. Whether this be natural or not, there is this advantage in it, that a system so linked together, numerically and analogically, is easily learned, easily remembered; and therefore more useful than one which is not numerical.

There is one very beautiful idea of Fourier's, which we must not forget to notice, *en passant*, namely, that of industrial armies. The old armies are evil, and belong to what Fourier calls the era of *incoherence ascendante*, but as the laws of God or nature are eternal, though progressively developed in a progressive being, these armies of destruction and misery are convertible into armies of destruction and happiness, by the operation of another motive of destructive activity; an activity that destroys not the bodies of men for the purpose of founding dynasties and extending empires; but an activity that destroys the barrenness of the soil, and the impossibility of the wild and desolate regions of the earth. Armies that enter upon the peaceful campaigns of agricultural industry, to till the ground, to drain the marshes, to fructify bogs and deserts, to build bridges, and to found colonies in uninhabited and desolate lands, are amid the sublime conceptions of the social philosophers. This agricultural regeneration of the earth's surface is, in Fourier's eyes, but the humble commencement of a re-creation by man, as the representative of God; in which re-creation, all that is evil at present, will gradually assume the form of a blessing, or become the basis upon which a new creation will arise to bless and curse not. Not only will the earth itself be subdued, and thoroughly transformed into a garden of pleasure; but the brute creation will be re-created by the development of the Divine gift of understanding in man, to whom the old world is merely the raw material, with which he himself reconstructs another and a better. Here begins the romance of Fourierism, and here many of his practical disciples leave him entirely, whilst the imagination delights to follow the magician, as he conjures ages and worlds yet unborn to the wondering fancy. We have been highly diverted with some of those fancies, many of which are amusing, and all of which

Digitized by Google

have a sublimity and magnificence which afford rich material for poetic musings. Of course we do not believe them. We cannot say they are false, because we know nothing at all of the matter; but they are not low, there is nothing grovelling or degrading either to God or man in them. They are susceptible of great improvement, however, and like a splendid picture with many faults, both of drawing and colouring, they please and displease *tout d' un train*.

How a man could sit down gravely to inform us, that this world will live 80,000 years, and then die like a human being; that during that period we shall die and revive alternately; living at one time in the mundane, and at another in the ultra-mundane world; that in the mundane, we have such a deficiency of understanding and of memory, that we remember nothing of the ultra-mundane; but that in the ultra-mundane, we have such a power of understanding and memory, that we remember the past of both existences; that during the whole planetary career, we shall live two-thirds of the time, about 54,000 years in the ultra-mundane state, and 27,000 in the mundane state; that after the death of the world, the soul of the world, which is male and female, the male being the northern, the female the southern polarity, which two generate all life under God the primary generator, shall transmigrate into a cometary body, and commence life *de novo*, becoming successively a satellite, a planet, a sun, and thus mounting by degrees, till it become the soul of a universe, a biniverse, a triniverse, and gradually identified with the infinite and eternal; that the ultra-mundane, and mundane worlds progress together, and their respective inhabitants become happy together; that though there be higher powers, and higher enjoyments in the ultra-mundane, the inhabitants are relatively imperfect, and strenuously aiming at greater perfection, for the attainment of which they are partly dependent on the progress of the mundane, from which they proceed, and to which they are spiritually allied—that a man of talent and calculation, a mathematical, a mechanical genius, could seriously compose and publish such things, not in rhyme, nor blank verse, but in plain prose; not as theories, or plausible hypotheses, but as analogical truths which he demonstrates harmonically by the science of analogy, would seem quite a marvel to us, were we not familiarly acquainted with *beings* more marvellous still; who, leaving the regions of time and space, and the sphere of sensation, will talk of insensible things as familiarly, as a gossip of the affairs of her neighbours, or a nurse of baby-linen. But Fourier's day-dreams are intelligible. They are not like Emanuel Swedenborg's generations, which nobody can comprehend, except in so many different ways as are equivalent to none. Fourier's meaning is always precise, a quality which the reader has good cause to expect from an author who divides Universal Being into three attributes, God, the active and moving principle; Matter, the passive moved principle; and Justice, or Mathematics, the regulating principle.

The great characteristic of *practical* Fourierism, is the binary theory of attractive and repulsive industry, corresponding to the great power that moves the planets in their orbits, and descends into all the details of inferior creation. It is a scientific production, distribution, and regulation of these two forces in all the physical and moral relationships of life, that distinguishes the theory of Fourier from any other. Attraction is secured

Digitized by Google

by short sittings and variety of employment. Repulsion is employed as a principle of rivalry for giving life and vigour to human industry; and the discord of repulsion is corrected by the mechanical divisions of series and groups, to several of which every individual belongs, so that he is sure to co-operate in one group with him with whom he competes in another, and thus the discords are made to subserve the law of harmony. "The rivalry is permanent amongst the groups and series," says Madame de Gamond, "and only temporary amongst the individuals, who embrace by turns the interest and the party of fifty different groups. The individuals in harmony play the *rôle* of notes in the musical gamut, which lend themselves to all the modulations, have no tune but by accord, and produce harmony by their successive passage into all the tones, all the modes, and their thousand combinations of different accords."

Attraction includes the developement of all the passions, which are all useful when duly regulated. The five senses ought all to be cultivated. Even the sense of taste, the lowest of all in the estimation of some philosophers, must be so trained as to discriminate nicely and delicately between different viands. A man of no discrimination in taste, is an immoral man. A man who prefers abominable tastes and smells to those which others consider agreeable is an offence to society. Taste to the palate, is what beauty is to the eye, and melody to the ear. An unmusical ear—an eye that discriminates not between beauty and deformity—a palate that relishes corrupt food as well as pure—a nose that prefers an offensive odour to an agreeable smell, we mean offensive and agreeable in relation to public or common sense—are all immoral, according to Fourier—hence he recommends the education of the palate as well as of the other senses, but the education of the former is especially useful as the first ruling passion, and the commencement of the moral career of a human being. Yet this immorality, is but a discord in the universal harmonicon, which may be skilfully employed to good account. Every propensity has a sacred and profane developement according to Fourier, and this apathy, or insensibility, in respect to tastes and smells, is a qualification for certain functions in society, which are indispensable to its healthy condition. Some boys will eat, or taste any species of insect—black beetles, flies, worms, and maggots. They are exceptions to humanity. But it is a part of Fourier's philosophy to show the advantages to be derived from these exceptions, which are not diseases, but healthy constitutional discords, without which society could never have progressed. As we owe good manners to the delicate and the sensitive, so we owe the discovery of many latent properties of matter to the coarse and insensitive. The nervous and the delicate know how to refine and polish the materials of society; but without the aid of their ruder counterparts these materials would never have been proved. The object of education is not to destroy, but to reduce the elements to the law of harmony.

We have written almost as if we were disciples of Fourier; but this is done chiefly for the purpose of avoiding unnecessary circumlocution, and because we wish to give as fair a report of the school as possible; more especially, as it is one which contravenes no temporal or spiritual interest of any repute in the country, the practical system being compatible with

Digitized by Google

all the prevailing distinctions of rank and wealth, and affording the clergy ample opportunity of pleading their own cause. It is for this reason, that we consider that we offend no prevailing interest, by giving a favourable view of this social theory. Had it been destructive as other social systems, subversive, and suddenly subversive of dominions and powers, rights and privileges, spiritual and temporal institutions; we should have passed it over in silence, as a subject for the Oneirologists and Romancists of moral government; but such a safe and innocent experiment as Fourier's we can illustrate without fear, and even express a desire to see an experiment attempted. The faults of the system are evidently its ultra mechanical aspect. It is a laboured attempt to finish theoretically, what experiment alone can determine; and, combined with this ultra mechanism, there is an ultra idealism of equal dimensions, which is also a laboured attempt to finish a theory of the universe upon harmonic principles, not yet thoroughly understood. The task was too great for any man; but the attempt has elicited such a mass of original ideas, that it is impossible to read the works of Fourier, without receiving a new stream of thought upon every department of anthropological science.

Of the works quoted above, the most popular in style is that of Madame de Gamond, published last year; it is an eloquent and lucid exposition of the doctrine, and has had a large circulation. The works of Considerant are of a more masculine and critical character, and enter deeper into the details of the system. The works of Just Muinon, Fourier's first pupil, are held in high esteem. Considerant's mother-in-law, Clarisse Vigoureux, has published *Paroles de la Providence*, in answer to the *Paroles d'un Croyant*, by the *Abbé de la Menais*. There are many other writers belonging to the same school, as Paget, Le Moyne, Lecheralier, &c.

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED INTO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(*Continued from page* 661. *Vol. I.*)

FAUST.

(After a long train of pages and esquires have descended, appears above on the steps in knightly court dress of the middle ages, and comes down slowly and dignified.)

Chorus Leader viewing him attentively.

If the gods have not, as they often do, but transiently and for a short time only, lent this man his wondrous form, his exalted grace and love-worthy presence, he will succeed in every thing he begins, whether in manly combat, or in petty war with the fairest women. He is indeed

Digitized by Google

far preferable to many others whom I formerly beheld as highly valued with my eyes. With slow, grave, reverent and serious steps, I behold the prince. Turn thee, O queen,

Faust (steps forward, with a prisoner by his side). Instead of solemn greeting, as would be proper, instead of reverent welcome, I bring fast bound in fetters to thee that slave, who, failing in his duty, made me fail in mine. Kneel down here! To this most noble lady make confession of thy fault! This, noble Queen, is the man of rare eyesight appointed to look around from the lofty tower, and thence sharply to spy over the skiey space and earthly breadth, to view whatever here or there may appear, may stir from the circling hills into the valley to the strong castle, whether it be the wave of herds or the march of an army perhaps; the one we protect, the other we meet. To-day, what neglect! Thou comest here,—he announces it not, and thus fails the most honourable devoted reception of so noble a guest. He has guiltily forfeited his life, and should already lie in the blood of of merited death: yet thou alone mayest punish or pardon him, as may chance to please thee.

Helen. Lofty as the dignity is which thou grantest, as judge and queen, even were it only to try me, as I may suspect, so now will I exercise the judge's first duty to hear the accused. Speak then!

Tower-watcher, Lynceus.

Let me kneel, let me behold her,
Let me live, or let me perish,
For at once I give me over
To this heaven-given lady.

Waiting for the joy of morning,
Viewing in the east his course,
Wonderfully—all on sudden
Up the sun rose in the south.

To that side it drew my vision,
'Stead of dales and 'stead of heights,
'Stead of earth and heavenly spaces
Him and only him to view.

Eyesight was to me afforded
As to lynx on highest tree;
Yet now was I forced to labour
As from a deep gloomy dream.

Could I but myself recover?
Turrets? tower? and closed door?
Mists are hovering—disappearing,—
Then this goddess forward stepped!

Eye and heart I turned towards her,
Drinking from her gentle sheen,
And this fair and blinding beauty
Me the wretched blinded quite.

Digitized by Google

I forgot the watcher's duties,
I forgot the entrusted horn.
Threaten only to destroy me—
Every anger beauty tames.

Helen. I dare not punish the evil that I caused. Woe is me! What severe fate persecutes me, thus every where to befool men's bosoms, that they neither spare themselves nor anything worthy. Now plundering, seducing, fighting, ravishing here and there, demigods, heroes, gods, even demons led me to and fro in wanderings. I singly confused the world, doubly more, now threefold, fourfold bring I woe on woe. Remove this good man, let him go free; let no insult meet the god-bemaddened.

Faust. With astonishment, O queen, I behold at once the sure striker and here the stricken one; I see the bow which sent the arrow and wounded that man. Arrows follow arrows striking me. In every direction I see them feathered, whizzing crossways into the castle and court. What am I now? All at once thou makest my faithfullest servants rebels, and my walls insecure. Already I fear, that my army belongs to the conquering, unconquered lady. What remains to me, but to give myself and all that is in appearance mine, up to thee? At thy feet let me freely and truly acknowledge thee mistress, who as soon as she was come obtained for herself possession and throne.

Lynceus (with a chest and men bearing others after him).

Thou seest me, O queen, returned!
The rich one begs of thee a glance,
He looks on thee and feels at once
Both beggar-poor and princely rich.

What was I once? What am I now?
What can I will? What can I do?
What profits sharpest glance of eye?
It boundeth back upon thy throne.

From the east we onward came,
Then the west was all undone,
A mass of nations long and broad,
The first knew nothing of the last.

The first was slain, the second stood,
The third one's lance was in his hand;
Each one was strengthened hundredfold,
Thousands were slaughtered unremarked.

We forward pressed, we forward stormed,
We were the lords from place to place;
Where I yestreen was king and lord,
To morrow others robbed and stole.

We gazed—and hasty was the gaze;
One seized the fairest lady there,
One seized the steer of foot secure,
The horses all with us we took.

Digitized by Google

But I delighted e'er to find
The rarest things which could be seen,
And whatsoe'er another had
Was but as withered grass to me.

I tracked the treasures every where,
I followed only my keen glance,
I into every pocket gazed;
Transparent was to me each chest.

And heaps of treasured gold were mine,
And all the brightest jewels too:
The emerald now alone deserves
That on thy heart it should be green.

Now 'twixt mouth and ear I wave
The pearl from out the sea abysm;
My rubies quite are scared away,
Thy ruddy cheek hath shamed their glow.

And thus the greatest treasures here,
Before thy throne I lay them down,
Unto thy feet be th' harvest brought
Of many a fierce and bloody fight.

So many chests as here I bring
Of iron chests I have still more;
Permit me but upon thy path,
And I thy treasure vaults will fill.

For scarce didst thou the throne ascend,
When understanding, power and wealth
To thee the one—the beauteous form,
Already bend and bow them down.

All this I firmly kept as mine,
But freely now it thine shall be,
I thought it worthy, high and bright—
What nothingness it is I see!

Vanished is what I once possessed
Like the mown and withered grass.
Give me with one cheerful look
Its full value back again.

Faust. Remove quickly the daringly acquired burden, not blamed in sooth, yet unrewarded. Already is all her own which the castle conceals in its bosom: to offer her any thing in particular, is useless. Go, at my command, heap treasure upon treasure. Pile up the splendid form of unseen magnificence! Let the vaults glitter like the fresh heaven, prepare a paradise of lifeless life. Let carpet beflowered be rolled on carpet, to haste before her path; let soft earth meet her step; and highest sheen, dazzling all but gods, encounter her glance.

Lynceus. Weak is all that the master hath commanded, the servant does it, it is but a play; the excess of this beauty ruleth over wealth and blood; already is the whole army tame, all swords are blunt and dull,

Digitized by Google

even the sun himself before her noble form is weary and a-cold; before the riches of her countenance is all empty, all nothingness. (*Exit.*)

Helen (*to Faust*). Come up to my side; for I would speak with thee! The empty place calls for the Lord, and ensures me mine.

Faust. First, noble Lady, kneeling, let my true devotion please thee; let me kiss the hand that lifts me to thy side. Strengthen me as co-regent of thy illimitable kingdom. Win for thyself admirer, servant, guardian, all in one.

Helen. Many wonders do I see and hear: astonishment strikes me, I should like to ask many things. Yet would I wish to know, why the man's speech sounded to me so strange, so strange and friendly. One sound appears to be adapted to the other, and when one word has become associate to the ear, another comes to caress the first.

Faust. Does the language of our nations please thee already! O then, surely the song also will delight thee, for it contents ear and sense to the lowest depths. Yet is it safest that we should at once exercise it, our dialogue invites it, calls it forth.

Helen. Say then, how can I also speak so beautifully?

Faust. That is easy indeed, it must proceed from the heart. And when the bosom overflows with longing, one looks around and asks—

Helen. Who enjoys with us.

Faust. Now the spirit looks neither backwards nor forwards, the present alone—

Helen. Is our happiness.

Faust. It is treasure, high gain, possession and pledge: who gives it confirmation?

Helen. My hand.

Chorus. Who shall now upbraid our princess,
If she grant this castle's Lord
Friendly reception?
For confess! together are we
Captives, as before full often
Since the terrible overthrow
Of Ilion, and the saddening
Labyrinthine sorrow-voyage.
Women, to man's love accustomed,—
They indeed have not the choice,
But the approval have they.
And thus to golden-haired shepherds
To black and rough fauns perchance too,
As them may bring the occasion,
Over their swelling limbs
Communicate equal right.
Nearer and nearer already they sit
Leaning upon each other,
Shoulder to shoulder, and knee to knee;
Hand to hand, they rock them
Upon the throne's
Up-pillowed majesty.

Digitized by Google

Royalty doth not deny to itself
Of secret joys
Before the eyes of the people
The proud displaying.

Helen. I feel myself so distant, and yet so near; and only too willingly do I say, Here am I! here!

Faust. I can scarce breathe, I tremble; my words stop, it is a dream, day and place have vanished.

Helen. I feel as I had lived out, and yet am so fresh, enwoven with thee, faithful to the unknown one.

Faust. Analyse not thy most strange destiny, being is duty, were it but for a moment.

Phorkyas (*impetuously entering*). Spell in the primers of love, dallying analyse your loving, idly love on in analysing, yet thereto is there no time. Did ye not feel a dismal tempest? Listen how the trumpets clang; destruction is not far. Menelaus with billows of people marches on upon you; prepare you for the better contest! surrounded by the richer hosts, mutilated like Deiphobus, you will pay the penalty of your female train. First, the light ware will dangle, for this one is a new sharpened axe at once ready at the altar.

Faust. Bold interruption! disagreeably she intrudes: even in dangers I like not senselessly impetuous people. A message of ill makes the fairest messenger ugly; thou most ugly bringest willingly only evil tidings. Yet this time thou shalt not succeed: with empty breath shake thou the air; there is no danger, and danger itself would appear but vain threatening.

(*Signals, explosions from the towers, trumpets and cornets, warlike music, a powerful army marches across*).

Faust. No! straight shalt thou behold collected
The hero's undivided band:
Alone he merits woman's favour
Who can most strongly her protect.

(*To the leaders, who leave their columns and step forward*).

With restrained and silent fury,
Which the victory sure will gain,
Ye of the north, the youthful blossoms,
Of the east, the flower and strength.

Wrapped in steel, by rays encompassed,
The host which realm on realm o'erthrew,
Forward step, the firm earth shaketh,
Thunder follows as they step.

We the land first touched at Pylos,
Aged Nestor is no more,
And our host unbridled shattered
All the little royal bands.

From these walls drive Menelaus,
And delay not, to the sea!

Digitized by Google

There may he wander, there may plunder
'Twas his choice and 'tis his fate.

That as dukes I now should hail you,
This commandeth Sparta's queen.
At her feet lay hill and valley;
Yours shall be the kingdom's gain.

German! Thou the bays of Corinth
With rampart and with fence defend;
With its hundred vales Achaia,
Goth, I to thy care commit.

Let the Frank advance to Elis;
Messen be the Saxon's lot.
Normans, sweep ye clear the ocean,
And Argolis in might renew.

Then shall each one dwell domestic,
Outward strength and might direct;
Yet o'er all shall Sparta govern,
Of the queen the ancient home.

She shall view you each enjoying
The land to which all weal is given;
Ye at her feet shall seek in comfort,
Confirmation, right and light.

(*Faust descends, the princes close the circle round him, to hear closer his commands and orders.*)

Chorus. He who the fairest to have desires,
Rightly let him before all things
Wisely seek around for arms;
He by flattery may have won
What is highest upon earth;
But in peace may not possess it:
Fawners will craftily fawn it away,
Robbers will daringly tear it away,
This to prevent must be his care.

Our prince for this I praise,
And than others higher prize,
Since so boldly, so prudently he hath allied,
That the strong ones stand and obey
To each beck obsequious.
Faithfully each command they perform,
Each one for his own profit indeed,
And for the ruler's rewarding thanks,
Both lofty gain of fame.

For who can tear it now
From the strong possessor?
To him it belongs, to him be it given,
Doubly be given by us, which he,
With her, hath surrounded with safest walls,
And outward with mightiest host.

Digitized by Google

Faust. The gifts I here to these have given—
To every man a fertile land—
Are great and mighty; let them pass though!
In the midst we hold our stand.

And emulously they'll defend thee,
Played around by sportive waves,
Peninsula, with light hill-chains, joinèd
Unto Europe's farthest mount.

Before the suns of all lands, happy
Be that land to every race,
For my queen at length obtainèd,
Which early looked upon her form.

When, midst Eurotas' reedy rustling,
From out the shell she shining broke,
Her mighty mother, brothers, sister,
Were all dazzled by the sheen.

To thee alone this land is turnèd,
Offers thee its brightest flowers;
To earth, which unto thee belongeth—
O, thy fatherland prefer!

And though the sun's cold arrows are permitted
To rest upon the jagged-peak mountain's back,
Yet still we may behold the rock all verdant—
The goat still nibbling takes its scanty share.

The fountain leaps, the brooks plunge down united;
And precipices, vales, and meads are green.
On hundred mountains' interrupted surface
Mayst see the fleecy flocks extended roam.

Divided, cautious, measured, stepping onwards,
Come hornèd cattle to the steepy brink;
Yet, for them all, a covering is provided—
The rock-wall vaults itself in hundred caves.

Pan there protects them; there, in the moist freshness
Of bushy clefts, the nymphs of life reside,
And anxious longing for the higher regions—
Tree clothed with boughs uprises close to tree.

Old woods they are! The oak stands stiff and mighty,
And stubbornly bough presses upon bough;
The maple mild, instinct with juicy sweetness,
Soars purely up, and with its burden sports.

And motherly, 'mid silent circling shadows,
Warm milk streams for the child and lamb prepared;
Fruit is not far, the ripe food of the valley,
And honey droppeth from the hollowed trunk.

Pleasure here 's hereditary,
The cheek is cheerful as the mouth;
Each one is in his place immortal—
They are contented all and sound.

Digitized by Google

So to his father's strength, the gentle infant,
Himself unfolds in the pure day.
We wonder; and the question still remaineth,
Whether they're gods—or whether men?

So was Apollo to a shepherd changèd,
The fairest one to him was like;
For there, where nature in pure circle moveth,
All worlds each other comprehend.

[*Sitting near her.*

Thus now to me, to thee, thus hath it happened;
Now let the past be far behind us thrown:
O feel thyself from highest God arisen,
To the first world thou dost alone belong.

Not the firm tower shall thee encircle!
Still in eternal strength of youth,
Circles for us, for an all blissful dwelling,
Arcadia, near to Sparta's land.

Allured to dwell within its happy borders,
Thou would'st to cheeriest destiny escape!
Our thrones to bowers shall be converted,
Arcadian free shall be our joys.

(*The scene changes to closed bowers, propped upon rocky caverns. Shady groves rise to the surrounding steeps. Faust and Helen are not seen. The Chorus lies sleeping scattered around.*)

Phorkyas.

How long a time the maidens sleep I do not know,
Or whether they have dreamed what I saw bright and clear
Before my eyes just now, is unknown too to me,
Therefore I'll wake them. They shall all astonied be;
You greybeards who thus sit expecting there beneath,
At last to see the unriddling of the wonder true.
Arise! arise! and quickly shake your tresses bright;
Sleep from your eyes! Blink not, but come and list to me.

Chorus.

Only speak; come tell, O tell us what of wonderful hath happened,
For we would with greatest joy hear that which we could never credit,
For we are full tired of gazing on these rocks that rise around.

Phorkyas.

Scarcely have you rubbed your eyes, my children, and already tired?
Listen then: within these caverns, in these grottos, in these bowers,
As to lovers in an idyl, safely was a shelter given
To our Lord and to our Lady.

Chorus. How, within there?

Phorkyas. Separated
From the world, but me alone they called unto their silent service.

Digitized by Google

At their side I stood high honoured; yet, as confidante becometh,
Somewhat else I looked around for. Here and there around I turned me,
Sought for roots, and moss, and barks in all their properties full skilful,
And thus they remained alone.

Chorus.

Thou would'st make us all imagine universes were within there— [thou?
Woods and meadows, lakes and fountains: what strange fable spinnest

Phorkyas.

Yes, indeed, ye inexperienced! There are depths all undiscovered;
Hall on halls, and court on courts, all these I traced out thoughtfully.
Then at once a laughter echoes through the hollow clefts and spaces;
When I look, a boy there springeth from the lady to the lord,
From the father to the mother; the caressing and the petting
Silliness of foolish loving, joking-cry, and pleasure-shouting
In their alternation deafen.
Then a naked genius, wingless, like a fawn without his beasthood,
Jumps he on the firm ground springing; and the ground, in its reaction,
Hurls him to the heights aërial, and, with one or two more springings,
Touches he the lofty ceiling.
Anguishingly cries the mother. "Jump again, and at thy pleasure,
But of flying see thou guard thee, free flight is forbidden thee."
Thus too warns the faithful father: "In the soil the swift power lieth
Which thee upward throws; O, touch then with thy toes alone the earth,
Like the earth's great son, Antæus, art immediately strong."
From the rocky mass he jumpeth from one summit to the other,
And around in all directions, like a ball when struck he springeth.
Yet at once in a rough opening of a cleft he from us vanished,
And now seems he to us lost. His mother grieves, his father comforts;
I, in anguish, shrug my shoulders. Yet again what now appeareth!
Do then treasures lie there hidden? garments striped with various flowers
He hath worthily put on.
From his arms are tassels waving; ribbons flutter from his bosom;
In his hands a golden lyre; he seemeth like a little Phœbus.
Well pleased steps he to the brink and to the precipice; we wonder.
With delight his parents cast them changing to each other's arms.
Yet, what glitters round his forehead? Hard to tell 'tis what there shineth.
Is it golden ornament, or is it mighty spirit-flaming?
Then he moves himself with gestures, as a boy himself announcing,
Future master of all beauty, for the melodies eternal [him,
Through his members swift are moving; therefore will ye quickly hear
Therefore will ye quickly see him to most rare astonishment!

Chorus. Call'st thou a wonder this,
Thou Cretan born one?
To the poet's teaching word
Hast thou perchance ne'er listened?
Hast thou not heard of Ionia's stories?
Hast thou not heard of the stories
Ancestral of Hellas,
Her God-and-hero-riches?

Digitized by Google

All that e'er happens
In the days that are present,
Are but poor echo
Of the noble days of our ancestors;
Thy story equals not the falsehood,
More credible than truth,
Which sang of Maia's son.
This fair, strong, scarce-born suckling,
The host of gossiping nurses
Of fancy unreasonable,
Folded in down of clearest swathings—
Fastened in brightest wrappings' adornment.
But the rogue, fair and strong,
Craftily draws forth
His pliant elastic limbs,
Leaving the purple,
The grievously binding-shell,
In peace in its place;
As the full butterfly
From the stiff chrysalis
Unfolding his wings, swiftly slippeth,
Flying boldly and wantonly
Through air filled with sun rays.
Thus he the quickest,
To be of thieves the favouring God,
And all their own advantage seeking,
Active employs him
Through arts the most expert.
From the sea-god he stealeth
The trident; from Mars
The sword from the sheath;
From Phœbus the arrow and bow,
And from Vulcan his pincers;
Even from Jove the father,
Unfrighted, the lightning he stole;
And in the wrestling he vanquished Eros.
And from Venus he stole the girdle
As she caressed him.

(*An enchanting purely melodious harp-playing sounds out of the cave. All attend and appear inwardly moved. From hence to each other marked pause—sounds full accompanying the music.*)

Phorkyas. Hear these beauteous sounds all lovely,
Quickly rise from fables free,
All the deities' old crowdings
Think no more of, for 'tis past.

No one now will understand you,
Due still higher we demand;
That must from the heart come forward,
Which upon the heart should work.

[*She retires to the rocks.*

Digitized by Google

Chorus. If thou art, thou dreadful being,
To this flattering tone inclined,
We ourselves feel fresh restored,
And to joy of weeping moved.

The sun's shining now may vanish.
If within the soul there 's day,
We can find in our own bosoms
What the whole of earth denies.

Helen, Faust, Euphorion, (in the above described costume.)

Euphorion. Hear ye sung the songs of childhood,
'Tis your own peculiar way;
When ye see me spring in measure,
Parent-like, your hearts upleap.

Helen. Love, in human sort to bless us,
Brings anear a noble twain;
Yet for a divine enrapturing
She must form a brilliant three.

Faust. Every thing is then discovered.
Thine am I, and thou art mine;
Thus now do we stand connected,
Otherwise it may not be!

Chorus. Of full many a year the pleasure,
In the boy's appearance mild,
For this pair is here collecting.
O! the union moves me much.

Euphorion. O let me jump now!
O let me spring now!
Through all the heavens,
Forward to hasten;
I feel a longing
Which seizes on me.

Faust. Yet, moderation!
Be not so daring,
That fall and ruin
May not o'ertake thee;
And hurl to destruction
Our darling son.

Euphorion. 'Twill no longer
Stay upon earth here;
Leave ye my hands now,
Leave ye my tresses,
Leave ye my clothes too,
They are my own.

Helen. Think! O consider
Whom thou pertain'st to!
How it us grieveth,

Digitized by Google

How thou disturbest
The fairly obtainèd,
Mine, thine, and his.

Chorus. Soon will the union.
I fear me, be loosed.

Helen and Faust. Tame thou! O tame thou
For love of thy parents,
These over lively
Passionate longings!
Rural in silence
Adorn thou the plain.

Euphorion. Only to please you
Do I refrain.

[*Whirling through the Chorus, and drawing them forth to dance.*

This cheerful band around
Hover I lightly.
Is now the melody,
Is too the movement right?

Helen. Yes, well indeed 'tis done.
Lead thou the fair ones out
In skilful dance.

Faust. Oh that it were but o'er!
I in this jugglery
Ne'er can rejoice.

Euphorion and Chorus. (*dancing and singing move in interwoven rows.*)

When thou thy arms about
Pleasingly movest;
Shaking thy tresses bright
Shiningly wavest;
And when thy foot so light
O'er the earth skimmeth
To and fro, then again
Limb on limb moving.
Thou hast attained thy goal,
Loveliest child;
All our affections are
To thee inclined.

[*Pause.*

Euphorion. You are so many
Lightfooted swift roes,
And in new sportings
Quick from me hasten.
I am the hunter,
You are the game.

Chorus. If thou wilt catch us
Thou need'st not hurry,

Digitized by Google

For our desire is,
When all is over,
Thee to embrace, thou
Beautiful form.

Euphorion. Haste through the forest!
Through stock and stone haste!
The lightly gainèd
Pleases me not,
What violence gaineth
Only delights.

Helen and Faust. What a spirit! What a madness!
We may hope no moderation,
Hark 'tis like the clang of trumpet
Over hill and forest sounding,
What a tumult! what a cry!

Chorus (*entering quickly one by one.*)

He hath swiftly passèd by us
He hath scorned us and contemned us;
Of our band entire the wildest
He is striving here to drag.

Euphorion (*bearing in a young maiden.*)

Here I pull this self-willed young one
With me to a forced enjoyment.
For my pleasure, for my joy
Her resisting bosom press,
Kiss her fair opposing lips,
Shew my power and my will.

Maiden. Let me loose! within this body
Spirit's strength and power resides;
Like thine our determination
Is not lightly overcome.
Think'st thou that thou hast me firmly?
In thine arm confid'st thou much?
Hold me firmly, and I'll singe thee
Fool, to make me fun and sport.

[*She flames up and flies off in a blaze.*

Me mid the light breezes follow,
Follow to the rude rough caverns,
Seize upon thy vanished goal.

Euphorion (*shaking off the last flames.*)

Rocks press around me here,
Bushes and woods among,
They shall not narrow me,
Yet am I young and fresh.
Tempests are roaring there;
Billows are sounding there,
Yet hear I both afar,
Near would I be.

Digitized by Google

(*He springs higher up the rock.*)

Helen, Faust, and Chorus.

Wouldst the chamois resemble?
We must fear then for thy fall.

Euphorion. Ever higher still ascending,
Ever further must I gaze.
Now know I where I am
Midst of this island here,
Midst of great Pelops' land,
Joined both to earth and sea.

Chorus. Canst not in hill and plain
Peaceably tarry,
Then will we seek for thee
Grapes in bright clusters,
Grapes on the mountain side;
Figs too, and apples gold,
Ah! in this beauteous land
Beauteous! remain.

Euphorion. Dream ye of days of peace?
Dream he who can dream.
War is the watchword now!
Victory! so sounds it.

Chorus. He who when peace rules
Wishes for war again,
He hath departed
From joys of hope.

Euphorion. Those whom this land hath born
From peril to peril,
Of courage free, unconfined,
Of their blood prodigal,
With a mind never damped,
Brave and yet holy,
When they contend in war,
Gain cometh to them!

Chorus. See how high he hath ascended
Yet he doth not small appear.
As in armour, as for conquest,
As of brass and steel he seems.

Euphorion. Neither walls, nor roaring billows,
Each but conscious to himself;
Firmest stronghold for outlasting
Is the brazen human breast.

Would ye, would ye dwell unconquered,
Swiftly arm and seek the field;
Amazons become our women,
And a hero every child.

Chorus. Holiest Poësie,
Heavenward hasten!

Digitized by Google

Shine thou, thou brightest star,
Far and still farther yet.
And yet it reaches us,
Ever, we hear it yet,
Gladly we hear.

Euphorion. No! No! I do not seem to be an infant,
The youth advanceth on in arms!
Allied to strong, and bold and free,
He hath already worked in soul.
Now on!
Now there
Is opening wide the path to fame.

Helen and Faust.
Scarcely called into existence,
Scarcely given to cheerful day,
Dost thou long on giddy steppings
Into painful space to fly?
Are we then
Nought to thee?
Is our gentle bond a dream?

Euphorion. Hear ye not thunder on the ocean?
And echoing thunder through the vales,
Host upon host, in dust and billows,
In throng on throng, to pain and woe.
The command
Is for death,
This at least is plain and clear.

Helen, Faust, and Chorus.
What a horror! what a terror!
Is then death to thee ordained?

Euphorion. Shall I view it from the distance?
No! The care and need I'll share.

Helen, Faust, and Chorus.
Arrogance, peril too!
And deathly fate.

Euphorion. Yet! Yet a pair of wings
Unfolded are!
Thither! I must! I must!
Suffer my flight!

(He casts himself into the air, his garments bear him up a moment, his head beams, a train of light follows him.)

Chorus. Icarus! Icarus!
Sorrow enow.

(A beautiful youth falls at the feet of the parents, they believe they recognise in the dead a known face; but the corporeal disappears at once; a glory rises like a comet to heaven, his clothes, mantle, and lyre remain.)

Digitized by Google

Helen and Faust. Dreadful grief followeth
Straightway sweet joy.

Euphorion's voice from the depths.
In the dark realms mother
Leave me not lone! [*Pause.*

Chorus (Song of Lamentation).
Not alone! Where'er thou dwellest
For we well believe to know thee,
Ah! Though thou from daylight hastest,
Will no heart from thee be sundered.

Scarcely yet may we bewail thee,
Envying still we sing thy fate;
In thy times of joy or trouble
Song and might were fair and strong.

Born, alas! for earthly pleasures,
Of noble race and mighty strength,
To thyself, Ah! lost too early,
Snatched away in youthful bloom.

Thou didst view the world full keenly,
With all pain hadst sympathy,
Lovedst well the fairest maidens
Sangst a most delicious strain.

Yet didst run all unrestrained
Freely to the will-less net,
Didst thy self with power sunder
From all custom and from law;
Yet at last the highest thinking
Gave to thy pure spirit weight,
Thou deserv'st to gain the noblest,
In thy striving thou didst fail.

Who succeedeth?—dreadful question,
Which concealeth destiny,
When on day the most unhappy
Bleeding nations all are mute.
Yet your songs again renew ye,
Stand no longer deeply bowed;
For the earth again produceth
As it hath produced for aye.
(*Perfect pause. The musicians*).

Helen (to Faust).
In me, alas! an ancient saying's manifest!
That joy and beauty long time ne'er united were.
Alas! The band of life like that of love is torn;
Grieving for both I say a sorrowful farewell!
And once again into thy arms I cast myself,
And now Persephoneia take my son and me.

(She embraces Faust, her bodily part vanishes, her dress and veil remain in his arms).

Digitized by Google

Phorkyas (to Faust).

Hold firm what hath of all remained to thee,
And leave not loose the robe, already hale
The demons at its skirts, and gladly would
Drag it with them below. Yet hold it firm!
'Tis not the goddess sooth whom thou hast lost
Yet godlike 'tis. Avail thyself of the high
Invaluable favour, and thyself lift up.
'Twill bear thee quickly o'er all common things
Onward through air, as long as thou canst last.
Again I see thee far away from hence.

(Helen's garments loosen into clouds, surround Faust, raise him on high and pass over with him).

Phorkyas, (takes Euphorion's dress, mantle, and lyre from the earth, steps into the proscenium, lifts on high the spoils, and speaks).

Still in happy hour discovered!
Though indeed the flame hath vanished,
Yet for the world I sorrow not.
Here is enough to consecrate to poets
And plant dire envy midst this craft and guild.
And though I cannot give to them the talents
At least I can the garment lend.

(She sits down on a column in the proscenium).

Panthalis.

Now hasten, maidens! we are from the magic free,
From the dire soul-restraint of the old Thessalian bawd;
Thus doth the much confused rushing sound of song
Confuse the ear, and worse confuse the inward sense.
Down, down to Hades! There the queen hath hastenèd
Adown, with earnest step. And straightway ye
Place your step after hers, ye faithful maidens all,
We find her at the throne of the Inscrutable.

Chorus. Queens are they readily every where;
Even in Hades they stand on high,
Proud to their equals allied,
Most friends of Proserpina;
But we in the back ground of
Deep asphodel meadows,
And farstretched poplars,
Joined to unfruitful willows,
What amusement have we?
To squeak like to bats
Whispering and joyless and spectral.

Chorus leader.

He who no name hath earned, nor wills for noble things
Unto the elements belongs, so hence begone!
To be my queen's companion I do much desire;
Not merit only, also faith our persons keeps. [*Exit.*

Digitized by Google

All. We are back given to day-light
Persons indeed no more,
That feel we, that know we,
But to Hades we no more return,
Ever-living Nature
Makes on us spirits,
And we on her, a valid claim.

A part of the Chorus.

In the rustling, trembling, waving, murmuring of those thousand branches,
Dallying charm we, gentle luring from the roots up of life's fountain
To the branches; now with leaves and now with blossoms covered over
We adorn our fluttering tresses unto airy plenty free.
Falls the fruit, then straight are gathered life-enjoying herds and people,
For the seizing and devouring, hasty coming, busy pressing.
And as to the first of godheads, all things shall bow down to us.

Another Part.

We above this rock-wall's mirror smoothly glittering through the distance,
Bend ourselves in soothing manner, 'midst the gentle billows moving;
Hearken, listen to each sound of bird-carolling, reedy-fluting;
Or can it be Pan's tremendous voice? an answer's ready straight;
Whispers it, we whisper echoing; thunders it, then rolls our thunder
With a vast multiplication, threefold, tenfold after it.

A third Part.

Sisters! we, more active-minded, hasten with the rivulets onward;
For the rich adornèd range of hills, far in the distance charm us,
Ever downwards, ever deeper, water we, in stream meandring,
Now the meadows, now the plains, and now the garden round the house.
There, across the land the lofty cypress summits mark our passage
Past the shore, and mirror-billows rising high into the air.

A fourth Part.

Go, ye others, where it pleases; we shall compass, we shall rustle
Round the throughly planted mountain where the vine on pole is verdant;
In all hours of the day there by the vine-dresser's emotion
We can see the doubtful fortune of most lovely industry.
Now with hatchet, now with spade, and now with heaping, cutting, binding,
Prayeth he to all the gods, but first and chiefest to the sun-god.
Bacchus takes but little care, the weakling, for his faithful servant,
Rests in harbours, leans in caverns, dallying with the youthful fawn,
And whate'er he ever needed in his dreamings half seas over,
It remains to him in bottles, ever and in jugs and vases,
In the cool caves right and left for times eternal gathered up.
Yet have all the gods assisting and before them all bright Helios,
Airing, moistening, warming, glowing, berry-fulness piled up,
Where in silence the wine-dresser worked 'tis suddenly all lively,

Digitized by Google

And in every bower it rustles, rattles now from stick to stick.
Baskets crackle, buckets clatter, tubs for bearing groan along,
To the vasty but progressing, to the presser's powerful dance;
And thus is the holy fulness of the pure-born, juicy berries
Daring trodden; foaming, spurting, squeezed, 'tis mixed disgustingly.
Now the sound of cymbals roareth and the basin's brazen clattering,
For the mighty Dionysus is from mysteries revealed:
With the fawns he forward cometh, moves the wood nymphs to the dance,
And unbounded cries Silenus yelling loudly, long eared beast.
Pity nought! for cloven claws now manners all are trampling down,
All their senses tumble whirling, horridly the ear is deafened.
Drunkards for the cups are groping, overfull are head and belly,
Neither one nor t'other's careful, yet the tumult he increaseth,
Since the new wine for containing quickly empty they the old skin.

The curtain falls. (Phorkyas erects herself giganticly in the proscenium, steps down from the buskins, throws off mask and veil, and shows herself as Mephistopheles, in order as far as needful, to comment as an epilogue on the piece).

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

THE EXILE.

[*From the French of L'Abbé-De la Mennais.*]

He went wandering over the world. May heaven guide the poor Exile!

I have passed among people, and they have beheld me; and I have looked on them, yet we were unknown to each other. The exile is every where *alone!*

When I see, at day's decline, smoke curling from some cottage in the bosom of a vale,* I say to myself: "How blest is he who returns, at evening hour to his domestic hearth, and is surrounded by his kindred!" The exile is every where alone!

Whither fly those clouds chased by the tempest? It chases me, like them, and does it matter where? The exile is every where alone!

Those trees are beautiful, those flowers are lovely; but they are not the flowers nor the trees of my native land; they speak not to me. The exile is every where alone!

This rivulet flows timorously through the plain; but its murmurs are not those to which my childhood listened: it recalls no reminiscences to my soul. The exile is every where alone!

Those songs are sweet; but the sorrows and the joys that they revive are not my sorrows nor my joys. The exile is every where alone!

---

* There is a passage similar to this in the first Eclogue of Virgil:

"Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant;
Majoresque cadunt altis de martibus umbræ."

"For see yon sunny hill the shade extends:
And curling smoke from cottages ascends." Dryden.

Digitized by Google

Some have asked me: "Why weep you?" and when I have said, none has shed one tear, for they understand me not. The exile is every where alone!

I have seen old men encompassed by children, like the olive by its tender shoots,* but none of those old men called me his son, not one of those children called me brother. The exile is every where alone!

There are no friends, no wives, no fathers, no brothers, but in one's own land. The exile is every where alone!

Poor exile! cease to sigh; all are banished, even as thou art; all behold their fathers, their brothers, their wives, their friends pass away, and vanish from their sight.

One's country is not here below; man vainly searches for it there; that which he takes for it, is but the resting-place for a single night.

He went wandering over the earth. May God guide the steps of the poor EXILE! J. I. S.

May 15.

[The above is translated from an article that appears in the second edition, just published, of a very interesting work, entitled, "*Le Repertoire Litteraire;*" a choice selection from the best French authors," by DELILLE, the well-known French Professor.]

THE LOVERS.

AN EVERY-DAY LIFE SKETCH.

"THE LOVERS!"—"What! another history of two blue eyes, ditto red cheeks, one set of pearly teeth, plenty of flowing locks of curling hair, with symmetry of figure, &c. *ad libitum*, composing a young lady, the pink of fashion, and the model of the beau monde, driven to distraction, haunted at Almack's, followed at the Opera by the ghost of some unfortunate youth in dark brown coat and yellow buttons, white trowsers and tight boots, who was instigated to suicide by the said young lady's neglect, and as he had never ceased to follow her during life, so he thought it wrong to give up that laudable custom, after having blown out the small quantity of brains he ever had! Is this again to be inflicted on us? Shall we never hear enough of lovers and love, of smiling eyes and auburn hair, of rippling fountains and shady groves, and moonlight meetings, and secret appointments? Bah! I, for one, will pass over the rubbish, and leave it for those more inclined to thousand-times told tales than myself." Nay, gentle reader, not so! Be not so harsh with us, nor so sweeping in thy conclusions! Art thou a girl, just budding into womanhood, or art thou a youth just bursting into the vortex of life, and dost thou scorn and jeer at a tale of love? Art thou still safe from the arrows of the laughter-loving and tear-causing bow-God? If so, wilt thou be ever safe? Ah! no, our first question hath struck thee dumb, and there

* Thus, in Psalm cxxviii. v. 3: "Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine by the sides of thine house: thy children like olive plants round about thy table."

Digitized by Google

was no need for the second. Pause then, thou self-convicted one, and for thy just punishment stay while we hold up before thee the reflection of thine own bosom's secrets, the mirror wherein are shown thy past experiences, thy present and thy future joys or sorrows,—hopes or fears. Art thou a determined bachelor or persevering old maid, holding in due derision the folly of ridiculous boys and namby-pamby girls, who can find no pleasure save in each other's society—no delight save in each other's smiles. Even if advancing years and whitening hair have put you beyond the reach of the capricious archer, still remain and listen, for I will strive to excuse to you, those whose only fault is that they are happier than yourselves. Art thou an old man, or an aged woman? and hast thou once felt the hopes and fears, the raptures and anxieties of early love? and hast thou forgotten them? Dost thou scorn that in which was once thy chiefest joy, because the frosts of time have chilled thee, and the damps of death already bedew thy brow? Listen, thou old man; attend, thou aged woman, and I will tell you of scenes long-forgotten, of times long past—I will recal to your minds the seasons of innocence and truth, before the demon of money had laid his iron hand upon you, or the serpent of avarice had twined around your hearts. Listen, and I will tear asunder the veil of earth—I will snatch you from the money chest and the dry desert of the crowded exchange or sultry counting-house, and open to you a long vista of cheering memories, and shew you the green fields and verdant grass of your youth, or ever the hot sun of earth had scorched it, and dried up its freshness. Listen to me, and I will thaw those frosts of age, and pour into your chilled veins the warmth of other days: I will wipe the damps of death from your aged brows, and in their stead, tears shall trickle down your shrivelled cheeks—tears of sympathy, of innocence and truth, such as for ages ye have not shed. Listen then, all, whether ye be old or young, lovers or not lovers, for all may learn from me somewhat. Is the tale thrice-told? Is not the reality as frequent? Until ye shall have swept true love from the earth, and made it what it daily approacheth to, a veritable hell, true-love tales shall still be told, and lays of faithful love shall still be sung. But mine shall be no tale of eyes like Italian heavens, or hair like liquid gold. Such eyes, such hair may figure in the pages of romance, but mine is a sketch from real life: perhaps, reader, it may be mine own case, perhaps thine; none can tell "but he who tells the tale." Neither my hero nor my heroine are abstractions of perfection; they have each of them the shadow of earth thrown partially around them. They are neither nobles nor beggars, neither the wealthiest nor the poorest of the land. They are of the much-neglected middling classes, of no remarkable family, with no strange history—every-day persons. They live not in haunted castles, nor in ivied cottages, but in the centre of a noisy, dusty city, in the midst of omnibuses and cabs, and of all things unpoetic and unromantic. Two brick houses (aye reader, common clay houses, without galleries of ancestral portraits, or marble stair-cases) contain two hearts as faithful as ever beat for one another, two souls as devoted to each other's welfare as ever animated perishable bodies on this perishable earth. They are even now standing together at an open

Digitized by Google

window of moderate dimensions, looking out not upon a closely-shaven lawn or a noble park, but upon a common town yard, a place twelve feet square, and covered with flags (I do not mean the plant so called, God forbid I should have anything half so romantic in my simple tale, —but flag-stones). Come, reader, leave the Monthly Magazine upon your table, none will touch it in your absence, and upon the wings of animal magnetism (for unlike those of Dœdalus, the sun of strict inquiry has shone brightly on them, and not melted them), on the wings of Mesmerism I will bear you to that open window, and with a magician's wand will lay open to you the secrets of that loving pair. Come, let us haste, for lovers are capricious as the wind, and if we tarry, they may have parted thence.

Well! we are here in time, there they still lean upon the window, gazing alternately on each other, and on the scene around;—"The scene, God save the mark! do three brick walls and a few flag stones constitute a scene?" No, gentle reader; to you and to me they are but brick walls and flag stones, but to them the scene is fairer than brightest visions of fairy land, for they love each other truly, and their love is reflected in all around; therefore to them each stone is as bright as the jewels of the East, each brick glitters as purely as the Parian marble. For this is the exquisite property of love, that the loved one is, as it were, a vicarious offering for all hideousness, by which that hideousness is converted into beauty; the halo of the brilliancy of the beloved shines on the every-day world, with greater light than a host of solar systems; and well it may, for the one is of the soul, real, and the other is of the senses, unreal, untrue. Of the one you may affirm that it is—that it exists, for it follows wherever you go—in the light of the sun, in the darkness of night, in the horrors of war and the miseries of sickness, in the hour of death, and, for aught we know, in the day of judgment: of the other you cannot say the same,—it was, it has been, is all you can affirm of it. Such is the difference between the emotions of the soul, and the experience of the senses. Reader, you smile, yet it is true, a great mystery indeed—but then, *all* is mystery. There they stand then, their hands are clasped in one another, but their souls are interwoven together. They speak not, no sound disturbs the peace and the serenity of that hour. Their emotions, their feelings, their passions are too deep for words,—yet do they converse together. This mystic converse *we* do not, *we* cannot understand, yet may we at one time have experienced it. The girl gazes on the face of her lover, and her large eyes are upturned in all the simple confidence of youth and innocence. You see, reader, they are neither melting blue, nor soul-thrilling black, which have as yet usurped all the privileges and prerogatives of love: they are that indescribable colour, which is neither blue nor black, and which, for want of better appellation, we may distinguish as grey. Nay, start not, reader; grey they undoubtedly are—the colour of the eyes, notwithstanding all the assertions of novelists and romancers to the contrary, of three-fourths of the lady-eyes of this happy realm. And why should not grey eyes be as lovely, as loveable as any other colour? Is it totally impossible for a heroine to have grey eyes? O no, those two grey eyes, with their bright flashes of intellect, have more charms for him who gazes

Digitized by Google

on them, than all the eyes, blue as heaven, or black as—what shall I say?—dare I say—hell, that ever illumined the pages of an orthodox three-volume novel. And then, her cheeks were neither roses nor lilies, but common flesh and blood, and a harsh critic might have said that the lilies were fading, and the red had an appearance which might rather have been called brown. Her teeth were not quite ivory, and her lips had not the bright red of the ocean coral, and her form had not that "faultless symmetry" which generally distinguishes heroines. And yet she was loved, I might rather say, worshipped, and her lover would not have exchanged her for all the perfections of mind and body he had read or heard of. To him she was perfection enough, for her faults he loved more than he did others' virtues, and she in return idolized him—the abstraction, in her mind, of all that was good and great among men. Men! he was but a boy, scarcely escaped from school restraints, and school encumbrances,—a careless (careless, except for one) visionary, inexperienced boy! Inexperienced! if he can be said to be inexperienced who has seen so many phases of existence, who has experienced so many entire revolutions of feelings as a youth, an ordinary youth of twenty has done—as our hero had experienced. He had been a baby, a helpless infant, and in that unconscious state, he had wept by anticipation, for a sinful world, and felt sorely the miseries—the sorrows—the troublousness of this bounded and bounding existence; he had also had those cherub-visitations which bring smiles and pour laughter over the faces of sleeping children, and for a season rock their woes to sleep in a paradisian cradle. He had grown out of infancy, and become a child. He had received the first rudiments of education, had learnt of the existence of a God, of his own responsibility; he had been told of virtue and of vice; he had been enjoined to practise the one and avoid the other; he had seen those around him, those who taught him, do otherwise than they taught, and by example counteract precept, and his childish mind had been filled with wonderment at man's folly and man's inconsistency. Again a change had come over the spirit of his dream, (for is not life a long dream, from which death is the waking?) he had commenced his school career. He had forgotten the pure God of heaven, and his Saviour-Son, in the whirlpool of heathen deities and pagan fables. He saw in his school—that miniature of life, fraud and violence ever the conquerors, the strong oppressing the weak, and his faith in humanity had been shaken to the foundations. But, again his dream had changed—he had found that gentleness, that loveableness, that something which he had not himself, yet felt that he wanted, in the fair girl that now stood beside him; and his whole being had thenceforth been changed. She had again restored to his troubled and weary breast the halcyon of religion, and he again remembered his Creator in the days of his youth. And now armed with this true feeling of religion—this love and charity to all men and things;—fortified by his abiding love, from all the temptations around, he was about to seek for the means of supporting her whom he so loved. He had experienced all this, and who shall now call him inexperienced? And she,—her experiences had been fewer:—a tender flower, nursed carefully by an anxious mother, protected from all the chill blasts of earth

Digitized by Google

she had but lately learnt that such chill blasts did blow, and nip too often the flower in the bud. She felt that she needed an earthly protector, and she had found one; she had found one in whom she placed all her confidence, for whom, and with whom, she treasured all her hopes and all her fears; to whom she applied for all solutions of her doubts, and by whose decision she ever abided. Religion's child herself, she shed religious feelings around her, and though she knew it not, the rain of piety fell upon him—a withering flower, and revived him—and he blest her, and loved her for it. Such was the tale of their love;—simple, reader, is it not? and yet, true. The history of millions. It was no rapid passion, no transitory emotion, but the fixed assurance of each, that they were in need of qualities which the other possessed, and consequently the happiness of the one depended on the alliance with the other. Come, let me use again the magician's wand, and reveal to you the thoughts, past, present, and future, of the youthful pair. And first, as man is the lord of creation, and independently of this, does more often think at all than the fairer sex, let us behold, young man, the secrets of thy heart, let us know, and the information shall not go beyond the pages of "The Monthly," thy hopes and joys if thou hast any, thy fears and sorrows, which thou needs must have. Of his past career, there is little left except dreams of unalloyed happiness, visions of golden times and uninterrupted sunshine:—times when he did not know that all acted upon one great principle, from the king upon his throne, to the beggar on the dunghill—from the mitred archbishop, the *pontifex maximus* of religion, to the reprobate infidel the avatar of atheism—on one great principle, and that principle—self, carelessness for others, care only for themselves. He had heard professions of friendship, and he believed them true; he had received the caresses of relatives and friends, and he had not seen that the eye which to him seemed all intent on himself, glanced askant at a more profitable object; he had drunk sweet poison, and tasted only the sweetness, for youth had provided an antidote to the poison. Happy times of unsuspecting childhood! ye are gone, and can never return; and even your memory is now bitter. The golden age of life had passed, and the silver one had come:—the innocent child became the burly schoolboy, by turns oppressor and oppressed; thoughtless, careless of all around, except the game at marbles or much loved prisoner's base, he scarcely ever thought of life, and when he did, it was to him a confused scene, where love and war, religion and infidelity, selfishness and benevolence were blended in inextricable confusion. And now he had again changed; it was not the iron age, but—(shade of Hesiod, excuse the barbarism), the mosaic-gold age was now come. He saw before him the path of life,—along which he had to support not only himself, for that he recked not of, but another being, frailer, and to him, far dearer than himself,—rough, gloomy, wretched; something he saw everywhere to thwart him: his knee had not learnt to be supple, he could not yet bow and cringe to those whose only claim was possession of that dross which society has made the standard of humanity; for now, alas for us, the rich profligate is preferred far above the poor christian, Dives, in spite of Christ, is held far above Lazarus. Charity, says St. Paul, covereth a multitude of sins; but in this world,

Digitized by Google

a gilded chariot and a well-filled purse cover a vast number more. This he had not yet learned to consider right, though he knew that it was needful. His mind still possessed untainted that nice sense of honour which breaks before it bends, and already the storms of life had beat hard against it. Honour called him on one side, but the cry of social laws was loud upon the other, and terrible was the conflict between them. It is still raging, but it must soon have an end. Victory is wavering; but honour still preponderates, and he has almost determined to give up his lovely companion for ever, rather than sacrifice his honour to support her. Hard choice it is, but it seems inevitable, and he has almost determined. And soon it must be determined, for this very evening is the last he may pass with her for months, perhaps for years: for he goes now to mix with the world, to share its pomps and vanities, its joys and miseries. He goes to earn his livelihood, to fulfil God's everlasting decree, "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat." The conflict is strong and agonizing, and honour has at last won:—it has won, and he will resign love rather than virtue:—is it so? Alas! No! He turns and gazes on his lady's loved face, she presses his hand, and looks up to him as if asking the cause of his abstraction: that glance has triumphed. He is a slave for ever to earth and mammon. From the high-spirited noble youth, that glance has changed him into the dull plodding man of business: and love, that highest of human emotions, intended for man's greatest good has become his greatest bane. She has triumphed, unconsciously triumphed over lofty principles and high virtue, but the thing she has obtained is not the highminded youth she first loved. O! no, there is a painful revolution to be gone through in her feelings—the beloved of her early youth is gone, as the summer cloud passes from heaven, to her he is dead and gone, to himself lost and wretched. Her thoughts need now no magician's wand to reveal; the ingenuousness of girlish simplicity has written them on her face. She has, poor girl, but one thought now—devotion, unlimited, unmixed devotion towards him who stands beside her: she knows not what she has done, what misery she has caused, but she will one day discover it to her cost. Over that day, over those times of sorrow and vexation and disappointment let us draw the veil; it would shock the young prematurely to behold the picture and not benefit the old: therefore let it pass.

"Well what next?" What next, kind reader, I have no more to say. I have told you the tale of all men with scarce one exception, the history of the primitive innocence, the temptation and consequent fall of every man, interspersed with no romance, no poetic embellishment or ornament; for it needed no ornament: so tragic as to draw tears from those whose tear-fountain is not yet dried: so comic as to cause laughter to nearly all, at man's folly and man's presumption. What I have narrated to you is a romance of real life. God send that it may profit, if it be but one, some being not drawn into the vortex of love and life, and keep him from it, for if once in, he is lost—and for ever. "Where then is your moral, or can you draw one from your boasted romance? Is love wrong? Must we shun it? Has the Deity planted a feeling that must lead to evil, if indulged in us?" God forbid! My moral is short and very true. Love as well as all the higher faculties the Deity

Digitized by Google

has given us would lead to nought but good, had not our frame of society poisoned every well of true happiness. This is the evil—this the bane. Attend to this Lord John Russell—mark this, Sir Robert Peel, for it is more important than cabinet squabbles of whatever kind, whether it be about the wording of a question or the appointment of a Lady of the Bedchamber. L. J. B.

REVIEW.

The Literary Remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge; collected and Edited by Henry Nelson Coleridge, Esq., M.A. Vol. IV. London: Pickering. 1839.

We need not say that we share the triumph with which this marvellous publication proceeds. The philosophy to which Coleridge was martyr, presents him in new life to us season after season. That for which none sometime cared, is now patronised by many, and the fame of the author is seen to be placed on an imperishable basis. We have lived to witness these things, and to render testimony to the greatness and ultimate prevalence of truth. That in this scientific age, Providence should also have raised up a positive philosophy in harmony with itself, and opposing no fact or theory, and itself opposed only by erroneous statements and insufficient conclusions, is an evidence of Divine interposition in human affairs that cannot be too much regarded.

The value of these Remains consists in the manner in which they bring the philosophical principles of Coleridge to experimental test, by the successful application of them to the works of meditative writers both old and modern. Every author becomes thus, as it were, in turns, the means of an *experimentum crucis;* and the judicious reader capable of weighing the force of the evidence, must be satisfied with the result.

The two first volumes of the work were occupied with Coleridge's Lectures on such general subjects as the literature of the middle ages, Shakspere, the Elizabethan poets in general, and on early writers both in prose and verse, together with certain *Omniana,* many of which have been previously published in Southey's volumes under that title. These things were of an elegant quality, and may be called milk for babes. But the third and fourth volumes contain a sterner pabulum—were meat for men. They consist mainly of the marginalia and the notes left on the blank spaces of books and pamphlets, through which the poet-sage was wont to " deliver his mind of the thoughts and aspirations suggested by the text under perusal. His books," continues his nephew, " that is, any body's books, even those from a circulating library, were to him, whilst reading them, as dear friends; he conversed with them as with their authors, praising, or censuring, or qualifying, as the open page seemed to give him cause; little solicitous, in so doing, to draw summaries, or to strike balances of literary merit, but seeking rather to detect and appropriate the moving principle or moral life, ever one and single, of the work in reference to absolute truth."

Digitized by Google

In relation to religious sentiment, it is needful that the ground occupied by Coleridge, should be well understood. "He distinguishes," says his editor, "so strongly between that internal faith which lies at the base of, and supports the whole moral and religious being of man, and the belief as historically true, of several incidents and relations found, or supposed to be found, in the text of the Scriptures, that he habitually exercised a liberty of criticism, with respect to the latter, which will probably seem objectionable to many of his readers in this country."

Objectionable! Let it be so, for even such a counteracting influence is needed for the religious mind of our native land. See, for instance, how the Orielites seek to reduce the divinest verities to a merely historical level. In his notes on LUTHER'S *Table Talk*, Coleridge thus delivers himself on the subject of apostolic succession:—

"One argument strikes me in favour of the tenet of apostolic succession, in the ordination of Bishops and Presbyters, as taught by the Church of Rome, and by the large part of the earlier divines of the Church of England, which I have not seen in any of the books on this subject; namely, that in strict analogy with other parts of christian history, the miracle itself contained a check upon the inconvenient consequences necessarily attached to all miracles, as miracles; narrowing the possible claims to any rights not provable at the bar of universal reason and experience. Every man among the Sectaries, however ignorant, may justify himself in scattering stones and fire-squibs by an alleged unction of the Spirit. The miracle becomes perpetual, still beginning, never ending. Now, on the church doctrine, the original miracle provides for the future recurrence to the ordinary and calculable laws of the human understanding and moral sense, instead of leaving every man a judge of his own gifts, and of his right to act publicly on that judgment. The initiation alone is supernatural; but all beginning is necessarily miraculous, that is, hath either no antecedent, or one ἑτερου γενους, which, therefore, is not its, but merely an antecedent—or an incausative alien co-incident in time; as if, for instance, Jack's shout was followed by a flash of lightning, which should strike and precipitate the ball on St. Paul's Cathedral. This would be a miracle as long as no causative *nexus* was conceivable between the antecedent,—the noise of the shout, and the consequent—the atmospheric discharge."

We quote this passage in fairness, that the Oxford divines may place it parallel with the argument maintained by ourselves on the *Tracts for the Times*. It tells in their favour; yet we are afraid that it will not pass for much: nor would our dear Coleridge have resorted to it at all; had he not thought that on all the usual grounds, and whatever catena of authorities might be found in its favour, the doctrine, as an historical fact, was untenable. This is provable *by inference* from his truly transcendental definition of the term Gospel;—as the spiritual Revelation rather than the Record. The definition is consequent on the following passage from Luther's Table Talk.

"This argument (said Luther) concludeth so much as nothing; for although they had been angels from heaven, yet that troubleth me nothing at all; we are now dealing about God's word, and with the truth of the gospel, that is a matter of far greater weight to have the same kept and preserved pure and clear; therefore we (said Luther) neither care nor trouble ourselves for, and about, the greatness of St. Peter and the other apostles, or how many and

Digitized by Google

great miracles they wrought: the thing which we strive for is, that the truth of the Holy Gospel may stand; for God regardeth not men's reputations nor persons."

Here is Coleridge's note.

Oh, that the dear man Luther had but told us here, what he meant by the term, Gospel! That St. Paul had even seen St. Luke's, is but a conjecture, grounded on a conjectural interpretation of a single text, doubly equivocal; namely, that the Luke mentioned, was the same with the Evangelist Luke; and that the *evangelium* signified a book; the latter, of itself improbable, derives its probability from the undoubtedly very strong probability of the former. If then not any book, much less the four books, now called the four gospels, were meant by Paul, but the contents of those books, as far as they are veracious, and whatever else was known on equal authority at that time, though not contained in those books; if, in short, the whole sum of Christ's acts and discourses be what Paul meant by the gospel; then the argument is circuitous, and returns to the first point,—What *is* the Gospel? Shall we believe you, and not rather the companions of Christ, the eye and ear-witnesses of his sayings and doings? Now, I should require strong inducements, to make me believe that St. Paul had been guilty of such palpably false logic; and I therefore feel myself compelled to infer, that by the Gospel Paul intended the eternal truths, known ideally from the beginning, and historically realised in the manifestation of the word in Christ Jesus; and that he used the ideal immutable truth, as the canon and criterion of the oral traditions. For example, a Greek mathematician, standing in the same relation of time and country to Euclid, as that in which St. Paul stood to Jesus Christ, might have exclaimed in the same spirit: "What do you talk to me of this, that, and the other intimate acquaintance of Euclid's? My object is to convey the sublime system of geometry which he realised, and by that must I decide." "I," says St. Paul, "have been taught by the Spirit of Christ, a teaching susceptible of no addition, and for which no personal anecdotes, however reverendly attested, can be a substitute." But dearest Luther was a translator; he could not, must not, see this.

What the above paragraph proves by inference, the next proves more directly. Luther had said "the Fathers were but men, and to speak the truth, their reputes and authorities did undervalue and suppress the books and writings of the sacred apostles of Christ." "We doubtless find," writes hereon Coleridge, "in the writings of the Fathers of the second century, and still more strongly in those of the third, passages concerning the Scriptures, that seem to say the same as we protestants now do. But then we find the very same phrases used of writings not apostolic; or with no other difference than what the greater name of the authors could naturally produce; just as a Platonist would speak of Speusippus's books, were they extant, compared with those of later teachers of Platonism;—'He was Plato's nephew—had seen Plato—was his appointed successor, &c.' But in inspiration, the early Christians, as far as I can judge, made no generic difference, let Lardner say what he will. Can he disprove that it was declared heretical by the church in the second century, to believe the written words of a dead apostle, in opposition to the words of a living bishop, seeing that the same spirit which guided the apostles, dwells in and guides the bishops of the church? This at least, is certain, that the later the age of the writer, the stronger the expression of comparative

Digitized by Google

superiority of the Scriptures; the earlier, on the other hand, the more we hear of the *Symbolum*, the *Regula Fidei*, the *Creed.*"

The early church recognised, it is clear, a living inspiration, and perpetual miracle, in each individual bishop. Everywhere, indeed, in these volumes, Coleridge is disposed to attribute little or nothing to the priest's act, but all to Christ, in the heart and being of the candidate or penitent.

What Coleridge claimed for St. Paul, he claimed also for himself; and his claim in either case amounted to no less than this—namely, that he should be admitted to be a Church in his own Person; and, as such, should have authority over the letter of the written word. As to his manner of dealing with the historical portions, Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge tells us, that "his friends have always known it to be a fact," that he took the liberty of criticism before related.

"And," continues his nephew, "he vindicated this so openly, that it would be folly to attempt to conceal it: nay, he pleaded for it so earnestly, as the only middle path of safety and peace between a godless disregard of the unique and transcendant character of the Bible taken generally, and that scheme of interpretation, scarcely less adverse to the pure spirit of Christian wisdom, which wildly arrays our faith in opposition to our reason, and inculcates the sacrifice of the latter to the former,—that to suppress this important part of his solemn convictions, would be to misrepresent and betray him. For he threw up his hands in dismay at the language of some of our modern divinity on this point; as if a faith not founded on insight, were aught else than a specious name for wilful positiveness: as if the Father of Lights could require, or would accept, from the only one of his creatures whom he had endowed with reason, the sacrifice of fools! Did Coleridge, therefore, mean that the doctrines revealed in the Scriptures, were to be judged according to their supposed harmony or discrepancy with the evidence of the senses, or the deductions of the mere understanding from that evidence? Exactly the reverse: he disdained to argue even against transubstantiation on such a ground, well knowing, and loudly proclaiming its utter weakness and instability. But it was a leading principle in all his moral and intellectual views, to assert the existence in all men equally, of a power or faculty, superior to, and independent of, the external senses: in this power or faculty, he recognised that image of God in which man was made; and he could as little understand how faith, the indivisible joint act or efflux of our reason and our will, should be at variance with one of its factors or elements, as how the author and upholder of all truth, should be in contradiction to himself. He trembled at the dreadful dogma which rests God's right to man's obedience on the fact of his almighty power,—a position falsely inferred from a misconceived illustration of St. Paul's, and which is less humbling to the creature, than blasphemous of the Creator; and of the useless doctrine, that God might, if he had so pleased, have given to man a religion, which to human intelligence should not be rational, and exacted his faith in it,—Coleridge's whole middle and later life, was one deep and solemn denial. He believed in no God, in the very idea of whose existence, absolute truth, perfect goodness, and infinite wisdom, were not elements essentially necessary, and everlastingly co-present.

Thus minded, he sought to justify the ways of God to man, in the only way in which they can be justified to any one who deals honestly with his conscience, namely, by shewing, where possible, their consequence from, and in all cases their consistency with, the ideas or truths of the pure reason, which is the same in all men. With what success he laboured for thirty years in this mighty cause of Christian philosophy, the readers of his other works, especially

Digitized by Google

the *Aids to Reflection*, will judge: if measured by the number of resolved points of detail, his progress may seem small; but if tested by the weight and grasp of the principles which he has established, it may be confidently said, that since Christianity had a name, few men have gone so far. If ever we are to find firm footing in Biblical criticism between the extremes (how often meeting!) of socinianism and popery; if the indisputable facts of physical science are not for ever to be left in a sort of admitted antagonism, to the supposed assertions of Scripture; if ever the Christian duty of faith in God, through Christ, is to be reconciled with the religious service of a being, gifted by the same God with reason and a will, and subjected to a conscience,—it must be effected by the aid, and in the light of those truths of deepest philosophy, which in all Mr. Coleridge's works, published or unpublished, present themselves to the reader with an almost affecting reiteration. But to do justice to those works, and adequately to appreciate the Author's total mind upon any given point, a cursory perusal is insufficient; study and comprehension are requisite to an accurate estimate of the relative value of any particular denial or assertion; and the apparently desultory and discontinuous form of the observations now presented to the Reader, more especially calls for the exercise of his patience and thoughtful circumspection.

Such are the words of Mr. Henry Nelson Coleridge, by way of preface, to the 3rd and 4th volumes—wise words, and worthy of being digested.

The following note on Luther by S. T. C. is exceedingly valuable: we quote it as a warning and a talisman.

Patres, (says Luther,) *quamquam sæpe errant, tamen venerandi propter testimonium fidei.* Chapter xxix. p. 349.

Although I learn (comments Coleridge), from all this chapter, that Luther was no great patrician, (indeed he was better employed,) yet I am nearly, if not wholly of his mind respecting the works of the Fathers. Those which appear to me of any great value are valuable chiefly for those articles of Christian faith which are, as it were, *ante Christum* JESUM, namely, the Trinity, and the primal Incarnation spoken of by John i. 10. But in the main I should go even further than Luther; for I cannot conceive any thing more likely than that a young man of strong and active intellect, who has no fears, or suffers no fears of worldly prudence to cry, Halt! to him in his career of consequential logic, and who has been *innutritus et juratus* in the Grotio-Paleyan scheme of Christian evidence, and who has been taught by the men and books, which he has been bred up to regard as authority, to consider all inward experiences as fanatical delusions;—I say, I can scarcely conceive such a young man to make a serious study of the Fathers of the first four or five centuries without becoming either a Romanist or a Deist. Let him only read Petavius and the different Patristic and Ecclesiastico-historical tracts of Semler, and have no better philosophy than that of Locke, no better theology than that of Arminius and Bishop Jeremy Taylor, I should tremble for his belief. Yet why tremble for a belief which is the very antipode of faith? Better for such a man to precipitate himself on to the utmost goal: for then perhaps he may in the repose of intellectual activity feel the nothingness of his prize or the wretchedness of it; and then perhaps the inward yearning after a religion may make him ask. —have I not mistaken the road at the outset? Am I sure that the reformers, Luther and the rest collectively, were fanatics?

Our *Monthly Nurse*, this number, has raised a question respecting the Saviour's conception, and met it in her own way. There are several notes in Coleridge on this point—and as his opinion on the subject is somewhat peculiar, it is but fair that the student should be informed of the fact in the note before

Digitized by Google

us, concerning a passage quoted by Luther from Helvidius, who alleged that the "mother of Christ was not a virgin; so that," adds the great Reformer "according to his wicked allegation, Christ was born in original sin"—Coleridge exclaims, "O what a tangle of impure whimsies has this notion of an immaculate conception, an Ebionite tradition, as I think, brought into the Christian Church! I have sometimes suspected that the Apostle John had a particular view to this point, in the first half of the first chapter of his Gospel. Not that I suppose our present Matthew then in existence, or that, if John had seen the Gospel according to St. Luke, the Christopædia had been already prefixed to it; but the rumour might have been whispered about, and as the purport was to give a psilanthropic explanation and solution of the phrases, 'Son of God,' and 'Son of Man,' —so St. John met it by the true solution, namely the Eternal Filiation of the Word."

These instances may suffice to shew the materials of which these remarkable volumes are composed. In such assertions as some of those we have stated, Coleridge must not be understood as denying the opposite, but simply as emphatically pronouncing the truth which should always accompany it as the corresponding pendant. In doing this, he seems sometimes, as in the last extract, to utter an extreme opinion, but only *seems* to do it—such seeming being expedient as a mean of counteracting the too exclusive scientifico-historical spirit of these times. The genius of Coleridge must not be understood as exclusively philosophical—he contends, whenever occasion calls, for historical results also; but insists always on these being accepted as the symbols and consequences of "a primary unity, which gives itself forth into two things, from whose union results a representative unity, as a third something."

Since it would be utterly impossible to go through the miscellaneous matter of these volumes in any review, we pass on at once, by way of conclusion, to a diagram of Coleridge, illustrative of his religious views in connexion with the affirmation just quoted. The diagram occurs on p. 399 of the 4th volume, and is as follows:—

"Christ the Word.

The Scriptures.——The Spirit.——The Church.

The Preacher.

"Such seemeth to me," to be the scheme of the Faith in Christ. The written Word, the Spirit and the Church, are co-ordinate—the indispensable conditions and the working causes of the perpetuity and continued renascence and spiritual life of Christ still militant, The Eternal Word, Christ from everlasting, is the *prothesis* or identity;—the Scriptures and the Church are two poles, or the *thesis* and *antithesis*; the Preacher, in direct line under the Spirit, but likewise the point of junction of the written Word and the Church, being the *synthesis*. And here is another proof of a Principle elsewhere by me asserted and exemplified:—that divine truths are ever a *tetractys*, or a triad equal to a *tetractys*; 4=1 or 3=4=1. But the entire scheme is a PENTAD—God's hand in the world."

Digitized by Google

In the formulæ thus exampled the whole of Coleridge's philosophy is involved. There is nothing more or less in it. We say, emphatically, nothing *less* in it: for all systems except his and, perhaps, Plato's, stop miserably short. We know of none that confesses to more than a bipolarity, and which proceeds, therefore, much according to the rules and analogies of modern chemical science, in the solution of moral questions. But no science, not even chemistry, can rightly divorce itself from a prior principle, manifested in two forces. Positive and negative are only terms—but the things they express, have not an independent status—they are not self-supported; they require an antecedent power or being, or rather, an Ineffable Source of both.

THE GREEN ROOM.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

Mr. Macready has at length (Monday, 10th June) produced the Henry V. of Shakspere, with Stanfield's dioramas to illustrate the descriptions of the chorus. This he has done with exceeding magnificence, and we cannot but sympathise with the homage thus rendered to the poet. Doubts have been expressed in a leading Journal, whether thus accompanying the regular drama with gorgeous spectacle, be as much benefit to dramatic literature as it is to theatrical interests. The imaginative, says the critic alluded to, is sacrificed to the sensuous. The same strain of argument is taken up by the writer of a pamphlet on "The Past and Present State of Dramatic Art and Literature," which is now lying before us. The writer reminds us of the great number of theatres in the reign of Elizabeth, and that in 1586 there were said to be two hundred performers in London. Inferior actors, also, frequently doubled and trebled their parts, so that the quantum for each company was about ten men, and two or three youths to enact both male and female character: this state of things rendered it possible to produce a great number of pieces. One hundred and ten new plays were produced by four companies in six years, and in the following six years, one hundred and sixty. From 1587 to 1647 (when an ordinance of parliament put an end to dramatic representations), more plays were produced than in the hundred and seventy-nine years since the restoration. The occasion of their production, was the opportunity of their being acted.

What a contrast now exists! One theatre only, in fact, and that *compelled* to resort to an immense outlay of capital, to induce the public to witness the representation of some half dozen plays in a season. Compelled, we say: in evidence of which, take the fact, that last season *Henry V.* was performed twice at Covent Garden, with Macready for the hero (and he enacted the part admirably well), to empty benches. A spectacle is added this year, and the world crowds into the house. Is it Shakspere or Stanfield that fills it? The answer *must* be—the latter.

The author of the pamphlet alluded to traces, with impartial pen, the decline of the drama to this miserable necessity. The stage, at length, he tells us, became the actor's, not the author's. The play, from being every thing, was soon nothing; and all general interest, power, and propriety were finally sacrificed to the vanity of the popular actor, and the perverted taste of a vitiated audience. In fact, the greater improvement of the art of acting precluded the efforts of the poet. The equilibrium wants righting again—perhaps the balance was never correctly maintained. It may be as bad an extreme for the poet to be *all*, as for the actor to be *all*. However, it behoves us to bear in mind that Mr. Macready did not introduce this state of things, he only found

Digitized by Google

it: and he has done the utmost that mortal man can do—the best that might be done under the circumstances of the case. Howbeit, we must allow to the full extent the remarks of the pamphleteer:—that the patent has been of little avail to him—for that an outlay of capital such as he has made would have been sufficient to prevent an injurious competition, without the existence of any legal monopoly. Before the granting of the exclusive patents, in sixty years a drama was produced that will last out the world; while the one hundred and seventy-nine years, since the adoption of the plan proposed by the rigid monopolists to be again enforced with greater vigour, have not produced one play that will live out the present century. These are facts, saith the writer, and speak for themselves.

What then? Shall we go to extremes, and represent tragedy in barns, with chalked boards for scenery? Verily, we believe that "we must even take the goods the gods provide us." Relatively to the supposed appeals to their imagination and the senses, we must moreover recollect, that painting appeals to the imagination, and so does the business of the scene, and all the more in precise proportion to its artistic arrangement. The imagination is sadly interfered with, when any bungling exhibition is made; it is assisted and excited by a smooth and orderly proceeding. It is for the poet to exercise the imagination in the way spoken of—as to the audience, they require the awakening of their's. The one is agent, the other merely patient. The splendour of large theatres—the grouping of the characters on the stage—the accomplishments of elocution—the accuracy of the scenic dispositions—cannot fail to assist the illusions. We know, we feel, that it is so assisted. The imagination is more excited by Henry V., as now represented, than it was last year without its present adjuncts.

Nay, when we come rightly to consider the matter, HENRY V. is a play that *demands* much circumstantial illustration. A play? Why it is an epic poem! and the chorus between the acts, particularly as now contrived, has all the effect of presenting us with an acted epopea. The very first words of the prologue shew that Shakspere himself desired ampler means than the stage of his time afforded, for the representation that he intended:—

> "O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
> The brightest heaven of invention;
> A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
> And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!".

The aid of Mr. Stanfield's pencil has been called in, to portray to the eye what Mr. Vandenhoff, as chorus, has to describe to the ear The business of the scene, too, is intimately linked with the pictorial illustrations. Altogether, it may be taken as an evidence of modern luxury. Our poetry volumes now are seldom sent forth without pictures, and our drama is likewise embellished, not only with painting, but with music.

An inconvenience, however, clearly arises on this: few plays in a season can be thus expensively produced, and fewer still of *new* plays. This, we suspect, is the grievance that is felt; dramatic authorship claims more opportunity. We think that this is a matter for legislative consideration; for we are rich in poets, capable of dramatic production. Could not a small theatre be endowed for five act pieces only, where only what had never been previously performed, should be enacted? An arrangement of this kind would, we think, answer the purpose reasonably well. Certes, it will never do to content ourselves, as a nation, with the reproduction, however magnificently, of old plays. We must have space for general exertion in new forms of developement.

We repeat, however, that Mr. Macready has done all that could be expected from him, and relatively to his Shakspere revivals, more than could have been hoped. We must accept his management as a path of transition. It is only necessary, in fact, for some poet to do for the drama, what this actor has done for the theatre; and the desirable result will appear in its season. An appeal should be made, in the first instance, to public sympathy and the aid of parlia-

Digitized by Google

ment. The wealthy, both in mind and purse, should then assist the scheme with funds. Funds will be needed—for in many respects the public taste will require creating, and this takes both time and money. We are not of a temperament to decline any honorable risk; what we propose for another, we would ourself do, let there be but given to us an arena for action.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

MODERN PYTHONISM,

BY THE MODERN CRYPTOLOGIST.

Some people believe every thing, some believe nothing, and some will give credit to any thing. I am none of those. I can only say that I do not disbelieve any thing. It is very convenient to be in such a liberal state of mind as this, considering the multiplicity of opinions that prevail in society. To sympathise with the feelings of those with whom you correspond or associate, is one of the first maxims of common politeness; and the only danger you incur in so doing is that of a passive neutrality which makes no distinction between truth and falsehood. If you have got any good sense about you, you will easily avoid this breaker. If you are not well furnished with good sense, you may as well err passively by doing no harm, as blunder actively, doing a world of mischief. Thus by the aid of the Baconian Philosophy—(which, by the by, was in common use long before Bacon was known, but not before bacon was relished, which philosophy is as likely to lead wrong as right, since, under its guidance, his lordship himself concluded, that the Copernican system was erroneous) I have come to the conclusion that if I err, I err on the side of safety, and do not a bit of harm to myself or the universe.

I have read some curious books—being sick of common-place ones—I have searched out some curious characters—being anxious to know if God had not made some human peculiarities, which the dull routine of vulgar life had refused to register and take account of,—I found what I imagined. I found here specimens of every thing I had read of. I have found in England what Lane and Lord Prudhoe imagined is only to be witnessed in the land of Ham, and I have discovered even more than they have seen or dared to report, but which, as my ordinary countrymen will refuse to credit, I hesitate to relate.

There is witchcraft in England; astrology and sorcery are beginning to revive under the lenity of the whigs!

There is something serious, awful in this! If you doubt it (that is the awfulness), read what I quote from my learned authorities, men who are not to be paralleled in modern times for talent, eloquence, research, industry, and curiosity—men of masculine minds—*bearded* men, with bearded faculties. Wierius, who writes on the delusions of devils, and is called by Sennertus the greatest of all medical authors—the patron of witches, inasmuch as he doubted, what all the great men of his age believed, even he acknowledges that there are many things hard to be understood; but the demons being spirits, he is clearly of opinion that they can effect more than delusions. Hence he concludes that witch-

Digitized by Google

craft is a delusion. But he relates numerous stories of enchanted individuals, who drew out of their mouths, and spat, and ejected old keys, knives, wisps of straw and hay, coals, wood, files, and rasps, pins, needles, balls of yarn and hair—in large and fearful quantities—Cornelius Gemma speaks of a girl who voided a live snake eighteen inches long, and an inch in diameter. Alexander Benedictus (*lib. 7. Prac.* c. 25) reports, that he saw two women who were potioned, one of whom vomited a large needle wrapped up in long female hair, with the pairings of nails; the other ejected pieces of glass, with three large fragments of a dog's hairy tail, equal when used, to a tail entire. If you want more authority go to *Henricus ab Heer*—then take up *Laurentius de Morbis Melancolicis*,—and if you are not convinced by all these, then I tell you have no authority to believe history itself—Hume is only a Mandeville—Mandeville an Ovid—and Ovid an Æsop—and Æsop a German Neologist.

To allay the fears of the gentle reader however, I must observe, that modern witchcraft is assuming a milder form, in harmony with the more benevolent and kindly spirit that characterises modern times. I have never seen any one who was troubled with live snakes inwardly, but I have no occasion to doubt the testimony of Pliny, who assures us that the marrow of a man's back bone will grow into a snake sometimes—*i. e.* when it finds an opportunity. It is to be hoped that the modern discoveries in medicine have entirely prevented this misfortune for the future, and the increased consumption of pills, nostrums, and drugs, has probably diverted the principle of life in another direction.

The sketch which I mean to draw for the contemplation of the reader at present, is the sketch of a real character, whom I myself have personally conversed with; she is also one of a class of whom I know many both in London and elsewhere. They are however, known to few, and although exceedingly interesting as mental phenomena, they are almost wholly neglected by metaphysical philosophers, and even by animal magnetists themselves. Few men are very inquisitive in such matters, they generally have a littleness of pride in seeming contemptuous and scornful. I once, in the city of Edinburgh, saw a woman preaching very fluently before Broughton Chapel. The people all laughed, and the boys seemed half disposed to pelt her. I alone spoke kindly to the woman, took her away from the crowd, and walked along with her. I enquired the cause of her preaching; she said that, that very morning she heard a voice speak distinctly in her ear, and order her to go and deliver a message to the congregation in Broughton Chapel. As a sign, it told her the Psalm that the clergyman would give out to sing at dismissal. The sign being fulfilled literally, she felt full of the spirit of confidence, and rose up to deliver her message at the conclusion of the service. The beadles immediately silenced and put her out, and accordingly she held forth in the street, denouncing God's righteous judgment upon the beadles and all other deaf-adders, who hear not the voice of the charmer, charm she ever so wisely. She told me many curious things about her experience, in which I was greatly interested, and amply compensated for my philosophic calmness in kindly addressing a human being, who was evidently labouring under the influence of strong emotions—true to her—though imaginary and absurd to others.

But this is not the Pythoness, this is merely a specimen of the man-

Digitized by Google

ner in which I find out curiosities that seem totally unknown to all my acquaintances, and are equally unknown to, or overlooked by, our literary purveyors. The girl whom I call the Pythoness, I met in a country town in England. I was led to her house accidentally by a man with whom I entered into a conversation upon such subjects. I saw nothing remarkable about her at first but a species of devout melancholy and careless indifference concerning the world and those that dwell therein; she was very civil, but was not disposed to speak of her own experience. She was so much accustomed to lectures from one party, expostulations from another, exorcising from a third, and ridicule and burlesque, and charges of hypocrisy from a fourth, professing superior enlightenment, that she was very suspicious. However I got acquainted with her at last, and once had the good luck to see her in an ecstasy. She was on her knees, her hands were clasped, and her hair all in disorder; but this was merely by accident, her inmates having uncombed and unbanded it, to give her head a free circulation of air. She spoke with amazing power, every ear was charmed—the attention was commanded. She was let alone. She was in apparent agony; yet the melody of her voice and the sweetness of her language, the rich, wild, religious, fanatical poetry of her thoughts, the dreadful judgments she painted, and the exhilarating mercies of God which she conditionally promised, were enough to suspend for a season the most resolute mind, and thaw into religious feeling the proudest philosophy. I cannot repeat her words, but if I could they would fail in producing a similar effect upon the reader to what I myself experienced. I was entranced as well as she, and I fancied I saw and heard all that she described. She was in a vision, her eyes were motionless like those of the Baron Dupote's *Somnambules*. They were intently gazing at something, and that something was no less than the Son of Mary, according to her own declaration. In his name she spoke—and from him she declared her message to the auditory was sent. About twenty people altogether witnessed the scene. Some said she was mad, others an impostor, others an epileptic, some went off with a loud laugh. I made this observation on the spot, that no one seemed disposed to inquire into the matter with much candour, and the most ridiculous and uncharitable conjectures were expressed by some, which were wide of the truth as pole from pole.

In afterwards enquiring into this phenomenon, I found that this ecstasy could in some respects be voluntarily produced; but not without the concomitant circumstance of excitement. That is to say, by going into a certain species of excitement, and passively yielding to its powerful influence on the mind, trance or vision might be produced; but very frequently it was totally unexpected, and had its origin solely from within. I was satisfied it had a mental origin, although I do not mean to deny that it was, or might be also, connected with a certain bodily modality of constitution. It was the imagination in a cramp, as a wag very funnily observed, without perhaps suspecting that there was much philosophy in the remark.

This was one of the first specimens of Sibylism that I had ever seen. I have had numerous subsequent opportunities of forming an estimate of this class of human beings. I will not call them mad, nor impostors. Neither do I believe their predictions and denunciations. I have seen

Digitized by Google

them literally falsified. But I have seen them also fulfilled, and could inform the reader of one case, at least, of national interest in which an individual personally known to me, was commanded by an unknown voice, to make a combustible preparation of seven different ingredients, and take this preparation to several of the public buildings in London, to cast it within their precincts, and pronounce aloud in the name of the Lord "Thus shall this place be destroyed by fire." This was done to the old Houses of Parliament, the Royal Exchange, Somerset House, and Buckingham House. I have known it many years, and have now seen two of the fore doomed buildings enveloped in the flames. I say I do not believe in these predictions, I would not risk a sixpence upon their fulfilment; but there are specimens of foresight connected with the history of modern Pythonism, which would startle the wisest and puzzle them to discover why Nature has thus revealed a secret, and enveloped it in mist and even falsehood at the same time. The ore is larger than the gem, and the chaff is a bushel to the grain of wheat; but the grain and the gem are sometimes to be found, and when they are found they are worthy of admiration. There is a prophetic principle in nature, and it comes out both amongst the learned and the unlearned. The learned forecast by Baconian induction, and the concatenation of causes—the unlearned predict as the bird builds its nest, and the bee its cell by a divine instinct which forsees, in highly coloured romance, what learning reduces to a dull reality. But ignorance has charmed society with its raptures, and philosophy can do little more than prune its exuberance.

We need not, as some closet philosophers do, dispute the reality of heathen oracles; the man who denies that reality, is a very inaccurate observer of humanity. We have materials for an oracle in England. Build the temple, provide the tripod and the frankincense, and I will produce a genuine *Pythia*—Tricks of priests! I should like to see the priest who could do more than *find* a Pythia! I challenge all the priests in the world to make one, and yet they are corruptible, and have been corrupted, and nevertheless are genuine. The explanation of this, however, I cannot enter upon at present.

It is faith that produces the divine fury. There never was a Pythia who did not firmly believe in her mission. With that faith, the temple, the tripod, and the frankincense, are sufficient inspiration to rouse the God within; for he is always there, and only wants awakening. He does not come from the clouds, or from a distant shrine, or a hallowed grove; he springs up in the soul when passivity is produced, and the female nature is the fittest instrument for her awakening power. I have often consulted the oracle, and always found a dubious answer as of old.

> "Sortilegis egeant dubii, semperque futuris,
> Casibus ancipites." *Lucan, lib.* 9.

These words are put into the mouth of Cato, when Labienus advised him to consult the oracle in his distress. The philosophers replied, that the oracle still left one in doubt. But this doubt is supposed by many ancient philosophers to have been the principal source of Grecian acuteness. It stimulated the reflective faculties; it awakened the imagination, the wit, and the judgment; Plato had the deepest reverence for oracles, and Socrates, in the "Republic," confers upon them the sove-

Digitized by Google

reign power in the arrangement of all ecclesiastical affairs, all religious ceremonies. The world has now outgrown the necessity for them, but it is a great defect in modern philosophy, that for want of candid observation of simple phenomena, it remains totally in the dark respecting the great system of Providence as a whole, of which a just conception can be formed only by a calm and correct view of the means by which the characters of men and nations have been formed. I think I can give the world a peep behind the curtain of this Eleusinian mystery.

So much for the MODERN CRYPTOLOGIST and his theories on this, that, and the other. We shall devote the remainder of the paper to brief Reviews of the best Works that have reached us.

POETRY.

Fra Cipolla, and other Poems. By Sir John Hanmer, Bart. London; Moxon. 1839.

There is a severity and classic power about this thin octavo, which recommends it to the critical mind. The writer need not apologize for inequalities of style—these are to be expected in poems composed at different periods of life. He possesses what we now seldom meet with in rhymed productions—wit. There is a sly vein of irony running through the couplets, which is extremely amusing. His descriptive poetry is exceedingly good. We only regret that our space will not, this month, permit quotation.

Mr. Moxon has likewise published the fourth and concluding volume of SHELLEY'S Poetical Works; which has been delayed, owing to Mrs. Shelley's illness, produced by the excited feelings natural to the task she had undertaken, in the editorship of the remains of one so near and dear to her. In her notes on the poems of 1821, Mrs. Shelley unfortunately tells us nothing of the subject of the *Epipsychidion*, and passes over the verses altogether in favour of the *Adonais*. Both poems are exquisitely beautiful, and silence is deserved by neither. The circumstances of Keat's death are interesting as connected with an artist whose poetic sentiment, in his compositions, we have more than once admired. Shelley was given to understand that the wound which Keat's sensitive spirit had received from the Quarterly criticism of *Endymion* was exasperated at the bitter sense of unrequited benefits; "the poor fellow," remarked the mourning poet, "seems to have been hooted from the stage of life, no less by those on whom he had wasted the promise of his genius, than those on whom he had lavished his fortune and his care. He was accompanied to Rome, and attended in his last illness by Mr. Severn, a young artist of the highest promise, who, I have been informed, 'almost risked his own life, and sacrificed every prospect to unwearied attendance upon his dying friend.' Had I known these circumstances before the completion of my poem," continues Shelley, "I should have been tempted to add my feeble tribute of applause to the more solid recompence which the virtuous man finds in the recollection of his own motives. Mr. Severn can dispense with a reward from 'such stuff as dreams are made of.' His con-

Digitized by Google

duct is a golden augury of the success of his future career. May the extinguished spirit of his illustrious friend animate the creations of his pencil, and plead agatnst oblivion for his name!"

Adonais is a glorious tribute from one poet to the memory of another, only excelled by Milton's *Lycidas*. There is, however, as Mrs. Shelley remarks, much in it which seems now more applicable to Shelley himself, than to the young and gifted poet whom he mourned, and on whom we have been in several letters requested to write a paper, similar to the well-known article of ours, elsewhere, on Shelley himself. We shall probably attempt another article on Shelley's own poems, before proceeding to Keats'—having done which, we shall cherish no reluctance in obeying the wishes of our correspondents. Rightly says the Editor of the volumes before us, that the poetic view which Shelley takes in the Adonais of death, and the lofty scorn he displays towards his calumniators, are as a prophecy on his own destiny, when received among immortal names, and the poisonous breath of critics (?) has vanished into emptiness before the fame he inherits.

The Works of Mrs. Hemans, with a Memoir of her Life. By her Sister. In six volumes. Vol. I. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh, 1839.

When this Work is further advanced, we shall furnish an extended notice of it, together with an examination of the departed poet's genius. The Memoir is a very judicious piece of composition, and reflects much credit on the writer. We have great pleasure in these uniform editions of poets recently deceased. They testify too to the closing of a Cycle; thus prophesying of a new one, even now in the course of evolution. We find in Mrs. Hemans, a very *moon* of the poetic age in which she lived. Her taste, latterly, was much improved by her acquaintance with the German poets, whose examples prevailed to free her from the fetters of conventionalism, by which her talent was at one time trammelled over-much. Morals are higher than manners—as the source is higher than the stream. They are purer too; and to Genius it is given, to mount upwards to the living fountains, and drink at the spring-heads of inspiration. This was sometime a paradox, but is now a common place.—Thank heaven!

The Sunyassee, an Eastern Tale, and other Poems. By James Hutchinson, Esq., &c. &c. Calcutta: 1836.

This is a poem written by a resident of the Cape of Good Hope. Indian manners and scenery are described with sufficient accuracy. The plan of the poem is natural, and the versification spirited. It will scarcely, however, find many readers, not only on account of its subject, but the style. The school of Sir Walter Scott has now no votaries. The master is dead, and a new one is looked for; not a pupil, however able, who shall tread in steps so often trodden, that the first traces are almost obliterated. Put your new wine into new bottles.

Digitized by Google

Illustrated Books.

Next to Poetry, commend us to Biography. The Messrs. Longmans have issued a Life of Wellington, by Major Basil Jackson, and Captain C. Rochefort Scott, well and correctly written. The History of Napoleon, edited by R. H. Horne, Esq., author of "Cosmo de Medici," published by Tyas of Cheapside, is a fair and impartial piece of writing, done with considerable elegance. The accompanying illustrations, after designs by Raffet, Horace Vernet, Jacque and others, are full of interest. When the work shall have further advanced, it will probably induce us to devote an article to Napoleon Buonaparte. Mr. Horne's candid mode of treating the subject, will enable us to do this with much facility.

The publisher himself deserves great credit for his popular publications in numbers. His Illustrated Shakspeare, is beautifully printed and embellished, and ought to be successful. Kenny Meadows and Orrin Smith, are the artists employed upon it. The Play of *The Tempest*, has twenty Engravings, with remarks and notes, all for the price of Nine-pence. We wish the spirited publisher success, and, accordingly, bid him God speed!

Mr. Tilt, of Fleet Street, likewise, deserves our commendations for his illustrated books. His "Library Edition of Fables," is indeed a splendid work.

In the List of Cheap Books, we know of none that better deserve commendation, than "Ward's Library of Standard Divinity." The number before us, contains Robert Hall's "Help to Zion's Travellers." Besides this, there are five others, containing Archbishop Leighton's "Theological Lectures," Howe's "Redeemer's Tears," Brooks's "Unsearchable Riches of Christ," Porter's "Lectures on Preaching," Mayhew's "Death of Death, in the Death of Christ." These are all great and good Works in their different styles, and are now to be had at the cheapest rate.

We are desirous of acknowledging the receipt of parts CIV—CV—CVI—and CVII—of the seventh edition of "the Encyclopædia Britannica," edited by Professor Napier. This impression is greatly improved, incorporating the supplement to the former editions, and illustrated by an entirely new set of steel-engravings: we are much pleased, in particular, with the article on Alexander Pope, and especially with the concluding remarks as to his popularly assumed correctness. The writer well demands, "Correctness in what? In developing the thought? In correcting it, or effecting the transitions? In the use of words? In the grammar? In the metre? Under every one of these limitations of the idea, we maintain that Pope is *not* distinguished by correctness; nay, that as compared with Shakspere, he is eminently incorrect. Produce us from any drama of Shakspere one of those leading passages that all men have by heart, and shew us any eminent defect in the very sinews of the thought. It is impossible; defects there may be, but they will always be found irrelevant to the main central thought, or to its expression. Now turn to Pope;

Digitized by Google

the first striking passage which offers itself to our memory, is the famous character of Addison, ending thus:

> "Who would not laugh, if such a man there be?
> Who but must weep if Atticus were he?"

Why must we laugh? Because we find a grotesque assembly of noble and ignoble qualities. Very well; but why then must we weep? Because this assemblage is found actually existing in an eminent man of genius. Well, that is a good reason for weeping; we weep for the degradation of human nature. But then revolves the question, Why must we laugh? Because, if the belonging to a man of genius were a sufficient reason for weeping, so much we know from the very first. The very first line says,

> "Peace to all such. But were there one whose fires
> *True genius kindles* and fair fame inspires."

Thus falls to the ground the whole antithesis of this famous character. We are to change our mood from laughter to tears upon a sudden discovery, that the character belonged to a man of genius; and this we had already known from the beginning. Match us this prodigious oversight in Shakspere. Again, take the 'Essay on Criticism:' it is a collection of independent maxims, tied together into a fasciculus by the printer, but having no natural order or logical dependency; generally so vague as to mean nothing; like the general rules of justice &c., in ethics, to which every man assents; but when the question comes about any practical case, *is* it just? the opinions fly asunder far as the poles. And, what is remarkable, many of the rules are violated by no man so often as by Pope, and by Pope no where so often as in this very poem. As a single instance, he proscribes monosyllabic lines; and in no English poem of any pretensions are there so many lines of that class as in this. We have counted above a score, and the last line of all is monosyllabic."

The Popular Encyclopedia; being a general dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, Biography, History, and Political Economy. Glasgow—Blackie and Son. Vol. VI. Part II.

This work is, in part, a reprint from the American edition of the "Conversations Lexicon," with corrections and additions, so as to render it suitable to this country and bring it down to the present time. Such labours as these are of national importance; and we are glad to find, that the proprietors have determined on extending the limits of the plan. The publication will be continued to a Seventh volume, containing the conclusion of the Cyclopedia, together with a Supplement and Index. Opportunity will thus be afforded for correcting occasional errors or mis-statements, and for supplying omissions. To every such effort, we are friends—prosper all and every laudable endeavour to meet the rising intelligence of the age!

The Family Sanctuary; a Form of Domestic Devotion for every Sabbath in the year:—Containing the Collect of the day;—

Digitized by Google

a portion of Scripture; an original Prayer and Sermon; and the Benediction. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

Such a work carries its own recommendation in the title. The style of its production does infinite credit to the proprietors.

The History of Egypt under the Ptolemies. By Samuel Sharpe. London: Moxon. 1838.

We are not so qualified as we might have been to review this work, from the circumstance of our not being in possession of the author's former productions. It is needful to study his early "History of Egypt,"—as also his publications on the "Inscriptions and Hieroglyphics," before we can give a decided opinion on the nature, extent and value of our author's labours. We confess to having been not a little impressed with Mr. Beke's *Biblicæ Origines*, as to the Hebraic period of Egyptian history, and should also have to compare the work before us, with Mr. Cory's enquiries—all of which would impose upon us the elaboration of an extensive article. We are much pleased with the style of the production before us—and when we come to treat the subject *in extenso*, shall make much use of its contents. In the mean time, we can honestly recommend it to the purchaser of books.

Having mentioned the name of Mr. Cory above, it may not be out of place to notice here his last volume.

"A Practical Treatise on Accounts, mercantile, partnership, solicitor's, private, stewards, receivers, executor's, trustee's &c. &c., exhibiting a view of the discrepancies between the practice of the Law and of Merchants; with a plan for the amendment of the Law of Partnership, by which such discrepancies may be reconciled, and partnership disputes and accounts settled. By Issac Preston Cory, Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, Barrister at Law. London: Pickering. 1839.

A book which should be in the possession of every man of business.

LAW.

Chronicle of the Law Officers of Ireland. By Constantine J. Smyth, B. A. of Lincoln's Inn. London: Henry Butterworth, 1839.

This book, which is well compiled, contains Lists of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal, Master of the Rolls, Chief Justices and Judges of the courts of King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer, Attorneys, and Solicitors General, with the Serjeants-at-Law, from the earliest period; dates and abstracts of their patents; fees and allowances from the Crown, Tenures of Offices, References to the Records, and patents of precedence; also, a Chronological Table of the Law Officers, with the promotions, deaths, or resignations, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the present time. Judges' Salaries in 1690, and as fixed by the

Digitized by Google

2nd and 3rd William IV., with an outline of the Legal History of Ireland, and copious Indexes.

TRAVELS.

Notes of a Wanderer, in Search of Health, through Italy, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, up the Danube, and down the Rhine. By W. F. Cumming, M. D. in 2 vols. London: Saunders and Ottley, 1839.

This is a personal Diary of considerable interest, discursive and familiar, rather descriptive than meditative; yet giving the external aspects of life in various forms, with spirit and fidelity.

Germany; The Spirit of her History, Literature, Social Condition, and National Economy; illustrated by reference to her Physical, Moral, and Political Statistics, and by Comparison with other countries, by Bisset Hawkins, M.D. Oxon, F.R.S. London: John W. Parker, West Strand, 1838.

This writer has endeavoured to compress too many topics into one volume, and has accordingly failed. As a review of modern German literature, it is thoroughly contemptible. The volume is without soul—such a lifeless compilation we never encountered,—yet is it entitled, The *Spirit* of German History, &c. Where is the spirit? Verily, the dry bones, here scattered, live not!

Of Mr. Parker's next book we can speak in terms of great commendation.

Letters of Eminent Persons; selected and illustrated by Robert Aris Willmot, Esq, 1839.

Mr. Willmot is an elegant writer, not without learning, and very diligent in literary researches. No library should be without this volume.

Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire, in the West Indies, South America, North America, Asia, Austral-asia, Africa, and Europe, comprising the Area, Agriculture, Commerce, Manufactures, Shipping, Custom Duties, Population, Education, Religion, Crime, Government, Finances, Laws, Military Defence, Cultivated and Waste Lands, Emigration, Rates of Wages, Prices of Provisions, Banks, Coins, Staple Products, Stock, Moveable and Immoveable Property, Public Companies, &c. of each Colony; with the Charters and the engraved Seals. From the official Records of the Colonial Office. By Robert Montgomery Martin, Esq. London: Allen and Co., 1839.

Mr. Montgomery Martin's qualifications are too well known, to require more than an announcement of the existence of this bulky volume. It is a work of marvellous labour, and shall be cherished by us as a valuable book of reference.

We have much neglected a very worthy contributor of our own; we allude to Mr. George Downes, to whom we are indebted for our Norse papers. We beg to announce an important work of his, as in the Press.—"Three Months in the North, including Excursions

Digitized by Google

to Tellemark and Ringinge." By George Downes, M. A., M. R. I. A.; author of "Letters from Mecklenburg and Holstein," "Letters from Continental Countries." &c. We doubt not of this volume exhibiting contents as rare as they are important.

The Wizard of Windshaw. In three volumes. London: J. W. Southgate, 1839.

This is a tale of the Nineteenth Century. The interest is so perpetually kept up, that every page of the romance must be read. As a maiden production, it is of great promise.

We are also glad to be able to speak in favour of "Argentine, an Auto-Biography," published by Smith, Elder and Co. of Cornhill. We mention these books, to shew that where the political agitation of the times shall permit to literature its proper play, there are the materials for a demonstration of considerable talent. Genius, however, is at present, latent—but, IT IS, nevertheless.

SCIENTIFIC EXHIBITIONS.

The Eccaleobion.—We have delayed noticing until the present time an exhibition in Pall Mall, which bears this rather unfortunate title, because we wished to devote more time to it, than we usually can spare for such subjects. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most interesting exhibitions presented to the public of late years, and, especially as the proprietor, Mr. Bucknell, is extremely intelligent, affords an opportunity for the investigation of nature, which ought not to be neglected. The rooms should be visited, however, frequently by those who wish to understand the whole process thoroughly. The Eccaleobion is a machine invented by the proprietor, for the purpose of artificial incubation; to hatch eggs by means of warmth, without the assistance of the parent bird. The merit of this apparatus, consists in the contrivances by which the heat is uniformly and constantly regulated, so as to preserve the exact temperature necessary for the life of the embryo. By means of glazed doors to the different departments, the visitor can see the eggs arranged in all stages of incubation, from the time when it is fresh deposited, to the period of the chick struggling through the shell, and emancipating itself from its prison-house. After this, the birds are seen in their progress towards full growth, in different partitions around the room;—and the way in which they are reared and managed is, of itself, both pleasing and instructive, especially to the younger part of the community. But there is much more to engage the attention of the scientific, and suggest to the philosopher ample scope for contemplation. The progressive series of phenomena which take place daily during the progress of incubation, are beautifully illustrated; the visitor can watch the changes of the embryo from the first speck of existence, until it is perfected. Microscopes and other glasses are at command, and eggs are opened and arranged on tables in the order of their growth, while every information may be obtained to assist the researches of the curious. We confess that we have been much delighted with this exhibition, and think it will be useful to all those who

Digitized by Google

wish to investigate the phenomena of life more closely than has hitherto been done. The pamphlet of Mr. Bucknell, under the same title of the Eccaleobion, is well written, and evinces more than an ordinary knowledge of the subject.

THE BALLOT, THE CHARTISTS, AND GOVERNMENT PLAN OF EDUCATION.

To meet the difficulties of their present position, the ministry have consented to leave the Ballot an open question. On Tuesday, 18th June, Mr. Grote made his annual motion on the Ballot; and the occasion was graced by the first speech delivered by Mr. Macauley since his return to England, and election for Edinburgh. The motion was lost by 117—the ayes being 215, and the noes, 333.

Such is the natural result of the responsibility that the Queen has been advised to take upon herself: it will require, on her part, all the force of personal character to evade or subdue the perils which surround all responsibility. Every act of the sovereign should go to restore the equilibrium that has been disturbed. It is the opinion of many, that recent events have had a tendency, on the contrary, to increase the disturbance. We confess that we have doubts whether, after all, it be more than the death-struggle of party. At any rate, it seems agreed, that we have no Government. The last *Quarterly Review* attributes this result to the Reform Bill, which, in the Duke of Wellington's opinion, rendered it impossible from the first, for any Government to act efficiently.

In the meantime, other elements are rising. We think that enough is not made of the CHARTIST demonstrations. The newspapers attempt to cover them with vulgar ridicule, deserving itself only of contempt. The Supplement to the votes and proceedings of the House of Commons (*Veneris*, 14°. die Junii, 1839) lies before us, containing "The National Petition of the undersigned, for Universal Suffrage," &c. It is an important document; nor should we forget when reading it, that Mr. Macauley, "while professing political allegiance" [we quote the last *Quarterly Review*,] "to Lord Melbourne, and Lord John Russell, avows his conversion to the *Ballot, Household Suffrage, and short Parliaments*, almost at the very moment that Lord John Russell distinctly, and Lord Melbourne by inference, were pledging themselves to resist those revolutionary measures." Thus, while every individual of the ministry, and the sovereign herself, are acting each on his and her personal responsibility, the adherents of Government are doing so likewise, and among them a man of great talent is advocating the extreme doctrines of republicanism; for the petition before us claims little more than he demands. "We perform," it says, "the duties of freemen; we must have the privileges of freedom.—We demand Universal Suffrage. We ask for the reality of good, not for its semblance. We

Digitized by Google

demand the Ballot. To public safety, as well as public confidence, frequent elections are essential. We demand Annual Parliaments." What next? 1. "We demand that, in the future election of members of your honorable House, the approbation of the constituency shall be the sole qualification; and that, to every representative so chosen, shall be assigned, out of the public taxes, a fair and adequate remuneration for the time that he is called upon to devote to the public service." 2. "The management of this mighty kingdom has hitherto been a subject for contending factions, to try their selfish experiments upon. We have felt the consequences in our sorrowful experience—short glimmerings of uncertain enjoyment swallowed up by long and dark seasons of suffering. If the Self-government of the people should not remove their distresses, it will at least remove their repinings."

Mr. Macaulay stops short of the two last propositions. But if he obtain the three first, the two last must follow, ay, even to the Self-government predicated, in the strictest sense of the words.

But on the other hand an opposing power to these democratic tendencies is shewn in the resistance to the Government plan of education, which, in a remodelled form, obtained last Monday, June 24, a majority of *two* only! "The craft," said the Times hereon, "is burned to the water's edge, and yet it floats." This is indeed the mystery of the times (not the newspaper, by the which they are well enough symbolised, but the things themselves), that the present Ministry, be it a government or not, cannot yet go-out, any more than a Conservative one can yet come-in. *Their task is not yet performed.*

On the subject of Education we have something, ere long, to write, not of little importance. No doubt that, in its highest sense, Education should be confided to the Church alone. But then, what Church? To the Orielites' historico-apostolic church? To our friend Alerist's Syncretic Church? or to that *One* holy and Catholic Church, which it is our desire always to support, and of which we hold the Established Church of England to be a veritable branch? These are the questions. However they may be answered, certain are we that providence will still continue to justify its participation in the fortunes and destinies of monarchies and peoples; and with His Church, whether either or *all* of these, He has promised to be present until the End,—the Beginning whereof is even now.

The Earl of Stanhope, in the House of Lords last night, in presenting some republican petitions, gave it (and we think justly) as his opinion, that these extreme demonstrations were legitimate reactions against the New Poor Law—the operation of the Free Trade System, and the necessary effects of the Currency Act of 1819. We should err, however, in supposing that the evil can be cured by a mere repeal of any, or all of these measures. No! We must on—on—on! Not by any negative process, but by some positive institution, big with future—nay, immediate—good, the evil must be—not antagonised, but at once absorbed and precluded. 26*th* June, 1839.

Digitized by Google

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

VOL. II.] AUGUST, 1839. [No. 8.

JOHN WILSON'S POETRY

REVIEWED BY CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

JOHN WILSON in verse, and CHRISTOPHER NORTH in prose, are, we were lately told in Blackwood, the literary glory of Scotland! This sort of egotism is not unpleasant; and, least of all, in a poet and critic, like the writer before us. Poet and critic? Yes, poet and critic! The critic of all poets, save one, who are worthy of any praise, and the critic of WILLIAM WORDSWORTH in particular! Yet who criticises the poetry of John Wilson? Perhaps none can, except himself. And why should not the poetry of JOHN WILSON be criticised by CHRISTOPHER NORTH in the columns of *Blackwood's Magazine?* We see no reason. Reason! The every-day world, as Dr. Johnson remarks, submits not to her sway; and Unreason is the irresistible ruler of the lower world, wherein the human animal feeds, propagates, and rots. Pah! We know that such a critique would be a glorious thing—even there. Meantime, old Kit shall try his hand in the pages of THE MONTHLY, now flourishing under the superintendence of a gentleman who, like himself, is both poet and critic. Long life to his honour, and good luck all his days—and for that matter, his nights too!

Why has not the poetry of John Wilson been more popular? Simply, because it was too good for the public! He was to Wordsworth, and Coleridge and Scott, what Shelley was to Southey and Byron. His aim was to supplement and complement those three mighty minds, out of whose abundance the myriad intellects of a whole people might be nourished. Noble ambition!—yet vain, as to "gild refined gold or paint the lily—to throw a perfume on the violet," &c.—Reader! you know the rest.

Vain! What is not vain, in the field of temporal endeavour? The vanity of all we are, and all we do, presses even on the gross sense—the man in the moon stops his nose at it, as it reeks heavenward. We saw him do it, as plain as aforetime Caliban beheld him—yet no such weak, shallow or credulous monster either. Doubtless there is profound meaning in Shakspere's ascribing such vision to that thing of the earth, earthy. But the interpretation of the dream must be deferred to more convenient opportunity.

Digitized by Google

Verily—a pretty parallel might be run between John Wilson and his prototype Caliban—though not altogether in the style of Plutarch. In a sense both are earthy—both are dreamy—and both are poetical, when in the vein! Weak, shallow and credulous, both may appear to the drunken Trinculos or Stephanos. But their apparent weakness is true strength—their seeming shallowness real clear depth, showing the bottom of the stream through its pure waters—and their credulity an instinctive faith in those high fancies which are the mothers of profoundest verities.

There is, it must be acknowledged, a spice of the devil Setebos in Caliban Wilson, yet his dam, if a hag, was "blue-eyed," and capable of at least one good deed, for the which her life, if otherwise forfeit, might be deservedly spared. She had, doubtless, human sympathies, though the devil's bride; and so has her son. But probably we wrong Setebos—was he not the Pan of the enchanted isle, the rightful god? He was; and only gave way to an usurping more intellectual one. From this we derive, at once, John Wilson's wizard attributes—his love of nature—his power of description—and his feelings man and woman-ward. The son of a witch, by god Pan, he, like Comus, is much "like his father, but his mother more."

Yes—John Wilson is not only like Shakspere's Caliban but like Milton's Comus. His spells are as potent—his drugs as strong—his incantations as classical. Like, yet unlike, for he is guilty of no rude attempt on sainted virginity. Maidhood and womanhood are sacred to him as the stars, which are the flowers of heaven—or the flowers, which are the stars of earth!

Of John Wilson, the poet, we therefore predicate qualities both Shaksperian and Miltonic. Nor would the two great adjectived bards have disowned him. It is true, that of modern poets Wordsworth is claimed by one and Coleridge by the other—yet they would have permitted Wilson a station between them at their feet, learning wisdom from those Gamaliel minstrels—not as pupil but as companion, docile, yet himself ministering instruction—their scholar, yet to other scholars not less than monitor—and in his own hired house an apostle teaching great things and working wonders.

Caliban and Wilson are of the earth, earthy. Yes; we have said it! But then the earth is—enchanted earth. Caliban's isle is an enchanted isle—and so is the Isle of Palms. To complete the analogy, only by means of shipwreck is it visitable.

John Wilson's shipwreck is not so tersely described as William Shakspere's *Tempest*. Nine mortal pages are occupied with a lyrical description of the fatal calm that ever precedes a storm. And the calm described is not a lasting quiet; for there are 500 souls on board the ship, which is bound to an "Indian isle." What Indian isle? How delightfully vague! John Wilson's poetry deals with infinites. In spirit it is mathematical; you may draw your line from any one point to another. His postulates take the entire of space for granted. Verily, he is a Euclid in verse.

Would you know the name of the ship? That is equally poetical with that same nameless, placeless Indian isle. *Hope!* Herein

Digitized by Google

you may discern a mythos. In the good ship *Hope* we are voyaging the infinite deep to some far-off Indian isle, and, meeting shipwreck, are cast instead on an Isle of Palms, in the country of Nowhere.

Of the 500 passengers on board the ship *Hope* two only interest the poet—a youth and a maiden. The maiden is all that fancy can dream of. Nevertheless this seeming preternatural being was once a child—yet even then

> "With a winged glide this maiden would rove,
> An innocent phantom of beauty and love!"

We are likewise told, that

> "Well was She known to each mountain stream,
> As its own voice, or the fond moon-beam,
> That o'er its music played;
> The loneliest caves her footsteps heard,
> In lake and tarn oft nightly stirred
> The Maiden's ghost-like shade."

We are not quite certain whether this angelic, faëry being, is a creature of flesh and blood, until the poet give us to understand, in the delicatest manner, that she is an orphan, and that Wales was the place of her birth. And now she is on ship-board, dreaming of things terrible and pleasing, or sending, both night and morn, along the ocean hymns sweeter than mermaid's strains.

And then the youth who is her companion? Ah! he is a being apparelled in soul with all mystical attributes himself, and inferring all mystical attributes of other objects—particularly of that maid whom the poet tells us the blessed angels might call sister, and whom, as such, he feared to love—

> "She loved him! She, the Child of Heaven!
> And God would surely make
> The soul to whom that love was given
> More perfect for her sake.
> Each look, each word, of one so good
> Devoutly he obey'd,
> And trusted that a gracious eye
> Would ever guide his destiny,
> For whom in holy solitude
> So sweet an Angel pray'd."

And now we learn that the angelic maiden's name is Mary! and that to her lover's charge she has been confided by her saintly mother, on this far voyage. And now the topics are Sea, and Sky and Moonlight. But not for ever—For

> "List! a low and moaning sound
> At distance heard, like a spirit's song,
> And now it reigns above, around,
> As if it call'd the Ship along.
> The Moon is sunk; and a clouded grey
> Declares that her course is run,
> And like a God who brings the day,
> Up mounts the glorious Sun.
> Soon as his light has warm'd the seas,
> From the parting cloud fresh blows the Breeze;

Digitized by Google

And that is the spirit whose well-known song
Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
No fears hath she;—Her giant-form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
Majestically calm, would go
Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The Main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!
—Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.
Five hundred souls in one instant of dread
Are hurried o'er the deck;
And fast the miserable Ship
Becomes a lifeless wreck.
Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock,
Her planks are torn asunder,
And down come her masts with a reeling shock,
And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine
That gladdened late the skies,
And her pendant that kiss'd thy fair moonshine
Down many a fathom lies.
Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues
Gleam'd softly from below,
And flung a warm and sunny flush
O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,
To the coral rocks are hurrying down
To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh! many a dream was in the Ship
An hour before her death;
And sights of home with sighs disturb'd
The sleepers' long-drawn breath.
Instead of the murmur of the sea,
The sailor heard the humming tree
Alive through all its leaves,
The hum of the spreading sycamore
That grows before his cottage-door,
And the swallow's song in the eaves.
His arms inclosed a blooming boy,
Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy
To the dangers his father had pass'd;
And his wife—by turns she wept and smiled,
As she look'd on the father of her child
Return'd to her heart at last.
—He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll,
And the rush of waters is in his soul.
Astounded the reeling deck he paces,
Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;—
The whole Ship's crew are there.
Wailings around and overhead,
Brave spirits stupefied or dead,
And madness and despair."

Now this passage is very sweet; but it is what, in fact, the whole Canto that we have examined is, an Experiment on the Association

Digitized by Google

Principle. Grant me Sea, and Sky, and a Ship, and the fancy fills in all the rest. The poet paints ideas, not facts! Wrecks have been doubtless, but this is a picture of none of them, but an idea of what any of them might have been; what all of them must have been. Such feelings, too, belonged to the ship's crew, yet mixed with harsher thoughts; but we may be allowed to doubt whether such pure youth and maid were ever found as the hero and heroine of any Isle of Palms. Improbable, yet not impossible; and the poet deals not with things as they are or have been, but as they ought to be.

And ought then such a youth and maid to have been sufferers in such a wreck? Psha! Not things as they ought to be; but human beings as they ought to be, with things as they ought not to be in antagonism with them. These, with the virtues that grow out of the conflict, are the elements of the tragic poesy. Yet, be it borne in mind, that beings all-perfect could not thus come into contact with the imperfect. No! That youth and maid are not angels—but human weakness is about them—Adam's taint is in them. Angels will not dream; youths and maids must! However perfect then, yet not perfect enough, man is liable to accident. Wise and blessed Providence! for "in spite of pride, in erring *Paley's* spite," the accident too was designed. That the tooth should ache, indicates as much wisdom, and power, and goodness, as that it should bite. For instance:—No! we must not be betrayed into a discussion *anent* Natural Theology.

At the commencement of the next Canto, we find the Poet censuring the Moon for the wreck of the fair ship, though what she had to do with it, or how she could have prevented it, we know not. The vessel went down at sun-rise, or after; but neither she, nor the glorious sun, were to blame, but the rock or the pilot. Well, on a rock stands the hero of the poem—but no heroine—Mary is not with him; and, in his suspicion, at least,

> "His own dear Maid,
> She, who he thought could never die, is dead,
> 'Drown'd!'—still the breaking billows mutter,—'drown'd;'"

After feeling much distraction and weariness, he sleeps; and in that sleep, what dreams do come!

> He sleeps!—Prolong his haunted rest,
> O God!—for now the wretch is blest.
> A fair romantic Island, crown'd
> With a glow of blossom'd trees,
> And underneath bestrewn with flowers,
> The happy dreamer sees.
> A stream comes dancing from a mount,
> Down its fresh and lustrous side,
> Then, tamed into a quiet pool,
> Is scarcely seen to glide.
> Like fairy sprites, a thousand birds
> Glance by on golden wing,
> Birds lovelier than the loveliest hues
> Of the bloom wherein they sing.
> Upward he lifts his wondering eyes,
> Nor yet believes that even the skies

Digitized by Google

So passing fair can be.
And lo! yon gleam of emerald light,
For human gaze too dazzling bright,
Is that indeed the sea?

Adorn'd with all her pomp and pride,
Long-fluttering flags, and pendants wide,
He sees a stately vessel ride
At anchor in a bay,
Where never waves by storm were driven,
Shaped like the Moon when she is young in heaven,
Or melting in a cloud that stops her way.
Her masts tower nobly from the rocking deep,
Tall as the palm trees on the steep,
And, burning mid their crests so darkly green,
Her meteor-glories all abroad are seen,
Wakening the forests from their solemn sleep;
While suddenly the cannon's sound
Rolls through the cavern'd glens, and groves profound,
And never-dying echoes roar around.
Shaded with branching palm, the sign of peace,
Canoes and skiffs like lightning shoot along,
Countless as waves there sporting on the seas;
While still from those that lead the van, a song,
Whose chorus rends the inland cliffs afar,
Tells that advance before that unarm'd throng,
Princes and chieftains, with a fearless smile,
And outstretch'd arms, to welcome to their Isle
That gallant Ship of War.
And glad are they who therein sail,
Once more to breathe the balmy gale,
To kiss the steadfast strand:
They round the world are voyaging,
And who can tell their suffering
Since last they saw the land?"

It is characteristic of the class of poetry now under review, that this dream should thus be particularly delineated, as if it were an incident of the story. It is, in fact, as real as any other part of it; for the whole thing is a web of dreams, and every object in it a vision only. And thus it is, that the poet contrives that one dream shall melt into another.

"But that bright pageant will not stay."

And what substitutes it, is equally dream-like to the sufferer. An angel is bending over the waking visionary—still visionary, though waking. It is Mary. And she too is saved? Of course—what else would fancy prefer? Her will is law; and the simplest postulates suit the lyric verses the best. The lover and his mistress both are saved; and the life-boat that had forsaken the ship at her utmost need, lies on the beach, at their command, uninjured!

In this little boat the lovers become "ocean pilgrims," until they discern between the Ocean and the Skies, the living Earth. At length they land, adoring the Providence that has preserved them.

Digitized by Google

The opening of the third Canto is veritably beautiful.

O many are the beauteous isles
Unknown to human eye,
That, sleeping 'mid the Ocean-smiles,
In happy silence lie!
The Ship may pass them in the night,
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
Is resting on the Main;
Some wandering Ship who hath lost her way,
And never, or by night or day,
Shall pass these isles again.
There, groves that bloom in endless spring
Are rustling to the radiant wing
Of birds, in various plumage bright
As rainbow-hues, or dawning light.
Soft-falling showers of blossoms fair
Float ever on the fragrant air.
Like showers of vernal snow,
And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall.
The richly ripen'd clusters fall
Oft as sea breezes blow.
The sun and clouds alone possess
The joy of all that loveliness;
And sweetly to each other smile
The live-long day—sun, cloud, and isle.
How silent lies each sheltered bay!
No other visitors have they
To their shores of silvery sand,
Than the waves that, murmuring in their glee,
All hurrying in a joyful band
Come dancing from the sea."

The refuge for these destitute lovers, is, in the poet's fancy, a very "fairy queen's retreat." Their bridal has been consecrated by God and nature; and here they spend their time in delicious idless, lying, it would seem, side by side, by day and night, and night and day, entranced with dreams of home.

Important equally as we before said, and painted with the same prominence, both the sleeping and the waking dreams, whose alternations, in the consciousness of these two lovers, compose the poem: and wherefore not? What is the world, and all those other worlds, that compose, or rather express the All; but a dream—universe. "Our little life is rounded with a sleep;" and all matter, rightly interpreted, is but an idea to a spirit—the Idea of Ideas!

It is a fairy land which the poet now proceeds to describe. Sunlight, music, woods, cloudless skies, pools, streams of crystal, "embracing like the air the soft-reflected trees," birds of rare plumage and song, and marvels of all complexions.

Could we have thus all we *fancy*, how happy anywhere, and after what perils, might we be! The world, to these wedded hearts, is as even Eden was to Adam and Eve. O dream of fancy! No such Isle of Palms is in a world which has no Land of Paradise, where man is allocated by choice or chance! there labour is his inheritance. The Poet of the Isle sings its pleasures: much fortitude would have been required by the truest actual lovers to

Digitized by Google

endure its pains, its perils, and its toils. Fitz-Owen and Mary have full leisure to enjoy the ideal of the scene.

All this, and much more, is pure poetry, and exquisitely Wordsworthian in its spirit, scope, and effect. But it is Wordsworth refined, sublimated, etherealized—the soul of Wordsworth without the body. Such songs the bard of Rydal Mount will sing when in the separate state of Elysium; but not before. Till then, he will content himself with mother earth. To Wordsworth it is given to make the real, ideal. Wilson seeks to reverse the process, if not rather to idealize the real with the ideal both at once; so that nothing should be viewed as it shews to the sense, but only as it is to the imagination. Man's carnal nature lacks pabulum in Wilson's poetry; Wordsworth, we think, supplies it; Kit, out of the columns of ebony, demands it: there he prates of Ossian; but in the pages of the *Monthly* he discourses of Homer. Nevertheless Wilson proceeds in his fancies, exhausting the associations of his subject, and then renewing them. For his soul is a poet's soul:—

> "A poet's soul that flows for ever
> Right onwards like a noble river;
> Refulgent still, or by its native woods,
> Shaded, and rolling on through sunless solitudes."

So says John Wilson of Fitz-Owen; so says Christopher North of John Wilson.

To increase the delights of the enchanted isle, they have become parents. Their child is a daughter—a common child of earth; but as of her mother when a maid, before, so now even of herself the poet deems that she may be heaven-born. These repetitions deserve the Crutch, perhaps. But Christopher is merciful—he remembers that he is old, and that John Wilson was young when he wrote the *Isle of Palms*.

One day, this faëry child excites, by her appearance and actions, the mother's curiosity. She has beheld an unaccustomed vision. With feelings of hope and fear, they note the appearance and departure of a ship. Fain would they return to their native land, fain abide still on their adopted isle.

The fourth Canto begins with describing the dreams of the three, consequent on the coming and going of that same ship. But soon the poet stands among the Cambrian hills, and describes *con spirito con amore*, and, in detail, the scenery and its adjuncts, together with the cottage of Mary's mother, and its ancient inhabitant. It is not to be expected that a poet so high-fantastic would omit this opportunity of describing her feelings, her hopes, and fears. In fact, he brings out all the humanities of the theme, describing however, not an individual, but a species. The ancient woman is fond of roaming on the beach, looking out, and hoping against hope, over the wide sea for her child's return. She is at last rewarded.

> "Dark words she hears among the crowd,
> Of a ship that hath on board
> Three Christian souls, who on the coast
> Of some wild land were wreck'd long years ago,

Digitized by Google

When all but they were in a tempest lost,
And now by Heaven are rescued from their woe,
And to their country wond'rously restored."

It needs not that any particulars should be given. Poetic fancy for its own repose, willed that the wanderers should return. And here, in their own native Wales, they are; parents and child, and venerable grandmother—all etherealized, all creatures of cloud-land—"aged matron," Fitz-Owen and Mary, and "the Fairy Child," with her perpetual tale

"Of her own blossom'd bower, and palmy vale,
And birds with golden plumes, that sweetly sing
Tunes of their own, or borrow'd from her voice;
And, as she spoke, lo! flits with gorgeous wing
Upon her outstretch'd arm, a fearless bird,
Her eye obeying, ere the call was heard,
And wildly warbles there the music of its joys."

Such and so simple in conception and construction is the Isle of Palms. It describes feelings, emotions, sentiments—not characters. In it there is properly nothing that is imitative, all is effused. No attempt is made at embodiment, all is constructed of names and phrases. Wilson is no realist, he is a nominalist. He produces his effects by the contrast of words. Thus, in the early part of the poem, he constantly plays on sun and sky, and sea, and moonlight—placing these names of things in certain lyrical contrasts and comparisons, as Turner would his reds and yellows in a landscape. The result is a preternatural scene, with some few strokes suggestive of the human form, single or in groups, to give animation, not to engross attention. In this, John Wilson is excelled by none—save and except always Christopher North.

True it is, that Shakspere never so lost the individual in the abstraction; but even where he proceeded by the elevation of the actual in the ideal, as he did with most of his plots and persons, both of which he found ready made to hand, and improved or rather transformed by his own genial touches, Shakspere still left the signs of the specific in the general. There are visible bounds and limits, a strong and definite outline—within which the infinite is transluced. They are stamped too with the marks of a particular time as well as place. It is evident, that a model has sat for the character, and some of its peculiarities admitted not intrusively into the drawing. Even Milton reduces his ideas to definition, and separates his characters by lines of demarcation, not permitting the conception to expand into empty space, and vanish into undated time, or rather dateless nothingness. But the world has grown less gross, and has since exulted in a Byron and a Shelley. Galileo has been succeeded by Dr. Elliotson, Michael Angelo by Blake, and St. Paul by Dr. Newman. Genius has spurned its fetters, its prison has been angelically opened, and a wilder liberty is allowed to its range. It no longer walks, it flies. Wings it hath, to outsoar the flaming bounds of space and time. Hence, indeed, some signs of madness are now not only expected, but demanded in the character and works of genius; that is, a tendency to the boundless, at any rate,

Digitized by Google

if not actually the actualisation of it. The comprehensible is all too narrow for the taste of the times—all existence must be enlarged to the original void, and creation urged to usurp on ancient chaos. We find refuge in the elements of life and the first principles of production. John Martin paints pictures in the same spirit that his namesake set fire to York Minster; and John Wilson writes poetry in the same strain that Kit North reviews it.

O lame and impotent conclusion! What then? Christopher yet has his crutch, and therewithal can support his tottering steps. Nay, not so bad as that; he has still legs—and when his foot is on his native heather, there is no tread so firm as his.

Not however in the healthy wilds, but in the sickly city, are we now with John Wilson—*in the City of the Plague!* What city? Not the City of London! nor the Plague of London! But "The City of the Plague." The title is parcel of the book—the mere fact were vulgar.—Defoe is too graphic, and the Chronicler too dull. The plague is a demon, and the city his den. Nevertheless, though the city is otherwise nameless, some slight identification is left in the river Thames; time also, we find, is Sabbath:—

> O unrejoicing sabbath! not of yore
> Did thy sweet evenings die along the Thames
> Thus silently! Now every sail is furl'd,
> The oar hath dropt from out the rower's hand,
> And on thou flow'st in lifeless majesty,
> River of a desert lately fill'd with joy!
> O'er all that mighty wilderness of stone
> The air is clear and cloudless, as at sea
> Above the gliding ship. All fires are dead,
> And not one single wreath of smoke ascends
> Above the stillness of the towers and spires.
> How idly hangs that arch magnificent
> Across the idle river! Not a speck
> Is seen to move along it. There it hangs,
> Still as a rainbow in the pathless sky.

That last line is poetry, the speeches following are metaphysics—poor, very poor, particularly that concerning "the sublime and overwhelming presence of mortality" horribly didactic, so we forbear quotation. The old man with the infant, also, is somewhat too reflective at first—then too descriptive perhaps:—

> Know ye what ye will meet within the city?
> Together will ye walk through long, long streets,
> All standing silent as a midnight church.
> You will hear nothing but the brown red grass
> Rustling beneath your feet; the very beating
> Of your own hearts will awe you; the small voice
> Of that vain bauble, idly counting time,
> Will speak a solemn language in the desert.
> Look up to heaven, and there the sultry clouds,
> Still threatening thunder, lower with grim delight,
> As if the Spirit of the Plague dwelt there,
> Darkening the city with the shadows of death.
> Know ye that hideous hubbub? Hark, far off
> A tumult like an echo! on it comes,

Digitized by Google

Weeping and wailing, shrieks and groaning prayer;
And, louder than all, outrageous blasphemy.
The passing storm hath left the silent streets.
But are these houses near you tenantless?
Over your heads from a window, suddenly
A ghastly face is thrust, and yells of death
With voice not human. Who is he that flies,
As if a demon dogg'd him on his path?
With ragged hair, white face, and bloodshot eyes,
Raving, he rushes past you; till he falls,
As if struck by lightning, down upon the stones,
Or, in blind madness, dash'd against the wall,
Sinks backward into stillness. Stand aloof,
And let the Pest's triumphal chariot
Have open way advancing to the tomb.
See how he mocks the pomp and pageantry
Of earthly kings! a miserable cart,
Heap'd up with human bodies; dragg'd along
By pale steeds, skeleton-anatomies!
And onwards urged by a wan meagre wretch,
Doom'd never to return from the foul pit,
Whither, with oaths, he drives his load of horror.
Would you look in? Grey hairs and golden tresses,
Wan shrivell'd cheeks that have not smiled for years,
And many a rosy visage smiling still;
Bodies in the noisome weeds of beggary wrapt,
With age decrepit, and wasted to the bone;
And youthful frames, august and beautiful,
In spite of mortal pangs,—there lie they all
Embraced in ghastliness! But look not long,
For haply 'mid the faces glimmering there,
The well-known cheek of some beloved friend
Will meet thy gaze, or some small snow-white hand,
Bright with the ring that holds her lover's hair.
Let me sit down beside you. I am faint
Talking of horrors that I look'd upon
At last without a shudder."

We have lived to know that the allusions to the Bible, that follow, are not in good taste. The evidences of religion are within, and that old man would not have lectured like Paley, but spoken like David, in his agony—not criticism, but poetry! Nevertheless piety is commendable; but we now recognise a higher oracle, to which human access is possible, whereof the inferior is but dimly corroborative.

In the next scene, our fathers would have better liked the astrologer, if he had been an astrologer;—some man with a name and a personal history more specific than Francis Bannerman, the mutineer,—not a mere phantom, nor of a mariner either, but of any sort of man. Shakspere would have given him as an individual of the genus, but, as we have before explained, the genius of modern poetry is with the genus. All the characters of the City of the Plague, are idealities—refined speculations—not persons, but "motions"—what the poet would have them to be, rather than such as nature presents. Some of these astrological imaginations before us, are "high-fantastical" and some intensely appalling. The

Digitized by Google

astrologer, himself plague-smitten, is a fine conception, but, at this distance of time, we may be permitted to say, spoilt in the execution. He once a sailor on board the Thunderer!—we vow, he never was other than a pew-opener to an anabaptist conventicle.

We are now in the cathedral, with Frankfort's mistress Magdalene kneeling at the altar; there, with the act of prayer, disarming, murder lurking by, and redeeming madness and blasphemy itself to sanity and penitential mood. The picture would, however, have been better drawn, if instead of the new ceremonial forms, the desecration had proceeded more directly with the things signified. As it is, horror is excited at little cost of the essential poetic—Horror! No; disgust, which makes one sickly, not sympathetic: so at this present time at least we think; but in 1816, Christopher North, any more than John Wilson, was not what both are now. Verily, there is growth in every genial mind; yet have we contemplated too much the minds of others, to grow so much as we should otherwise have grown oneself. We are deprived of our true stature by poring on books not written by our own fingers, and what we have written for the most part being written on them. We have criticised instead of creating. Poor Coleridge lamented the waste of genius that we were wantonly expending on columns of ebony. It is a black job, and we wear sable, here;—impressing inky type on a fair page.

But the Plague-wronged are carousing, and we must partake the festival of the despairing. Sweet Mary Gray and bold Louisa, with the proof, that

> "The violent
> Are weaker than the mild, and abject fear
> Dwells in the heart of passion—"

are all to our taste. Though we like not the *da capo* of

> "Oh! Walsingham will murder cruelly
> 'All people that on earth do dwell.'"

Why should all the horrors be of this kind? As if there was no deeper sin in the human soul than the desecration of the formal. See in Shelly's *Cenci* the intensest superstition for the ceremonial, consisting with the darkest criminality. The entire history of the Church of Rome is one thousand-times-repeated commentary on this great truth. To return: a priest who was introduced at the close of the first act, becomes an agent in the second. He is nameless. The priest—an abstraction of his class—a type of his order in the ideal—but no man, that is, no individual man. Angel or phantom, however, he may be, and therefore comports well with the other no-characters of the poem. The City of the Plague, is the Metropolis of Shades—the Capitol of Dream-land.

The second and fourth scenes of the second act, the first between Isabel and Magdalene, and the other, of Frankfort the priest, and Wilmot in the chamber of death, are sweet pieces of extreme beauty and pathos. The third is a public street, with crowds discoursing on the phenomena of the time, human or natural, in vein of irony or more miserable seriousness. The sky, in particular to

Digitized by Google

them is an open book, written within and without with direful portents; and every star is as a cometary vengeance. Superstition has succeeded to blasphemy; notwithstanding one man proposes to rob a church. The Maniac's prophecy next succeeds; and then Magdalene, with a bible in her hand, induces repentance in the calmed minds of that despairing throng. The Churchyard scene, with the sexton and boy, reminds us, though perhaps not too favourably, of the grave digger in *Hamlet*; whether the preference ought to be given to John Wilson or William Shakspere, old Christopher North is not sufficiently presumptuous to decide. We were always remarkable for modesty.

The third act opens with a spirited recital by the priest to Wilmot, of the oncomings of the Plague—Frankfort then enters in the symptomatic madness of approaching pest. The sainted Magdalene is also smitten; but she perseveres in her constancy and resists her lover, and they die on the same bed together. No! Magdalene dies not, she only sleeps, and afterward pursues wildly Frankfort's corse to the grave; where she resigns her spirit to the Father of all such.

The poetry of John Wilson is that of a pleasing or painful state of the consciousness, as it is affected not with the experiences of the outward, but with the mutations of the inward. What mystery is this, that changes should thus be operated from within the human soul! Yet, perhaps, but for them, the external mutability were not either apparent or real. Real?—That is real which we translate from impression into sensation, ere which is done, the consciousness must seize hold upon it—nay, conscience herself must accept it as a thing identified with the being and intelligence of a recipient agent, so that she may swear by it, in her own secret court, and in the public forum.

Perhaps these alternations of feeling are better exhibited in the brief lyric, than in the narrative and dramatic forms. Wilson's lyrics are of great beauty—graceful and tender. Others are even sublime. Commend us to his "Address to a Wild Deer in the Forest of Dalness." But for its length we would most assuredly quote the whole. His small descriptive poems and ballads are of rare excellence; Wordsworthian in their tone of sentiment, with a dash of elegance, and an aim at diction to which the poet of "Peter Bell," and "The Wagoner," is proudly indifferent. Nevertheless, the poetry of Wilson is deformed by no unseemly affectations; no tricks of metre or of expression; no Cornwallisms; no Huntisms; no Cockneyisms of any sort. Bold and manly, with a rural, though not rustic air, the poet is shewn as equally untainted with the diseases, the affectations, and the vices of the city. The breezes by which he has been fanned have been airs from the open heaven. Every thing has an out-of-door aspect; all is athletic; the vigour and the freedom of the mountaineer is in every step—in every word. His whole manner is that of a freeman, free in thought, in word and deed. Liberty, and yet no licence, is the sole law of his movements; nevertheless it is a law, and recognises, both in itself and its objects, the presence and expediency of law, as the mo-

Digitized by Google

eligible and necessary companion of all its movements, and sole preserver of their freedom. If he transcends nature, it is but to breathe a spirit into her forms; if he prefer the vale, the cottage, and the village brook, to the crowded thoroughfare of humming cities, it is for the sake of manners and of morals, that society by the force of first principles, and the example of simple modes of life, may be purified in its conventional feelings, and strengthened in its nobler aspirations. Such is the character of John Wilson as a poet.

CICERO'S OPINION ON THE BALLOT.

THE opinion of Cicero on the Ballot has not yet been brought fairly before the British public. That opinion is in itself of very considerable weight, as it is the result of the experience of the mightiest politician, in the mightiest empire that has ever existed on earth. It is of more especial importance to our fellow-countrymen at present, because their minds are incessantly agitated by the question between the poll and the ballot. The evidence of Cicero on this subject, is the evidence of a perfectly fair and impartial witness, whose views were matured a couple of millenaries ago. He was free from the possibility of being biassed by the hallucinations of the sects and parties that convulse the British constitution. Let his testimony therefore be taken at its full value, as that of a just arbitrator, an unobjectionable umpire in this critical dispute. We shall not regret having produced it at this juncture, if it shall serve to philosophize and moderate the conflicting sentiments of the two antagonist parties; one of which considers ballot to be a panacea for national grievances, and the other, an insidious poison that would exulcerate the very vitals of our empire.

The following paragraphs are now first translated from the third book of Cicero de Legibus.

"The next legal maxim (says he) treats of suffrages and votes, which as I have said, *should be notorious to the nobles, and free to the people (nota optimatibus, populo, libera)*.

Atticus. I have given much attention to this maxim, but I do not well understand its spirit and its sense.

Marcus. I confess, my Atticus, we have now to treat on a very difficult question, and one already much discussed. That question is, whether in case of suffrages at the election of magistrates, or in the formation of laws, or in the judgement of criminals, the *votes should be given openly by poll, or secretly by ballot.*

Quintus. It is indeed a doubtful question, I fear we shall again differ in opinion.

Marcus. I do not think so, my Quintus; for here I hold that doctrine which I know you always maintained, that *in giving suffrages and votes, nothing can be better than an open declaration viva voce (Nihil ut fuerit in suffragiis voce melius)*. But let us examine how far it is attainable.

Digitized by Google

Quintus. With your permission, my brother, I should say that the distinction you take between the propriety and the practicability of any measure, is fraught with mischief to the inexperienced. It is often hurtful to the state, when a regulation is said to be true and proper in itself, but at the same time that it cannot be obtained, because it cannot be carried without opposing the people. Now I say, the people are to be opposed whenever they act amiss, and it is better for patriotic lawyers to suffer in a good cause, than yield to a bad one. Now who does not perceive that all authority is taken away from our nobility and gentry by the *present Roman law of balloting* (Quis autem non sensit auctoritatem omnem optimatium, tabellariam legem abstulisse). A law, the people when free, never desired, but which they claimed when oppressed by the domination and power of certain aristocrats. It is no wonder, therefore, that the system of open polling and *viva voce* votes, presents us with more severe judgments against grandees, than the present plan of ballots. Therefore, it had been far better to sustain the excessive influence of the great for unjustifiable objects in all elective suffrages, than to give the people a mask and veil, by which they may keep the more honourable citizens in ignorance of their individual sentiments, and thus make the ballot a mere cover for corrupt and hypocritical votes. (Quamobrem suffragandi nimia libido in non bonis causis eripienda fuit potentibus, non latebra danda populo, in quâ bonis ignorantibus quid quisque sentiret tabella vitiosum occultaret suffragium.)

For this reason it is, that no good man was ever a supporter of the system of balloting. (Itaque isti rationi neque lator quisquam est inventus neque auctor unquam bonus).

There are four laws of ballots. The first concerning the election of magistrates, was proposed by a certain Gabinius, an unknown and sordid agitator. The second, respecting the adjudications of the people, was proposed two years afterwards by Cassius, who was a nobleman, but, with his family's permission! I venture to say, a nobleman opposed to all goodness, driven to and fro by the idlest rumours of the populace. The third, regarding the ratification or nullification of laws, was carried by Carbo, a seditious and profligate citizen, whose return to the better classes of society, never secured him the approbation of the aristocracy. There remained only the crime of treason, which Cassius himself excepted, in the judgement of which, open *viva voce* votes were permitted. But Cœlius soon after thought proper to give traitors also the chance of ballot, and manifested as long as he lived, that provided he could oppress Popilius, he cared little or nothing for the injury of the state.

Our grandfather, a man of singular virtue in the lower Arpinum, as long as he lived opposed Gratidius, whose sister our grandmother he had married. And therefore, when Gratidius wanted to introduce the law of ballot here, he roused as many waves in our family circle, as his son Marius afterwards stirred up in the Ægean sea. To such a length did the quarrel proceed, that the consul Scaurus informed of what passed, made this remark to our grandfather, "Would to heaven, Cicero, that a man of your courage and honour had better loved to live in the capital of our commonwealth, than to retire into a country villa!"

Therefore, since our design is not so much to state the Roman laws now in force, but in order to form a more perfect code of jurisprudence

Digitized by Google

both to revive those good laws which have become obsolete, and to propose new regulations suitable to the present conditions of society;—I think we are by no means bound to limit ourselves by the caprice of the populace who cry out for ballot. I conceive you are entitled to take higher ground, for in your treatise on the Commonwealth, your Scipio does not hesitate to condemn the law of Cassius as injudicious, whoever was its author. If you take away the law of ballot you will do still better, for in truth I don't like it at all, nor does my friend Atticus much admire it if I may judge by his countenance.

Atticus. For me, I never admired any thing that pleases the mob, and I regard the best state of the Commonwealth to be that which your brother when Consul promoted, wherein the power of the aristocracy prevails over that of the people.

Marcus. I see Gentlemen, you would repeal the law respecting suffrages, and have no ballot whatsoever. For myself, although I have sufficiently justified in my Commonwealth the line of conduct assumed by Scipio, yet, practically, I would not go quite so far as he. *However, it is only under the authority of the nobles which good men will obey, that I concede the right of voting to the people.* For these are the very words of my law respecting elections, *Let the votes be notorious to the nobles, and free to the people;* (Optimatibus nota plebi libera sunto.) which legal maxim contains this doctrine, *that all those laws should be abrogated, which have been so contrived as in any way to mask, or hide a suffrage,* such as those which hinder full inspection of the ballot, or examination and appeal thereupon. And that law of Marius which makes the passage to the balloting boxes so narrow, should be likewise abolished. (Quæ lex hanc sententiam continet ut omnes leges tollet quæ postea latæ sunt, quæ tegunt omni ratione suffragium ne quis inspiciat tabellam ne roget ne appellat. Pontes etiam lex maria fecit angustos.)

If these rules are opposed, as they generally are, to the ambitious, they are worthy our approval. If the laws indeed could but hinder intrigues, then the people might be allowed the ballot as a vindicator of liberty, provided it were so laid open, and freely exposed to all worthy citizens, that their authority might be blended with the popular privileges, thus leaving the people the power of expressing their deference for the aristocracy.

But why is it, Quintus, as you just now observed, that there were more condemnations past by the open suffrages of the poll, than by the silent secret votes of the ballot? We shall explain the anomaly thus. The people are extremely fond of licence: do but save appearances in this respect, and they will abandon their influence to authority or favour. As to the largesses and bribes which are given to obtain corrupt suffrages, do you not see if we could but get rid of bribery, the characters and counsels of the best men would carry the votes. By my legal maxim therefore, the appearance of liberty is conceded, but as the superintence of the aristocracy is still retained, the cause of contention is banished."

Such are the words of Cicero. He has given us his sentiments on the subject in a far more elaborate and connected form, than any other classical author. His preference clearly lay on the side of the poll, by

Digitized by Google

which suffrages were laid open to the gentry. He seems to think his major proposition, "*nota optimatibus*" should at all events be maintained. He would have suffrages *discovered* or at least *discoverable* in all public elections. At the same time, he informs the gentry that the privilege of suffrages ought to be free to the people, "*libera populo.*" He would not see the few unfairly over-swaying the voluntary choice of the many, either by bribery or intimidation. In extreme cases of this species of political corruption, he rather recommends a sort of modified ballot, a chiaroscuro system, in which the suffrages of the people might indeed be detected, but not without some difficulty. He, however, closes his argument by reminding us that, even in these cases, while the ballot seems to favour liberty, it perilously exposes the constitution to anarchy, hypocrisy, and ruin. I am delighted to find that these Ciceronian sentiments which we long ago expressed in Fraser's Magazine, have won the confirmation of the more prudent of all parties. It would, we conceive, be worth while to collect into some cheap volume, the ablest articles, pamphlets, and speeches that have appeared on this important question. They would serve to disabuse the public mind of those sophistries with which it has been infected by sincere, but deluded liberals. These gentlemen would be right enough if they could isolate their proposition from all its correlatives and consequences, but they are wrong because they forget that every count of political science, stands inseparably connected with the universal theory of jurisprudence. The pertinacity of their error lies in the narrowness and one-sidedness of their views. By straining their intellectual optics at one partial phase of the argument they have become purblind to its grander relations, bearing on the fall of empires. They are ready to sacrifice the character, morality, and prosperity of all national institutions for a phantasma of democratical vanity and licentiousness. They would strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, and like the dog in the fable, lose the solid dinner in possession, for the delusive shadow in perspective.

RETROSPECT OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

BY PROFESSOR CARLO PEPOLI, M.A., D.PH. OF THE UNIVERSITY OF BOLOGNA.

No. II.

THE ROMANCERO OF THE CID, AND SKETCHES OF SPANISH LITERATURE.

"Inclinaba Corneille su venerable fronte ante nuestros grandes poetas."
D. E. De Ochoa.

We know not when to anticipate a complete fusion of the literatures of all nations, and the growth of the one universal Literature, now so earnestly desired, as the expression and symbol of the fraternisation of the whole human family.

But it is certain that numerous productions of every literature are now studied and translated into the language of various nations. We see with deep interest original Spanish works and their translations in Germany, Italy, and France. This friendly communion between nation

Digitized by Google

and nation—this mutual instruction—this interchange of literature—promises a rapid progress in general social organisation.

Without referring to the more profound literati of the time, and speaking solely of the generality of the reading world, out of Spain, we confess we are at a loss to conjecture what opinion, a few years past, could have been formed of the literature of Spain; for the number of publications there was very small: and even to the present moment, with a few trifling exceptions, no effort has been made to render it attractive and popular. This truly excites surprise; since formerly there were many, and at the present day the number is still greater, who devoted themselves to the translations of the productions of France, Germany, Russia, and even of the most distant and barbarous people. It appears, therefore, inexplicable, that the works of Spain should so long remain despised and neglected. But now, when new editions, illustrations, and translations reveal its long hidden treasures, and when the language is becoming a more general study, we are confident that, notwithstanding the immoderate passion for French and German writers, every true literato, and many less professed students, will contemplate with delight the beauties of the Spanish; and the memory of each will be stored with recollections of this generous and unfortunate nation. It certainly is an arduous task to eradicate evil habits, to induce men to shake off their predilections, and forego injurious pleasures. We are often slaves even in our very intellect, slaves to the bad, under the disguise of Fashion. Consequently, the literature of the present day betrays great want of originality and lofty boldness of thought: Fashion, sometimes French, after Dumas or Hugo—sometimes German, after Kant and Göthe, holds universal sway; and we are deluged with extravagance, with nauseating effeminacy, or with absolute atrocity. Fashion is preferred to excellence; and the immortal fame of works of greatness and merit is despised for the transient praise of the taste of the day.

We certainly think that much advantage might be derived from the foreign schools; and we would inculcate the drawing from such sources, as far as may be without servility, and without substituting for originality and simplicity, the affectation, melancholy, and atrocity, at present so much in vogue. How strange is this taste for gloom, this delight in the ferocious! The world abounds in miseries, the alleviation of which is to be found not in ferocity and gloom, but in firmness of heart, in an enduring love of good, and hatred of evil. Let, then, the literature of every nation be studied, though without servility and without exclusive imitation. The Romans, ever jealous on the point of freedom, deemed it no dishonour to study the Greeks, to avail themselves of their works, and to acquire wisdom even from their enemies: *Fas est ab hoste doceri.*

Having premised these general remarks on the utility of the amalgamation of literatures, as a means of fraternising civilisation, and upon the pernicious custom of exclusively imitating any particular literature of a nation that may chance to be in fashion, we will turn to the work before us, "*Il Romancero del Cid*," now printed in France and Italy, either as a translation, or in the original language. Pursuing our accustomed method, we will first give the various opinions of the best modern critics, and then subjoin our own. The most ancient Castilian poem hitherto known is that of the "Cid," an Arabian word, signifying *general, cap-*

Digitized by Google

tain, bold, valorous. Respecting its author, the best Spanish critics have yet been unable to bring forward any certain and incontestable information. Sarmicato does not venture to determine the date of its composition. Don Tomaso Sanchez, in his collection of Castilian poetry, anterior to the fifteenth century, conjectures that the poem was written towards the middle of the twelfth century, or a little later, about half a century subsequent to the death of the hero it celebrates. "May we not," says Andres, "hazard a supposition that would give greater antiquity to this poem?" The singular interest in the "Cid," constantly evinced by the poet, the use of the present tense in the concluding verses, in which he says, that *le figliuole del Cid sono padrone di Navarra e d'Arragona*, that *oggi i re di Spagna sono suoi parenti*, and some other expressions, would induce the belief that the contemporary poet, his friend and admirer, lived, not half a century after the hero, but at the same time; that this precious relic of simple, spirited poetry, venerable for its very simplicity, was composed, not in the middle, but at the commencement of the twelfth, or even at the close of the eleventh century. Sismondi expresses the opinion that this poem contains valuable comments upon antiquity, and that although quite destitute of art, it is descriptive of the character of the men of those times: the simplicity of the narration enhances its worth, and altogether it may be pronounced the production of a noble intellect. Arrigo Hollam, in the *Europa del Medio Evo*, observes, that it is written with a warmth and vividness truly Homeric, and is, upon the whole, the most beautiful poem in the Spanish language. Frederic Schlegel declares, that in this poem Spain triumphs over many nations; such poetry was eminently calculated to create a deep impression upon an entire people, and to represent, without a shade of oriental colour, the ancient, simple, and noble character of the Castilian. Nor must we omit to add, that the "Cid," as the Cavalier Bozzelli says, first opened to the genius of Corneille the true field in which prodigal nature had destined him to move. It was to him like suddenly fledged pinions to the young eagle, which soars away in its newly-acquired strength, through the vast regions of immensity.

The subject is a hero, the features of whose character popular tradition and the discordant statements of historians, render it impossible exactly to delineate, but whose colossal proportions may nevertheless be discovered through the obscurity in which they are involved. The history of the Cid is mixed up with numerous fables, the absence of which would strip of interest the narration of his life, and make it cold and monotonous. The challenge of Count Gormaz, the loves and persecution of his daughter, the title of *valiant* conferred upon him by the captive Moorish kings, his bold expedition to sustain the independence of Castile against the haughty pretensions of a foreign sovereign, all concur to inspire admiration for his enterprises. But these and similar tales, collected without discrimination from history, have been confined to novels, romances, and the theatre; "nor because," says Quintana, "the youth of Rodrigo appears less extraordinary, is he in his after-career less admirable."

Chalon, the private secretary of Maria de Medici, queen of France, is known to have recommended to Corneille the study of the Spanish drama: and it was the tragedy entitled *Las Mocedades del* CID, by D. Guillen de Castro, that gave the French poet (he himself admits it)

Digitized by Google

the first ideas, and the subject of his CID. In addition to this, there is another Spanish drama, *El Honrador de su Padre*, written by Don Juan Battista Diamante, on the same subject; upon comparing which (says a Spanish critic) with the tragedy of Corneille, it is evident that in many scenes one author has translated from the other, absolutely *ad pedem literæ*. For instance, it is impossible to attribute to casual coincidence the exact similarity of the two compositions in the scene between Don Diego and the Count: this scene is very different in the tragedy of D. Guillen de Castro. Corneille makes not the slightest mention of the drama of Don Diamante. This coincidence of ideas might here, perhaps, be deemed a sufficient evidence that the Spanish author copied from the French poet. The question has been frequently contested by literati, and, as happens in many more important things, after long discussion on each side, it remains as undecided as at first. La Harpe and Voltaire also treat of it, but they do not seem to have had much knowledge of Spanish; for that reason they have been attacked by the critics of the Peninsula.* But this would divert us too far from the principal subject of our article. It will suffice to have pointed out the resemblance of the

---

* Ahora bien, Corneille no hace mencion para nada de la comedia de Diamante; luego seria preciso para esplicar esta coincidencia de pensamientos, que Diamante le hubiese copiado à él. Para los que saben que Diamante es contemporáneo de Corneille, esto, aunque non es probable, tampoco es impossible; pero Voltaire y La Harpe que dan por supuesto que Diamante *es anterior* à Guillen de Castro, y cómo no advertieron que la tragedia de Corneille se parece mucho mas que á la de este, ultimo al *Honrador* de su padre? Por lo que respecta à La Harpe, es cosa que se explica muy bien considerando que era tan docto en punto á literatura espanola que, sobre decir que nuestro teatro es *insulso y chocarrero*, supune que la accion del Cid pasa en el siglo XV. Con esto està dicho todo. Pero Voltaire que, arrastrado por suo insoportable prurito de echarla de gracioso á todo trance, se esfuerzo por ponere en ridículo pasages muy bellos de la comedia di Diamante,* y que por consiguiente hubo de leerla sin duda, aunque no siempre la entendiot, non debio omitir en sus *Comentarios* que la citada escena entre el conde y Don Dicgo es exactamente la misma que pone Diamante entre ambos, anadiendo, pues asegura que Diamente es anterior á Corneille, que este la tradujo de aquel. Nosotros nos guarderémos muy bien de asegurarlo, primero porque Corneille no lo dice, y segundo porque ignoramos si Diamante compuso el *Honrador de su padre* antes á despues que Corneille su *Cid*. Lo unico que consta es que debieron mediar entre la publicacion de ambas composiciones muy pocos anos de diferencia, pues ambos autores florecieron á mediados del siglo XVII. Corneille nació en 1606 y es de presumir que Diamante naciese tambien por la misma epoca. Lo único que resulta evidentemente de la lectura de ambas composiciones es que uno de los dos autores tradujo al otro en la escena que ya dos veces hemos citado,—y nos circumscribimos a ella á fin de no embrollar lo cuestion; pero mientras no tengamos algun documento auténtico en que apoyarnos para decidir quien fue el plagiario, no considerarémos resuelta la

* Tal es por exemplo aquel en que el joven Cid, arre batado por sujusta coléra, desafia al conde proponiendole el duelo en estos hermosos versos, tan propios de la situacion y de las costambres de la época.

Y asi en campana, en probiado	A caballo, á pié, con peto
De noche ó de dia, al cielo	O sin el, á espada, ó lanza
Claro ó á lo sombra oscura	A vuestro arbitrio!....

Da esto se burlo Voltaire, procurando ponerlo in ridiculo; mas con tan poca gracia y con tan poca razon que solo consigue ponerse en ridículo á si mismo.

† Es en efecto, Voltaire supone que el *garcon gracieux*, Nuno, es el que ha retratado á Jimena y asi la encaja lo de *grands pintor*, que dice el Cid del verdadero retratista:

Nuno. En palacio ha sido	
Que es donde el pintor la vida,	*Rodrigo.* ¡Grande pintor!
Al pasar	

Con tal ligerezza trataba Voltaire así las cosas mas insignificantes como las mas serias. Por supuesto que este error la da márgen para soltar unos evantos chistes contra la comedia de Diamante, ¡que diferancia entre el respeto en que inclinaba Corneille su venerable frente ante nuestros grandes poetas y el tono petulante y necio con que los insulta el gran filósofo del siglo XVIII.!

Digitized by Google

celebrated French tragedy, *Le Cid*, not only to the drama *Les Mocedades del Cid*, by G. de Castro, but to that also of D. Diamante, *Honrador de su Padre*, the many irregularities of which are interspersed with much real beauty. But to return, we are, with Sartorio, of opinion that Sanchez was the first to give publicity to the poem of the CID, in 1779; to him, indeed, it may be said, that we are indebted for its rescue from the obscurity in which it had so long been buried, since he copied it from the manuscript of a priest named D. Pedros, who lived in the thirteenth century, and whom Masden (wherefore is not known) has substituted for the real author. Numerous additional particulars of much erudition, relating to this poem, are contained in the preface by P. Monti, to an Italian translation of it by that diligent and deservedly renowned literato.

The poem, supposed to have been written about fifty years after the death of the *Cid* upon his various exploits, is in many parts barbarous, both in style and verse. Most useful, however, is every ancient document bearing any vestige of historical information, although intermingled with fable, of this the most glorious, celebrated hero of Spain, the CID *Rodrigo Diego de vibar*, who, of a character wholly peculiar for its chivalry and rusticity, flourished in the time of Alphonso VI., that is in the eleventh century. The *Cid* is the Achilles of Spanish history; but inasmuch as he surpassed in noble virtues that hero, so he was less fortunate in not having a Homer to sing his deeds. Notwithstanding this, his renown and popularity extend through all Spain. We remember with pleasure the enthusiasm of D. Alvarez Rogas Moreno, for two names of Spanish history, the one of Maria Padilla, the other of Rodrigo Diego de vibar, *the Cid*. We do not intend diverting the attention of the reader from our subject; but we should like, with E. Charton, to repeat the expressions of D. Alvarez Rogas Moreno, for they will, in a certain manner, demonstrate the popularity of the *Romancero del Cid*. His words were these:—"Among the many Spanish things and names which excite our enthusiasm, are, although from different causes, Maria Padilla and the Cid. If in walking through the streets of Toledo, you pronounce to your cicerone the name of Maria Padilla, you will in an instant perceive the countenance of your man brighten with animation, and his eyes glisten, and in that southern fire of his speaking face,

---

duda. Siempre es muy arriesgado resolver por conjetura cuestiones de hechos. No es probable que Diamante copiase á Corneille, pero tampoco lo es que Corneille cuya buena fe es notoria, ocultase que habia copiado á Diamante, si en efecto le copió. Lo que verdaderamente es muy estrano es que Voltaire que tanto escribió sobre el *Cid*, non se hubiese tomado el trabajo de averiguar en qué época salió a luz la comedia de Diamante, con lo que se hubiera ahorrado el trabajo de repetir cien veces un mismo desatino, y le hubiera quedado mas tiempo para revelar á la posteridad verdades tan luminosas como esta: Nunca se habia sabido hasta entonces (alude al siglo de Corneille) hablar al alma en ninguna nacion.‡ Los mayores enemigos de Voltaire no podran negarle sin injusticia entre otras prendas mejores, ura osadia á toda prueba.

El Honrador de su padre es una comedia poco conocida, llena de irregularidades, pero tambien de bellezas de primer orden. Nos parece no obstante inferior á la de don Guillen de Castro, que no hemos incluido in esta obra por ser muy conocida, á causa de las muchas traducciones que se han hecho de ella.

‡ Prefacio historico sobre el Cid. (v. Coleccion de los mejores autores Espanoles antiquos y modernos.) —1838, Paris (D. Ochoa).

Digitized by Google

you will discover all the pride of his nation. He will forget to lead you to view the granite columns of the Alcazar, to conduct you to the elegant *balustrada* of the *Ayuntamiento*, but will instantly hurry you to the shore of the Tagus, near the gate of the city, called San Martino. There you will see certain ruins; there your *Cicerone* will uncover his head, and with raised finger, point to a simple short inscription in honour of Don Juan de Padilla, and *Donna Maria* his wife; and, without awaiting your questions, will relate to you in his sonorous language, the history of these two martyrs to liberty, whose house stood on this spot three ages ago. You will thus learn how Don Juan Captain-General *de la Comunidad*, after having shaken the throne of Carlo V., became the victim of treachery, and was beheaded at Villamar. He will tell you how, to avenge her husband, Donna Maria, as popular in Toledo the ancient capital city of Spain as Joan d' Arc in France, raised all Toledo at the cry of *libertad*, and long defended the walls with the courage of a warrior. Listening to the discourse of your *criado*, the simple inscription will appear to you mean, but your heart will beat, and your mind be elevated with noble thoughts of valour and chivalric spirit. In 1823 this inscription was removed by the Absolutists, who placed a defamatory one in its stead. The ancient epigraph in honour of Donna Padilla has, however, been restored by the people. But who knows how frequently this little engraved stone will change? Such monuments seem destined to change device and inscription according to the devices of the banner of despotism or liberty, inscribed upon the noble, unhappy land of Spain, by the blood and tears of so many of its children. But that will only tend to heighten the enthusiasm of the Spanish for Maria Padilla; mothers will still teach their sons the stories, *las romanzas*, in her honour; they will be repeated in festivities, and, like the stories, of the immortal Cid, they will be shouted forth by the soldier before battle, and, passing from mouth to mouth, they will undergo various changes of form, without much alteration in substance. In this respect it will share the fate of the poems of Homer.

The other poem of which we were speaking, has also for its subject the enterprises of the same hero, it is the *Romancero del Cid* (different from the before-mentioned *Poem* of the Cid), composed of short cantos, called *romances*. This last name is, it is known, applied to short poetic compositions written in *romance*, or in the vulgar Castilian language. Whether the *Romancero* is composed by one or by various authors is unknown; but we think, with Monti, that it is the conception of one only, for the cantos are so well connected, and exhibit such uniformity of style, as to constitute a regular poem. Critics dissent among themselves as to the era to which it belongs. Tommaso Antonio Sanchez did not include it in his collection of Castilian poetry, anterior to the fifteenth century; hence he seems to have judged it posterior to that age. Again, considering that the *Romancero*, in the customs it represents, and in its style, bears an evident character of antiquity, it cannot be believed so modern. The opinion therefore of those who refer to the same age as the Cid, or to the next, is (in our judgment and in that of Monti) by no means admissible, for it has a regularity of verse and rhyme, not belonging to that century. Quite in contradiction also to this opinion, are the words of the ninth *romance*, or canto, describing

Digitized by Google

things pertaining to the apparel, certainly not used in time of the *Cid*, and of Alphonso the Wise, as:

Calzas valonas tudescas....
Camison redondo y justo
Sin filetes, ni recamos,
Que entonces el olmidon
Eran pon para muchachos

These words manifest that the poet flourished in a different age from that of his hero. We remarked that these *romances* are reported to be very generally sung; this is confirmed in the 17th *romance*, in which we read: "*There are those who deny the truth of the deeds sung of him.*" This is one of the reasons for which it may be compared to the poems of Homer, which, first sung in Greece, were transmitted by tradition to successive ages; and thus the German *Niebelungen*, divided into little fragments, as musical heads, still seem to have been originally composed for singing.

Ferdinando del Castillo was the first to collect and print, in the sixteenth century, the cantos of our *Romancero;* Pietro Florez comprised them in the general *Romancero*, and reprinted them in 1614; in the seventeenth century, Juan de Escobar again published them in Madrid, but without date. This editor has the merit of first arranging them so as to constitute a complete biography of the hero who is the subject of them. The edition of Escobar is now the accredited one, and reprints of it have been made. Vicenzo Gonzales del Requero in his Madrid edition of 1818, has included only seventy-eight *romances*, rejecting twenty-four on account of their not according with history. Here he was wrong, for he did not edit a life of the Cid, but a work, the nature of which admitted the mixture of truth and fable. And certainly we find not only in these beautiful *Romances del Cid*, but in all other Castilian *Romances*, of which perhaps we shall speak in a future article —that in almost all primitive popular poetry of every nation, there is an admixture of the true with the false, of the anagorical and allegorical sense, the symbol of individuality, of nationality, of humanity!

This is the delight, the glory of the true, enlightened philologist; with the aid of philosophy, to compare in their infancy the literatures of different nations, to remark their correspondencies, and to observe how with the advance of civilisation they gradually become distinct, branch off, and as in the present day, tend under various respects and views, through diverse ways to mutual fraternisation. Thus from the sea rise the waters, which, spreading over the universal world, modify themselves into rivers, streams, and fountains, again to mingle in the same ocean from which they departed. Such is the order of things established by providence; every thing revolves in a circle, which, however, extends in countless strata, all more or less connected with the first spiral lines put in motion by the grand primary centre, around which they perpetually circulate.

The *Cid* is said to contain traditions both true and false, but still beautiful. Berchet and others have asserted the same of other Spanish *Romances;* and it is pleasing to observe the dexterity with which the Castilians engraft the events of their own history, upon traditions of

Digitized by Google

other countries, how upon all such they have stamped the impress of their own individuality, invested them with their own national colors, and frequently converted them to sources of honor and pride to themselves. Thus, for example, they usurp the glory of the defeat of the French in Roncesvalles (778). That the discomfiture was effected by the Basque troops,—who attacked the French rear-guard, is to them of slight importance. The people of Castile desire for themselves the glory of their allies; and in their eyes, the battle of Roncesvalles *was a regular contest between the French and Castilians*, between Charlemagne and King Alphonso *el casto:* that the latter ascended the throne three years afterwards does not affect the question. To the *Rolando* of the French tradition, the Castilian opposes a hero of his own history, *Bernardo del Carpio.* It is of no consequence that the military valor of this del Carpio shone a little later, in the first half of the ninth century: if Rolando fell at Roncesvalles, Bernardo slew him, says the Castilian.

Somewhat less fabulous certainly, than the traditions collected from foreign histories, are those wholly indigenous to Spain, such as the adventures of the Cid, or King Rodrigo the first; and, afterwards, the battle of *Xeres de la Frontera* at the commencement of the eleventh century; or the contemporary fortunes of Fernan Gonzales, the founder of the kingdom of Castile; or the atrocities of Pietro *the Cruel* in the second half of the fourteenth century, &c. &c. Nevertheless even in the particulars of these, we should consider the expression of sentiment and public belief, and not always restrict ourselves to the bare fact.

All popular poetry of the middle ages, in the narration of events, gives but a few touches, like one sketching merely the outline of some design. It does not expatiate; but occupied with facts alone, seizes only the most prominent circumstances; passing by all others with indifference. It does not take us by the hand, and lead us step by step; but hastens forward to the object; places it before our eyes, and without permitting time for contemplation, impels us on with unremitting speed. This is frequently the character of the Spanish romances. Their beginning is mostly abrupt; and their conclusion often unexpected; they in many instances resemble, and sometimes are, fragments of longer, but lost poems. In the manner of narration, the choice of images, the words in which the thought is clothed, and in the modes adopted to excite attention, they exhibit but slight variation. This poverty is however compensated by the very rare and most felicitous appropriateness of all that is introduced. In this it may be observed that the poets of one people occasionally resemble those of another, though far distant. We repeat, with Berchet, that there will be found in the Spanish romances, in the popular songs of the North, and in the books of Indian poetry, an identity of manner, supplying a fortuitous indication of the identity of human nature, rather than a proof, and that sometimes merely conjectural, of imitation. This results perhaps from a primitive instinct of ideas of form common to all men. But the discussion of this point would be lengthy: we must therefore return to the Romance, which confirms the truth of the preceding observations. Sartorius shows that this collection of songs of the *Cid* is also extremely valuable for the abundance of true poetry it contains, for the excellence of the verse,

Digitized by Google

for the beautiful and faithful picture of the customs of those times. The narration proceeds simply, seeming to be distinguished from prose solely by the metre and the assonance; but when the subject becomes more lofty, the poet proportionally elevates his style, speaking in imagery, and rousing the affections. It is also highly important as regards its political and moral tendency; which is to excite and sustain in the Spaniards, as a nation, the love of their country, heroism and the sentiment of honor; which last in the Spaniard is, we have before remarked, high-wrought and exaggerated, but most useful, as maintaining individual and national dignity. All the exploits of the Cid are military: the mere relation of them creates wonder, the mind with difficulty forming a conception of that man of iron frame, who, expelled from his country, and accompanied by only a small band consisting of soldiers, relatives and friends, never wearied of fighting, and never fought but for victory. The glory of contemporary kings was dim beside that of the Cid, the shield and defence of some states, the terrible scourge of others, who in a martial, ferocious age, appeared some tutelary deity carrying everywhere glory and prosperous fortune. The titles of *Campeador mio Cid* (born in a fortunate hour) have descended through successive ages to us, as evidence of the high estimation of his contemporaries, and of the honour and fortune he was supposed to have enjoyed. It is to be regretted that Spanish literati have not entertained that value for the poem and *Romancero* of the Cid of which they are worthy, and with which they are regarded by the first foreign critics. Even Masden with a certain trifling or sophistry, which we too frequently observe in some pseudo-critics of our own days, called them nonsense, trash, gewgaws (*buxerias*). Fortunately posterity corrects with dispassionate severity the judgments of contemporary criticism; hence ill criticised authors should oppose only a dignified silence to the simple prattling of those who have no other occupation.

As we observed in the beginning of our article, Herder, the illustrious German poet, published a translation of the Cid, in which, upon the plan adopted by Cesarotti, in his Italian translation of the Iliad, he altered and omitted many things of the *Romancero*, in order to adapt it to modern taste. There is also an imitation in French (Paris, 1821, Didot), so unlike the original, as to be in general hardly recognisable. To these literati, therefore, we can award but little praise, because in removing that primitive character, that simplicity, that precious venerable perfume of antiquity, they deprive this description of poetry of the greatest portion of its beauty. Conti also, in his Italian translation from the Spanish, has fallen into a similar error. And here we may express our admiration of the elegant and faithful translations from the Spanish into Italian, by Professors Biava and Paravia, as well as that of Berchet. But we think, that in P. Monti Italy possesses the most learned, faithful, and praiseworthy of all translators of Spanish romances. In his very accurate translation of the *Cid* (Frankfort edition, by Brenner, 1829), he has endeavoured to render with all fidelity, not only the idea, but whenever it was possible, even the very words and phrases, persuaded that the original form of a poem of such antiquity and singular merit ought to be known by the reader. An example from the text of the first canto will enable the reader to judge of his success in the translation.

Digitized by Google

" Cuidando Diego Lainez
En la mengua de sua *casa*
Fidalga, rica, y antiqua
Antes de Inigo y *Abarca*
Y viendo que le fallecen
Fuerzes para la veng*ance*,
Porque por sus luengos dios
Don si no puede tom*alla*,
Non puede dormir de noche,
Nin gustar de las *viandas*,
Ni alzar de suelo los ojos,
Ni osa salir de su *casa*,
Nin fablar can su amigos;
Que antes le niega la *fabla*,
Temiendo que les ofenda
El aliento de su in*famia*.
E stando, pues, combatiendo
Con estas honrosas *bascas*,
Para usar de una experiencia,
Que no le salio cantr*aria*,
Mando llmar a sus fijos,
Y sin decilles pa*labra*,
Les fue apretando uno à uno
Las fidalgas tiernas p*almas*,
No para miver en ellas
Las quiromanticas *rayas*,
Que este fechicero abuso
No era nacido in Espa*na*;
Mas prestando el honor, fuerzas,
(A pesar del tiempo y *canas*)
A la fria sangre, y venas,
Nervos y arterios he*ladas*,
Les apretó de manera
Que dijeron, Senor, b*asta*
Què intentes, à que pretendes?
Suèltanos ya, que nos *matas*.
Mes cuando llegò a Rodrigo
Casi meurta la esper*anza*
Del fruto que pretendia,
Que à do no piensan se h*alla*,
Encarnizados los ojos
Cual furiosa tigre hirc*ana*,
Con mucha furia y denuedo
Le dice aquestas pa*labras*.
Soltedes Padre en mal ora
Soltedes en hora *mola*,
Que à no ser padre, no hiciero
Satisfacion de pa*labras*;
Antes con la mano mesma
Vos sacàra las entr*anas*,
Faciendo lugar el dedo
En vez de punal ò d*aga*.
Llorando de goso el viejo,
Dijo: " Fijo de mi *alma*,
Tu enojo me desenoja
Y tu indignaraion me a*grada*,
Esos brazos, mi Rodrigo
Muostralos en la dem*anda*
De mi honor, que està perdido,
Si en ti no se cobra y *gana*.
Contòle su agravio, y diòle
Su bendicion y la esp*ada*
Con que diò el Conde la muerta,
Y principio à sus fa*zanas*."

Siede pensando Lainez Diego all onta
Di sua cavalleresca, antica e ricca
Puì nobil stirpe dell' Ignigo e Abarca;
Vede, colpa degli anni, che la possa
Gli fallisce a vendetta, onde nè sonno
Gusta nè cibo, nè lo sguardo leva
Dal suol, nè esce di casa o parla *a* amici,
O risposta dà lor, tanto è il sospetto
Che di *sua* infamia l' alito gli offenda.
Mentre questa d' onor cura il travaglia,
Prova tentò che non fu vana. I suoi
Figli chiamati, senza dir parola,
Compresse lor le tenerelle mani
Ad uno ad uno; nè mirarvi intese
Magiche note chè non era ancora
Tal rito da maliarde rella Spagna.
Zelo d' onor diè lena al freddi polsi,
E così le costrinse, che gridaro
Basta, basta, signor; che tenti, o vuoi?
Lascio, o ci *ammazzi*.—Ma a Rodrigo
giunto,
Improvviso fiorì la quasi morta
Speme del frutto att*eso*. Gli occhi acc*esi*,
Come d' ircana furibonda tigre,
Giròlgli audacemente, e così disse
Cor gran furia: per Dio, scioglimi, o
padre,
Scioglimi in tua malora; se non eri
Mio genitor, non ti valea discolpa
Di parole, e ti avrei con questa mano
Le viscere divelte, e per pugnale
Mi servia delle dit*a a* aprirti il ventre.
Il veglio lagrimando della gioja
Gli parlò; *Figliuol* dell' alma mia,
Il tuo disdegno mi consola, e l'ira,
Che in te brilla, mi è in grado. Questi
ardenti
Spirti, Rodrigo mio, mostrali adesso
In vendicare l'onor mio che giace,
Quando per te non lo racquisti.—Allora
L' onta narròlgli, il benedisse, e a lui
Porse quel brando che diè morte al Conte,
E fu principio alle sue grandi imprese."

In order that the assonance and monorhyme may not pass unobserved, we print in italics the word upon which falls the assonant rhyme, which is the same throughout the whole poem, as was done by the forementioned translator, Monti, who endeavoured to render the *Romances*, or Spanish cantos, consisting of octosyllabic lines, with correspondencies

Digitized by Google

of rhyme (though not always regularly), similar to that called *assonant* and much used by the Spaniards. Perhaps it would be agreeable to our readers to have some example of this *assonance* and *monorhyme*, which are not very generally known, and may both be seen in this *romancero*. When the vowel or the vowels of the last syllable of a line, upon the point where the last accent falls, are the same as those of the final syllable of the line with which it rhymes, it has the regular assonance. The Italian poets of the twelfth and thirteenth century have some instances of these rhymes. We give here one example from the legend of St. Margaret :—

E si trova nella sua leg*genda*,
E la scrittura il mani*festa*.—
Ora andate, e diman*date*
Quale Dio ella vuole ador*are*.
E filava in sua *rocca*
Non so se bambagia, o lino, o st*oppa*.

The Spanish also, like the more ancient poets, sometimes thought it sufficient that the last syllable only should rhyme, as in the following lines from the same legend :—

Ma si diciano d' un maestr*o*,
Ch'ella appella Gesu Crist*o*.

In the cantos of the *romancero* of the Cid, the first and third line of every strophe do not rhyme, the second and fourth do; and the same *assonance* is repeated alternately through the whole poem. This is one form of the monorhyme, which continues the *assonance* or *consonance* through several lines, or at least as many as the poet can find terminations for. It has, from time immemorial, been much in use among the Arabians. The poems called "*divani*," some of which are thus written, may be cited as examples. The anonymous author, or authors, of the *Cid* frequently composed a hundred lines with but one *assonance*, without however rejecting the consonant rhymes which presented themselves spontaneously; he often admitted lines without either *assonance* or *consonance*; sometimes, on the other hand, he seems suddenly to grow weary of one assonance, and changes it for another. In the poems of Don Gonzales de Berceo, who flourished about the year 1220, we find lines rhyming by fours with one regular consonance; and, with some slight exception, this rule was for a long time followed by the Castilian poets.

The custom of alternating or crossing the rhyme did not, we think with Sartorius, begin among them until the time of Juan de Mena, who lived in the fourteenth century. Instances of monorhyme are frequent among the Provençal poets of the twelfth century, and some believe, though falsely, that they were the first inventors of alternate rhyme. From the twelfth century the Italians wrote canzoni with the alternation, or as the French say, the crossing of the rhyme; the dialogue between Amante and Madonna, by the poet Ciullo d'Alcamo, is composed in this style; there is also a sonnet by Ludovico della Vernaccia, in regular and alternate rhyme, which is referred to about the date 1200, and may be read in the collection of the poets of the first century, printed in 1816 at Firenze. This is also evident from the employment of them in

Digitized by Google

the modern languages which spring from the Latin; for the rest it is worth the while to read the learned fortieth dissertation of Muratori in his *Antichita del Medio Evo.* In this he demonstrates upon incontrovertible authority and example, that the Italians received the use of rhyme from the Arabians, and perhaps from the people of the north who ruled over Italy; that anteriorly to its existence in the vulgar Roman language, assonant, consonant, and alternate rhyme were used in the barbarous Latin. Of this he brings forth an example taken from a book of anthems of the seventh or eighth century, belonging to a monastery in Ireland, and now to the Ambrosian library; it is as follows:

Vera regalis aura,
Variis gemmis ornata,
Gregisque Christi caula,
Patre summo servata.
Virgo valde fecunda,
Hæc et mater intacta,
Læta ac tremebunda
Verbo Dei subacta.

In his beautiful translations from Spanish into Italian, professor Biava has given some happy examples of assonant rhyme; but we shall speak of him in a future article upon the most illustrious modern Italian poets, among whom Biava occupies a distinguished rank.

The metre then in which the *Romancero* is written is a Castilian *octosyllabic*, which, from the character of the language, is more sustained and lofty than the Italian; and the regular return of the same *assonance* throughout the entire canto imparts considerable sweetness to this kind of verse, which is very musical and well adapted to singing. We may add that the Spanish Language is more prolix than the Italian, though in its poetry there is greater simplicity of expression. The comparison of the Castilian poetry with the Italian, exhibits the graver character of the former, which without a very artificial arrangement of the words, is sustained and sonorous, but less expressive and energetic than the Italian. These things are pointed out by Salvini, with our admirable translator, because they account for the kind of metre he chose; and for this reason we recommend them to the notice of all who attempt the translation of these poems from the Spanish. For this reason also we admire Monti, because even in his Italian, he adheres to the antique, and preserves several forms of the fourteenth century, which powerfully contribute to give to his work a very appropriate coloring of antiquity. Monti has placed at the beginning of his very accurate work, these words of Salvini: "Like the Sculptor Demetrius, I have been more careful for the truth than the elegance of my portraits."—Whoever possesses any knowledge of the original poetry of the Cid, and of the Castilian Language, must appreciate the method pursued by Monti; and we would suggest to all, into whatever language they wish to translate the Cid, the necessity of a careful selection of words, expressions adapted to preserve the ancient character of the original, a degree of calmness, freedom, and ease, which to some of the more pedantic even of the present day, may seem too facile and vulgar, but which nevertheless are very difficult to obtain; and when obtained give great efficacy to the style.

Digitized by Google

In the *Romancero del Cid*, those parts which we deem most beautiful, and which are our favourites, are: Diego Lainez trying the courage of his sons,—the challenge of the Cid—the Cid showing to his father the head of Count Luzzano—the Cid presenting himself to king Ferdinand I—the lamentations of Chimena—Chimena demanding her husband of the Cid—the combat of the four knights—Dolfos killing king Sancio—the dispute of the Cid with Bermudo—the clemency of the Cid, and the presents he makes—the Cid giving commands for the removal of his corpse—and the will of the Cid.

We advise such of our readers as are desirous of prosecuting these studies to read the life of the *Cid* by Johann Müller, the first German historian; and another written with much learning by the celebrated Don Manuel Josef Quintana, of Madrid, who from the beauty of his poetry has been called the Tyrtæus of Spain.

In future numbers of our Magazine, we shall probably give a sketch of some other Spanish authors, such as the Marquis de Santillana; Gil Polo; Gargilasso della Vega; Don Alfonso de Ercilla; Manuele de Vilegas; Mendoza; and some others. But perhaps we shall be asked why we draw attention to poetry so simple and ancient as this. We hope, however, that the time is passed for such interrogations, since both criticism and philosophy, as Berchet has abundantly proved, derive much benefit from their application to these studies. It is now sixty years since Johann Herder made a noble effort to establish a taste for simple and inerudite poetry; and although he did not select the best specimens, he reasoned with such effect, that in a very short time after, this kind of primitive popular poetry issued in great abundance from the press, sometimes in the original text, sometimes in translation. Then men of letters, poets, all abandoning the pride of their ancestors, delighted to cull these sweet and simple flowers, not only from neighbouring nations, but also from those more distant, and which in some respects we term barbarous. In the search for these flowers in their mental travel, they were constantly guided by the feeling, that wherever there is a principle of civilisation, wherever among men there is any community of tradition, custom, affections, there is poetry; and that poetry, though unlearned, and without a studiously refined elegance of forms, finds means of utterance from the human heart, and of exciting with great power the minds of nations not yet fallen from the multiplied enjoyments of an established civilisation.

Hence the number greatly augmented of collections of original popular poetry of various nations, and in all languages, translations multiplied to even excess, for often they were attempted without an adequate knowledge of the language of the original, and therefore without preserving its primitive colouring and harmony. Indeed some translated from translations, not caring to give more than a sketch, an outline of the works translated.

Now, however, things are improved, and collections of Chronicles, of ancient poetry of all nations appear in the original text, from which translations are made, and comments appended; and thus in the republic of letters a reciprocated communion of mind is established, and nations combine to assist and promote the fraternisation of universal society. For us therefore it only remains, in connection with the mention of these

Digitized by Google

inestimable publications, that we should endeavour to inspire translators and editors with the spirit of courage and perseverance in the pursuit of their noble labours, and adjure all nations to continue to sow in multiplied abundance this precious seed, which springing up may bring forth the glorious fruit of universal fraternisation. But if we take only an æsthetic view of literature; if we neglect to become acquainted with the *chef d'œuvres* of every nation and school, we stolidly deprive ourselves of great intellectual improvement and delight. He who would in his works emulate the immensity of nature, should represent the beautiful under an infinite variety of aspects, each according with the diversified impressions made upon him by the circumstances of place and time, and his own individual position. But in all its variety, the beautiful is ever in conformity with certain eternal principles, and therefore immutable and one.

Considerations of this kind, we believe, are calculated to convey useful counsel and an important lesson to a class of individuals, who, wholly enslaved to certain forms of beauty, would banish all modern literature, and are unable to depart from a set of fixed rules, cherished only by themselves, and being in reality nothing more than distorted impressions from Greek or Latin models, which they remember only as a dream of their early scholastic studies. Were they capable of thoroughly comprehending certain affections and certain ideas, ancient enough truly, but which nevertheless appear to us still new and modern, they would assuredly find in them abundant force and richness. They would behold the human mind excited in a great variety of ways, and with an ever-increasing intensity. But perhaps imperfection of form to a certain degree proceeds from this very source: the richer and more numerous the material, the greater the difficulty of giving them a simple and distinct form. The beauty of a composition, says Guizot, consists in its simplicity and symbolic unity. It is, however, extremely difficult to combine this simplicity, this distinctness, with the astonishing variety of ideas and affections inwoven in European civilisation; but the difficulty will cease when we have learned to appreciate and carry out the efforts of such men as Dante, Shakspeare, Calderon, Lopez de Vega, Milton, Klopstock, Schiller and Goethe. The examination of the question of preference between ancient and modern in this respect, will show the great advantage to be derived from a study of the modern literature, not of Europe alone, but of the whole world.

For ourselves, we repeat unceasingly, we shall always entertain an earnest desire for the multiplication of these polyglott publications, regarding them as monuments of the civilisation and history of former times, as well as instruments of fraternising social progress for the future. Therefore when we see such a book as the *Romancero del Cid*, and contemplate it æsthetically, we feel our veneration attracted, as by a picture of Cimabue or Albert Durer: but when we consider it with reference to its utility as an example tending to keep alive the publication of popular traditional poetry, which may exert so powerful and ameliorating an influence upon the destinies of nations, then with an earnest prayer for the well-being of the noble people of Spain we feel disposed, at the mention of the very title of the Romancero, to bow our head in reverence, as the cicerone (*eriado*) of Toledo did at the mention of the names of Maria Padilla and the Cid.

Digitized by Google

LOVE AND CHARITY.

No. 4.—*Selected from the Records of the Eccentric Club.*

Nick Sober, *Hon. Sec.*

We communicated to the public, in our last paper, the opinions of the club on the subject of Animal Magnetism, and it has since afforded us much amusement to observe the different impressions which it has made upon our friends. Indignation, merriment and sorrow have been alternately expressed, and such contradictory sentences have been passed upon our conduct, that we rejoice in not having followed the example of the man in the fable, but, instead of endeavouring to please others, have studied only to please ourselves. To those philosophers who suppose that we have not treated the subject with sufficient reverence, we beg most humbly to apologise; and we promise that we will, for the future, apply our minds most vigorously to the consideration of this abstruse subject, trusting that our understandings will be duly enlightened, and our respect proportionately increased: to those who regard the weakness of credulity with compassion, we proffer this advice, that they should first pity their own; and to those who laugh, we declare that we are, for the sake of sociality, very willing to laugh with them.

Our friend Balance, has, however, fallen in for the greatest share of censure; and, in proof of this, we have much pleasure in relating an anecdote which he, this evening, communicated to the club. It appears that Ned, about a fortnight since, attended a party at Lady Buckram's, where, it is well known, men of science and literature are accustomed to assemble. He had no sooner made his bow, than the Honourable Miss M——, a spinster of the old school, being remarkable for a figure as prim as Pomona carved in box, in a Dutch flower garden, and conversation as dark as the clouds, began to lecture him, in very learned style, on the folly of narrating so ridiculous a story as appeared in the late *Monthly*; and affirmed, moreover, that she was, personally, a living instance of the effects of Animal Magnetism;---a fact which Ned had no disposition to controvert. The lady had scarcely talked herself out of breath when Dr. Muffle interposed, and, by force of smiting his left breast, tenderly pressing the hands of several maiden ladies, and performing a few other analogous magnetic actions, he made the company believe that Animal Magnetism was the sovereign secret of life and feeling, and that our unlucky friend was an incredulous coxcomb. Ned, however, was not readily discomfited, and he declared, with a good show of reason, that if the able Doctor could magnetise him, he would believe in the science to the fullest extent. The Doctor was not prepared for such a proposal, and, with a little embarrassment, said, "that there were two things absolutely necessary for the evolution of Animal Magnetism, neither of which were present in this experiment;---the first was that the operator must be

Digitized by Google

in better health than the patient, and he had, unfortunately, a severe head-ache, which would render his manipulations abortive." To this Ned returned, that he would be the Magnetiser, and the Doctor the patient; but the ladies poured such a torrent of genteel invective against the unsuspicious innovator, that he was glad to withdraw the proposal. "The next condition," said the Doctor, "is, that the patient must *will* to be magnetised, or no effect can be produced!" Ned bowed very humbly, and replied, "That he perceived that there was, in reality, no mystery in Animal Magnetism, as he had previously, very foolishly, supposed; for it had been a fixed moral axiom since the creation of the world, that when men were willing to be made dupes of, dupes they were made." The Honourable Miss M—— wondered at his impertinence, and Lady Buckram's brow grew cloudy; at which sign of a storm our friend thought fit to make a hasty retreat, lest the electricity should suddenly disturb the atmosphere, and light upon his devoted head. The members of the club remain, notwithstanding, unconscious of the folly attributed to Ned, and, therefore, are determined to support him.

Balance had scarcely ended when the Major entered, and, opening upon the table a red-coloured handkerchief, curiously spangled with diamonds, disclosed to our inquiring eyes a bag of prawns, and several bundles of radishes. "You really don't mean to treat us, Major?" said Ned, in affected astonishment. "This is a treat to me," answered the Major, with a benevolent smile, "and I shall eat my humble supper to night, with greater relish, than a commander-in-chief ever swallowed a ragout.." "There is some tale attached to these prawns, I'll lay my word upon it; some rosy faced girl, with a pair of blue eyes, who knew how to make a proper use of her beauty, and tickled the Major's vanity by praising the neat cut of his boots---Come, Major, how is it?" "Ned, Ned," returned the worthy officer, in a tone of gentle reproof, but his ideas hung upon his tongue, and he stopped. "Here is a crust of bread, too," said the poet, unfolding another corner of the handkerchief, and exhibiting the dry fragment of a loaf; I suspect the Major has been masquerading through the streets, and these are the fruits of his mendicancy." "Cease your merriment awhile, my friends," said the Major, feelingly, "and I will tell you how these things came into my hands." We were all silent, for we perceived that the Major was affected by some mournful thoughts.

"Hastening to the club, this evening," continued he, "I was stopped at the crossing of two streets, by a line of carriages; and while I was waiting patiently for the opportunity to pass on, I overheard a moan—I could not be mistaken, although it was in the street, where there are many sounds; but this was peculiar, as if a spirit animated it—and I listened. Again I heard the same sound, and 'twas so plaintive, and so deep, that I turned my head involuntarily, and beheld a poor woman sitting at a stall: I did not see her face, she crouched; I knew she was in grief, and that no other living being had uttered that sound. She was nursing an infant at her bosom, and I was well assured, as her head bent over it, that

Digitized by Google

she gazed upon it most piteously. There is no fashion in feeling, my friends; we must all love in the same way, rejoice in the same way, and grieve in the same way; and if there be any who would ridicule tenderness in the indigent, I do not envy them their own. We may disguise the expression of our feelings, we may repress them, but we cannot change them; and here all mankind are equal.

"There must be some secret sorrow, thought I, in that poor creature's breast: and I was convinced of this, on noticing more particularly some tattered black crape hanging over her shoulders. She now raised her head; and her black bonnet no longer concealed her pale, but interesting features. She pressed her baby to her bosom, parted its silvery locks with her hand, which was whiter than I expected to see it, and dropped a tear upon its cheek. Unconscious babe! the tear of sorrow was thy baptism! A boy, with beautiful auburn locks, now came up, and hung around his mother's knee; his cheek was wan and sallow, and his eye pensive. 'Thou art hungry, child,' said the mother; the boy looked into her face, and sighed. I saw the woman's bosom swell, and the tears rush into her eyes. She said nothing—for she could not speak for grief; but, taking this stale crust from her basket, she gave it to the sick child. But what an affectionate, solicitous look, accompanied the action: it spoke volumes. Love for her offspring, despair for his life, the deepest sense of self-denial—all concentered in that glance, which moved my heart much more than a long history of her afflictions—her story was all there! 'Save some for my father,' said the lad in tender accents, as he took the crust, and again offered it to his mother; 'he is more hungry than I am!' It was too much for the poor dear woman, nature could bear no longer—it was too much for her; the load pressed upon her heart until it gave way under the burden, and she wept bitterly, as she said, 'Eat it, darling; thy father will never be hungry more!' and then she added, in a lower tone, 'he hath eaten of the bread of life!' She then placed her thin hand upon the child's head; and I am sure I heard her mutter a blessing. Such strokes of feeling as these are like Moses' rod, and would draw tears from a bosom of stone.

"Happiness, the chief desire of man, is said to be found only amongst the humble; but, alas! the humble are poorer in purse, and have more wants to supply than their dissatisfied superiors. Let us not believe the indigent happy, lest we check the outpourings of benevolence, which might tend to make them so. I never can see cheerfulness in poverty; and when I behold a tattered coat, I think of the many blasts of wind it must let in: a haggard face is the index of misery, and appeals to my sensibility as a man and a brother. Yes, Poverty! thou art a heavy yoke pressing on the necks of the unfortunate, cutting into the flesh, and subjugating the broken spirit to despair. Thy weight makes the limbs totter, and the head bend, till worn out by thy torments the body sinks into the grave. See the wretched man, to whom the hedge has been a nightly shelter from the storm, a cold stone his pillow, and whose

Digitized by Google

lips have almost forgotten the taste of bread, stand with a longing eye regarding the food for which his body languishes; and then watch him put his hand into his pocket, draw therefrom a few papers—shake his head, and repeat the action with more care, but with a more hopeless look, till, after searching in vain, he feels the desponding conviction that his last coin is spent; and then leaving the scene of temptation, with a groan of anguish, he falls upon the pavement to die there. They know thee not, Poverty, who call thee happy!

"But I have lost my narrative," continued the Major, arresting himself in his digression; "Ay, it cut my heart to see the poor lad eat this hard crust, and accosting the interesting group, I took him in my arms, and held him up before my face. The boy had been unaccustomed to receive kindness from strangers, and recoiling from my touch, he stretched out his arms to his mother; and even she regarded me suspiciously, and pressed her babe more fervently to her bosom. 'What a heartless wretch must man be,' thought I, 'that this poor soul should doubt his kindness.' Let her conduct remain an everlasting reproof of the negligence of the great. The needy have no confidence in the rich; for although God united them as his children, the pride of man ever seeks to disclaim the tie. We treat our dogs with more benevolence than we treat our poor brethren, only to show what dogs we ourselves are!" An indignant flush spread over the Major's features; for his heart waxed warm with generous feelings.

"I once," continued the amiable man, "walked into the fields with my spaniel, and, on turning the corner of a small orchard, we came in front of a farm-yard. At the sight of a house my dog's curiosity was roused, and he ran playfully into the area to make acquaintance with any of his species that might be there; but a hen, with her brood by her side, was picking food close by a stack of corn, and immediately she saw the intruder, she clucked in that tone of alarm, which none can forget having once heard it, to gather her young ones around her. The dog approached, and she, with a reddened crest, and swelling with anger, kept at bay the suspected animal, while, as her chickens flocked together, she gradually sank and covered them with her wings. Thus the poor woman strained her children to her bosom; and I could not help thinking that human nature had, indeed, too much of the dog in it.

"'Give me thy hand, my little lad,' said I, endeavouring to give him confidence, 'I am not the enemy you take me for.' The boy was encouraged, and my heart leaped to see the face of the mother assume a calmness, not unmixed with pleasure. I then bought all the goods that were remaining on the stall, and as the poor woman received the cost, methought she grasped it in her hands, as if she was afraid that the treasure might still escape her. She kissed her pretty children, and when she had bidden them thank their God, she bade them thank me too. O! how enviable were my feelings at the moment! I could have wished that the whole human race were in want, that I might have the luxury of relieving them. Why do men seek for pleasure in the gratifications

Digitized by Google

of appetite, when the keenest of all joys arise from the exercise of benevolence? Men willingly rob themselves of their purest and richest pleasures, and strive by every means to degrade their inherent dignity, and pervert the ends of their existence. That poor woman taught me a lesson of the depravity of man, which I shall not soon forget; for as often as I hear a moan escape from the human breast, or see a crust of dry bread, shall I think of the widow and her sons!"

The Major paused; and Manlove, with the fervour peculiar to his humane disposition, proposed that something more might yet be done for such a worthy object of charity. Ned, with praiseworthy humanity said, that when he should take his seat in parliament, he would present a petition for their relief, to that august assembly; not doubting that the members would bestow as much money as compassion. The Doctor wondered that any person should be poor, when the process of coining was so well understood, and could be so easily carried into practice; when the Barrister bade him remember, that if he should set an example he would be trounced for it.

A certain young Princess of France, daughter of Louis XVI., "was astonished that there should be such a thing as starvation in the world;" for, said she, "if people can get nothing else, they can eat bread and cheese!" The luxurious girl had yet to be informed that many of her father's subjects seldom ate any thing better, and very often could not obtain even that. Perhaps this state of ignorance is not unfrequent in our own land; for men surrounded by wealth, and revelling in luxury, have but few opportunities of remarking the squalid wretchedness of the humble; and when it is accidentally presented before their eyes, are but little apt to reflect on its extent, or to yield to commiseration. We do not believe that the human heart is so selfish, or so insensible to pity, that when poverty is known, charity is withheld; we are more willing to think that it is the ignorance of the wealthy and the great, that makes private acts of charity less frequent than humanity could desire. What a beautiful, what an affecting sight it is, to behold a rich man listening kindly to a tale of sorrow; to see his brow relaxed, the tear standing in his eye, and the hand extended in the good work of beneficence! We sometimes remark this in our streets, and it is one of the many strong inducements which actuate our fondness for perambulating them. O! how we have yearned to such a man! how we have loved him for his benevolence! and rejoicing in a higher opinion of our fellow-men, we have returned to our homes with a serene glow in our hearts. A man, whose labour has acquired riches, and whose charity thus dispenses them, is like the revolving sun, which draws the moisture from the ocean at the hour of noon, to disperse it over the earth in the morning dews.

Our friend the poet has promised to compose a work on charity; and from our knowledge of his own misfortunes, which have given a warmth to the natural tenderness of his heart, we have no doubt, that, when published, it will make a deep impression on the public

Digitized by Google

mind, and assist considerably to effect a total reformation in morals. Manlove has volunteered to revise the production, and to furnish examples from his experience as an active member of the Mendicity Society. Ned, however, thinks it advisable for the poet to state, that, in order to show he is earnest in his principles, and really desirous that the reign of benevolence should commence, he should himself set the first example, by publishing his work by subscription. Though Balance may raise a smile by indulging in that unquenchable humour that possesses him, yet, to his honour we declare, that there is no man who would more willingly assist the needy than he. We wish that there were no worse men than Ned, as if there be any such, let them consider the beautiful character which charity assumes, and which it confers on the person who practises it.

Charity is love in its most comprehensive character, purified of its selfishness and jealousy, and doing good only for its own sake. Love, as a passion, is constantly anticipating, and seeking its reward in a return of its affection. Charity knows not, nor desires other recompense than the consciousness of conferring happiness. Pity is the essence of charity, admiration of love; the one considers the unworthiness of the object, the other its ideal excellence: the one is the guardian angel of the universe and the friend of all men, the other is the inhabitant of only one breast, and administers to the happiness of only one being. Charity is divine, love is human.

But let us not be supposed to depreciate the value of love, for nothing, so much as it, when propitious, harmonises the mind and polishes the manners, by correcting singularities, assuaging irritability and checking pride. A man in love is commonly, according to Ned, a ridiculous fellow; but the fault lies in the excess of his adoration: and when his idol is removed, even Ned must yield to him, in general courteousness and urbanity. But while charity is a source of unalloyed pleasure, for, being like the sea universal and in constant motion, it cannot be corrupted, love is often the origin of grief, like a stream, whose violence tears up the banks between which it runs, rendering its waters turbid, and destroying the country it was intended to nourish. These sentiments have been powerfully impressed on our convictions, by a tale which Dick Careless related of a young friend of his, who fell a victim to his unrestrained passion.

"It is now more than twenty years ago," said Dick, "since the events of the story, which I shall narrate to you, occurred; but I was then in that susceptible time of life, when circumstances imprint themselves deeply on the mind, and tend, more or less, to form the character of the man. A young sapling is of a pliable nature, and may be trained to grow in any particular direction; but when it has acquired strength, it resists the attempt, and will sooner break than yield to external force.

"Harry Fielding was my most intimate associate, and I loved him tenderly. We were much alike in appearance, and perhaps the knowledge of this tended to unite us more firmly to each other. He was of an irritable temper, and often gloomy, although a more

Digitized by Google

generous disposition never dwelt in a human bosom; and as I was well acquainted with the goodness of his heart, I frequently made excuses for his impetuosity, where others would have been tempted to resent. Such compliances are absolutely necessary between friends; and who is worthy of being called a friend that is unwilling to yield such submission? The young and faithful vines entangle their branches, and bend together to the blast; and those who have united their hearts, should accord as if they were but one soul. Friendship is one of the purest of human ties; and the man that comes to me recommended as its participator, carries with him a surety of all other good qualities, and a ready passport to my heart. Poor Harry was rather tall and slight, having a pale complexion, which, however, added to the effect of a pair of bright hazel eyes, and a profusion of dark glossy locks. There was usually an expression of thoughtful melancholy in his features; but during moments of excitement, his face would light up with the intense fire of his spirit, and the past Harry Fielding could be scarcely recognized in the present. His face, indeed, was one of the most expressive I ever beheld, changing its character in harmony with his fluctuating feelings. The celerity with which his imagination passed from one subject to another, was very remarkable, and was, perhaps, closely connected with his future unhappiness. His affections were strong, and when they had become habitual, permanent; but, although he would fain persuade himself that his mind was perfectly under his control, his imagination was constantly undermining his heart. Too many, alas! thus deceive themselves, and believing that they can check their passions when they please, allow them to run unrestrained, until becoming conscious of their danger, they endeavour in vain to stop in their career, and, like an affrighted rider, who finds the horse no longer obedient to the rein, they suffer themselves to be hurried on to the destruction that awaits them.

"My friend had spent the greater part of his life with his family in the country; but possessing a little property, and feeling a confidence in his talents, he came to London, in order that his sphere of action might be enlarged, and that he might have an opportunity of obtaining that fame he so earnestly sought. I accompanied him, and being on terms of such friendly intimacy, we lived together. For some weeks after our arrival in town, we passed the time in visiting all those wonders which are considered so new and startling to strangers, but I well remember, that although my friend's spirit was bounding and happy, his anticipations of magnificence were disappointed. This was probably owing to the airy visions of grandeur, which his fancy had previously conjured up. It was, nevertheless, to us a new world,—one in which business and activity prevailed; and we delighted when we returned to our lodgings, to descant, sometimes in enthusiasm, sometimes in censure, on the objects we had seen, and to indulge in brilliant conjectures of our future career. Harry's features would then expand with the presumptuous joy of hope; and as he dwelt fondly on the imaginary homage of men, he turned his thoughts, and contemplated the

Digitized by Google

pleasure of proffering his own homage at the feet of his beloved Charlotte. But in all these things he was bitterly disappointed.

"Charlotte Grover was a sweet girl, and although her features were irregular, yet they were illumined by such an amiable expression, that it was impossible not to feel that she was beautiful. Harry had often been in her company; and he, always an admirer of intellectual beauty, gradually submitted to the influence of her charms. It is a difficult task to describe adequately the lovely Charlotte, or to tell in what charm her influence consisted: it was not in the physical features, but in the moral ones, that her attractions dwelt; and if they did not astonish, they powerfully enchained the beholder. Her smile was one of the most witching that ever curled a downy lip; and a trick of pouting in mock anger, which she was habituated to, was, in her, perfectly enchanting. I can now, in my fancy, behold her little rosy lower lip swelling in disdain; and then turning her head, while a triumphant smile steals over her features; I can hear her gentle harmonious laugh, thrilling in sweet cadences, as if Rosini had set its tones to music. Her eyes were of a greyish blue colour, shaded by long dark eyelashes; but her soul shone through them, and gave them their captivation. In accordance with her character, her dark auburn hair, instead of being gathered up in a knot behind, was allowed to fall gracefully over her neck and shoulders; and sometimes, when she tossed her head with an air of regal dignity, her locks streamed backwards in wild natural beauty.

"It is not to be wondered that a poet should have admired such a graceful girl, and, admiring, should have glided into love. My friend delighted in her society, and before he left his home to enter upon his great career in life, he plighted her his troth. The maiden loved him with all the tenderness and ardour that inhabited her bosom, and was wont to gaze upon his intelligent face, and hang upon his words, as if he were a deity. Then, too, Harry loved her with equal intensity, and believed that neither time, place, nor other earthly considerations could ever diminish his affections. O! that there should be a fiend in man's own bosom, constantly tempting him to deviate from rectitude, by bribing his passions, glossing deceit, and excusing crime. The tempter rejoices in exposing the weakness of man, and encourages him to boast of his sincerity, only that his dereliction from his principles may be the more ignominious. But the principles of men in contending with the adversities of life, are too often like the bark, which, modelled on the best design, and constructed with the most unyielding strength, and, when launched into the sea, is the glory of the workman, returns, after a few tempestuous voyages, the victim of the winds,—a shattered and dangerous wreck.

"After we had spent a few weeks in London, my friend endeavoured to realise his glorious visions of honour, but found, that although London was a large place, and apparently offered more opportunities of advancement than any other, yet, in reality, its magnitude presented one of the greatest difficulties to the accomplishment of his wishes. When any of his plans had proved

Digitized by Google

abortive, he would return to his lodgings, and after he had communicated to me the first effervescence of spleen, he would seek consolation in abandoning himself to his recollections of his home, and Charlotte Grover. These remembrances, however, did not long act agreeably upon his mind, and I soon perceived that a settled melancholy and discontent tinged, with a gloomy colouring, all his thoughts.

"He had lately been accustomed to take solitary walks, and he had become fond of waiting upon a family that had shewn him great kindness, and which bore to him some distant relationship. I had always observed that when he returned from these visits he appeared troubled in mind, and cautiously avoided answering directly to the interrogatories, which I, in a friendly manner, sometimes put to him, respecting his secret disappearances. His humour was not rendered more agreeable by my allusions to Charlotte Grover, and if at any time I employed her name to rally him into cheerfulness, his irritablity was suddenly increased, and some careless or contemptuous expressions were not unfrequently dropped. I believed, however, that his chagrin was caused by his literary disappointments; for I knew his anxiety for fame to be intense, and his temper to be sensitive to an extreme degree. Acting upon these impressions, I occupied myself by devising new methods of success; but when I urged them upon him, I perceived that he had become negligent of further exertion, and that the subject was offensive to his mind. I then endeavoured to divert his attention by other means; but all my attempts failed, and there was evidently some cause of anguish existing that was unknown to me. At length he said to me, one evening in a tremulous tone—'You know Charlotte, she is a gay girl; I do not think my death would grieve her much.' 'Nay, Harry,' answered I, 'she loves thee very devotedly; do not doubt her heart; thy death would certainly be the cause of hers.' He heaved a deep groan, and said in a thick sepulchral voice, 'if she does love me—!' The gloom deepened over his brow, and fancying his grief was caused by a suspicion of Charlotte's levity, I answered, 'There is no *if* in the matter; her attachment is as eternal as her soul:' his frame shuddered—and without noticing any further remark he abruptly left the apartment.

"His conduct was inexplicable, and I loved him so earnestly, that when he was gone, my bosom felt a pang for him, which it has not since felt for its own griefs. I had a great inclination to write to Charlotte; but what could I write? Should I ask her to send him a confession of her love? She had already made it. Should I inform her simply of his moody abstraction? How could that benefit him, if she knew not its cause;—besides it was altogether imprudent, and perhaps, by a little more attention, I might be enabled to dissipate his gloom; and should thus avoid giving any unhappiness to others. Occupied with such troubled thoughts, and in doubt how to act, I paced to and fro the apartment, and then sat myself before a table, and tossed over some blotting paper that lay thereon, half unconscious of the action. As I turned over the

Digitized by Google

leaves, a sheet of paper caught my eye; and I immediately observed that verses were written upon it. The handwriting was Harry's, and knowing that he often scribbled these effusions, and having the prescriptive right of friendship to criticise or admire, I read them: These were the words:—

The web, on which the sunbeams shine
Glistens t' allure the heedless fly,
Thus passion weaves its amorous line,
Enchaining all who fondly sigh.

To struggle with the toils is vain,
Each effort faster binds the cords;
Till death annuls the shame—the pain,
And shelter thus from woe affords.

Sweeter is death than passion burst—
Sweeter is death than memory's pang;
Cradled in thought young Love was nursed,
But round Death's head no memories hang.

We trod the beach, she leant on me,—
I loved her then—bear witness, Heaven!
I pledged my heart, and talked with glee,
Nor thought my heart would thus be riven!

She left her footsteps on the sand;
An envious wave the mark o'erswept:
Another paced the yielding strand,
The ocean rolled not where she stept.

An emblem of my heart; behold!
Once Charlotte's love its seal impressed,
Till razed by passions uncontrolled;
And Emma now rules o'er my breast.

"'Well' said Ned, as the poet finished the recital of the verses, 'if thy friend could not string together better rhymes than those he deserved not the reputation he sought for. I could make better ones without warning, although I have never been in love; let us try'—

'My heart is sick—I fain would fly
To regions where thou canst not come;
Ah cruel fate! for both I sigh;
O diddly dee do diddly dum!'

"Hold thy peace, Ned," interrupted the Major, while, with the utmost difficulty, he restrained his risible muscles, "we will listen to thee when thou can'st write as well." Even the President smiled; and Dick reddening to the ears, entered with jealous anxiety into an elaborate defence of the verses. He analysed each sentiment, and exhibited it to us, in every possible relation, and then to excuse whatever appeared tame or obscure, he said, "You must remember, gentlemen, that these lines were written when my poor friend was in great anguish; and, whatever critics may say to the contrary, I know, from my own experience, that there cannot be a worse time for composition. There is a certain repose necessary for the pursuit of ideas, and passion is entirely at variance with such a condition of mind. No good poetry can be written when the intellect is labouring under acute actual sorrow; although very excellent

Digitized by Google

poetry descriptive of the most intense passion, can be composed after the more violent excitement has subsided. This, must be my friend's extenuation." "Very good," said Subtle; "poetry is an art, an imitation of nature: your evidence goes to prove, that the mind must be moved by an artificial, not a natural passion, in order to write good poetry. "You see, gentlemen," continued the barrister, addressing the club triumphantly, "this fine sentimental poetry is nothing, after all, but an imposition, a mere farce; it is not necessary to possess those tender feelings which the poets would lead us to believe they do, to write sentiment!" "I beg your pardon, Mr. Subtle," returned Dick, somewhat piqued for the honour of his art, "the sentiment must have been felt in order to describe it faithfully; although it is not necessary that the mind should be under a natural agitation at the time, yet such feelings must have been previously experienced; for out of nothing comes nothing. Poetry is composed of the ideas impressed on the memory, adorned with the beautiful figures of the imagination, and arranged by the judgment in conformity with nature and good taste." This discussion might not have ended here, if the president, fearing an acrimonious dispute, had not interfered. "Prate is but prate," said he, "none can play the fool so well as a sage: a man's folly is his foe; his discretion is his best friend.—Let us make peace, and we shall be glad to hear our friend continue his tale."

Dick thus called upon, after waiting a few minutes to recover the train of his ideas, recommenced:—"These verses immediately gave me the secret of my friend's grief; and I conceived, to their full extent, the dilemma in which he was placed, and the conflicting passions which must consequently harrow his mind. The conduct before so unaccountable, was now explained; and if anything yet appeared extraordinary, it was, that I had not been made acquainted with the state of his heart; and that I had not even heard the name of the maiden mentioned either in sport or sorrow. He was not, however, of a communicative temper; and he often felt deep perturbation of soul, without designing to proclaim it, so that he might have the comfort of another's participation.

> 'For his was not that open artless soul,
> That seeks relief by bidding sorrow flow;
> Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,
> Whate'er his grief might be, which he could not control.'

"His usual aspect was that of gloom; his character that of reserve; and although he had hitherto treated me with unbounded confidence, it was not often that I intruded on the secrets of his heart. Being now, probably, conscious of some indiscretion, and fearing my censure, he resolved rather to remain silent, than to submit his heart to the scrutiny of his friend. Suffering under his own condemnation, he dreaded the reproofs of another. But Harry was in error if he supposed that I could be one who would have been eager to heap animadversion and contempt on misery. The heart that has erred, and is suffering for its error, should be treated with kindness rather than reprobation, and solicited rather than forced to the paths of virtue.

Digitized by Google

"About eight o'clock he returned; and I fancied that I observed, as he entered the room, a cheerful smile on his countenance. 'Dick,' said he, 'you will go with me this evening to Mrs. Lindsay's, —they will be glad to see you,—they know you are my dear friend.' I consented, for I was not only glad of the entertainment myself, but was willing to accede to any proposal which appeared to alleviate his sorrow. In a few minutes we left our lodgings, and were on our road to the house of Mrs. Lindsay, a lady of whom I had sometimes heard my friend speak in terms of commendation.

"When we entered the drawing-room, we noticed that other visitors were present; but there was just enough company to conduce to sociality and pleasure. A young lady was sitting at the harp; and having been requested, as we entered, to favour the company with a song, she began a beautiful symphony, and then in a low sweet tone these words broke forth,—

'The gloaming o'er the village spread,
The throstle tuned his farewell song,
The harebell drooped its flowery head,
And heaven its balmy moisture shed,
When Chloe roved the woods among.

'Like dazzling will-o'-whisp she flew,
Her step as quick, her eye as bright;
Her foot scarce brushed the silvery dew,
And back her jetty locks she threw,
Mocking the sable wings of night.

'Young Colin, who on mischief strayed,
Saw glances through the foliage shine;
His ambush then the youth betrayed,
And stealing forth, he softly said,
"Sweet Chloe, wilt thou, love, be mine?"

'The maiden blushed wi' love's pure glow—
For new to her such phrase, I ween;
Evert her eye, abashed her brow,
While Colin breathed the tender vow,
And Chloe was the happiest quean.'

"My friend was much agitated during this display; and having said to me in a tone of enthusiastic admiration, 'Is it not charming? that is Emma Lindsay,' he left me to join the group at the instrument. There was a tremulousness in his voice, and an abruptness in his manner, which struck my notice; and feeling confident that this Emma Lindsay was the Emma of his poem, I regarded her with a scrutinising eye. She seemed to be above the middle height; and her figure, enveloped in a rich purple silk dress, which fitted her to admiration, and displayed every charm in defiance of austere criticism, expressed much dignity and grace. Her lovely bosom, instinct with life and feeling, beat rebelliously against the slender restraint; and her voice thrilled in unison with the movements of her heart. Her complexion was clear, rosy, and transparent as an icicle, slightly reddened by the refracted rays of the setting sun. The feelings which the song embodied, were expressed in the

Digitized by Google

changeful glances of her dark eye, thus disclosing the workin gsof a soul within. Her features were regular, and rather strongly marked; and her black hair was banded gracefully on either side. As she continued her song, I observed my friend listening to her very attentively, being totally absorbed in the sentiments she expressed. A less susceptible, and, perhaps, also, a less partial heart than his, might have been excused for such abstraction, for a softer voice never gave life to sweet music. She sang as if actuated by a secret intention; and hence, not only my friend, but many other followers, were not backward in making an application. When she had finished, Harry conducted her to a seat, and then placing himself beside her, flattered her with a variety of delicate compliments. Unlike most young ladies who are accustomed to society, she blushed at the warmth of his tones, and perhaps felt a traitor in her heart which seduced her thus to transgress against the dictates of womanly pride. Another lady had taken her seat at the instrument; but Harry moved not from the side of the captivating Emma, and seemed glad of the opportunity of a more secret conference. Mrs. Lindsay now joined them, but she stopped only a moment, and regarding my friend with a look of kindness, and saying significantly, 'I leave you together,' she left to perform the graces to other visitors. Emma Lindsay had but too surely engaged the affections of my young friend; and my anticipated enjoyment was quenched at the observation of his weakness. As the evening advanced, his brow occasionally became gloomy, and a sudden convulsion, the effect of a passing pang of conscience, would disturb his features. None, I believe, except myself, perceived these signs of remorse; but they indicated to me the conflict of passions lacerating his very soul. After such an abrupt burst of feeling, his countenance would again become placid, as a genial calm succeeds the tumult of the elements.

"The time was now arrived when it was proper to depart; and feeling that Harry would never discover this of himself, I made it known to him. He said, he would leave; but his heart hesitated to act, as a bird flutters round its nest, before it can gather courage enough to leave the tender objects of its affection. Assuming a gaiety which was not in my bosom, I caught his arm; and by employing gentle force, and conciliating mirth, I broke the link of his fascination, and we left. Not a word was uttered on our way home: he appeared occupied with his feelings, and I know not how to express those I felt. When we arrived at our lodgings, he threw himself upon the couch, and seemed to be torn by overwhelming agony. I ventured to offer consolation: 'Let me alone, Dick! let me alone,' said he, 'tis the devil tempts me—he is struggling here,' smiting his chest. 'God! my heart will break!' 'You are weak.' 'Ay, ay, do not mock me—weak enough—I am a fool—fool!' and he struck the ground violently with his foot. I waited until this outbreak of agony was subsided, and then approached him kindly, to quench his burning spirit. He, at first, listened to me, as if in a state of insensibility, and gave no signs of his consciousness of my discourse; but his attention gradually

Digitized by Google

awakened, and when I proposed to him that we should leave town together, he caught my hand nervously, and answered, 'We will! we will!—'tis better so.' A calm now overspread his features, and we retired to rest.

"Here was a man, born with a noble soul, and qualified for great attempts, the sport of his violent passions, and bearing a body blasted by the internal heat with which it was endowed to maintain animation. The best gifts of heaven may be abused, and instead of administering to our benefit and honour, conducing to our disgrace. Man makes evil what God made good. No one was more sensible of this than Harry Fielding, and no one was more fully aware, that the most suspicious restraint was necessary for the proper government of our passions: he even felt the necessity in his own case; but beauty threw temptations in his way, and his resolution was not strong enough to resist. The flowers which pleasure strews around our path, are interspersed with briers; and when we pluck the gaudy blossom, we suffer from the piercing thorn. The beauty of the flower fades, but the thorn rankles, and leaves an injury behind it, which may never be relieved. Let us look on pleasure, but touch it not. While we are spectators of the gaiety of life, we may remain happy; but if we yield to its seductive allurements, and engage in its service, danger certainly attends, and remorse will probably follow. Like the whirlpool on the Norwegian coast, if we allow ourselves to be caught within its eddy, the vortex will be too powerful to retreat from, and we shall be hurried on, and engulphed in an abyss of destruction."

"When the grey hairs begin to appear," interrupted Ned, "what a prosaic dog a man becomes; he then thinks he has authority to teach morality to his friends: now, here's moralising Dick, who has been in his day as great a rake as you will meet in Bond Street during the dogdays, and he, forsooth, puts on a grave look, and tells us with an air of sincerity, that a little pleasure is a very bad thing. I tell thee what, Dick, a man must finish a bottle of wine before he can know the flavour of the dregs: thou describest the bitter taste so well, that I suspect the cup of pleasure hath often made thee inebriate. Go preach, man, to young boys and old maids, and they will listen to thy wisdom: but I'll warrant now, if the Major had brought half a dozen of wine, instead of half a dozen of radishes, Dick Careless would not have been the last man to finish his bottle." The Doctor said "that good wine was a very good thing, for it was a very excellent restorative in fevers." "Yes," said Subtle, a very good thing for fever of the body, but a very bad thing for fever of the mind; there a little sound morality is more refrigerant, and much more useful." The Major did not make a remark, but simply nodded acquiescence to the Barrister's two-sided argument; and we shrewdly suspect that he was balancing between the two opinions, for his liking for both was very well known to the club. Dick did not choose to make any reply to this charge of inconsistency, being doubtless in high dudgeon at the aspersion, but continued the tale.

"My friend's health rapidly became weaker, and the necessity

Digitized by Google

for change of air and scene was too apparent to allow us to remain any longer in town, and we consequently returned to the country, as soon as possible, without causing alarm to his friends. Our precautions were, however, useless, for his affectionate mother no sooner saw him, than she fell upon his shoulder, and said in a tone of deep affliction, 'O Harry, how much thou art changed!' His father who generally bore his sorrows with more stoicism, was not less moved; for the son, on whom his soul had reposed, on whom his affections doated, bore the marks of premature decay imprinted on his face. It was a sorrowful hour for them: but they did not anticipate at this meeting the weight of woe that was to follow. Being his dearest friend, and the person whom he most trusted, I was invited to spend a few weeks with the family, in order to administer to his health and comfort. I was happy in being thus associated with him, and hoped that in a short time his thoughts would be diverted from the scenes and persons which had engaged him in town, and that his peace of mind, and strength of body would thus be restored. But my expectations were never realised.

"A few days after our return we were walking together in the garden, and being attired more carelessly than he generally was when in London, I was never before so much struck by his wretched appearance. His face was pale and chalky, his eyes projecting from their sunken sockets, and his lips bloodless. Grieved at his miserable state of health, I walked on in silence; he seemed to be in a mental stupor, but in a moment he fell back upon me, saying hurriedly, "Charlotte, Charlotte, I cannot see her, never—never!" I feared his mind was wandering, but turning to the gate towards which he looked, I saw the lovely, the amiable, and benevolent Charlotte approaching us. I was as much astonished, and as little desirous of seeing her as my friend; but before we had time to escape, or even to collect our thoughts, the confiding girl stood before us, and with an indescribable smile, both tender and sorrowful, she offered her hand to her lover. Harry seemed perfectly confounded; he did not acknowledge the proffered friendship, but stood for a moment aghast, and then bursting into frenzied exclamations, he turned away her hand. 'I am a villain,' he cried, 'perjured—I have deceived thee, Ha! honour me not thus with thy hand,—'twill dishonour thee: chide me, scorn me, hate me, but,'—'Hush!' interrupted I, for I saw the cheek of the poor girl blanch, and her knees sink beneath her. I placed her head upon my shoulder, and bore her to an arbour close by; for an hysterical convulsion had already passed over her frame. Harry then approached us, and gazing upon the pallid cheek, and sobbing bosom, he burst into tears, and cried in a stifled tone 'Poor soul! poor soul!' 'Twas all he said; but my heart vibrated to the thrilling sounds, and I never hear these simple words uttered, but I think of the scene in the garden, and hear again, in broken accents, my dear Harry say 'Poor soul!' He had scarcely allowed the words to escape when he left us, and I did all in my power to restore the faculties of the innocent but suffering maiden. As she lay there, and breathed convulsively, it seemed as if the body and the spirit were struggling

Digitized by Google

for separation, I fancied that I could hear words passing through her cold lips, and the injured soul alternately granting forgiveness, and demanding reparation. Every deep sigh smote my heart, and told a tale of sorrow; and I gazed upon her, until my fancy had imaged her forth as the winged angel of judgment, hastening to the earth to inflict on sinning man, the retributive justice of heaven. Her eyes were closed; she held a flaming sword in her hand; and she swept her way through thunder clouds, proclaiming, as she flew, 'Justice is mine!' but her eyes opened, and I saw that they were bedewed with tears, shed in mercy to the offender.

"It appeared that when my friend left us, he returned to the house, and pleading some plausible excuse to his parents for a few days' absence, he immediately repaired to town. Nothing was heard of him, for many months after his departure, until a letter dated from Brussels, informed his afflicted family that he had entered the army, and expected shortly to be engaged in the struggle that was then impending. It was a letter full of the kindest sentiments, for as if conscious of the fate that tracked his steps, he appeared desirous of making peace with those whom he had wronged. His remembrances to Charlotte were accompanied with a deep sense of contrition, and with earnest supplications for forgiveness. Pardon had long been given, and now, when the unhappy maiden lay on a bed of sorrow, that pardon was fervently repeated. His father hoped that the discipline of the service might regulate his disordered mind, and its active duties supplant the remembrances of his former faults; but his mother was more anxious, and entertained suspicions that she should never see him more. Oftentimes did she weep in secret, and regret the ungovernable affections of her beloved child.

"But the shock to the feelings of the mother, was not so great as that which shattered the bosom of the deceived maiden. She never looked gay after the scene in the garden; and that smile which, by a species of witchery, so often captivated the hearts of the wise and weak, the old and young, was for ever gone. Her low musical laughter was changed into sobs; and the voice which was never heard but to circulate wit and gaiety, was now silent. Her grief enervated her frame, and she was at last obliged to lay her head upon her pillow, and wait the result of her afflictions. 'Poor soul!' more have wept for thy woe, than rejoiced in thy mirth; and many a tender heart even at this time will weep for thee too. May the memory of the virtuous live, and benevolence pity her sorrows! Her sole consolation during her illness was to read the progress of the war, as reported in the daily papers; and when that glorious battle which finished a long series of campaigns was first rumoured, her anxiety was increased almost to delirium, for her adored Harry was in the field. The first day of that famous fight passed without the expected intelligence, so did the second, but on the third, the gazette informed her, that her beloved Captain Harry Fielding was slain at the head of a charge of cavalry, while nobly exhorting his men to deserve victory or death. The maiden shrieked when she read it, and fell back faint upon her pillow. As soon as

Digitized by Google

she recovered, she seized the paper, and her eyes wandered over the pages until they were fixed upon the spot; and then pointing eagerly to it, she said to those around her, 'Harry is dead! and they say he died nobly.—O yes, Harry's soul was noble,—I could not have loved him else!' and then she smiled, it was the old smile, dashed with a curl of melancholy,—'I shall die too,' she continued, 'and then I shall be in heaven with Harry; they will not divide us there,—he will be all mine! Dear Harry! God bless you all,—I shall die soon, and Harry'—her voice sunk to a whisper; her eyes were fixed; and the spirit of the lost maiden departed without a groan."

P. S. The Secretary is directed to state, in order to forestall judgment, that the foregoing paper was written expressly for the perusal of people of taste and feeling; such as are the readers of the *Monthly*.

THE MANIAC.

H. L. MANSEL.

It was a gloomy prison-house, and drear,
And fraught with horror to the sane man's sight,
Abode of Misery, and Want, and Fear
And moonstruck wanderings, and the mental night
Of those who saw not, as he deemed, aright;
Starting aside to idle visionings,
Who scorned the actual, and fought the fight
Of Mind against the world and worldly things,
And lived a viewless life in their self-communings.

And there were chains and fetters, and "the shriek
Of maniac gladness," raving fearfully
In strong convulsion, or perchance, more meek,
The rayless laugh of gibbering idiocy;
And, to his vain conceit, the misery
Of a mind not like his, a vision dim
To his realities, a frenzied eye
Whose sight mid vain imaginings did swim;
Such was its outward form thus drearisome to him.

But to its denizen the changing roof
Was shaped a thousandfold; each pendent beam
Was dressed in varied web from fancy's woof
Drawn multicolored; every wall did seem
Obedient to the shapings of his dream,
Palace, or forest wild, or rustic lot,
Or star-bespangled sky, to each the gleam
Was some bright feature of his imaged cot;
Fair visionings! albeit the world regards them not.

And one hath grasped within his withered hand
A broken staff, and with majestic air,
Wieldeth the potent sceptre of command

Digitized by Google

And smiles upon his subjects, and whene'er
The foot of prying visitant draws near
His flashing eye is bright with phantasy;
Heedless of pity's voice or mockery's sneer,
He looks around his grated cell, and "See
My palace vault," he cries, "sculptur'd with blazonry."

Another dreams of scenes of early love
And by-gone joys, which drove his maddened brain
To these wild ravings: in some pleasant grove
He breathes aloud his plighted vows again;
All nature joys with him; the moon doth reign
Above in queenly beauty; gentle rest
Hath lulled the slumbering woods; the very chain
Whose iron hold gripes through his fragile vest,
Seems as his loved one's arm, twining around his breast.

Another through the maze of science strays,
Made mad by too much learning; and his eye
To an imagined heaven with steadfast gaze
And joyous glance is looking fixedly,
For new-discovered worlds are rolling by,
And nature's mystic stores are fathomèd
The lustrous crown of immortality
In a world's memories, doth gem his head,
And o'er his placid brows a glorious halo shed.

List to the battle cry! on barbèd steed
A warrior rides o'er prostrate ranks of dead;
Around him heaps of vanquished foemen bleed,
And victory's eagle hovers o'er his head;
And ever, as the clank of fettered tread
Or howl of frenzy from some distant cell
Peals on his car, his clashing steel grows red
Loud on his ear the clarion's thunders swell,
The victim's dying groan, the victor's triumph-yell.

There, all unheard by ears of mortal mould
A poet pours the music of his song;
What heedeth he that worldly hearts be cold,
That lying lips have done the minstrel wrong?
The plastic mind, his visioned worlds among
Doth of itself, fane, altar, audience grant;
Himself the god that fires his glowing tongue,
Of his own raptures only cognizant,
Inspirer, and inspired, self-breathing Thymomant.

And these are visions! yet the visionings
Of faith's assurance are not idle dreams;
He who beholds the river's gushing springs
Heeds not that others view its turbid streams.
Whate'er the world of Thought's creations deems,
He feels their fulness on himself imprest,
What *is* to him, he knows; what to them *seems*,

Digitized by Google

Is the close secret of another's breast,
Which cannot trouble *him*, which haunteth not *his* rest.

Yet there are those in whom the thought has made
The blood run cold within them, thus to lie
Cradled 'mid visions, whilst around them fade,
Unheeded, earth, and earth's reality.
And they have raised the supplicating eye
And prayer of anguish, that their sense may stay,
That the perception of the outward eye,
Which herds in slavery, willing to obey
The Lord of thousands more, may never pass away.

Ye know not what ye ask! ye cannot throw
Your line and plummet on the shoreless mind
And mete it to its verge; ye cannot know
The secret thoughts, the workings undefined
Of him whom men call mad; ye cannot bind
His lips to utter what his raptures see;
Seek ye the import of those words to find,
Which haply, while his trancèd mind may be
Wandering mid other worlds, he speaks unconsciously.

Yon gibbering fool,—his language is not thine!
Yon raving seer,—he speaketh not to thee!
His friends are those whom man cannot define—
The imaged habitants of vacancy.
Think'st thou the immortal mind is never free
To prompt or act, save on the fleshly tongue?
"Speak thou," she cries, "what word beseemeth thee,
But not of me;—the world will judge awrong.—
Speak thine unmeaning things, thou sharest not my song."

In the same pasture-ground two rills may glide,
Their waters mixing not; whereof the one
Is of a crystal sheen, but by its side
Muddy and dark its brother may flow on.
And that poor being whom ye loath and shun
May own a mind with inborn worlds elate,
Which, linked to clay by no communion,
May brightly dream, may gloriously create,
While the external sense is dark and desolate.

We are not single. There is born with us,
To each and all, a circling atmosphere,
Shrouding us as a garment, luminous,
Making all things, as its own essence, clear,
That come within its cincture; we may here
Mesh in the world, and it will heed our will,
Subservient as it breathes that magic air,
And we may fuse its dross with chymic skill,
And bid the virgin ore flow forth in lucid rill.

Our fathers worshipped at the fountain head;
Why should their sons despise the limpid stream?

Digitized by Google

Eros and Psyche aye with them were wed,
Love and the soul, united. Do ye deem
The bright foundation of this glorious dream
Was based on aught external? that they knelt
At visible shrines, when first in Fancy's gleam,
Offspring of mind, the imaged muses dwelt
On fair Parnassus' hill, unseen, but not unfelt?

But we have passed the bright ideal by,
Clouding the mind, to satiate yet more
The prurient longings of the fleshly eye;
There is a venomous snake at our heart's core
Gnawing our better selves; we bow before
The form and fashion of the visible
Shapes of this outward world; these we adore,
And cry, o'ermastered by the enslaving spell,
Like Nebat's son, "Behold thy gods, O Israel."

We toil for that whose shaping is not ours,
We bend before the outward beautiful
Unyielding child of independent powers,
Wed to one substance; and our eyes are dull
To that most sweet Parterre, whence we may cull
What form we list for that whose form is nought
In outward feature, shapeless, save the full
Maternal joyancy of teeming thought,
Reflected in the fruit which she to life hath brought.

He who hath loved no form of mortal birth
May there create a fount of living joy:
He who hath loved the loveliness of earth
May mentalise the object, not destroy;
May bid the mind its beauties rarify,
As the fair moon, when morning shineth bright,
Rends not her crescent from the glowing sky,
But pales her present radiance to the sight,
Made one with the blue heaven in loveliness and light.

COALITIONARY JOURNALS.*

BY THE SYNCRETIST.

I AM going, my gracious and inquisitive reader, to introduce myself to your especial patronage, under a new character, that of Journalist. Many a part have I played in the motley tragi-comedy of London life—some admirably to my taste, in fact, cut out for me express, as Knowles' Virginius for Macready; some, on the other hand, detestable as assafœtida, but thrust upon me *nolens volens*. This part of Journalist

* We have before noticed in what manner our own ideas transcend the notions of our Syncretic correspondent, inasmuch as we require an antecedent oneness where he is content with a consequent unity. In this, however, there is no opposition of view, but merely a subordination of the synthetic to the prothetic.—EDITOR.

Digitized by Google

in the Monthly, however, "likes me well," as Hamlet says of his rapier. Not that I mean, by introducing this remarkably pointed word *rapier*, to imply even the remotest possibility of stabbing those best natured of mortal men, who read the *Monthly, con lietu fronte.* No; our's is far too loving and jovial a heart, too full of the "milk of human kindness" to be capable of conceiving such fratricide. It would be crime as entirely unconscionable as Cain's, who did the first murder, were we, in the pages of Apollo himself, to lift up our hand against our sworn and initiated brethren, as we call all those who write or read our pages. Long may our illuminated fraternity flourish, aye, by the name of Apollo, "the god of life and poesy and life," whose jolly countenance is sparkling in our vignette. By Phœbus Apollo, we exclaim, *esto perpetua.* A gallant and right sociable fraternity is it—a grand lodge of literary freemasonry, in which our benignant Editor sits as Master Arch, with the star of the sun-god glittering on his forehead.

Apollo presides at our table,
His beams are brighter than wine;
We planets that are not able
Without his help to shine.

We are his merry fellow-craftsmen—merry and mellow, honest and true. We share his glory, and augment his blaze; and when he sings his best songs, we lend him a chorus that perfectly astonishes the weak nerves of the watchmen.

Then brave Apollo, arise, arise,
With the stalworth bow and thy arrows bright,
And scatter the hosts of darkness far,
With thy glowing shafts of eternal light.

Never doubt it, my boys, never doubt it. The going forth of Apollo in the shape of the *Monthly*, reminds me of the lines of Göthe's Second Faust, which Bernays has so beautifully translated for us. Ask you which lines I mean?—I will versify them for you, and shew you how the first genius of Germany describes "the exceeding great noise which announces the approach of the sun:"—

"Hark! the trumpet blast of time,
Sounding for a spirit's hearing.
Day is rising on our clime;
Phœbus gives his fire-steed cheering.
Rocky gates of earth and sea
Thunder back his jubilee.
What a din the light is bringing;
How it clarions—how it rings;
Eyes are dazzling—ears are tingling
With the sound that morning flings.
Slip into your flowery petals,
All beneath the pearly dew;
Or wing your way to caves of metals,
Hear it not—'twill deafen you!"

By the by, I know not whether the German critics have noticed that this glorious passage of Göthe is borrowed from a startling paragraph in "Cicero's Somnium Scipionis." I will quote it:—"What is that great

Digitized by Google

and delightful sound (asks Scipio of his ancestor's ghost), which now fills my ears? It is that (replied he) which, being composed of parts that are connected by unequal distances, and yet having determinate spaces between them, is produced by the impulse and motion of all the different orbs, which mixing the sharper with the deeper tones, form one general and varied harmony. This is called the music of the spheres. The ears of men, if struck with the full force of this sound, would be deafened by it, in the same manner as those who inhabit the places that are called Catadupa, where the Nile precipitates itself from the highest mountains, are deprived of their hearing by the greatness of the sound. But here the sound excited by the prodigious rapidity of the movement of the whole universe is so great, that the ears of men could not possibly bear it, any more than their eyes could bear the direct contemplation of the rays of the sun."

Such is the English of this notable passage, which I have translated for you, my ever-smiling lady-love. As for the men, those inconstant caitiffs, with whiskered cheeks, and chins of black barbarity, they may go to the Latin, and make the best of it.

Now be it known to you, most peerless reader, to whom I would fain apply the Dauphin's title, "Serenissimus," I, Journalist, intend to be astonishingly familiar with you. Believing you to be the most amiable creature alive, without a particle of malice or vice, perfectly saccharine and harmless as a dove, I shall fairly anatomise myself for your benefit, requiring no other compensation than the privilege of anatomising you. Thus, if you please, we will walk on together, feeding on the same food, and stirring to the same impulses, *à la Siamese twins;* or as old Shakspere expresses the sentiment rather more poetically:—

> "Like as the double cherry seeming parted,
> Hath yet a union in partition."

I see no fun at all in undertaking to chronicle the dry events of the month, in a drier uniformity of common-places. No; if I were to do this, I should only be agonised to spin out the thrice-told tale, which you would be anxious to abridge, if not cut off like a Fate turned into a Fury. Thus I should put myself into imminent danger of illustrating that couplet in Hudibras:—

> "The adventure of the bear and fiddle
> Was sung, but broke off in the middle."

No; I will take a surer way to please; I will talk to you on paper, as I would if, after a glorious dinner, I had deposited you in your favorite arm-chair, with wine and nuts to match. Piquant our chit-chat shall be, and if possible, startling, for wonder is involuntary praise. In an easy style of sportive gossip, let us ventilate the most salient subjects of intellectual interest, as they emerge on the ocean-stream of society. If ever we can throw the electric flashes of genius, eloquence, or poetry, over the line of our arguments, so much the better. But, in general, let us be content with the cosey raillery and repartee, which unite the conviction of the heart with the smile of the lip. *Ridentem dicere verum, quid vetat?* Nothing.

First and foremost, let us briefly sketch the progress of that divine

Digitized by Google

catholicism, that syncretic and coalitionary policy, which I, in the *Monthly Magazine* so fearlessly support. I use the term divine in connexion with the terms syncretic and coalitionary, because they have an essential and indestructible connexion. Bossuet, in his celebrated work, entitled "The Politics of the Holy Scriptures;" a work well worth translating into English, has indisputably proved our point. He shews that as God is the father of all his creatures, the Divine form of government is a paternal, patriarchal, and syncretic legislation, equally bountiful to the whole race, and philanthropic in the highest degree, without partiality. Such is the government of that God who causes his sun to shine and his rain to fall on the just and the unjust. Such was the primitive idea of the patriarchal power, and, as such, the fathers of the church used to speak of the domination of the patriarch of Rome. Too soon, however, that patriarch, forgetting the very essence of the patriarchal character, which is to diffuse paternal charities and benefits, and to enable others to diffuse them, began to assume those prerogatives exclusively to himself, which ought to have been freely imparted to the patriarchal emperors and kings. As Sir Robert Filmer, in his Patriarch, has fully proved, these emperors and kings should ever have been accounted the highest sacred and divine powers within their own dominions. That divine right of kings comprised the highest ecclesiastical, no less than civil, authority within their own dominions. Every attempt, therefore, of the Roman Pontiff, to intrude his domination into that of the emperors, and kings, or supreme heads of Church and state within their own territories, has been fraught with horrible mischiefs. This fact is beautifully evinced by Rosetti, in his work on the "Anti-papal Spirit existing in Europe previous to the Reformation." He shews that Dante's grand object in his Monarchia and Commedia, was to convince mankind that the Pope, by attempting to outstep his proper power, would cause his own ruin, and that of the different kingdoms of Europe. Thus (says Dante,) the Pope has no legitimate authority over the empire; and his usurpation of it produces disorders, discords, and miseries. There is one passage in the Monarchia which corresponds precisely with this.—"Men are happy when there is unity of will among them; but this cannot be in any empire unless there be one ruling will to which all the others submit; and to bring about this, there must be *one prince* whose will guides and governs all the rest." Here we find one ruling will of the emperor, or supreme prince, within his empire, compared to that of God, the only Lord of heaven. The mystic writers of the time, usually addressed the emperor, who was anointed with chrism, as Christ the anointed;—one is the bestower of an earthly, as the latter of an heavenly Paradise. (Vide Miss Ward's translation of Rosetti. Vol. I. p. 180.)

Now, the argument that results in the mind of the syncretist, from such considerations as these, is this; that since emperors and kings are supreme heads of Church and State within their own dominions, since they are invested by heaven with that divine and patriarchal character which is essentially superior to all ecclesiastical and civil powers in the empire, they are the proper centres of union, syncretism, and coalition for all sects and parties, be they Jews, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Tories, Whigs, or Radicals. Hence the idea of a coalitionary monarch

Digitized by Google

and government becomes practical, and may readily be reduced into practice. I rejoice to see that our youthful Queen has already caught a bright glimpse of this system of government; she aspires to a certain Catholicity and syncretism, in which the ablest Roman Catholics, as well as Protestants, are ready to support her. Thus a more radiant prospect of political coalition, harmony, and fair play is now opened, than we have witnessed for many years. And I doubt not the coalitionary principle, so strenuously advocated by Apollo, through good report and evil, will win the patronage of all fraternal truthsearchers, who would write down the abuses of sects, parties, schisms, and factions.

The *Monthly Magazine*, in which at first I stood single and alone in supporting syncretic and coalitionary views, has now imbreathed a similar tone of thought and feeling into other metropolitan and provincial periodicals. They see that the reign of coalition and concord is about to commence.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna; and the days of mere sect and party administrations are numbered. In politics, a small token in high quarters is enough to indicate the great current of affairs. The Queen throws a straw into the air, and it shews us which way the wind blows. Happy are those prophetic spirits who can discern these signs of the times, and share in the glory of this great struggle between coalition and party. Our initiated brethren of the lodge are, by the very principles of their order, inclined to defend those tendencies to union manifested in the political arena. They have always striven like gallant pacificators to mitigate the absurd asperities of sectarians and partisans. They have, in all ages, shewn up the ridiculous hallucinations which have betrayed schismatics and factionaries into the supposition that they were the only men. If these boobies tell us that they are the people, and that wisdom shall die with them, we quote the other paragraph of the text, and tell them that we have understanding as well as they, and are not a whit inferior to them. To all such cowards and eavesdroppers, we merely say, *pax vobiscum*, and then kick them down stairs.

We shall hereafter have fitter opportunities of shewing the Divine origin and nature of the principle of Catholicity or universal truth. We shall be able to trace its illuminating influences in the Jewish and Christian churches, and relate how the inspired writers, and those illustrious fathers, Philo-Judæus and Origen, urgently enforced it. We shall be able to trace its developments among the Platonic schools of Greece and Rome, and bring the testimonies of Plutarch and Cicero, those noble syncretists, to our support. The further progress of the same principles of Catholicity will become more marked at the revival of letters. Bessarion, Mirandola, Reuchlin, Erasmus, and Vives, were all syncretists, coalitionists, and eclectics, who endeavoured to produce peace and harmony among conflicting sects and parties. They were followed by Cassander, Vicelius, Calixtus, Grotius, Burigni, Leibnitz, Bossuet, Selden, Wake, and Cane. The same Catholic principle of general syncretism and coalition was subsequently displayed in Germany, by Schlegel, Tieck, Novalis, Fitch, Starch, and the writers of the famous Concordia.

Since then many Catholic and syncretic spirits have supported the cause of coalition in France and England, as Constant, Guizot, Charles

Digitized by Google

Butler, Coleridge, and their followers. There now exists a large and increasing body of coalitionary truth-searchers in this empire, who have long felt the want of a leading and influential periodical to unfold their views. These gentlemen agree in this broad principle, that truth is essentially Catholic and universal; and they seek, as far as possible, to remodel its entire and perfect form, by re-uniting its scattered members. They therefore occupy the same lofty, unassailable, and independent ground of Catholicism, which has been hallowed by the inspired writers, and dignified by such men as Philo-Origen, Cicero, Mirandola, Erasmus, Vives, Cassander, Calixtus, Grotius, Bossuet, Leibnitz, and Selden. Such has been the grand design of these Catholic truth-searchers, who, at different periods, have been termed Syncretists, Unionists, Coalitionists, Concordiasts, Eclectics, and Latitudinarians. All these have endeavoured to promote Catholicity and union, as opposed to sectarianism and division. In proportion as they succeed in establishing the essential Catholicity of truth, and shew that it is shared in different degrees, among all sects and parties, in that proportion do they produce coalition and harmony among those sects and parties that now quarrel because of their exclusiveness. By advocating this divine principle of union and coalition among sects and parties, they will strengthen the throne and aggrandise the empire; for union is the element of strength, and division the source of debility. Hence the importance of evincing "how goodly and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unison." Hence the importance of "preserving the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," just because a kingdom divided against itself must necessarily fall, and because those that bite and devour one another, must be reciprocally consumed.

Our Apollo, therefore, will steadily advocate the spirit of union, coalition, mutual charity and concession, among the Jews, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Conformists, and Nonconformists, that compose the British empire. *Seeking the chief good of the whole, and even recollecting that the chief good of the whole is the chief good of all its component parts.* The *Monthly* will do full justice to the merits, rights, and interests of all sects and parties; at the same time freely censuring their several errors and abuses. The *Monthly*, therefore, will become a luminous centre, to which truly Catholic and coalitionary spirits will converge. It will be especially valuable to the community of free minds that seek a legitimate arena for the display of their moral energies. It will present them with the fulcrum and *point d'appui*, which will support the lever of their intelligence, and enable it to move the world.

Our Apollo receives, with especial favour, the communications of those loftier spirits of literature, who write as the Amateurs of Truth, and with a *con amore* eloquence plead the best interests of philanthropy and patriotism. Such men will feel that virtue and genius are their own exceeding great rewards, and prefer their pure and eternal recompence to those mere secular emoluments, for which too many literati, that might otherwise rise to permanent fame, now barter their venal sophistries—*verba et iras locant.*

The *Monthly* will support its own Catholic, conciliatory, and non-sectarian principles, by confirmations and illustrations derived from all quarters, as steadily and resolutely as other established periodicals urge their several sectarian and party views.

Digitized by Google

I trust a better spirit is beginning to breathe over society. I see the signs of this approaching amelioration in many of the periodicals of the day; and new ones will probably arise, which will carry forward the human mind by nobler means to nobler ends. As an example of this, I will just quote a passage from a periodical which some gentlemen of high talent intend to publish under the title of Aurora:—

"Before the dawning of this intellectual Aurora, its conductors, (we quote their words) are desirous to disseminate their reasons for seeking to establish a new periodical at a time when the press teems with publications of every possible variety; they are proud that the walks of literature and amusement are so advantageously pre-occupied, and they witness with heartfelt satisfaction, that the periodical works of the day are in accordance with the intellect and spirit of the time. Poetry springs up in the workshop of the artisan:—Science comes to us decorated with flowers, and a multitude of literary productions are now in active requisition, where, but a few short years ago, one or two only could maintain a difficult existence. They feel, however, that too much of the giant power wielded by the press, is devoted merely to amusement; broad sheets are wafted from pole to pole, whose whole object seems to be the decoration of life's thorny path with flowers, or a strewing of roses over the wild waste of existence, diffusing a momentary glow of beauty and freshness, which must soon fade into the pallid hues of death.

"We would present a nobler tribute to the intellect of man.—We would set up a monument worthy of his higher and loftier aspirations,—a work that shall be in accordance with him whose spirit yearns after immortality,—some periodical emanation from the day-springs of living Genius that shall go forth a herald of The Truth, seeking to advance Knowledge, Civilization, and Happiness—to diffuse a higher culture over the wild field of mind—to supply germs of thought and reflection, and to be a monument to the talent of the age—as a lighthouse amidst the storms and contentions of public opinions, warning men against error, and holding up to all ages, all classes, and all opinions, an intellectual Beacon Light, whose whole object shall be to guide men in the pursuit of Truth.

"Such a work will be 'The Aurora,' a Literary Magazine, emanating from the might-fountains of Intellect and Genius, bearing on its pages the imprint of everlasting truth—the burning energies of the unfettered soul, and the enthusiastic out-pourings of the ardent and enlightened mind. In short, the Aurora will be a Literary Luminary, irradiating the earth with its lustre, even as its ethereal namesake diffuses a heavenly brightness over the cerulean realms above.

"The Aurora will be of no party—bound by no fetters—tied to no friends—linked to no prejudices. It will stand insulated and majestic, in advance of, rather than behind the spirit of the age, seeking universally to make men wiser, better, and happier. Its pages will be open to the advocacy of truth—the investigation of mental and physical science—the examination of measures and principles without a thought to the party whence they spring, or the power that upholds them. It will diffuse around it the gorgeous imagery of fiction—the soul-inspired effusions of brilliant and energetic poetry, or the deep musings of wanderers around the fount of song. It will seek for the highest and

Digitized by Google

most rational criticism, looking to intrinsic merit, rather than the current of popular applause, or the prejudices of popular opinion; seeking in all things to gratify as well as to enlighten, to give the vivid tints and splendid colours of the Aurora as well as its dazzling and majestic light.

"The conductors of this work are of opinion, that the advancement of mankind in civilisation has been attended with the most promising results: the intellect of the human race progresses; mind asserts its mastery over matter; powers, both rational and physical, become developed as the mind becomes fitted to receive them; and, above all, Religion and a spirit of Practical Christianity become wider spread as their Doctrines become better known and appreciated. To all those who are interested in the progress of the moral and intellectual being— the warfare of the spiritual against the animal; to all searchers into the philosophy of the mind, The Aurora will be as a day-star pointing unto Truth; thus, while the world is agitated with conflicting opinions, and the human mind perplexed with anxiety and doubt, the Aurora will appear as a friend and a monitor, seeking alone to investigate and arrive at a higher and more exalted state of being."

Such, O most sagacious, knowing, and placable of critics, are the words of this singular prospectus, which has attracted the credence of the esoteric adepts, the censure of the *οἱ πολλοι*, and the astonishment of all. In relation to it we shall cite a passage from a French philosopher, quoted by Mr. Murphy, the arch-prophet of weatherology,—"Si ces pensées ne plaisent à personne, elles pourront n'être que mauvaises: mais je les tiens pour détestables si elles plaisent à tout le monde."

So much by way of exordium. Let me now proceed to the illustration of our text. That text frequently contains the word Catholicity. If my readers ask what I mean by *Catholicity?* I answer, no more or less than *universality*, which is its English synonym. Let it be plainly understood once for all, that we generally use the word catholicism in this its original and classical sense. To our thinking the word *catholicism* implies that doctrine of divine and universal truth which has been ever cherished by the catholic and universal church in Heaven and earth; that truth, which is the delight of "the spirits of just men made perfect," gathered from ages and nations, and confirmed by the *great current of judicious decisions.* It is this catholicism to which Lord Bacon alludes, when he says, "In religion is it safest to follow the *great wheel of the Church.*" He means of that church universal, that *ecclesia in ecclesia*, which spiritually exists amid all particular churches. It is this catholicism to which Selden has given us this exact direction,—. "He that avoids the disputing levity of the sceptics, yet, being able, takes to himself their liberty of enquiry, is in the only way that, in all kinds of studies, leads and lies open even to the sanctuary of truth; while others that are servile to common opinion and vulgar suppositions, can rarely hope to be admitted nearer than into the bare court of her temple, which too speciously often counterfeits her inmost sanctuary."

We may sometimes apply this epithet, *catholic*, to universal truth-searchers among various religious sects, be they Jews, Papists, Protestants, Conformists, or Nonconformists, but we can only apply it to them in a complimentary and secondary sense; for the true catholicity diminishes exactly in the same ratio as sectarianism increases. When-

Digitized by Google

ever we can, with any decent adherence to truth, compliment a man by this august epithet—*catholic*, we do so; but this is always with such drawbacks and deductions as his own one-sidedness and partiality demand. It is clear, for instance, that the relative catholicity of those Jews, Papists, Protestants, Tories, Whigs, Radicals, &c., must be very minute, who are always insisting on the dogmas of their particular sect or party, schism or faction, and hurling the anathemas of damnation on all their antagonists.

Such is the design of Apollo, in the pages of which, the friends of Coleridge will unfold their views. It will endeavour to assume the loftiest position which a periodical can occupy, as the organ of divine and universal truth. In attempting to evolve that truth, it will elucidate the highest and most recondite branches of that heaven-revealed theology, that catholic and universal divinity, which all churches, Jewish, Roman, Catholic and Protestant, share in different degrees of intensity and purity. It will illustrate what is true and admirable in each, with as little as possible of the sectarian prejudice and one-sidedness which is so often lamented in many religious publications.

Apollo will likewise be especially sedulous to elucidate the grand science of Theosophy so called. This Theosophy is the adytal science of lodges of initiation, ancient and modern. It stands exactly between the ecclesiastical sciences of the Church, and the scholastic philosophy of the schools. It is the appropriate generic name of that vast body of learning which comprises freemasonry, mythology, pneumatology, hieroglyphics, astrology, alchemy and all the occult and mystical sciences and arts that have been cultivated in lodges of initiation. This range of theosophic learning occupies about a third of all the books which have ever been written. A familiarity with it is absolutely necessary to unfold many of the doctrines of Church theology which is above it, and scholastic philosophy which is below it. Yet since the date of the famous Theosophic transactions, to which Cudworth, More, Rust, and Glanville contributed, little has been done for Theosophy in this nation. That noble branch of it which is entitled Freemasonry, has been more fortunate, in being illustrated by excellent scholars, such as Ramsay, and Oliver, and several of the writers in the Freemasonic Magazine. Still, however, much remains to be effected in elucidating the sciences of initiation, connected as they are with the entire history of literature. There are many portions of the occult sciences as admirable and radiant as there are other things atrocious and horrible.

In politics, as I have already asserted, I shall steadily support the syncretic and coalitionary course which Guizot has adopted in France. I shall do so because I believe that the only *true conservatism*—that conservatism which alone can preserve the glories of the British empire, will consist in the coalitionary administrations of our worthiest and wisest statesmen, selected for their real respectability and experience, from all sects and parties. I should rejoice to see such men as the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Clifford, Lord Shrewsbury, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Brougham, Lord Stanley and Lord John Russell, form a strong coalitionary administration which alone can stand in times like these. Such men are essentially too noble and too

Digitized by Google

great for party. They wrong themselves, they wrong their country, by following the example of the statesman,

> Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
> And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

All parties have their several merits and defects, which in case of a wise coalition might be harmonised to patriotic concord; in which even the lowest notes would not be without use. But by the present partisantic and divisional policy, so powerfully condemned by all grave authorities, these constituent elements of a representative administration are separated and antagonised. Hence, the unnumbered mischiefs that attend the progress, schisms, and factions in our land, and the endless jealousies and recriminations that are worthy of the infernal regions.

For my part, I will likewise strive to support my principles in reference to jurisprudence; and the legal reforms which have become so intensely necessary. I will freely discuss the most interesting topics of science, literature, and the arts, as they emerge upon the tide of times.

It is indeed a bold undertaking for any one periodical to assume so lofty and so wide a sphere of intellectual agency—for any one periodical to embrace all those questions of the Church, the lodge, and the schools of philosophy, science literature and art, which are so ably discussed in many periodicals of a more partial character.

But bold as the undertaking may be, I shall endeavour, if well supported, to do justice to my design and purpose. In doing so I rather seek to enter into fair competition and generous emulation with contemporary periodicals than indulge any hostile or pitiful animosity. This sentiment, I know I shall certainly find reciprocated by all those scholars best worthy of the name who conduct the periodical press. Such men are too conversant with the first principle of honour; "do as you would be done by," as the proverb expresses it; aye, and too noble-minded to monopolise the prizes that should be open to all fair candidates. With such spirits I love to encounter, "and will this brother's wager frankly pay."

It is therefore without one spark of hostility, that I would now emulate the example of the brilliant periodicals, whose talents I have always admired, and to whose pages I have so often contributed. If ever I am obliged to censure these old friends whom I would rather praise, it shall be done with a kindly recollection of Othello's rule, "Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." As to the rest, who shall be nameless, I expect my full share of abuse from those who excell in nothing so much as in slandering the works they cannot rival. We hope that the spirit of Apollo is not to be quenched by any such extinguishers as theirs.

For myself, I have not the slightest fear of the result of such coalitionary policy. If I find any thing invincibly proved by Erasmus, Grotius, and Paley, it is this general principle—that truth is surest to triumph where she has fair play and open field. I believe that true religion will flourish in proportion as Jews, papists, and protestants are placed on the same equal privileges; and that true policy will gain ground in proportion, as Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, are treated generously and impartially. I have this full confidence, that truth is strongest and must

Digitized by Google

prevail, but then she must have an open arena, where her champions may meet their antagonists on level ground. Her genuine knights ask nothing else, they scorn to take the advantages that befit the sneaking coward. If by such dastardly means they were to get their antagonist under, or keep him under, their victory would be little better than defeat. They take a nobler view of their cause, and pay it a finer compliment; they are not afraid to trust it, for it is the cause of God and heaven. Like the freeborn son of chivalry, they would fight a gallant battle, *sans peur et sans reproche.* Far from dreading the strength of their opponents, they rejoice in it because they are sensitive of what Scott has termed

> The deep stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel.

It has been the hardest task of truth-searchers to infuse this glorious confidence into the minds of men. We shew by incessant illustrations, *magna est veritas et prævalebit,* but the people will not believe it. It is well that the heroic champions of religion and liberty were not thus afraid to trust the truth. They sought that equal competition which our contemporaries so morbidly dread. They would not annihilate the divine omnipotence of their cause, by identifying it with the arm of flesh. They abhorred exclusiveness, because they knew that in proportion as men attempt monopoly they insure ruin. It was in the grandest science of eternal morals that Adam Smith discovered this great principle of catholicity, which he applied so triumphantly to trade and commerce. He shewed that monopolists were not only the enemies of their country, but of themselves, because they gradually excited external antagonism, while they boasted internal unity. The fact has confirmed his theory, and monopoly after monopoly has been abolished according to his prediction, though no one would believe him in his day and generation.

And so it will be yet in the augustest affairs of British government. From the very throne of majesty, a system of equal patronage is beginning to extend as from a centre of light, to the murkiest circumferences of sectarianism. We depicted long ago, the irresistible necessity of national instincts, and national wants, which still urges forward the resplendent catastrophe. Its advocates are obedient to a far greater law than they violate; they promote the universal interests of philanthropy and patriotism, though they may offend schismatic prejudices. They seek to encourage and foster all honourable and useful establishments, while they would deprive exclusive institutions of their exclusiveness.

A great number of British writers are gradually making an approximation to the Catholic and Syncretic policy, which is alike benignant to Jews, papists, and protestants. I see its indications in the better-informed portion of the Roman Catholics. O'Croly, the Dublin Review, and the Catholic Magazine, have exhibited symptoms of this liberal spirit. I see similar indications among the Oxford Divines, in the *British Magazine,* and their other organs. I see indications of it in Mr. Noel's Low Church Party, and the City Mission and Religious Tract Societies. I see it in the recent Prize Essay, entitled *Schism,* which deserves a more extended notice. I see it in many Dissenting

Digitized by Google

publications, as *Harris's Union*, and other similar works of great talent. I see it in an eccentric periodical of much merit, entitled the *Inquirer*, representing the views of the Reformed Quakers, and the Providentialists or Plymouth Brethren, an extraordinary and rapidly increasing sect. And we see it among the Unitarian publications, especially those of the American Channing.

Such are the symptoms of advancing Syncretism. Most of these advocates, however, seem afraid to carry out their own principles of Union into its legitimate consequences. They want a catholicism, which shall still be sectarian. They ask for a universalism, which shall still leave their favourite party predominant. They seek to destroy all the monopolies of their antagonists, but to hug and lick their own in inviolable safety. For me, I agree with the Satyr in the fable, and rather suspect men who blow hot and cold with one breath. If the principle of Union and Catholicity be a sound principle, the further we follow out its legitimate deductions the better. By granting the truth of the principle of Unionism, and then shrinking from its inevitable conclusions, men only make themselves ridiculous. If the theory of free trade is to be allowed in religion and politics, as well as in commerce, then do away with monopolies. If fair play and equal favour is to be the order of the day, then all exclusive institutions must run their chance with the rest.

In this consideration lies the nucleus of all the real difficulties that beset our cabinet. By the syncretic and coalitionary system alone will our political forces ever gravitate to their approximate equilibrium, and induce harmony, peace and prosperity. Nothing short of this will ever reach the essential causes of discord, faction and sedition. It has been by the narrow, short-sighted and one-sided jurisprudence of several partisantic administrations that our friends have been cooled, and our enemies heated. In accordance with this mutilated sophistry, England has swallowed Ireland, and has never succeeded in digesting her. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ.* Dawn, dawn, O blessed day, when, to use old Spenser's words, "The land that, on account of its angryness, was wont to be called *Ireland*, shall become the land of concord and tranquillity!" The foregoing remarks apply with equal force to our foreign colonies. But the ghost of Dr. Johnson is even now whispering in my ear, "All things that have a conclusion must be brought to a termination." I must therefore add to the number of conclusions in which nothing is concluded, and adjourn the debate till—"I don't know when."

ALERIST.

Digitized by Google

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED INTO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(*Continued from page* 93.)

Fourth Act.

A HIGH RIDGE OF MOUNTAINS;

Bold, rugged, rocky summits. A cloud passes over, leans against the rock, and sinks down on a projecting flat. It divides.

Faust (*steps forth*).

Beholding deepest solitude beneath my feet,
I step, full thoughtfully, upon this summit's ridge,
Leaving my cloud-made chariot-frame, which gently me
In cheerful days o'er land and ocean carried has.
Slowly, not scattered like to dust, it parts from me.
To the East the mass is striving in its rolling march;
Wondering, astounded, strives the eye to follow it.
Wandering and waving, changing, it divides itself.
Yet it will take a shape. My eye deceives me not!
On sun-enlightened pillows laid all gloriously,
Indeed gigantic, lies a godlike woman-form.
I see! Like Juno, Leda, or fair Helena,
How lovely, yet majestic, in my sight it waves.
Ah! now it changes! Formless, broad, and towering up.
It in the East reposes, like the glaciers far,
And of swift life the mighty import mirrors bright.
Yet hovers round me still a cloud-streak, tender, light,
Round breast and forehead, cheering, cool, and tenderly.
Now light and slow, it riseth high and higher still,
And draws together. Cheats me an enrapturing form,
As a most youthful, long-desired, and highest good?
Gush up the earliest treasures of the inmost soul,
Aurora's love, of easy flight, it shows to me,
The quick-receivèd glance, the first, scarce understood,
Which, firm preservèd, shone above all treasure else.
Like spirit-beauty riseth up the lovely form,
Disperseth not, but riseth to the heavens above,
And with it forth it draws my soul's best part away.

(*A seven-league boot stamps down.—Another follows immediately.—Mephistopheles descends.—The boots stride hastily onwards.*)

Mephistopheles.

At last I call that well stepped forward,
But tell me now what whim is this,

Digitized by Google

That 'midst such horror you've descended,
Amid these fearful yawning stones?
I know it well, though not on this position,
Here properly of hell there was the bottom.

Faust. It never fails you in your foolish legends,
The like again to utter you're beginning.

Mephistopheles (*seriously*).
When God the Lord—the reason well I know—
To depths the lowest us from Heaven banished,
There, where in central glow, around—around
A fire eternal burned with constant flaming,
We found, by the too great illumination,
We were in squeezed, unpleasant situation.
The devils all began to cough together,
And spit both at the top and at the bottom,
And hell swelled out with pitchy stink and acid.
That gave a gas! That grew at last enormous,
So that full soon the smooth crust of the countries,
Thick as it was, was burst and cracked asunder.
Now at the other extremity we have it,
That now is top which formerly was bottom.
On this too now they ground all proper doctrine,
To turn the bottom-most into the top-most.
For we escaped the hot and slavish cave
Into the ruling of the wide free air.
An evident mystery which was well preserved,
And only lately to the folk revealed. *

Faust.
Rock masses still to me are nobly dumb:
Wherefore and whence it comes I never ask?
When nature in herself, herself had founded,
Then hath she rounded off this earth-ball purely,
In summits, and abysses too, rejoicing,
Rock upon rock, and mount on mount upheaping;
The hills at length conveniently she fashioned,
With gentle march she softened them to valleys.
Then it was green and grew, and for rejoicing
She needeth not your mad and foolish spouting.

Mephistopheles.
So say ye! clear as day it seems to you;
Yet knows he better who was present there.
I was below, when still beneath there, seething,
Swelled the abyss, and streaming poured out flames;
When Moloch's hammer, mount to mountain forging,
The rocky ruins to the distance struck.
Yet stiffens earth with strange and mighty masses;

* Ephesians vi. 12.

Digitized by Google

Who can give reasons for such hurling might?
Philosophers,—they cannot understand it:
There lies the rock, and we must leave it lying,
We have already thought ourselves to shame.
The faithful vulgar only comprehend,
Nor are disturbèd in their comprehension.
Long time their wisdom has been ripe.
A wonder 'tis—and Satan then is honoured.
On his faith-crutches limps along my wand'rer,
To devil's mountains and to devil's bridges.

Faust.

We must respect it too, as worth attention
To see how nature 's looked upon by devils.

Mephistopheles.

What is't to me! Be nature what she will;
'Tis a point of honour: there the devil was!
We are the folk, the mighty to attain to,
Tumult, and force, and madness: see the sign of it!—
Yet that at last I may speak out quite clearly.
Did nothing on our upper surface please thee?
Thou overlook'dst in distances unmeasured,
"The kingdoms of the world and all their glory."*
And yet, insatiate as thou art,
Didst thou experience no joy?

Faust.

Yet something mighty drew me on.
Guess it!

Mephistopheles.

Oh! that shall soon be done:
I would a capital like this select,
With burgher-feeding rubbish in the midst,
Crook-narrow lanes, and peaked gables,
A little market, cabbage, turnips, onions;
Shambles where blue-bottles inhabit
Upon the well fed meats to batten;
There wouldst thou find at every time,
For certain, stink and action too.
And then wide squares and streets the broadest
Take to themselves the chief appearance;
And lastly by no gates confined
Suburbs extended boundlessly.
In chariots there I 'd take my pleasure
In noisy backward, forward rattling,
Eternal hither, thither running,
In scattered antlike heaps and swarming.
And whether I went in coach or horseback,

* Matt. iv.

Digitized by Google

Of all I always seemed the centre
By hundred thousands honourèd.

Faust. Such things as these can ne'er content me!
We joy to see that men increase,
In their own fashion live in comfort,
While they instruct themselves and polish;
And still we only nourish rebels.

Mephistopheles.
Then would I build, grand, self-sufficing,
A pleasure-hall near some fair spot.
Wood, hill and valley, meadows, field,
All into noble gardens made.
With velvet lawns and walls all verdant,
Straight walks and shades by art preparèd,
And cascades joined from rock to rock,
And water-jets of every kind;
Majestic there it soars, while at the edges
In thousand trifling streams it hisses, gushes.
And then would I prepare for fairest ladies
A quiet and retired cottage;
There would I while away the boundless time
In charming sociable solitude.
Ladies I say—ládies; for once for all
As plural only of the fair I think.

Faust. Sardanapalus! Modern—bad!

Mephistopheles.
Pray, might one guess whereto thou strivest?
It doubtless daring was and brave.
Since thou to the moon by so much nearer hover'dst,
Thy choice perhaps hath led thee there?

Faust. Not so! For in this earthly ball
There still is room for mighty actions.
Some wondrous thing shall be accomplished,
I felt for daring labour strength.

Mephistopheles.
And thus report then wilt thou merit:
We see from heroines thou comest.

Faust. I shall gain power and property!
The deed is all and nothing is the fame.

Mephistopheles.
And yet there will be some day poëts,
To tell posterity thy splendour,
Through folly, folly to enkindle.

Digitized by Google

Faust. Nothing of all to thee is given,
What knowest thou what man desires?
Thine adverse being, bitter, sharp,
What knows it of what man has need?

Mephistopheles.
Let it be done then as thou willest!
With the fulfilment of thy whims entrust me.

Faust. My eye was fixed upon the lofty ocean;
And up it swelled sea upon sea up-piling.
And then it sank and shook its mighty billows,
Of the flat shore the broadness to encounter.
It grieved me much; as arrogance
Into unpleasant feelings turns,
Through blood when roused passionately,
The spirit free, which prizes every right.
I thought it chance and gave a keener look,
The billow stood and then rolled back again,
And from the proudly gained goal withdrew;—
The hour comes, and it repeats the game.

Mephistopheles (*to the spectators*).
From this there's nothing new for me to gather,
I have known this already for some ages.

Faust (*passionately continues*).
Onward it creeps in many a thousand places,
Barren itself, its barrenness to scatter;
It swells, increases, rolls and passes o'er
Of the waste tract the unpleasant rude domain.
There power-inspired billow rules on billow,
And then retreats and nothing is accomplished,
Which to despair could drive me and to anguish!
Purposeless might of elements unbridled!
There dares my spirit's self to soar above thee,
There would I combat, this would gladly vanquish.
And possible it is: howe'er it flood
Yet every hill it cringeth passing by;
However haughtily it lift its billows
A petty hillock proudly stands against it,
A petty deep with might can drag it down.
Then quick my spirit thought of plan on plan;
Gain for thyself the costly, dear enjoyment
To shut out from the shore the lordly ocean,
The boundaries of the moist deep to narrow
And inward far into itself to drive it.
From step to step I could the whole determine,
That is my will, now dare thou it to further!

(Drums and warlike music behind the spectators, from the distance proceeding from the right hand.)

Digitized by Google

Mephistopheles.

How easy 'tis!—Hear'st thou the drums afar?

Faust. What, war again! The wise hear it not willingly.

Mephistopheles.

In peace or war the care must still be prudent,
From each occurrence to derive advantage.
We watch, we mark for every favouring time;
Here's opportunity; now seize it, Faust.

Faust. Spare me, I pray you now, such riddling stuff!
Now tell me short, what is 't? Explain thyself.

Mephistopheles.

Nothing was hidden from me in my progress,
In mighty cares the emperor good is wavering,
Thou know'st him. When we gave to him amusement,
And when into his hand we played false riches,
Then the whole earth to him was cheap.
For while yet young, the throne he gained,
Then made this faulty resolution,
That it would very well agree,
And was desirable and good,
To govern and to take his pleasure.

Faust. A mighty error. He who would command,
Must find his happiness but in commanding.
His breast must be of mighty willing full,
Yet what he wills, no man must dare to fathom.
That which he whispers in the true one's ear,
That is performed, astonished is the world.
So will he be, the highest still of all,
And worthiest; for pleasure common makes.

Mephistopheles.

Such is he not! He pleased himself, and how?
Meantime the kingdom fell to anarchy,
Where great and small opposing ever combated;
Brother chased brother and him slaughterèd,
Castle 'gainst castle, town, too, against town,
Guilds 'gainst nobility had feuds,
Bishops with chapters, congregations,
Foes all you saw were to each other.
Death in the churches, and assassination,
Merchant and wanderer at the gates were murdered,
Their boldness grew, nor grew to small extent;
To live was to defend oneself—and thus it went.

Faust. It went, it limped, it fell, again it rose,
Then overbalanced and rolled in a heap.

Mephistopheles.

And no one needed to blame this condition,
For each one could and each one would be some one;

Digitized by Google

The smallest would be thought complete;
Yet for the best at last it bad became,
The powerful ones stood up with might
And said; he shall be Lord who brings us peace;
The emperor cannot, will not; let us choose then
The emperor new, new to inspire the kingdom,
And whilst each man's in safety placed,
Within a freshly formed world
To join together peace and justice.

Faust. That sounds too priestly.

Mephistopheles. Oh! there were priests too,
For they insured the well-fed belly—they;
They had more share than others in it.
The uproar swelled, for the uproar was hallowed,
And our emperor whom we joyful made
Is marching here, to his last fight perhaps.

Faust. It grieves me: for he was so good and open.

Mephistopheles.
Come let us see, there's hope still to the living:
Come, let us free him from this narrow valley!
Once rescued, rescued is for thousand seasons,
Who knows which way the die will tumble?
And if he has fortune, he has also vassals.

(*They ascend the middle range of hills and view the arrangement of the army in the valley. Drums and warlike music sound up from beneath.*)

Mephistopheles. They've taken well, I see, their situation,
Let us go to them, then the victory's perfect.

Faust. And what may there awaited be?
Deceit and magic! hollow forms.

Mephistopheles.
Cunning of war to gain the battles!
Confirm thee in the mighty feeling
Whilst thou thine arm considerest.
If we preserve the emp'ror's throne and country
Thou wilt kneel down and straight receive
The fief of the unbounded strand.

Faust. Already hast accomplished much,
Do thou a battle also gain.

Mephistopheles. No! do thou gain it! for the nonce
Thou art the generalissimo.

Digitized by Google

Faust. Why that's the very thing to suit me,
There to command where I can comprehend nought!

Mephistopheles.
Let thou the general's staff look to it
And the field marshal is secured.
Mischief of war I long have traced,
Counsel of war beforehand formed
From the old mountain's ancient human might;
Well, well for him who them together draws.

Faust. What do I see there bearing arms?
Hast thou the mountain folk roused up?

Mephistopheles. No! but like Mr. Peter Squenz
Of the whole stuff the quintessence.

(*The three mighty ones step up*).*

Mephistopheles.
Now see there where my fellows come!
Thou seest of very different ages,
Of different clothes and armour are they there,
Thou 'lt not with these get on so badly.
(*To the spectators.*)
Now every child is very fond
Of armour and of knightly gorget;
And allegorical as are the rags,
Only more pleased they will be for that reason.

Bully (*young, lightly armed, and gaudily attired*).
If any one looks into my face,
With my fist I will strike him on the mouth.
I'll catch a coward if he flies,
And by his locks extreme I'll seize him.

Have-quick (*manly, well armed, richly clothed*).
Empty quarrels are but folly,
With that one only wastes the day;
In taking only be unwearied,
Ask afterwards for what remains.

Holdfast (*old, strongly armed, without garb*).
With that too much is ne'er obtained!
Soon is a great possession vanished
It rushes down the stream of life.
Taking indeed is good, but better is retaining;
Let only the old fellow manage,
And none will take away from thee.
(*They descend altogether deeper.*)

---

* 2 Sam. xxiii. 8.

Digitized by Google

ON THE PROMONTORY.

Drums and warlike music from beneath.

The Emperor's tent pitched.

Emperor, Generalissimo, halberdiers.

Generalissimo.

Still well weighed appears our planning,
That we to this convenient vale
When pressed have led back all our army;
I hope the choice will profit now.

Emperor. How it now goes, soon must be shown us;
Yet grieveth me this flight—this yielding.

Generalissimo.

On our right side behold, behold, my emperor!
The thought of war would wish for such a station:
The hills not steep, nor easy of ascending,
To the foe danger, but to us advantage,
Half hidden we, on the undulating plain,
Here will the cavalry not dare to come.

Emperor. There's nothing left us but to praise it,
Here arm and breast can well be proven.

Generalissimo.

On the flat spaces of the middle meadows.
Seest thou the phalanx here, prepared for combat.
The pikes are glancing, glittering in the air,
In the sunshine through morning's steamy mist.
How darkly waves the strong and powerful square!
By thousands glow they there for mighty acts.
Thou canst in that the mass's strength discover,
To them I trust the hostile power to scatter.

Emperor. I have for the first time this beauteous sight.
Such men as these are worth their number twice.

Generalissimo.

Of our left wing nothing need I tell you,
The steep rocks are possessed by sturdy heroes.
The stormy cliffs that now with weapons gleam,
The important pass to the narrow vale protect.
I bode already shattered powers of foemen
Since they foresee not in the bloody matter.

Emperor. See, hither march they all, the false relations,
Who called me uncle, cousin, even brother,
Who to themselves took more and still more ever,
Took honour from the throne, strength from the sceptre,
And then, divided, ravaged the kingdom,
And now collected raise themselves against me.

Digitized by Google

The mob are wavering in uncertain mind
Then, where the stream may bear them they will go.

Generalissimo.
A faithful man for information sent
Hastes down the rocks ; may he have speeded well!

First Spy. Happily have we succeeded,
Bold and crafty was our art,
Here and there we penetrated,
Yet have little good to tell.
Many swore to thee obedience
Pure, as many a faithful band,
But their excuse for inactivity,
Was civil ferment, people's hurt.

Emperor. To aid oneself is still of selfishness the doctrine,
Not gratitude or liking, duty, honour ;
You never think, if your own reck'ning's full,
Your neighbour's house may burn and you consume.

Generalissimo.
The second comes, but slowly steps he downward,
Tired he seems and all his limbs are trembling.

Second Spy.
First of all we saw with pleasure
The wild doing's erring course ;
Unexpected, undelaying,
Steppeth a new emperor forth.
And with regulated journeying
Speeds the throng across the plain ;
The unfurled and flying banners
All are following—like to sheep !

Emperor. A rival emperor is to me a gain,
Now first I feel that I the emperor am.
Only as soldier put I armour on,
For higher purpose now it clothes my limbs.
In every feast however much it shone,
Nothing was missed, except that danger failed.
Whene'er you call'd me to the ring's wild sport,
Loud beat my heart, I breathed the tournament ;
And if you had not me from war dissuaded
Long since I had shone forth in deeds heroic.
I felt my bosom sealèd, independent,
When in the fire domain I there was mirrored ;
Fearfully on me pressed the element ;
'Twas but a seeming, yet a seeming grand,
Confused of victory and fame. I've dreamed ;
Now will I do what sinful I delayed.

(*The heralds are sent off to challenge the rival emperor.*)

Digitized by Google

Faust in armour with half-closed helm. The three mighty ones armed and clothed as above.

Faust. We come to thee and hope we are not censured,
Even where need is not still of use, is foresight.
You know the mountain-folk reflect and think,
And nature's and rock-writings study well.
The spirits long withdrawn from the flat surface,
Are more than ever bent upon rock ridges.
Thro' labyrinthic clefts they work in silence,

In noble gas of rich metallic breathings;
In separating, proving, binding ever,
New things their only aim is to discover.
With gentle finger of a power spiritual
They raise continually forms transparent.
In crystal then and its eternal stillness
They contemplate the things on earth occurring.

Emperor. This I have heard, and I'll believe you too,
Yet my good man, what has this here to do?

Faust. The Sabine one, the Norcian necromancer,
Is to thee true and honorable servant.
What fearful fate was threatening him and monstrous,
The brushwood crackled, rose the tongues of fire;
And the dry logs were round about up-piled
With pitch and brimstone rods all intermixed;
Nor man, nor God, nor devil could have saved him,
Your majesty then burst the glowing fetters.
There 'twas, at Rome. He's ever to you bounden,
And always on thy path with care directed.
For from that hour himself he quite forgot:
Only for thee he asks the stars, the deeps,
He ordered us as for a speediest business
To stand by thee: Great are the mountain's powers;
There nature works so overpowering free,
Which monk's stupidity as magic blames.

Emperor. On festal day when we to guests give welcome,
Who cheerful come for cheerfullest enjoyment,
Each pleases us as squeezing he drives in,
And, man by man, narrows the hall's wide space;
Yet highest welcome must the brave man have,
Who comes to us with power to stand us by,
At morning hour which dubiously swayeth,
Because o'er it fate's balance is suspended.
Yet still withhold, in this high moment here,
Back from the willing sword the sturdy hand,
Honour the time when forth step many thousands
For or against me now to battle.
Self is the man! Who throne and crown desires,
Be in his person such an honour worth.

Digitized by Google

And be the spectre, risen now against us,
Called emperor by himself, and my land's ruler,
The armies' duke, commander of our nobles,
By my own hand into the grave thrust downward.

Faust. However great the deed to be accomplished,
Thou doest not well to put thy head in danger.
Is not the helm with crest and plume adorned,
The head that our courage glads it shields.
What without head—what could perform the members?
For if it sleeps they all sink downward;
If it is injured, all at once are wounded,
And all arise as soon as that is healèd.
Its powerful right the arm can use full quickly
The shield it wields—to the head that gives protection.
The sword too of its duty is aware
Wards strongly off and then repeats the blow;
The powerful foot too in the fortune shares,
And stamps it down upon the slain one's neck.

Emperor. Such is my rage, in this way would I treat him,
His haughty head into a footstool turning!

Heralds (*return*).
Little honour, little value
Have we from them there receivèd,
At our bold and noble challenge
Laughed they as at empty follies:
" Past away now is your emp'ror,
An echo in yon narrow vale;
If we e'er should think upon him,
Says the story: ' once there was.' "

Faust. It has occurred to us as wished the best
Who, firm and true, are standing at thy side.
The foe approach, your soldiers wait courageous,
Command the onset, favouring is the moment.

Emperor. To the command I here yield up all claim.
(*To the Generalissimo.*)
To thy hands, prince, that duty given shall be.

Generalissimo.
Now let the right wing then advancing charge!
The foeman's left, while even yet ascending,
Before their last completing step they make,
Shall yield to provèd trueness youthful strength.

Faust. This cheerful hero then permit
Swiftly among your ranks to stand,
Him joined in inmost union to your bands
And mated thus, his powerful soul impels.
(*He points to the right hand one.*)

Bully (*steps forth*).
Who shows to me his face shall not depart

Digitized by Google

But with a jaw and cheek all crashed and broken;
Who turns to me his back at once shall have
His neck, head, scalp, upon his neck down dangling.
And if thy soldiers only strike
Then when I rage with club and sabre,
The foe shall perish man by man
And shall in their own gore be drownèd. [*Exit.*

Generalissimo.

The phalanx of our centre follow slow,
And meet the foeman prudent, with all might,
A little on the right they shrink already,
For our attack seems their middle to have shaken.

Faust (*pointing to the middle one*).

Let this one also follow thy command.

Havequick (*steps forth*).

With the emperor's soldiers' boldness,
The thirst for booty shall be coupled;
And this shall be for all the goal;
The rival emperor's glittering tent.
Upon his throne he shall not long be boasting,
For to this phalanx I will be the leader.

Speedbooty (*sutler woman sidling up to him*).

Though married to him I am not,
Yet he my dearest love remains.
For us what harvest ripened is!
Woman is wrathful if she gripes,
And without pity if she steals;
To victory on! and all things are allowed.
(*Exeunt both*).

Generalissimo.

Upon our left, as we might have foreseen,
Their right makes powerful charge. But man for man
Will stand against what's furiously attempted,
To gain the narrow pass of the rock passage.

Faust (*beckons to the left hand one*).

To this one, Sir, I pray you give attention,
It cannot injure strength still more to strengthen.

Holdfast (*steps forth*).

For the left wing your care you may relinquish!
There where I am secure is all possession;
In it the old one aye himself approveth,
That which I keep not lightning splitteth. (*Exit.*)

Mephistopheles (*coming down from above*).

Now in the background there behold ye
Out of the jaggèd rocky gorge there;
How armèd men are forward pressing,
The narrow pathway more to narrow.
With sword and shield, with helm and armour,

Digitized by Google

A wall behind us they are forming,
Waiting the order for the onset.
(*Aside, to those who know him.*)
Ye must not ask from whence that cometh.
I have not truly long delayed,
The armour halls around I've cleared;
There upon foot, on horse too stand they,
As if of earth they still were masters;
Once were they knights and kings and emp'rors,
Now are they nought but empty snail shells,
Full many a spectral form is there dress'd out,
The middle ages raised again to life.
Some devilkins are, too, within,
For this time they will have effect. (*aloud*)
Hear how they before are clattering,
Rattling, like tin, each other pushing!
And rags of pennons flutter on the standards,
Which with impatience for new breezes waited.
Bethink, here is an ancient house prepared.
And willingly in combat now would mix.

(*Tremendous flourish of trumpets from above; the enemy manifestly waver.*)

Faust. Darkened all is the horizon,
But here and there important sparkles
A red and boding seeming light;
Bloody already shine the weapons,
The rock, the atmosphere, the forest,
The heavens entire are mingled in.

Mephistopheles.
Supports itself the right flank boldly;
And yet among them see I soaring
Jack Bully, the tremendous giant,
In his own fashion quickly busied.

Emperor. One arm alone I first saw lifted,
And now I see a dozen raging:
It is not done by natural means.

Faust. Hast thou not heard of misty streaklets
Which round Sicilia's coasts are hovering?
There waving in the daylight clear,
And raisèd to the middle æther,
And in peculiar breathings mirrored,
Appears a sight full singular.
There towns are waving hither, thither;
There gardens upward, downward rising,
As form on form through æther breaks.

Emperor. And yet, on all the points, how strangely,
Of the tall spears I see a glittering;
Upon our phalanx' polished lances

Digitized by Google

I see the rapid flamelets dancing.—
That seems to me too spirit-like.

Faust. Oh, pardon, Sire, these are the traces
Of passed-away spiritual nature,
Reflection of the Dioscuri,
By whom the seaman ever sweareth,
Here they collect their final power.

Emperor. Yet say; to whom then are we bounden
That nature, thus to us directed,
Collects for us her strangest here?

Mephistopheles.

To whom, save to that lofty master
Who in his bosom bears thy fate?
For by thine enemy's strong threatening
E'en in the depths he is stirr'd up.
His gratitude will see thee rescued,
E'en should he in the trial perish.

Emperor. In pomp and style they shouted round to lead me,
I then was something, and was pleased to try it,
And had occasion, nor thought much about it,
To his white beard to grant a cooling zephyr.
By it I took a pleasure from the clergy.
And certainly by no means earned their favour.
And now shall I, when passed so many years are,
Of that glad action the effect experience?

Faust. A kindness free has usury rich;
Now unto heaven gaze above thee!
Meseems that he a sign will send thee;
Attend, 'twill straight itself explain.

Emperor. An eagle soars in heaven's high regions;
A griffin with wild threatening follows.

Faust. Attend,—it favouring seems to me.
A griffin is a fabled beast;
How can he, thus himself forgetting,
His strength with a real eagle measure.

Emperor. And now, in wide-extended circles,
They fly around; and straight at once
Upon each other swift they rush,
Both neck and breast to tear asunder.

Faust. And now the villain griffin—see,
Is torn, and tugged, and finds but mischief;
And sinking down his lion-tail,
Falls to the wood-tops disappearing.

Emperor. As this portendeth be it done!
I take it with astonishment.

Mephistopheles (*towards the right*).

Pressing to the strokes repeated,

Digitized by Google

Our foes at length to us must yield them;
And with wavering, doubtful fighting,
Onward to the right they're pressing;
And thus in the fight confusing
The left side of their chiefest power.
While the firm point of our phalanx
Moves on the right, and, like the lightning,
Rushes towards the weakest places.
Now, like storm-excited billows
Spurting, rage the equal forces
Wildly in the doubled combat.
Nothing was e'er thought of nobler,
For us gainèd is the battle!

Emperor (*on the left side to Faust*).

Look there! hazardous meseems it,
Our posts there seem in danger.
I can see no stones there flying;
The lower crags are now ascended;
The upper now stand all forsaken.
Now! the foe in perfect masses
Pressing onward, ever nearer,
Has, perhaps, obtained the passage,
The result of skill unholy!
All in vain are your devices.

Mephistopheles.

There are coming my two ravens;
What a message are they bringing?
I fear it goeth bad for us.

Emperor. What want here these birds ill-omened?
They direct their black sails hither,
From the ardent mountain-war.

Mephistopheles (*to the ravens.*)

Place yourselves quite near my ears—here;
Whom ye protect is never hopeless,
For your advice is always right.

Faust (*to the Emperor.*)

Thou hast perchance, Sire, heard of pigeons
From out of farthest lands returning
Back to their nest, their brood, and fare;
But here is an important difference:
For peace a pigeon-post sufficeth;
But battle needs a raven-post.

Mephistopheles.

A heavy mischief now is told us.
Look there! behold the heavy pressure
About our heroes' rocky wall.
The nearest heights are now surmounted;

Digitized by Google

And should at last they gain the passage,
A bad position we should have.

Emperor. So then, at last, I have been cheated!
Ye have me in the net entangled;
I've trembled since it girt me first.

Mephistopheles.
Courage! we are not beaten yet,
Patience to the last knot, and cunning.
Sharp at the end it mostly goes.
I have my messengers the surest
Command that I commands may send.

Generalissimo (*who has in the meanwhile come up.*)
With these thou hast thyself united.
For all the time it me hath troubled,
Conjuring procures no fortune firm.
Nought in the battle can I alter;
They have begun it, they may end it.
My staff I give thee back again.

Emperor. Until a better hour retain it,
Which fortune, perhaps, to us may grant.
I shudder at this horrid fellow,
And at his raven friendship too.
(*to Mephistopheles.*)
I cannot give to thee the baton;
The right one thou seem'st not to me.
Command and strive us to deliver,
And do whatever can be done.
(*Exit into the tent with the Generalissimo.*)

Mephistopheles.
Well let the stupid staff protect him!
Us others can it little profit,
It was a somewhat of a cross.

Faust. What can we do?

Mephistopheles. Why, it is done!
Now, my black cousins, quick to service,
To the great rock lake, greet the Undinas.
And of their waters ask the show,
Thro' female arts ('tis hard to know them),
Seeming from *being* they can sunder,
And each one swears that being 'tis. (*Pause.*)

Faust. The ladies of the waters must our ravens
Rightly and with a proper skill have flattered,
It 'gins already there to drip.
On many dry and smoothest rocky places
The full and rapid spring itself developes;
'Tis over with their victory.

Digitized by Google

Mephistopheles.
That is indeed a welcome strange,
The boldest climbers are confused.

Faust. One streamlet rusheth strongly down to streamlets,
Doubled again they turn from out the gorges,
One stream now throws its archèd ray,
On the flat rock breadth now itself 'tis placing,
On this or that side rushing down and foaming,
And step-wise casts itself into the vale.
What helps a bold resistance and heroic?
The mighty wave streams on and overwhelms them.
I fear myself at such a swelling wild.

Mephistopheles.
I can see nothing of these water falsehoods,
Only the eyes of men are here deceivèd
And me the case astonishing delights.
In whole clear masses forth they 're pouring,
The fools suppose that they are drowning,
Whilst on the firm land they are snorting,
And laughably with swimming gestures running,
Now is confusion every where.
(*The ravens return.*)
I will give praise t' ye to the lofty master;
And well ye prove yourselves as masters,
Quick to the glowing smithy hasten,
Where the dwarf-people, never tiring,
Metal and stone strike into sparks.
Desire, to them loudly chattering,
A fire, glittering, shining, bursting,
As one may cherish in his high mind.
True, summer lightning in the far, far distance,
And fall of highest stars as swift as vision,
May happen every summer night;
Yet summer lightning in confused bushes,
And stars which on the moist damp ground are hissing,
One can't see these so easily.
So must ye, without much tormenting,
First give prayers and then give orders.

(*Ravens exeunt. What has been described is done.*)

Mephistopheles.
Thick darknesses upon the foemen!
And march and step to the uncertain!
Will-of-the-wisps in every corner,
A glittering for a sudden blinding,
That would be all; sooth, wondrous fair,
But now we need some terror-sound.

Digitized by Google

Faust. From the hall niches ta'en, the hollow weapons
In the free breezes find themselves made stronger,
It rattles there above and clatters long;
A wonderful though it be a false sound.

Mephistopheles.
Quite right! They can no more be bridled,
Already sound the knightly strikings,
As in pleasant ancient time.
Armlets and greaves the legs protecting,
As Guelphs and as the Ghibellines, too,
Quickly renew the endless strife.
Firm and with inherited feeling,
Implacable themselves they 're showing,
Now sounds the clanging far and wide.
At last, in all the devils' feastings,
The best is party hate e'er working
To horror, even the very worst;
It sounds so horribly, so panic,
And midwhiles sharp and shrill, satanic,
And frightful outward to the vale.
(*To be continued.*)

THE SUPERNATURALIST.

CHAPTER I.

I've been roaming, I've been roaming,
Where the ghosts and goblins dwell;
And I'm coming, and I'm coming,
All these wondrous things to tell.

Aye, in the pages of the Monthly Magazine, which has always indulged a sneaking kindness for the marvellous, will I tell my *curiosités inouies*, my unheard-of curiosities. Herein will I fairly disembogue my soul of its incredible mysticisms, even at the risk of getting myself smothered as a magician, and of frightening my readers out of their seven senses.

To confess the truth, I was born with a somewhat extravagant allowance of that particular organ which the phrenologists call *wonder*. The patronymic of my illustrious ancestor, Andrew *Marvel*, suited me to the letter, for never was mortal man more marvellous than your humble servant. Incomprehensibles were my swaddling clothes; and astonishment the very pap that reared my babyhood. Passing by a book-stall the other day, I saw a French work entitled "*l'Enfant Prodigue*," which the learned bibliopolist had labelled as the "*Prodigious Infant.*" Would to heaven, said I, that the vendor's version were correct, then should the publication pass for my veritable history. Yes, prodigy, I was even in leading-

Digitized by Google

strings. Gifted with that transcendental genius, which is vulgarly termed enthusiasm and superstition, I claimed all monstrous all prodigious things, as matters of birthright.

The first thesis I maintained in the public schools was this, "omnia admirari," in direct opposition to the vulgar and hacknied adage—"nil admirari." Gloriously I increased my reputation. Armed at all points, exactly cap-a-pie, in the panoply of astonishment, I discomfited my antagonists with the greatest ease. Nothing is more epidemical and contagious than astonishment: be but astonished yourself, and you are sure to astonish others, a fact which Horace discerned when he inscribed that excellent maxim, "Weep yourself if you would make others blubber." So was it with me. When, with streaming eyes whose tears were a double distilled elixir of excitement and alarm, I defended the truth of all supernaturals, I saw that I had produced a sensation. When I pleaded the undiscoverable mystery of gorgons, monsters and chimeras dire, my audience began to shudder. When I showed, with a profusion of eloquence, that our nurses inherited from their grandmothers, mentioned by Tacitus, a high Dutch spirit of demonology, surprise was depicted in every countenance. When I proceeded to affirm, that most of their stories relating to Jack the Giant Killer, Buckaboo, and other well-known heroes of legendary lore, are as authentic as most other histories, the shuffling and cheering grew more intense. When I illustrated the powers of my so potent art, by mesmerising every mother's son of them, by a single manipulation, a sudden paleness and horripilation pervaded the whole assembly. To conclude, I worked a complete legion of ghosts, good, bad, and indifferent, in order to put a clencher on my argument. On this *coup de grace* his ocular demonstration of spectrology, the shrieking, fainting, hollaballooing, hooting, &c. became absolutely terrific. My fame, as a supernaturalist, was established for ever; and the assembly broke up to report these astounding facts to millions of trembling listeners.

Since this remarkable event, I have pursued the science of supernaturals *con amore*. With the eagerness of unslakable inquisitiveness, have I explained and fathomed the innermost penetralia of metaphysics. Many a glorious glimpse of the *invisibilia quæ non decipient*, hath been vouchsafed me. My study of theurgy has introduced me to the most extraordinary men and books, whose names are sacred and inviolable. Let them fear nothing from my garrulity; they shall not be betrayed.

Eternal genius of Supernaturalism! wonder-working Prometheus of all that is ennobling! mysterious essence of all sublimity and beauty! thee I invoke! Genius of Supernaturalism! hast thou not developed thy kindling sympathies through heaven and earth, and the things under the earth? Thou mightiest image of the unseen power, that ever hovers around us, visiting with inconstant pinions the care-worn philosopher and the prattling infant! to thee all spirits instinctively culminate with restless and anxious motion. They feel thy centripetal attractions—unto thy refulgent orb their intricate revolutions are converging. Aye, and as they approach nearer to thy unfathomed vortex—insatiable Maelström of the universe—

Digitized by Google

their dizzy transit becomes invisible by its rapidity, and their apotheosis is accomplished, for they are absorbed in thee!

Genius of Supernaturalism! shall I not obey thy inspiration? I hear thy stilly voice in the thought-resounding adyta of conscience. It commands me to proclaim thy mysteries. Teach me to reveal thee without profanation. I would withdraw the veil that hides thy corruscating divinity; but let me not be guilty of sacrilege. Let thy music swell from almost inaudible softness, into the thunder of its power.

> As when beneath the nave
> High arching the Cathedral organ 'gins
> Its prelude lingeringly exquisite,
> Within retired the bashful sweetness dwells.
> Anon like sunrise, or the floodgate rush
> Of waters, bursts it forth, clear, solemn, full
> It rings upon the mazy fretted roof,
> It coils up round the clustering pillars tall,
> It leaps into the cell-like chapels, strikes
> Beneath the marble-sepulchres, at once
> The living temple is instinct, ablaze
> With the uncontrouled exuberance of sound.

In faith, the revival, the resurrection of supernaturalism has become incalculably important. The genius of spiritualism, call it by what name you will, was never more needed to illumine the chaos of secularities in which we groan and labour. Better were almost any form of the spiritual, the transcendental and immaterial than the crushing jumble of mammon and sensuality which embodies and embrutes us all. We want another Hercules to turn the great river of supernaturalism through the Augean stables of worldliness. None but a few initiates, who are called enthusiasts, remain to recognise the spiritual grandeur and the thaumaturgic potency of our nature. The all-conquering angel within us lies buried under a mountain of materialism.

It is only by the sedulous study of supernaturalism in all its branches, that the psychologist will triumph over the carnalist. That study will assist us in attaining a vital realisation of the miracle of Scripture, which cannot be so fully attained without it. In proportion as we have the actual agency and operation of spirits on each other, shall we enter into the true mysteries of the Bible. Then our souls' eyes shall be opened, the veil of our hearts shall be taken away. We shall discover the intense spirituality of our being, and enter into personal correspondence with the invisible ministers around us. We shall develope energies and powers which now lie unacknowledged and neglected within us; and by our own experience analyse what is true and what is false in the records of the occult sciences.

Jung Stilling, the most celebrated mystic of modern Germany, has already opened our way in his Theory of Pneumatology. Yes, the marvel-loving-phantom-courting Germany, always the richest emporium of the amazing and portentous, has once more asserted her privilege. That which Taulerus did for her theology, hath

Digitized by Google

Jung Stilling* done for her theosophy. With a devout and subtle soul, dedicated for years to the keen study of the subject, he has produced this theory of pneumatology in reply to the question, what ought to be believed or disbelieved concerning presentiments, visions and apparitions.

I boldly declare my conviction that this book of Jung Stilling, so well translated by Jackson, is on the whole the most correct and masterly view of pneumatology which has appeared for an entire century. It comes infinitely nearer to the stimulating realities of psychological experience and experiment, than any of the recent writers of popular metaphysics. In general Jung Stilling speaks as an initiate who has fathomed the depths of theurgical and magical literature. He has therefore made a book whose theory corresponds in a great degree, with the astonishing revelations of Scripture, and the reiterated evidence of demonology in all ages and nations. Such a writer, with all his faults, casts more real light on the actual phenomena of souls incarcerated in bodies, than all that Hume, Berkeley, Reid, and Stewart have ever indited.

Jung Stilling states, at starting, a most necessary and important rule. He says that a disposition to faith in fair evidence is a necessary prerequisite for all who would understand pneumatology. This is Goethe's maxim. *Wer wunder hofft der starke seinen glauben*, he who wants wonders let him strengthen his faith. It is only in proportion to the amount of our faith in spiritual manifestations, that we can obtain the experience of spiritual manifestations. Now though this may seem a kind of *petitio principii*, it is not so. In fact, the inspired writers lay down exactly the same canon. Presupposing that a principle of faith or belief exists in the conscience of every man of the verity of the divine and supernatural agencies, as the history of all nations proves—they tell us that in proportion as we develope the intrinsic faith, shall we become conscious of manifold supernaturals. Their proposition amounts to this: "Open the spiritual eye and you will discern spiritual phenomena, keep it shut and you will not do so." Here is a condition precedent stated with certain results to follow if that condition is obeyed. The only fair way therefore of testing their truth or falsehood is to try the experiment in the prescribed form and no other. Now it so happens, that those who have tried the experiment in this prescribed form have found it true. Thus the Scriptures say, "Believe and thou shalt see the glory of God;" "Believe and thou shalt be saved." Hosts of humble religionists who have been content to try the prescribed processes have found the truth of the assertion. They have therefore set their seal to this, that God deceives not—hence result many of what are called the internal evidences of Scripture. But there have ever been another set of preposterous, conceited coxcombs in the world, too proud or too lazy to test the experiment fairly. They would not open the spiritual eye, and therefore they

* Coleridge appears to have entertained a poor opinion of Stilling. He says "a more anile, credulous, solemn fop never existed since the days of old Audley."—Remains, vol. iv. p. 41. We think better of this writer. By the bye, in the passage quoted, the printer has put in Sung instead of Jung.—E.D.

Digitized by Google

did not perceive the spiritual vision. And then they have gone away backward, and taxed God's word with fallacy; though they never had the honesty or resolution to put it to the trial.

Now if this injustice has been done with regard to the spiritual manifestations, and miracles recorded by the sacred writers, the same has been done with regard to all the records of the supernatural in human literature. The glorious fathers and saints of the church excelled in theurgy and thaumaturgy—they tell us that they cultivated and practised these supernatural sciences under certain conditions and states, such for instance as strong faith, fasting, vehement invocation of spiritual powers, and works of devoted piety and purity. Well, say they to their readers, if you will try the same means you will arrive at the same results; but the readers will not try these means, and yet pretend to laugh at the ends with sneering incredulity. Verily, incredulity is the most credulous thing in the world.

Jung Stilling meets this objection in the teeth, and shows that the same causes produce the same effects. He does not mince the matter at all. He says, faith in the preternatural is a necessary condition precedent to the experience of the preternatural. He tells his reader that he must believe, that by certain means he can perform certain miracles, and that if in this faith he uses those means he will perform those miracles. You must fully believe for instance in the existence of spirits, angels and ghosts, and use the proper means of entering into *rapport* with them in order to realise their apparitions and communications. Now in common fairness to Jung Stilling no one is entitled to condemn him, but he who has tried the experiment in the manner prescribed. For a man who will not believe in ghosts, to sit in his easy chair, and laugh at our German as a visionary, without putting his statement to the test, by those arduous spiritual disciplines he states as conditions precedent, is a contemptible evasion of the very essence of the argument. If a chemical author told you that by mixing two specific gases, you could produce a liquid *tertium quid*, it might appear exceedingly improbable to you; but you must try his experiment in his own way, before you can pronounce him mistaken.

This plea becomes doubly strenuous when applied to the reality of supernaturals. He who would attempt to deny the existence, communication and perpetual operation of supernaturals has not merely to set his opinion against the testimony of our German author, but he has to maintain it against the consenting evidence of all ages and nations. The vast current of all religious and philosophical testimonies was ever in favour of their reality, and activity. The experience of every man who had piety, and moral courage enough to try the experiment, always arrived at the same result. Those that have denied supernatural manifestations have been comparatively a few uninitiated and secular writers, who have especially obtained during the last century. All of them cold and materialising rationalists, and too many of them sophists and sceptics.

I throw down my glove to the truth of this assertion. It is per-

Digitized by Google

fectly well known to every ripe scholar, that a belief in supernaturals to a very great degree animated, not only the writers of the Scriptures, but almost all the fathers and saints of the church, eastern and western, and that it was the prevailing creed of the arch leaders of philosophy till a comparatively recent period. This belief has still many professors; and those who shrink from it are men whose minds are notoriously physical, not to say artificial; men who hold the supernatural portion of Scripture itself very heretically, and whose thoughts and affections cling to the earth with a pertinacity that nothing can shake.

Jung Stilling frankly professes his opinion, that a firm belief in the supernaturals of Scripture will associate itself with a firm belief in the supernaturals of tradition. The evidence of Scripture is of course strongest, and abundantly strong enough to stand alone; yet the evidence of similar experiences in the history of churches and states, is so connected with it, that the same ingenuousness, inquisitiveness and courage of mind, which enable men to believe the one will induce them to think favourably of the other. So much is this the case, that they usually rise and fall together in men's opinions.

Our German takes another just distinction. He divides pneumatology into the theurgical and the magical. The theurgical kind was that known to the pious Jews of old. The miracles of our Saviour we are assured were performed by the mighty power or finger of God. The fathers continually use the word theurgy to express this divine science of thaumaturgy or working miracles. There is a learned folio of a French author entitled "Theurgia Christi," being a record of his miracles. The same term has been applied to the supernatural operations of the apostles, the saints, and the martyrs of the church. They performed their surprising wonders by that strict communion with God and Christ, the holy angels, and the saints, which may be cherished into a most potent energy of miraculous application.

The other kind of pneumatology consists of magic and the occult sciences in general. These are of a more mixed character, good, bad and indifferent. There are forms of white magic of a very pious and devout class, such as prevailed among the magi from whom the word is derived. There is another which has been called black magic, in which the magician enters into *rapport* with genii and daimons of suspicious reputation, whose power however is very formidable. As to that which is termed natural magic, it is but a high order of physical philosophy.

There is no doubt in the minds of those well acquainted with this subject, that both these kinds of theurgy and magic still subsist. I am well acquainted with the fact. There are many mystical pietists, especially in the Roman Catholic Church, who cherish theurgy to an amazing extent, though few of them profess it openly. I know some who, by having cultivated all the means by which supernatural power is developed, have attained a degree of it that would astonish the most incredulous.

There are also in Europe, in Great Britain, aye, in this very

Digitized by Google

metropolis, many secret professors of magic of a more vulgar kind. Some of these whose names I need not mention, by means of spiritual *rapports*, aided by great natural sagacity, have risen to celebrity. There are several well-known characters of this sort, living rather retiredly, who by cultivating preternatural communications, and acting on those secret intimations and silent voices that accompany them, have succeeded to admiration in what is termed fortune telling, &c. Provided there be the native genius and gift for the science of pneumatology, the faculty of presentiment will become developed in connection with the use of almost any forms.

The intellectual essence of supernaturalism within us, is the thing cultivated and relied on. The bona-fide correspondence of spiritual agents who know more than mortal men are the effective energies employed. The power of communication with certain spirits connected with certain forms, is the secret of astrology, geomancy, chiromancy, and all the varieties of magic. As to the forms and symbols it matters little what they are. You may procure the same information by stars, or cards, or hands or sticks. These are but the forms and symbols of a theosophic algebra that is absolutely undiscoverable to the uninitiated.

The cultivators of these occult sciences and arts, have sometimes stooped to the darker relations of illegitimate practice, and have made themselves amenable to the laws, and are obliged to keep themselves considerably secluded. Yet it is amusing enough, to see how eagerly they are sought after, and especially by the higher orders. I have seen a whole line of aristocratical carriages, drawn up in the narrow street of the magician, where they could with difficulty pass each other. Thus luxury, vice and superstition, play into each others hands, and pimp and pander to each other's appetites.

For myself, in this state of things, I sympathize right heartily with Jung Stilling. The manifestations of the supernatural, which he beheld in Germany, are now pressing on our observation in Britain. If he unfolds his stirring experiences in his theory of Pneumatology, why should I not be indulged with a like privilege? On future occasions, I shall perhaps find leisure to sketch the secret history of supernaturalism in all its forms of theurgy, magic, astrology, and necromancy. It will be easy to prove, that if it has existed in past ages, it exists even at the present day, and in quarters too where it is little suspected—*ars est cœlare artem.*

The experiences of supernaturalists will always have many points in common: which of them can take up the picture that Goethe gives of his mind in his allegorical Faust, without feeling the touch of sympathy?

> The realm of spirits was never barred,
> 'Tis thy soul that is fettered, thy heart that is dead;
> Then up, my disciple, and bathe unscared,
> Thy earthly breast in the morning red.

But let me not be over-daring. Let no vanity of fame seduce me to reveal the secret of secrets. Why should I incur the penalty of that presumption, which sentenced Tiresias and Phineus, pro-

Digitized by Google

phets of old, to immedicable darkness; or those that endured a fate no less deplorable, blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides; or his (our own Milton), whose vision blenched in light's excess.

> The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
> Where angels tremble as they gaze,
> He saw; but blasted with excess of light
> Closed his eyes in endless night.

There may be intelligence in creation that can behold the supernatural without destruction. There may be those, like Zaraph in the Loves of the Angels, of whom it is said:

> This seraph's eyes would court the blaze,
> Such pride he in adoring took,
> And rather lose in that one gaze
> The power of looking, than not look.

But with mortal men discretion is the better part of valour; nor would I add my name to the number of prophet-bards, who have become the victims of their own ecstasies.

No, Genius of supenaturalism! let me rather show the unpresumptuous part which belongs to the children of dust. Let me be content with the privilege of one not the least favoured by thy visitations. And in the words of Shelley let me confess,

> ——that, though never yet
> Thou hast revealed thy inmost sanctuary,
> Enough, from incommunicable dream
> And twilight phantasy and deep noonday thought,
> Has shone within me: that serenely now
> And moveless as a long-forgotten lyre,
> Suspended in the solitary dome
> Of some mysterious and deserted fane:
> I wait thy breath, Great Parent, that my strain
> May modulate with murmurs of the air
> And motions of the forest and the sea,
> And voice of living beings, and woven hymns
> Of night and day, and the deep heart of man.

Would that Shelley had been satisfied with the intellectual *enough!* Alas, why passed he too the Rubicon? Alas! why do we hear him describe his after-fate in words thus full of desolation?

> Midst others of less note came one frail form,
> A phantom among men, companionless:
> As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
> Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
> Had gazed on nature's naked loveliness,
> Actæon-like; and now he fled astray,
> With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
> And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
> Pursued like raging hounds their father and their prey.

Tush! I am growing downright poetical. And why not, Mr. Supernaturalist, why not poetical—art frightened at the term?—By the locks of Apollo, none becomes thee better. Ever the supernaturalist must be the poet:—

Digitized by Google

And that fine madness still he must retain,
Which rightly doth possess a poet's brain.

Aye, and every poet must be a supernaturalist, or else he is no poet at all. Laugh at the supernatural you may; but it is this which constitutes the very magic of poetry. And therefore, grim critic, if such as you can possibly understand what the supernatural means, set it down in your canons as the highest test of adjudication. Prate no more about natural poetry: that is well enough, and a precious sight better than most that comes before us; infinitely better is it than the unnatural poetry: under which we anticipate being one day smothered alive. But best of all is supernatural poetry; the inspired and inspiring rhapsodies, the overwhelming visions of ecstasy; the hurricane of passions too Olympian for words—give us these, give us these. Let us hear the thunders of Isaiah: let us see the lightnings of Ezekiel. Come forth, ye shades of immortality, Homer, Æschylus, Pindar, Dante, Milton! Come forth, ye world re-echoed singers! Come forth from the solitude of your glory: you shall teach us poetry supernatural, and trample the vulgarities of our sceptics into their native slime. And ye, the Castor and Pollux of modern genius, Schiller and Coleridge, descend from your song-resounding spheres, and waken the love of the supernatural in the young aspirant for the laurels! Still whisper in his ear, the words of your Wallenstein, and say:—

Ah never rudely will we blame his faith,
In the might of stars and angels. 'Tis not merely
The human being's pride that people space
With life and mystical predominance:
Since likewise for the stricken heart of love,
This visible nature and this common world
Is all too narrow. Yea, a deeper import
Lurks in the legend told our infant years
Than lies upon the truth we live to learn.
For fable is love's world, his home, his birth-place:
Delightedly dwells he 'mong fays and talismans,
And spirits, and delightedly believes
Divinities, being himself divine;
The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion;
The power, the beauty, and the majesty,
That had their haunts in dale and piny mountain,
Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
Or chasms and watery depths; all these have vanished,
They live no longer in the faith of reason;
But still the heart doth need a language, still
Doth the old instinct bring back the old names;
And to your starry world they now are gone,
Spirits or gods, that used to share this earth,
With man as with their friend; and to the lover
Yonder they move, from yonder visible sky,
Shoot influence down, and even at this day,
'Tis Jupiter who brings whate'er is great,
And Venus who brings every thing that's fair.

Yes, still they live unextinguished and inextinguishable, these eternal instincts of the supernatural. Little do men think of what

Digitized by Google

they really are, and what faculties and powers are within them. No doctrine (says Channing) is more common among Christians, than that of man's immortality; but it is not so generally understood, that the germs or principles of his whole future being, are *now* wrapped up in his soul, like the rudiments of the future plant in the seed. As a necessary result of this constitution, the soul, possessed and moved by these mighty, though infant energies, is perpetually stretching beyond what is present and visible, struggling against the bounds of its earthly prison house, and seeking relief and joy in imaginings of unseen and ideal being."

Nobly said, thou stirring genius of America, nobly said. Full little is the heaven-descended "Know thyself," yet understood by our race. Full little do they recognise what they have been, or are, or may be:—

It is our will
Which thus enchains us to permitted ill.
We might be otherwise, we might be all
We dream of, happy, high, majestical,—
Where is the beauty, love, and truth we seek,
But in our minds? and if we were not weak,
Should we be less in deed, than in desire?
"Aye, if we were not weak! and we aspire,
How vainly to be strong," said Maddalo,
"You talk Utopian."

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA REDIVIVUS.

ADVENTURES IN SARDINIA.

OUR friend L—. is one of the most delightful of septuagenarians, and moreover an admirable *raconteur*. In him the garrulity of age, so much complained of by the impatience of youth, is never felt to be tedious: on the contrary, it is like the opening of a rich vein of ore, which promises inexhaustible store of wealth to him who takes the trouble to work it.

Few men in private life have experienced more vicissitudes than L—, in which not a little of the tragic has mingled; but as it has been the *domestic* tragic, the theme is one unmeet for busy tongues to prate of, or idle pens like our own to scribble about. During a visit we lately paid him in the quiet suburban villa whither he has retired to spend the cheerful evening of his age, it was our good fortune to be made acquainted with some passages in his eventful history, highly interesting to those who have the happiness to be classed among his personal friends. In the course of their communication, the following singular adventures were narrated.

Before giving them to our readers, which we purpose doing as nearly as possible in his own words, it will be necessary to state that L—, having embarked early in life in commerce, found it expedient to visit Italy, where he passed several years, residing principally at Florence, Leghorn, and other towns in Tuscany, and occasionally on the Island of Sardinia. At that period his finances were in a prosperous state, and the mercantile concern which had called him to Italy flourishing;

Digitized by Google

but upon the invasion of that country by the French in 1796, nearly the whole of his property was confiscated by them. With the wreck of his fortune he returned to England. His was not a mind to sink under adversity; the energy of his character did not desert him, but rose to meet the exigency of his circumstances. He invested the small remains of his property in a business with whose details he was wholly unacquainted, but which he soon mastered; and thus by dint of industry, united with much general knowledge, acquired under brighter auspices and with far different prospects, but which he had the talent to render available in the prosecution of his new pursuits, he has gradually retrieved his fortunes, and attained a rank and influence among his fellow-citizens enjoyed by few in his station.

L— when speaking of his residence in Sardinia, dwelt with enthusiasm on the sublime and beautiful scenery of the mountainous parts of that island, which he had frequent opportunities of exploring in passing from one town to another. The character of his companions on these occasions, was in perfect keeping with the wild and savage regions he traversed; for, as may be supposed in an Italian island remote from the principal seat of government, the laws were but indifferently maintained, except in the towns; consequently the mountain districts were infested by numerous bands of robbers, whose chiefs not unfrequently levied a species of black mail on those tracts of country which were too far distant from the towns to be under military protection. L— had formed an intimacy with the commander of a Venetian state galley, who introduced him to one of the most powerful of the bandit-chiefs, under whose escort and guidance, they both of them used to make shooting excursions among the mountains in perfect security; their formidable protector and entertainer furnishing them with guns and ammunition, it being a part of his policy not to suffer them to enter his territory armed. He described this robber-chief as possessed of a fine person, and distinguished amidst his comrades by a dignified and commanding deportment, not a little set off by the picturesque costume of the Sardinian brigand. He formed, it would appear, a sincere attachment to his English protegé, and always showed the greatest alacrity in his service, accompanying him from time to time in his journeys across the mountains. On one of these occasions, an incident of an amusing nature took place; but we must now permit our friend L— to tell his own story, and continue to do so while giving the particulars of his various adventures in Sardinia.

"An English merchant vessel was wrecked on the coast of the island at the time I resided at Cagliarli, the capital; and as there was neither consul nor agent to act on the emergency, I made a journey to the place where the accident had occurred, and exerted myself to save as much of the property as possible for the benefit of the under-writers at Lloyds, and succeeded to a certain extent. The Captain of the wrecked merchantman was blunt and ignorant, but amazingly puffed up with notions of his own consequence, and with true John *Bullism* looking on the Sardinians with sovereign contempt. I believe I did not rank very high in his estimation, on account of my residing among them on terms of sociability, even of intimacy; but he was compelled to treat me with some degree of deference from his dependence upon me as an interpreter.

Digitized by Google

On one occasion, however, his ire quite overset the little discretion he possessed, and produced the scene I am about to describe.

"Circumstances requiring that we should make together a journey across the wildest part of the mountains, I applied to my friend the Bandit for an escort. He did more than grant us one, he accompanied us himself as a special mark of his regard for me. He also gave up for my use his own horse, a fine animal and a great favourite with its master, but furnished the doughty Captain with one of the little sturdy rough-coated ponies of the island. The pride of the great man was much hurt, and he gave vent to his irritation in no measured terms, applying epithets to our protector, which fortunately for the intemperate utterer he did not understand; however, he soon perceived that something was amiss, and addressed himself to me for an explanation. I told him the cause of the annoyance, at the same time adding, that for the sake of peace and quiet, I was willing to relinquish the steed in favour of my testy countryman. It was now the Sardinian's turn to give way to passion. His indignation was roused at the bare idea of such concessions to a person, in his estimation, so little worthy of consideration, and replied rather haughtily, that I might resign the horse if I chose, which had been lent to me only, but that, *that man*, (and he pronounced the words with an emphasis of the strongest contempt,) should never cross his noble animal.

"We proceeded on our way; but the Captain's wrath seemed rather to increase than diminish, until at last it reached its acme. Suddenly, and in the midst of the wildest recesses of the mountains, he threw himself from his pony, and lying down on the ground declared with an oath, that he would proceed no further on that sorry, uneasy-going brute. 'What does he say?' inquired the robber chief. I was obliged to translate, as *favourably* as I could. 'Very well' replied our conductor, 'let the obstinate fool remain there if he pleases: he will soon be found by some one of the roving bands of our profession, who will put the question of his proceeding beyond all dispute.' As he said this with a grim smile, he made a significant gesture, which implied that they would dispatch my unmanageable countryman. I was greatly perplexed how to act, and tried expostulation with the Captain of the merchant-man, in vain; he persevered in this ill-timed fit of the sullens. I dismounted and walking straight up to him, repeated word for word what the chief had said: but even this had no effect; he continued lying on the ground and doggedly maintained his determination not to go a step further. I could bear this no longer; my passion, for my friends will have it that I *am* passionate, was completely roused, and the expedient I resorted to, you will perhaps say, was a sufficient proof of the irritation of my feelings at the moment. Drawing a pistol from my belt I proceeded to load it before his eyes, saying at the same time, "You provoking blockhead, for the honour of old England I will not leave you to be murdered by a rascally Italian robber, you shall at least die by the hand of a countryman: I will shoot you myself." The effect was instantaneous, the poor wretch doubting not from my manner that I was in earnest, raised himself from his recumbent posture, and falling on his knees besought me for God's sake to pardon him, adding that he would mount the pony, and go on quietly, or, in fact, do any thing I pleased, if I would

Digitized by Google

but spare his life; a promise which he faithfully performed: and so completely cowed was he that he uttered not a single word for very shame during the remainder of the journey.

"After this occurrence, my bandit acquaintance appeared to regard me with even more respect than he had done before; "And should you," we demanded of L——, when he had finished speaking, "should you really have shot the man?" "Faith, I hardly know," he replied, "but I think I should.—The Captain," continued he, "upon his return to England, called on my mother, and after describing me as travelling armed to the teeth in good fellowship with robbers, threw the good lady into a fit of consternation, by giving his own version of the scene in the mountains, concluding thus—"and he would have shot me, madam, as sure as there is a God in Heaven."

"While residing at Cagliarli I met with more than one adventure of a rather serious nature, so far as regarded my personal safety. I will relate two which recur at this moment to my memory, not only on account of their singularity, but because they exhibit the Sardinian character, notwithstanding some dark shades, in a very favourable point of view.

"I occupied a suite of rooms, in a large mansion, which contained many other inmates besides myself. One night, that I returned somewhat later from a party, I perceived, on approaching the gate of my mansion, two men stationed near it. I was sufficiently close to them to observe that they were armed, and to hear one say to the other 'That is he!' This aroused me at once to a sense of my danger. I was without a weapon of defence of any kind about my person, but had the presence of mind to put my hand to my bosom, as if searching for arms, and threatened to fire at them if they did not immediately retire. This staggered them for a moment, and they fell back: but before I could reach the gate, one of them exclaimed, 'He has no pistol, it is only a make-believe,' and both instantly rushed towards me. I had now nothing left but to fly for my life. Being at that time very active, I sprung from them, and ran for shelter to the abode of a friend who occupied rooms in a large and ancient edifice, which, like many continental dwelling houses, was entered from the street by a wide and open staircase. I heard my assailants pursuing me; however I gained the stairs, and ascended towards the door of my friend's apartments, at which, when I had reached it, I was afraid to knock, lest the sound should direct my enemies to the spot where I was, before my friend should be sufficiently aroused to admit me. Fortunate was it for me, that I forebore to do so, for I heard the voices of my pursuers behind me; one of whom said, "He entered here, and must still be on the stairs;—let us search." Judge of my terror, when I heard their steps on the stairs, and found by their manner that they were groping about, hoping to discover me, within a few inches of the spot where I stood. I drew myself close up to the door of my friend's room, and held in my breath as much as possible, so that no sound should give them intimation of my position. The stairs were luckily very wide and irregular, and in complete darkness; they passed me more than once, so as almost to touch my clothes, and after a long search retired. I once more began to

Digitized by Google

breathe freely, but was still afraid to apply for assistance to my friend. After waiting a considerable time, without hearing either their footsteps or voices, I concluded that they supposed me to have taken refuge in my friend's apartments; and that in consequence they had given up the pursuit. In this belief, I at last ventured to knock, and had but just done so, when to my utmost consternation I heard this exclamation, '*madre di do!* He is there still!' and both began to ascend the stairs again, as fast as the obscurity of the place would permit. I persevered in knocking, and gained admittance only just in time, for the door closed almost in the faces of my pursuers.

"Upon consulting with my friend, we agreed to arm ourselves and go in search of the robbers, for such I presumed them to be, not being conscious of having given offence to any one which could call forth so deadly a hatred. On descending into the street, not a trace could we discover of the enemy, we proceeded therefore straight to the guard-house, and detailed what had just occurred, and I was enabled to give a pretty accurate description of their persons. The officer of the guard said, that he would scrutinize very strictly every one who should pass out at the city gates in the morning; for it was probable that the men who had assaulted me would lose no time in making for the country.

"Early in the morning, I received a summons to repair to the guard-room, where I found that two men had been detained on suspicion, answering to the description I had given. I at once recognised them for my assailants; but on fixing my eyes on their countenances, I read an expression there, which instantly determined me not to criminate them; and I declared that I could not identify them. The officer seemed astonished, if not disappointed, and said, "For some reason, Sir, best known to yourself, you do not choose to know them." However, as I persisted in denying all knowledge of their persons, they were dismissed.

"A few days afterwards the same two men requested to see me, not only, they said, to set my mind at rest as to any further annoyance to be apprehended from them, but also to thank me for my generous forbearance, 'for,' added they, 'we saw that you recognized us; and freely confess that none but an Englishman could have acted with such magnanimity.' This attack upon me, originated they said, entirely in a mistake. Another person, whom they had expected to enter that house about the same hour, was the real object on whom they had intended to wreak their vengeance for injuries sustained.

"I formed while at Cagliari, an intimacy with a Dominican Friar; he was a jovial fellow, full of wit and humour, and certainly no bigot. I do not mean to accuse him of not practising the rules of his religion in a quiet way, far from it; only he had none of the ardour of his church to urge him to attempt the conversion of heretics: at least he suffered me to continue in the error of my ways without reproof or expostulation. He was, as far as I could learn, of Irish extraction, and seemed to inherit no small portion of the character of that volatile race. Many were the pleasant hours we passed together; sometimes joined by my friend the Captain of the Venetian Galley.

"On one occasion, I found myself involved in a very serious affair, when the Dominican proved that his professions were sincere, and that

Digitized by Google

he was ready to evince his friendship by deeds as well as words. I was in the habit of frequenting a billiard-room, which was kept by a man whose daughter, a pretty black-eyed damsel of lively manners, proved almost as great an attraction as the billiard-table. Seated in a raised recess, she acted as marker; and received, with the air of a little princess, the homage offered her by the gay gallants of Cagliarli. The room had a balcony looking upon the street, above which it was raised some six or seven feet: a large lamp suspended over the table gave light to the apartment at night. One evening after dark, I happened to be there and was conversing with the pretty marker; few people were in the room, and just at that time no game was being played, when a young nobleman, the son of Prince Z——, entered the room, followed by several companions and attendants. His appearance seemed to create a general uneasiness; for, from his notorious profligacy and violence of temper, he was the terror of the whole city. Immediately on his entrance he exclaimed, in an insolent and authoritative tone, 'Let him who dares touch a ball in my presence!' On hearing this imperious speech, I said to the young female, 'That would not be tolerated in my country.' He heard my voice, and turning to the marker demanded 'What it was that the Englishman had been saying.' The poor girl, who knew his character, answered, 'I do not know, my lord: he spoke in French, and I do not understand French.' On receiving this reply, he instantly addressed me, and insisted on knowing what I had said. I repeated without hesitation the observation I had made to the marker. Upon this, he cast a scornful look on me, and said, 'Let me see any one presume to play.'

My plan of proceeding was instantly resolved on. Indeed, I felt that to submit tamely to this insult, would be, in a great measure, to compromise the honour of my country, particular as the only other Englishman in the place was in bad odour regarding that common quality, courage. I instantly rose from the seat I had occupied near the damsel, and taking down one of the largest cues I could find, and which, from its great weight, could be converted into a very formidable weapon, proceeded to the table; but before I could strike a ball, the arrogant noble, as I had fully expected, rushed forward to seize it. I saw his intention, and measuring my distance well, struck him, as he approached, a blow upon the head with the heavy cue, which laid him prostrate on the floor. Almost in the same moment I gave the lamp suspended over the table a blow which shivered it to atoms, and left the room in total darkness. I then slipped under the table, reached the balcony, and let myself down into the street. Proceeding to the nearest guard-house, I told the officer there, that a dispute had arisen in a certain billiard-room, indicating the place, and that I suspected murder had been committed. A party of the soldiers were dispatched, and I had the temerity to accompany them to the very room, from whence I took away my hat, forgotten in the excitement of the moment when I made my exit, and had the fortune again to effect my escape, before those within had sufficiently recovered from the astonishment my sudden re-appearance had created, to prevent me. I gained my own quarters, where my friends soon informed me of the consequences of my blow. The young nobleman's skull was badly fractured, and he was not expected to recover. The greatest confusion had taken

Digitized by Google

place, they told me, in the room, on the light being extinguished; and those assembled there being ignorant of my evasion, swords had been drawn, and cuts and thrusts made at random, which were intended for me. Fortunately, nothing serious had happened in the scuffle. The poor billiard-table keeper had had a narrow escape, his shirt having been perforated in several places by the points of the weapons. The wounded youth was conveyed to the palazzo of his father, Prince Z——, in the vicinity of Cagliarli.

"The result of his wound became a subject of intense interest to me; at that time, I must confess, only as connected with my own safety. My good friend, the Dominican, did not desert me in that hour of peril; not only did he cheer me with his company, and aid me by his counsel, but concerted a plan for ultimately saving me, in the event of the case terminating fatally. He said he had taken measures to procure the earliest intelligence, and would take care to have me conveyed to his convent before the officers of justice could seize me, should the son of Prince Z—— die; "till which time you are, by the law of the island, secure in your own house. When once in the convent,' said he, 'you are safe; for I can soon make arrangements with your *friend of the mountains*, to conduct you to a still more secure retreat, until you have an opportunity of embarking.'

"I employed an advocate, a personal acquaintance and very worthy man: this was deemed advisable, in case of the worst happening. Several days elapsed, and affairs continued to wear a gloomy aspect. The young nobleman still lingered on in great danger. This state of suspense had lasted a considerable time, when one day I received a note from Prince Z——, requesting me to favour him with a visit. I shewed the note to my advocate, and requested his opinion. He said he hardly knew what to advise in so singular a case—it might be a *ruse* to get me into his power and sacrifice me in resentment for the injury and the indignity I had inflicted upon his son. On the other hand the Prince's character ranked high for justice and benevolence. At last I decided to go, be the consequences what they might; and my advocate generously said I should not go alone, but that he would accompany me, and recommended that we should go armed, so that in the event of danger we might sell our lives as dearly as possible.

"On entering the palace, we were immediately ushered into the presence of Prince Z——, a middle-aged man of a dignified deportment, and evidently high-bred manners. He received us most courteously and addressing himself to me, said that he had sent for me not only to assure me of my perfect safety, whatever might be the result of the accident, but to thank me for the lesson I had given his son—'for' he added, 'should he survive, I trust he will be a wiser and a better man; and should he unfortunately die, it will only be the fate his profligate acts must sooner or later have brought him to. He wishes to see you, sir, and assure you himself, of his forgiveness.'

"I was then conducted into a chamber where I found the young man reclining on a couch, his head bound up with numerous bandages, and his face of an ashy paleness. How different from his appearance when I last saw him; on that evening when I had felt it my duty to humble in so severe a manner his overbearing pride. I could not behold him

Digitized by Google

without emotion. Every spark of enmity was in an instant extinguished in my breast: he was unable to speak, but held out his hand to me. I grasped it eagerly, and its pressure assured me, that there was in the youth's nature a true nobility and generosity which had only lain dormant, and which might yet bring forth fruits."

"But little remains to record; but that little is of a pleasing character. The nobleman did recover—became an estimable member of society, and my friend."

THE MAID OF OTAHEITE.

FROM THE ODES OF VICTOR HUGO.

"WILT thou leave us? O say shall the treacherous sail
Which our shores have so long seen in idleness furled,
With to-morrow expand to the favouring gale,
And transport thee, young stranger, far far from our world?
Yes! to-night, of thy sailors my ear caught the sound,
As they folded their tents with a mirth-breathing cry—
Ah! they knew not how deeply those accents could wound,
Ah! they knew not I echoed each laugh—with a sigh!

"Wherefore wilt thou desert us! say, doth thine own isle
Boast of forms that are fairer—hearts warmer—than ours?
Say doth nature breathe there a more beautiful smile?
Are its joys all unmixed, and all thornless its flowers?
When the angel of death o'er thy pillow shall hover,
For thy loss, dost thou hope that thy kindred will mourn?
Will the grave-hallowed plane tree thy sepulchre cover
That hath ne'er of its flowery honours been shorn.

"And thy memory too, doth it never bring back,
Gentle stranger, the moment when first to our shore
Our own health-bearing breezes directed thy track,
And we greeted the brother we knew not before?
O 'twas then in the solitude vast of our wood,
That thy voice sought my favour and pleaded thy flame,
Thou wast strange to our country, our tongue, and our blood,
And thy voice was unknown to my ears—yet I came!

"I was beautiful *then*; but though sorrow and tears
May have rendered the charms which enchanted thee, few—
Although hours have with me done the havoc of years,
And my bloom be all withered, yet say not adieu!
O remain with us still, and our converse shall be
Of the mother thou lov'st, and thy natal abode,
For the songs of thy country, thou knowest, to me
Are as welcome, dear youth, as the praise of thy God.

"O remain with us still! thou shalt not deny me:
I will breathe but for thee, for in thee is my life—
Say, in what have I wronged thee that now thou wouldst fly me,
And desert our fair isle for the ocean's dread strife?

Digitized by Google

Let me share in thy burden, if sorrow should gall thee:
Let the glad task be mine, to fulfil thy desires.
O remain with us still, gentle youth; and I'll call thee
By the name which thou bear'st in the land of thy sires.

"Then accept my devotion. In scorn do not slight me,
I will be thy most faithful, though lowliest slave,
If thou grant'st but a glance from those eyes to delight me,
O how gladly each toil for thy sake will I brave!
Yes! remain and my beauty for thee I'll recover—
But, alas! like the swallow which visits our shore
For a time and then flies, is the heart of my lover,
While in mine the fierce passion must burn evermore!

"All in vain are my prayers, and all fruitless my sorrow;
Is it well, gentle stranger, my fondness to spurn?
Yet no doubt in the isle thou wilt steer for to-morrow,
The bright eyes of some virgin await thy return!
To that land of thy hopes would'st thou deign but to take me,
As a handmaid I'd wait on the girl of thy choice;
And the thought that *her* love blessed *thy* being would make me
With affection dwell rapt on each tone of her voice!

When away from the parents with glad pride who view me,
When away from the woods where, unconscious of fear,
To thy bosom in rapture thy loving arms drew me,
When away from the flowers and the palm trees so dear—
True, the thread of my life should soon draw to its closing,
Yet 'twere better ev'n thus than *alone* to have died;
O then take me, love, with thee, that by thee reposing,
My last sigh may at least be exhaled at *thy* side.

"When thy bark reached our shores, if we welcomed thee here,
If the plantain-tree ever hath shaded thy brow,
If the love which my bosom held sacred and dear
Found an echo in thine; O reject me not now.
Ah seek not without me thine island unknown!
Let compassion induce thee, dear youth, to comply,
Lest abandoned by thee my young spirit alone,
Should pursue thy false feet, as it roams through the sky!"

When the first ray of morn shed its light o'er the plain,
As it played on the billow and gilded the sail,
She was sought 'neath the roof of her cottage in vain,
She was sought in each forest, each glade and each vale;
She was seen not to lave in her favourite stream,
With its waters of crystal, each beautiful limb,
She had fled from all eyes like a treacherous dream,
Yet the plaintive-voiced maiden had fled not with *him*

D. G. O.

Digitized by Google

THE CHARTIST EPIC AND COLERIDGE'S PHILOSOPHY.

(A Letter to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.)

Dear Sir,

The Chartist poem seems a fine production. I long to read it, I like the faith and spirit of it. Wordsworth and you have abandoned the poetic sphere, i. e. rebellion. Wordsworth was once a rebel, and so was Southey: now they have sunk into Tories. Milton was a rebel when he wrote Paradise Lost. He had cooled down into your quotation, and Paradise Regained, when he became reconciled to the world. Byron was a rebel; Dante was a rebel; Tasso was a rebel; and even the parasitical Virgil was obliged to own that there were higher subjects than conservative subjects.

"Sicelides musæ paullo *majora* canamus."

Is the poet a chartist? I doubt it. He goes beyond the charter: he teaches the doctrine of the community of land. This is true poetry. Many of your observations are very just and eloquent, but you never touched the grand point of dispute—the influence of external condition on the moral feelings; and consequently, there can be no conviction; but rather an irritation of feeling produced in the mind of a reformer. It seems like shuffling, to deny the influence of condition on the moral feelings. It kills affection, and widens the breach. There is a heartlessness in conservatism, which is incompatible with poetry. The very soul of poetry is justice and incorruption: I am surprised to see you write as you do in defence of the world. You mean something better, I dare say: but your language conveys the idea of special pleading in behalf of things as they are; in behalf of corruption, venality, plunder and oppression. As for any thing out of time and space, it is beyond poetry, and beyond speech, and beyond writing. Poetry is creative like God; it makes imagery in time and space like God himself, who never created any thing out of time and space.*

I felt very angry with the conclusion of your article on Coleridge's remains, it was so very unjust; no progress can ever be made by unfair means. I do not wonder at the spirit of rebellion that now arms itself for vengeance; there is a recklessness of truth, of feeling, of justice, throughout every department of human thought and activity. The chartists are as bad as others; but perhaps they are God's battle-axe for retribution; there is no more party spirit in them than in their opponents. I felt my heart sink within me, when I read the latter end of your Coleridgean article. I was more vexed than angry: I love truth too dearly to see her mangled and torn to please a personal predilection, or bolster up the name of an individual; but of course you are master on your own premises.

I hope, at least, that you will accept the challenge, to prove the unitism of Coleridgean philosophy; "Verbum auditum perit, sed litera scripta manet." I should like to see some propositions in writing that I could muse upon: I believe I know something of Coleridge, which his friends are not aware of.

---

* On the contrary, no CREATION ever was in Space or Time. ED.

Digitized by Google

You proclaim the Coleridgean philosophy as the only unitary system with which you are acquainted—all other systems, Plato's excepted, being nothing more than bipolarities. What you mean by this I know not; but I should like to know what, in your opinion, is the philosophy of Coleridge. He himself says, "If you once master it, or any part of it, you cannot hesitate to acknowledge it as *the truth*; you cannot be sceptical about it." Mr. Owen says the same of *his* philosophy; but then nobody understands it but Mr. Owen himself. Coleridge says, "All Theology depends on mastering the term 'Nature.'" Has Coleridge mastered it? Did he, or can you in his name answer the following questions? If not; I conclude either that the Coleridgean philosophy is "*vox et preterea nihil*," or so indefinite that his most talented admirers and disciples know not what to make of it.

Quest. 1. Does the word "God" include the idea of universal being? Is God the *subjective* nature, and nature, the *objective* God? *

Q. 2. Is nature, or the power which animates nature, a power distinct from God—a self-determining power for whose operations God is not morally responsible? †

Q. 3. Is partial evil a necessary and essential attribute of universal good? ‡

Q. 4. Does partial evil originate directly or indirectly in God as its voluntary agent? §

Q. 5. Can either good or evil originate in a created being irrespective of, or in opposition to, the will of God? ‖

Q. 6. Is the author of evil, self-existent? ¶

Q. 7. Is Satan included in the prothetic unity, as the personification of attributes essential to the Divine perfection? **

Does the Coleridgean philosophy give a definite answer to these questions? Truth is simple, and will not equivocate. It has little occasion for circumstances. A good artist draws his figure with a clear and bold outline; a bad artist makes a shadowy outline, by many strokes which attest the vagueness of his own conceptions.

I doubt the unity of the Coleridgean philosophy; and I entreat the Editor of the Monthly or any of Coleridge's friends, to make it manifest. There is much truth and *clairvoyance* in Coleridge's writings, more clearly expressed than in any preceding writer; but if the "one philosophy" ever had a residence in Coleridge's mind, it has never revealed itself in his works in any systematic or methodic form. He is no Prometheus: he has left no image, no form of universal truth; he

---

* [Neither—God is the source to universal being, intelligence, and goodness; the universe is an idea, a word, and a work of God. To each belongs its own subject and correlated object. Ed.]

† [Nature is a god-determined power. To whom is God responsible?—The phrase is nonsense! Ed.]

‡ [No! But what is evil? Sin is power *minus* intelligence and goodness—Evil is its antagonist manifestation in nature. Ed.]

§ [No! Ed.]

‖ [Nothing *originates* in a created being. Ed.]

¶ [In what sense are the words "author" and "evil" used?—query, also, whether *partial* evil or not? if more, is there more? Ed.]

** [Included—but not as Satan, nor as personifying *essential* attributes, but as the potentiality of a possible manifestation. *E. g.* Since evil exists, it is clear that there ever was, and is a possibility of God creating a being who should commit evil. The words evil and sin, however, are confounded in these inquiries. No definite answer therefore can be given. Ed.]

Digitized by Google

has modelled hands, and arms, and toes, and fingers of the statue, but the statue itself he has not completed; notwithstanding his own proud boast that he had perfected philosophy.

It requires very great precision, to be a teacher of any species of science or philosophy. That Plato wanted that precision, is evident from the fact, that to this day it is uncertain what Platonism is. At any rate, there is no evidence of its being a unitary philosophy. It had too many self-determining agencies. The Psyche was self-determining, and so was the Demiourgos. Matter was eternal, and God the Ουσια was the imperator that kept all these and many other litigants in order. The common faith of Christendom is not unitary, for it makes the devil the original author of evil, irrespective of God. In what manner the Coleridgean philosophy exceeds these in unity, I know not: but until I see some definite expression of his thoughts on these universal and fundamental subjects, I will treat all the eulogistic verbiage of his friends respecting the superiority of his system, as mere *parlage*—dust for the eyes of the simple and the credulous, who feel the beauty of his little moral sayings, but are obliged to take his unitary and final system of philosophy upon credit, because it has no positive existence.*

Again I ask, what is Coleridgean philosophy? and where is a compend of its universal principles to be found? Can it be reduced within as small a compass as the Thirty-nine articles? Is it like Ossian's ghost, so ill defined that "the stars twinkle through its shadowy form?" or is it like "yonder cloud" which Hamlet showed to Polonius, "very like a whale?" or is it something clearer still

> "Defined anon and growing visible,
> A shade, a shape, a symbol it became,
> Till soon the vapoury mass appeared the robe
> Of a descending angel."

PROTHETICUS.

EDITOR'S REPLY.

*** The writer of the above Letter, it is evident, is more solicitous concerning human progress, than the permanence of human institutions. Now we care for *both*. We are catholic, he is sectarian. We are not unmindful of the influence of condition on the moral feelings—but we regard such condition itself as an exhibition of the state of moral feeling at the particular time and place; we therefore seek to purify the moral feelings themselves in the first instance, feeling assured that the improved physical condition will follow. But we will not stultify ourself by reversing the order of cause and effect. Had the writer legitimately assumed the name of PROTHETICUS, he would have required no teaching on this score.

What there is in the conclusion of our Coleridgean review to excite the anger of any human being, is a mystery to us. Why should we not speak the truth of Coleridge? Because the writer of the letter, as proved by his seven questions, is a Bipolarist, and no more, shall we not

* Why! in the very article animadverted upon, the primary unity required is stated in Coleridge's own words—"a primary unity, which gives itself forth into two things, from whose union results a representative unity, as a third something." ED.

Digitized by Google

rise above the limits of chemical science (how narrow, is confessed by Dr. Prout in his Bridgewater Treatise), into the wider spaces of a divine philosophy, by aid of which, we have been able to answer the questions themselves, in notes at the foot of the page—satisfactorily, where the terms were explicit. But look at the sad confusion of terms; evil used both for sin and evil! Sin is the moral proclivity, which the evil in nature is appointed to antagonise. Satan too, is the name, not of the unfallen, but of the fallen archangel—only the former of course can be involved in the prothesis; and our answer must therefore be taken as applicable to the pure Being in the Divine idea.

The assertion that the "one philosophy" never had a residence in Coleridge's mind, is, to say the least, a very *hardy* one. That it has not been produced in a system, is its *merit*. See how fragmentary the Bible is—yet how moral! The *one* philosophy there, is taught poetically, narratively, dramatically, lyrically, proverbially, and even so it is in the writings of Coleridge. It is for the commentator to put them together—whereof sad work is often made, simply for this cause, that, wanting nothing but the inspiration of the original writer, the commentator therefore wants all. The opinions passed by our correspondent on Coleridge and Plato, serve eminently to illustrate this position.

The Editor of this Magazine gave a compend of Coleridge's philosophy in the well-known ORATION delivered by him at the Russell Institution. That compend is capable of enlargement, and materials are yet accumulating. Until all is published, it would be unjust finally to pronounce on Coleridge. What is now before the world, is of such rare excellence, that we may reasonably hope what remains behind will add to his fame, not detract from it. We suspect that our correspondent has read but some of the works of Coleridge; we have read *all*.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

CRYPTIC DIALOGUES.

Οι θεοι οικτειραντες ανθρωπων επιπονον πεφυκος γενος, τας Μουσας και Απολλωνα και Διονυσον ξυνεορτασταις εδοσαν.—*Plato de Legibus, L. 2.*

Editor. Ah! this requires translation. So writes friend Alerist; probably, he is right. Let the English reader then take this, as a literal version.

"The gods in compassion to the race of men, born to toil and trouble, appointed the Muses, and Apollo, and Bacchus, for the companions of their festivals."

Voices within. "Jolly companions every one!"

Editor. Gleesome, within!—But where? Pish!—They say the Crypt is haunted within! This is the only apartment—there is none other—none inner. Within! within the air, then; and these voices are aëreal. I grow fantastic; or even now I see the Nine, and the Sun-god, and the Vine-god, shape themselves in the vault's atmosphere. Giulio Romano, and Apelles, and—Why, surely the old Gobie has some hand in this!

The Gobie (*entering*). I have, by aid of the Franciscan. An *invite*, in your name, has been circulated among your contributors, soliciting them to high festival, as your guests—and, lo, where they are all assembled in the hall of

Digitized by Google

Natural Magic, pledging each other with spiritual *liquer* out of the goblet made from my skull, *a la Byron*.

Editor. Your skull—but, pardon me, they put in what they drink out.

The Gobie. At your expence—the wine you keep here is handy.

The Syncretist—the Cryptologist—the Franciscan—the Æsthetic Student—Count Pepoli—John Orenford—Jack Straw—L. J. Bernays—George Downes—R. U.—the Monthly Nurse—Nick Sober—Dr. Michelson—Christopher North, Thomas Carlyle, William Wordsworth, and other contributors are discovered at a banquet.

Omnes (*rising*). The Editor! the Editor!—three times three!

The Editor. One times one, that is the witches' reckoning; and beshrew me, but there is witchcraft here!

The Cryptologist. Modern pythonism—but there is your stool at the head of the board: the Gobie has already resumed his at the foot.

The Editor (*taking his seat*). Welcome all, gentlemen. A noble array—quite an army of martyrs.

The Syncretist. Ready to sacrifice themselves for whatever is true and good in genius, whether modern or ancient, and to oppose to the death whatever tends to degrade, and, under the pretence of popularising, to vulgarise the national literature.

Editor. Friend Alerist, the word "Syncretism" occurs in Coleridge's works for the first time, in the fourth volume of his "Remains" just published, and reviewed in our last.

Syncretist. In its favour?

Editor. You shall hear—Read first, Baxter's Life of himself, Book I. Part II. p. 139. You have done it, I see, by the aid of animal magnetism; thus operant on bodies distant from one another, a flight of stairs, ceiling, floorings, and three thick bookshelves of a crowded library. Now then, by the same means, read Coleridge's Annotation.

Syncretist (*reads*). "The following book of this work is interesting, and most instructive, as an instance of Syncretism, and its Epicurean *clinamen*, even when it has been undertaken from the purest and most laudable motives, and from impulses the most Christian, and yet its utter failure in its object, that of tending to a common centre. The experience of eighteen centuries, seems to prove that there is no practicable *medium* between a church comprehension (which is the only meaning of a catholic church visible) in which A. in the north or east is allowed to advance officially no doctrine different from what is allowed to B. in the south or west; and a co-existence of independent churches, in none of which any further unity is required, but that between the minister and his congregation, while this again is secured by the election and continuance of the former, depending wholly on the will of the latter.

"Perhaps the best state possible, though not the best possible state, is where both are found, the one established by maintenance, the other by permission; in short, that which we now enjoy. In such a state, no minister of the former can have a right to complain, for it was at his own option to have taken the latter, *et volenti nulla fit injuria*. For an individual to demand the freedom of the independent single church, when he receives £500 a year, for submitting to the necessary restrictions of the church general, is impudence and mammonolatry to boot."

Editor. Coleridge, you see, prefers the absolute One, as the antecedent to that union which you denominate syncretism, bearing in Greek, nearly the same meaning as coalition does in English?

Syncretist. I well know your idea of divine and prothetic Oneness, which is alluded to in Scripture as the resplendent consummation of universal being, when God shall be all in all.

Editor. Nay; as the source and beginning of all being—yet as the end likewise—The beginning and the end—The end to which all truly Catholic spirits inevitably culminate by the very necessity of their nature. You, too,

Digitized by Google

would aspire with no enfeebled pinion to the same altitude of perfect existence. But it seems to you, that this transcendental theory is too sublime and refined for the great mass of men. You therefore aim at essential union under those more familiar names, and palpable forms, in which it actually exists in society. Thus when Cicero was about to develope one of the Pythagorean theories in the lofty phraseology of the esoterics, he suddenly stooped to a lower flight of eloquence, recollecting that he was not writing to the élite of Plato's scholars, but to the dregs of Romulus' descendants. The desire for syncretism (which desire, by the way, is an antecedent process) is in itself perfectly pure and unimpeachable.

Syncretist. Syncretism is the art of concentrating and reconciling all the scattered rays of truth, dispersed among all sects and parties. True Syncretists wish to harmonize all truths wherever they find them, because they know that all truths must be homogeneous and congenial, and the more we collect of them the better. They, therefore, embrace the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, whether they find it among friends or foemen, Trojans or Tyrians. Amicus Socrates, amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas. But while they are thus eager to collect the *true parts* of all compound things, they as carefully reject the *erroneous parts*. This genuine syncretism, properly so called, therefore pervades all good and pious souls in greater or less degrees. All noble spirits are bound by the two grand laws of syncretism, namely, the acquisition of *all good*, and the rejection of *all evil*.

Cryptologist. Charges have been brought against the cause you advocate.

Syncretist. I am well aware of them, and regard them as the idle clamour of sectarians, and partisans; I know how to appreciate this sort of slander and abuse. The true and genuine syncretism so much extolled from time immemorial by all the greatest authors, is not a whit the less glorious or honourable because it has been sometimes aped and mimicked by a spurious and mongrel kind of *indifferentism*, which has occasionally usurped its sacred name. It is the fate of every great and glorious doctrine thus to be mimicked, parodied, and caricatured by a sophistic counterfeit, which accompanies the original, as envy does merit.

The Æsthetic Student. The distinction you take should always be kept in mind, for it is the only one that will meet the sophistical calumnies of the assailing sects. We all acknowledge that the native and genuine syncretism which seeks to *harmonize all things that are capable of harmony*, is a very contrary thing to that spurious and debased indifferentism, which vainly and impiously endeavours to harmonise things that are essentially incapable of harmony, as truth and falsehood, virtue and vice. The indifferentists attempt to procure harmony and coalition, and yet retain those evils which are the very causes of discord. This spurious kind of *indifferentism* is therefore a contradiction in terms, an effort to work impossibilities, a profane attempt to serve both God and mammon, Christ and Belial, and by a gross blunder of materialism, to confound the good and evil which should ever be kept separate.

Syncretist. All well-informed men are already aware of the truth of Brucker's declaration in his History of Philosophy, that the eclectics have done more to advance truth and dissipate error, than any other body of men. Under the title of eclectics, we may place Pythagoras, Plato, Cicero, Mirandola, Reuchlin, Erasmus, Bacon, and all the authors who have most advanced the progress of human intelligence. Whom have the eclectics to fear? The fact is notorious, that they form the most august body of catholic truth-searchers the world has ever seen. I glory in belonging to the eclectics. Among them my mind has ample room to work out the utmost elaborations of science. Where can I find any sect or party that has equal claims to my veneration? I think nothing so disgraceful in philosophy, as jurare in verba magistri, I say with respect to all the different sects and their leaders.

Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo,

Nor for any of them have I stampt a lie upon my soul, which flourished not, save in the light of all beholding truth.

Digitized by Google

Editor, And what do you say as to the Latitudinarians?'

Syncretist. That I glory in being one of them. To me nothing is more delightful than to indulge that latitudinarianism, that true amplitude and liberty of thought, which is so intensely disagreeable to sects and parties. The essential meaning, of latitudinarjasm is breadth, compase, and vastness of intellectual exercise. Hence the latitudinarians of foreign countries no less than our own have been the very grandest and noblest thinkers recorded in the pages of biography. Who have been the latitudinarians expressly so called of our own country. Where they not Hales, More, Chillingworth, Wilkins, Cudworth, Whitchcot, Gale, Tillotson and Fowler?

The Cryptologist. Have you ever read Bishop Fowler's celebrated work entitled "The Principles and Practices of certain Moderate Divines of the Church of England, abusively called latitudinarians, greatly misunderstood, truly represented and defended."

Syncretist. Who has not read it? The bishop has made his defence triumphant and complete. Why should I fear to call such men my friends? Why should I fear to support their cause? Why seek to turn our glory into shame? But by the ghost of Cudworth, the shame shall be on their own heads.

Editor. The danger is not to be apprehended from that principle and spirit of coalition, which would combine what is true in sects and parties, by rejecting what is false. But from that *indifferentism* which confounds truth and falsehood without caring which predominates. Such vile indifferentism has been justly denounced by the most eloquent of all French Bishops, Stephen Anthony de Boulogne. We speak (says he) of what really menaces the entire ruin of morals. We speak of this systematic *indifference* which tends to neutralise all religious principles, and nullify all creeds—of this abandonment of truths which consists rather in forgetting than in refutiug them in laying them aside, than attacking them—of this fatal indolence which throws the shade of suspicion on every species of zeal, and brands religion with the censure of intolerance, if she dare to defend her own cause, while every opinion has its champion, and every system its partisan. This is what the illustrious Bossuet announced when from the chair of truth in which he so luminously instructed generations and ages he exclaimed, "I foresee that libertines and freethinkers may be discredited, not indeed from any horror of their sentiments, but by the *indifference* in which men shall hold every thing save their pleasures and their affairs."

Syncretist. There can be only one thing more pernicious; and that is the mania of sects and parties, which fill the world with sophistry and violence. Channing, the finest writer in America, has expressed the same conviction. "Our institutions (says he), do not cultivate us as they might and should, and the chief cause of the failure is plain. It is the strength of *party spirit;* and so blighting is its influence, so fatal to self culture, that I feel myself bound to warn every man against it who has any desire for improvement. I do not tell you it will destroy your country, it wages a worse war against yourselves. Truth, justice, candour, fair dealing, sound judgment, self-controul, and kind affections are its natural and perpetual prey. In this respect, all parties agree, they all foster that pestilent spirit which I now condemn. In all of them *party spirit* rages. Associate men together for a common cause be it good or bad, and array them against a body resolutely pledged to an opposite interest—and a new passion quite distinct from the original sentiment which brought them together—a fierce, fiery zeal, consisting chiefly of aversion to those who differ from them, is roused into fearful activity. Human nature seems incapable of a stronger, more unrelenting passion. It is hard enough for an individual, when contending all alone for an interest or an opinion, to keep down his pride, wilfulness, love of victory, anger, and the personal feelings. But let him join a multitude in the same warfare, and without singular self controul, he receives into his single breast the vehemence, obstinacy and vindictiveness of all. The triumph of his party becomes immeasurably dearer to him than the principle true or false, which was the original ground of divi-

Digitized by Google

sion. The conflict becomes a struggle not for principle, but for power, for victory; and the desperateness, the wickedness of such struggles is the great burden of history. In truth it matters little what men divide about, whether it be a foot of land or precedence in a procession. Let them but begin to fight for it, and self-will, ill-will, the rage for victory, the dread of mortification and defeat, make the trifle as weighty a matter as life and death. The Greek, or eastern empire, was shaken to its foundations by parties which differed only about the merits of charioteers at the amphitheatre. Party spirit is likewise singularly hostile to moral independence. A man in proportion as he drinks into it sees, hears, judges by the senses and understandings of his party. He surrenders the freedom of a man, the right of using and speaking his own mind, and echoes the applauses or maledictions with which the leaders or passionate partisans see fit that the country should ring. On all points parties are to be distrusted, but on no one so much as on the character of opponents. These, if you may trust what you hear, are always men without principle and truth devoured by selfishness and thirsting for their own elevation, though in their country's ruin. When I was young I was accustomed to hear pronounced with abhorrence, almost with execration, the names of men who are now hailed by their former foes as the champions of sublime principles and as worthy of the highest public trust. This lesson of early experience, which later years have corroborated, will never be forgotten.

Editor. You grow eloquent. My aim is to reconcile man with man, by means of the common and pre-existent truth. I prefer, however, to generate the ideal of the divine Osiris in my highest intelligence, or to submit my conscience to him to be regenerated in his ideal, rather than to labour outwardly in collecting the scattered members of his mangled body. This, believe me, is very possible. I leave to the plodding sciolist his pretended *in*duction, and assert the poet's privilege, the power and the right of *pro*duction. In the end at which you aim, I most heartily concur, and doubt not of furthering the noblest result, by subordinating the means you recommend to the high Purpose, which is equally the efficient and the final cause of all endeavour. In the very perception of such purpose, you have already the earnest and condition of success. Your syncretism is the symbol and express image of the prothetic, if not its fountain-idea, the master-principle itself. We are a prophet.

Cryptologist. Cicero was wont gravely to assert, that he himself was in possession of a kind of second-sight, this gift of political prophecy and divination. In those glorious works of his, of which our friend Alerist has just prepared the first English translation, he has a pretty startling paragraph on this topic. He seems to make cock-sure of the genuineness of his seership; but entertains some very ingenious doubts whether it be a direct inspiration from the stars, or the result of experience. After various *pros* and *cons*, he rather leans to the latter opinion: Milton cherished the same overbelief. I will not call it superstition, when he tells us:—

> That old experience doth attain,
> To something like prophetic strain.

Syncretist. It is to their syncretism that the Ciceronians are indebted for their propheticism. Who but they stand amid the diviner and calmer atmosphere of all-embracing verity, and with undazzled, unbewildered eyes, look down on the rolling tempest-clouds of sect and party, and truly discern their causes and their effects, their influences and their consequences? Who but they dwell above the fogs and mists, that involve all schism and faction, and hinder them from beholding the effulgent day-beam, and can see the moral machinery of the universe working forth its woven futurities? Yes, the prophetic genius, the vision, and the faculty divine, domesticate with calm and promethean spirits, like your darling Coleridge. They scorn the rude anarchical tempers, wherein the intestine wars of sectarianism are raging with dissonant clamour.

Digitized by Google

Editor. True; Coleridge detested the onesidedness and prejudice which embattled those whom devotion and philanthropy and patriotism should unite into one indissoluble fraternity. I might quote passages in proof; but you would expect me to repeat them in Coleridge's own style; with that swelling intonation, the long-drawn undulating cadence, with which he gave forth his words: I therefore forbear; perhaps he took the hint from Milton, who is said to have read his own poetry with emphatic *ore rotundo*, that in no small degree surprised his Quaker friend. It is impossible, however, for any one to do justice to Coleridge's peculiar felicity of utterance, that he seemed to modulate to murmurs of the breezes and the waves.

The Æsthetic Student. There is the keenest necessity in this age and empire of devoting one leading periodical at least, to the development and support of the noble theory of peace and good-will among men, so extolled by the benevolent and the philosophic, so mistaken and slandered by the hubbub of sectarists and partymongers. That cause which was so ably supported by Erasmus, and Vives, in his treatise De Concordia, that cause which Schlegel and Novalis pleaded in the famous Concordia of Germany, that cause be ours! Let the Monthly Magazine be likewise a Concordia, and, like the inextinguishable sun, shed light and harmony and exultation through this passion-stirring world. Let it shine on, and with a steady love-maturing radiance melt off the gross vapours of schismatic jealousies, that make merry England a land of joyless discord and recrimination.

Editor. Fear nothing. The gospel of peace and good will is diviner, older, and happier than its antagonist. For your theory, too, friend Alerist, I confess that it has been defended in all ages and nations by the sublimest and gravest intelligences, who have studied jurisprudence and politics, as a science. Such authors have tested it by a quiet process of intellectual analysis, by an intense and all-resolving logic which leaves its advocates little to dread, and almost all to hope. The value of a periodical that shall not only seek to concentrate as you desire, the elements of eclectic wisdom, but that shall always confessedly proceed, under the guidance of the one Divine source of all wisdom, and power, and goodness; will be more and more felt by the increasing brotherhood of affectionate spirits, who are the lights of the world. Our design may seem to some novel and bold, but its novelty and boldness constitute that charm, by which it will gain the heads and hearts of men. Since that design has been promulgated, Concordia has extended her influence far and wide. The spectacle of a periodical fairly devoted to the promotion of universal truth, fitted alike for the Jew, the Roman Catholic, the Protestant, the conformist, the nonconformist, the tory, the whig, and the liberal; was something sufficiently startling. Many were the doubts, the suspicions and the objections, raised by the timid and inexperienced. They overlooked the deep want, whether professed or not, left aching in the breast of every man who is worthy of the name, that quenchless and inexplicable thirst for something loftier and purer, and greater in human intelligence, which nothing but the immeasurable integrity of truth, shall ever slake. Every month brings us warmest testimonials from far and near, of the awakening interest which all orders of men are exhibiting for the Monthly Magazine. Why is this? Simply, because it gallantly aims to supply a great desideratum in periodical literature. It affords the common focus and centre of radiation, to which the best genius of the time of all sects and parties may converge their brightest conceptions, and send them forth in exuberant harmony to refresh and vivify society.

The Æsthetic Student.

Like the glass of the sun it assembles the rays,
That were wandering in solitude seeking their rest,
And then sends them forth in one soul-kindling blaze,
From the hand of the bards, to the hearts they love best.

The Cryptologist. Some periodicals are catching the same prothetic spirit,

Digitized by Google

the same conciliatory views. But most of the periodicals of the day, are confined to their own particular clique and circle, sect and party. Thus, there are Jewish, Papistical, Protestant, Dissenting, Tory, Whig, and Radical Periodicals, all devoted to particular or partial interests.

The Syncretist. No one admires more than myself, the talent, learning, and ability of these periodicals. I believe they elaborate the particular relation of truth, on which they build with admirable ingenuity. It would be most ungrateful in me to satirize these splendid Journals, by contributing to which, I have often felt honoured. Yet I leave it to those who are best acquainted with their secret mechanism to say, whether the exclusive, the sectarian, and partizantic position in which they stand, is not eminently painful, for these two reasons:—that they are bound to exclude the finest articles, if they be not exactly cut and dried to the sophisticated taste of their readers; and are obliged, moreover, to spend their harassed lives in party contests, whose variety is generally as great, as their utility is minute, and their delightfulness infinitesimal.

The Gobie. There is too much talk on one subject. In periodical literature, variety is charming.

Æsthetic Student. Give him the goblet, and the go-by. Let him drink emptiness out of his own skull, and then pass it on.

The Cryptologist. Heaven forefend!

The Editor. There should be variety—variety in subject, and in style. It does not, however, follow that there is most variety in the pages of the Magazine that has the greatest number of articles. Some periodicals now-a-days are composed of different chapters of different tales—all, therefore, of the same class of writing, and for the most part of the same average degree of merit. Now this I call not variety—but monotony of the worst kind. A miscellany should consist, besides a fair proportion of romantic writing, of essays on all subjects, philosophic, scientific, and historic, together with critical papers on the best works, new and old. Wherever these elements are judiciously mingled, there the desiderated variety is to be acknowledged. More especially should the publication reflect the progress of public intelligence and be written up to the very point attained by the leading minds of the age. Further, a mere accidental assemblage of papers, however good in themselves; having no reference either to a common efficient, or a common end, is, in my opinion, of all undesirable things, the most undesirable, in a public journal, published at intervals permitting deliberation. There should, therefore, be a unity in the variety; without which unity, indeed, there is no true variety. In the petals of the rose while tied together, there is both—scatter them on the ground, there is neither. You see a number of single leaves, one as like another as possible—an endless succession of ones, as it were, and no twos and threes. So in a Magazine where all is accidental, there is about as little true variety, as there would be, if the leading article were reprinted as often as the bulk of the pamphlet required. Our endeavour has been to avoid these faults. We are glad that our aim is appreciated by many—in proportion to its worthiness, it is difficult. Our appeal lies with the noble-minded and the generous. We claim to succeed, because we strive to deserve. Shall it be said, that a periodical was tried in England upon the loftiest and only true principles of good authorship and fair criticism, and failed? The fault, it is clear, will lie with the country, and not with us.

Count Pepoli. The enterprise is one, at least of so interesting a character, that any one with the feelings of a patriot, is unable to disbelieve its certain prosperity.

Thomas Carlyle. The feelings of a patriot? The feelings of a man! Never fear. Either the human being is a vessel naturally receptive of truth, or there is no hope for truth. If none, no book had ever been written. But books have been written full of truth, as the ocean of water, and the truest books, have lasted longest, and been spread widest. With a forefeeling of this fact

Digitized by Google

the first book was written—and now every book is not only written with this presentiment of anticipation, but also with experience of the fact itself. What need therefore—say rather, What excuse for fear?

William Wordsworth. In such hope I wrote, and have not been disappointed.

Omnes (rising). The poet has spoken; henceforth let all be hushed in reverence. Silence is now more expressive than Words.

* * * * *

We had relapsed into mute meditation; awaking at length from which, we found ourselves quietly seated in our library chair, with a table covered with new books before us.

POETRY.

Poems, now first collected by Lord Leigh. London: Moxon. 1839.

How the press teems with verses! These are of the most elegant kind. The Epistles to a Friend in Town are excellent. We must give some excerpts:—

"Can the poor head contain what it is now
Expedient for a gentleman to know?
Though through the circle of the Arts we run,
(Thanks to Reviews) we can remember none.
The Lawyer throws aside his book and burns
To be a Davy and a Smith by turns;
His clients suffer, yet where'er he dines,
Chemist or Bard, the learned Proteus shines.
"Society improves; the times require
Some little *knowledge* in a country squire;
And book-clubs, through the country widely spread,
Show that at least our modern works are read.
The most inveterate sportsman now may speak
French and Italian, nay, can construe Greek.
A fire-side voyager from shore to shore,
He loves not in his easy chair to snore."

For knowledge we should substitute *learning*. Books communicate not knowledge—this is only to be acquired from the objects themselves, not from any mere descriptions. It is our opinion that the learning, that is, the book-reading of modern times, has a great tendency to obscure knowledge. Probably his lordship is of the same opinion. He has very just and discriminating views of men and things. His political poems are exceedingly shrewd and clever—but the great charm of the book is its polished style.

Costanza of Mistra: a Tale of Modern Greece, in five Cantos. London: Whittaker & Co., Ave Maria Lane.

This is a story told in Spenserian stanzas of Costanza, the heroine of Mistra. She was the daughter of one of the Mainote chiefs, who, from his superior attainments, intrepidity and stratagem, became the dread of the Turkish government, and was put to death by the governor of Morea, a few years previous to the breaking out of the Greek revolution. His daughter, to revenge him, contrived by means of some treasure which she had concealed, and the produce of her jewels, to form a Hetæria, at the head of which she proceeded to the passes of Macrinoros, and encountered all the privations and sufferings of the Greek campaign, until the winter of 1822, when she was severely wounded. At that time she had not attained her twentieth year. Sessini, the primate of Gastouni, said he was convinced the Heroine of Mistra, by her fearless conduct in the field, had often produced the most salutary effects on the soldiery, by whom she was implicitly obeyed, and even considered as one

Digitized by Google

inspired; for she was always foremost in battle, and had given numberless proofs of intrepidity. The founder of the celebrated association of the Hetæria, is unknown to the members themselves, as they were individually bound by an oath not to disclose the name of the person by whom they were initiated. The real object of this society was the emancipation of Greece, The poet proceeds in a straightforward manner with his theme, trusting to its inherent interest, and sometimes falling upon some harmonies of verse, which bespeak no ordinary pen.

Immortality: a Poem, in Six Books. London: Hearne, Strand, 1839.

The Pilgrim of Beauty, and other poems, by Samuel Mullen. London: Clarke, Moorgate Street, 1839.

These two poems we place together, because the merits of both are similar, consisting in the diction, and a certain skill in versification, rather than in any originality of mind, or novelty of illustration. The first is a discursive poem, in a series of logical rhymes, reasoning-out the important argument proposed. It had been well if the writer had strictly revised his work, both in regard to its topics and their expression. The poem wants both weeding and polishing.

The second poem of Beauty, is free from these faults. The Spenserian stanza is constructed not after Spenser, but Lord Byron; that is, it is declamatory, rather than poetical. The metaphysical subject is, however, better managed than in the preceding effort. There are some passages that might well pair-off with similar verses in *Childe Harold*. The essay is, at least, respectable.

Elegy written in a country Church Yard, illustrated. Polyglott Edition. London: John Van Voorst, 1, Paternoster Row, 1839.

The polyglott versions of the poem are in Greek, Latin, German, Italian, and French languages; the engravings are on wood of firstrate excellence. We are told, in the preface, of a testimony to the merits of the Elegy, which is not generally known. "General Wolfe received a copy on the eve of the assault on Quebec; he was so struck with its beauty, that he is said to have exclaimed, that he would have preferred being its author, to that of being the victor in the projected attack in which he so gloriously lost his life." Greek and Latin versions of the poem are, of course, numerous. From among the Greek, Cooke's version has been selected, owing to the praise bestowed on it by the Author of *The Pursuits of Literature*. The Latin version is from the pen of the Rev. Wm. Hildyard; the German is by Gotten; the Italian by Giuseppe Torelli, and the French, by Le Tournieur.

A Vision of Death's Destruction, and other poems, by Thomas John Ouseley. Third Edition. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

These poems are singularly enough dedicated to Charles Dickens, Esq., and announced as under the immediate patronage of the Queen Dowager, the Princess Augusta, the Earl of Dartmouth, Lord Lyndhurst, Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., R. M. Milnes, Esq., M. P. &c. &c. &c. &c.

This volume, however, might well stand on its own merits. It has very many truly pathetic passages, and in its general style is correct, animated and impressive.

THE GREEN ROOM.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

That indefatigable and successful adapter and dramatist, Mr. Buckstone, has added another wreath to his Thespian laurels. Stimulated no doubt by the great and indeed deserved success of his Comedy called "Married Life;" he has now exhibited the reverse of the picture, in a comedy equally eccen-

Digitized by Google

tric, and as far as the two last acts are concerned, as replete with comic situations and incidents as its predecessor, and bearing the significant title of "Single Life." The Dramatis Personæ are divided into two sets, and consist of five bachelors and five spinsters; for the most part, they may be said to be portrayed from real life, each being embellished more or less with such high colouring as the stage allows.

The first act it must be confessed is rather prosy, and that portion of the dialogue in which the parties tattle scandal, is not only somewhat stale upon the stage, but we are of opinion that a certain dramatist of the name of Sheridan has done it considerably better. The two last acts however, make ample amends. Here Mrs. Glover bursts upon us like the Irish rebellion, forty thousand strong, when least expected, and comes forth exhibiting a new mine of genius, redolent with richness, freshness, and power. Her "Man-hating Spinster" is a glorious piece of acting, and tells capitally by the side of her intended, "A Woman-hating Bachelor" admirably personated by Mr. Strickland; this pains-taking actor has attained an eminence in his art which we do not doubt of his retaining, as he always appears to us to supply the deficiencies of genius by great care and study.

It is only natural to imagine that in his own drama, Mr. Buckstone should have taken care of himself. He has done so, and what is more to the purpose, greatly to the satisfaction of laughter-loving audiences, whose lungs while he is on the stage "crow like Chanticleer." His Mr. Peter Pinkey, "A Bashful Bachelor" who writes anonymous letters to his "Lady-Love," copied from "The Complete Letter Writer," and makes love from behind a screen, is an exquisite and highly-finished performance, combining the humour of legitimate comedy, with all the broadness of grotesque farce.

To detail, however, the peculiarities and eccentricities of each character, would necessarily extend far beyond our limits. Suffice it to say, to be duly appreciated, this comedy must be seen. The dialogue throughout, although not teeming with wit and humour, possesses great smartness, and is enlivened occasionally with rapid and readily turned repartees. Taking it as a whole, it is highly creditable to Mr. Buckstone's talents as a play-wright; in our modern comedies we do not expect every character to be so overflowing with wit and satire, that they should be continually sparring at each other, like accomplished gladiators. All we require now, is, to be amused: this our author has achieved completely, and we felicitate him on his well-merited success.

The French, that facetious nation, equally fertile in farces and fricasses, have furnished the talented lessee of this establishment with the *materiel* of an admirable and interesting drama, entitled "The Village Doctor," in which the most comic situations are combined with the deepest pathos. Pierre Bonceur (the village doctor) is a Baron, and has been a surgeon to the grand army in Egypt. During his absence from his country, the arts of a seducer bereave him of his wife: on his being apprised of the fact on his return, he becomes the doctor of a sequestered village, where chance brings him face to face with the destroyer of his happiness. There are also many other minor points of the strongest interest connected with the story, which is ably and clearly developed from the commencement to the termination of the piece.

It must easily be imagined how transcendent the excellence of that finished *artiste* Mr. Farren, must appear, when exhibited in a character so capable of displaying his varied abilities. A crowded audience bore continued and ample testimonies to the power he evinced in the pathetic portions of the drama; while reiterated roars of laughter, re-echoed to the drollery and rich comic humour he displayed—as the doctor torn piecemeal by inquisitive patients, raging with passion at impertinent folly, and communicating with the mysterious air of self-satisfied wisdom—a grand secret, which turns out a magnificent blunder after all.

Webster personated a middle-aged sort of dandy in the true spirit of French foppery, and exhibited what is very rare in the delineation of such characters,

Digitized by Google

great good taste, and discrimination. He was admirably made up, and moved about in the true style of high-bred lackadaisical and lounging laziness. As the author or rather adapter of the piece, it is only justice towards him to state, that he has performed his task admirably, a few passages strike upon the ear, as having been rendered somewhat too literal, but with these trifling exceptions, the dialogue—like every situation—is well wrought out and highly dramatic, and effective.

SURREY THEATRE.

The people of the United States have of late years made such vast progress in intellectual attainments, and in all those arts necessary to the refinement of civilized life, that we are by no means surprized at receiving from them a five act play, which with all its faults has attained considerable and well-merited popularity in the land of its birth.

The lighter products of the mind, such as appertain to the drama, poetry, and similar emanations of genius, do not appear to be particularly indigenous to the American soil, which is most recuperative, and produces in abundance, works of solid and great practical utility, fraught with knowledge concerning the great business of human life, and distinguished alike by their wisdom and perspicuity.

The play we have recently witnessed proceeds from the pen of Mr. Willis, an author who has already attained much popularity by his entertaining work, entitled "Pencillings by The Way," the truth and justice of whose sketches have been admitted in spite of the attacks of malevolent and prejudiced critics. The drama is entitled "Tortesa, The Usurer," and was (we have been informed) written expressly for Mr, Wallack. The plot has one great merit which is counterbalanced by as great a defect;—its uncommon simplicity is combined with the most inconceivable improbability; added to this there is an unmerciful pillage from Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, and sundry slight plagiarisms from other dramatists; at the same time it is only justice to admit there are many situations highly worked up, and combining great originality and power. The scene which terminates the second act in which Falcone receives a letter from the Duke offering another and a richer bridegroom for his daughter betrothed to Tortesa, and she expresses her determination not to be turned over like a puppet from one owner to another, calling at the same time on the Usurer to fulfil his contract and lead her to the altar, may in point of novelty, excitement, and nervous phraseolgy, challenge comparison with any scene the modern English Drama can furnish.

The character of Tortesa is a mixture of Shylock and Sir Giles Overreach, but without the nature of either—he is "every thing by turns, and nothing long," It appears to us as if Mr. Wallack had said to the author, "I can play tragedy, comedy, farce and melodrama: throw me into situations where I can exhibit all these capabilities, and never consider whether they are probable or not." This the author has done, and fitted the actor with as motley a suit as could well be worn by *one* tragedian; at one moment Tortesa breaks forth as ravenous as a famished wolf, and at the next he is as mild and as well behaved as a "sucking dove."—Neither Shakespeare nor Massinger who furnished our author with Tortesa's prototypes drew mankind thus.

The best drawn character in the play is the Artist, Angelo, whose enthusiasm is naturally and effectively embodied, the imaginativeness of his language may be pardoned even when it runs, as it does at times, into hyperbole. These instances however, are but few; most of his speeches being conceived in great beauty of imagery, and clothed in phraseology elegant in the extreme.

On the whole, notwithstanding its defects "The Play of Tortesa," is a production of great and peculiar merit, displaying many of the high qualities of art, and giving great promise of future excellence, when study shall have refined the taste, and time and experience have matured the judgment of the young aspirant for fame.

Digitized by Google

It is highly creditable to Mr. Davidge to have produced this play, which he has done with great scenic splendour, and appropriateness of costume and decoration, and his liberality has been rewarded by overflowing audiences.

The two principal actors—Mr. Wallack in "Tortesa," and Mr. Saville in "Angelo" are deserving of high commendation, both shared equally in the applause, and both displayed throughout that varied skill in their difficult art, which has won for them great and deserved celebrity.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

PROGRESS OF INSURRECTION.

We have already given our opinion on the Chartist cause, and of the strong idealisms by which it is impelled. It is grounded on principle, and has its apostles, with more or less discretion, but one, at least, a Poet of the first water. When we last wrote, we condemned the press for throwing ridicule and contempt on a cause so supported, both by moral and physical means. Within a few days, and the cause has become a serious affair. Lord John Russell being applied to by the magistrates of Birmingham, had permitted the London police force to be sent thither, which immediately on its arrival attacked the people in the Bull-ring, and altogether acted in such a manner, as evidently, in the judgment of Sir Robert Peel, if warrantable, required explanation. Arrests also have been made of Dr. Taylor and a George Julian Harney, and others, whether legally or not, Lord John Russell will not venture to opine—this can only be known by a person present at the transactions. But whether warrantable or unwarrantable, inexplicable or explicable, legal or illegal; these proceedings are to form the fit initiative for an application by his lordship to parliament for funds towards the establishment of a rural police, that on such occasions may act in the same equivocal manner, in any part of the country, on any summons, with greater authority and facility. We make no comment on this.

The matter then, becomes serious;—very serious. The sole excuse for Lord John Russell's being thus indifferent to the legality, and perhaps constitutionality of the whole proceedings, lies in this—that the emergency spreads beyond all legal and constitutional limits. This is the head and front of the question—it has this extent—no *less*. The CHARTISTS ARE AT WAR WITH SOCIETY! Not an institution they would leave standing—they would level—to build anew, they say—that is, to build themselves up together into the ONE INSTITUTION OF THE STATE!! Such are their declarations, expressed, implied, and carried out also by armed demonstrations. There is no mistake about it. All the scenes prefigured in the Chartist epic of "Ernest" are on the eve of being enacted. The curtain has already drawn up. Take the following, from that excellent and impartial paper, The MORNING HERALD of 11*th* July.

"Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Tuesday morning.

"The Chartist meeting of last night has gone off well, but it has been determined to continue holding meetings every night, until the fate

Digitized by Google

of G. Julian Harney and Dr. Taylor is ascertained. There were no hustings erected, but after some delay a couple of tables were procured, on which the Chairman, Thomas Hepburn mounted, surrounded by the speakers, Avie, Mason, Rucastle, &c. The tenor of the speeches was very inflammable; peace and order were recommended, but at the same time the people were told to arm, and be ready to repel the *hired assassins* of the government. Tirades of abuse against the "shopocracy," who appear, from what was stated, to be the sole cause of the oppression of which the speakers complained, were poured forth unsparingly. The meeting lasted for about an hour, when they afterwards paraded some of the principal streets of the town with music, frequently cheering most loudly, stopping at intervals and shouting vociferously, at the same time holding up their staves in the air, and threatening vengeance on their oppressors. When opposite the house of the superintendant of the police they uttered several groans, and more than once we heard cries of "Pull him out." In this state of riot the town was kept till past 12 o'clock, when the crowd began quietly to disperse, without doing any injury to either person or property. Two of the banners were ornamented with daggers, which were paraded round the town. It was thought prudent to unship them when they arrived at the Forth."

Under these circumstances, Lord John Russell seems to think that it is quite indifferent who strikes the first blow. In this we hold that he is wrong. Society can *afford* to stand on the defensive, and should exhibit too, the superiority of the moral elements, that the physical-force principle may be abashed in their presence. Society is under no necessity to put itself in the wrong—and therefore no expediency. There were, too, secondary and severe political reasons against headlong proceedings. The national petition was in parliament, and Mr. Attwood had agreed with Lord John Russell himself that he should have Friday the 12th to bring forward his motion in the House of Commons to take it into consideration. The result of this should have been awaited. Who can tell what time may do? and ample provision as to time was in this case made. We have not space for Mr. Attwood's letter, but we can quote from the paper before-mentioned the information of the day.

"Until the decision of this motion of Mr. Attwood's is ascertained, and the ultimate decision of that gentleman as to what course he will pursue in the event of his motion being negatived, no further excitement is anticipated. Various reports are in circulation; amongst others it is stated that, whatever may be the result of the House of Commons, Mr. Attwood will visit Birmingham, and preside over a meeting of the people, with the view to further the principles enumerated in the petition to parliament by *pressure from without*."

Now in this constitutional course of proceeding, it is clear that time is an element, and that no immediate assault was needed. Take ye special care lest the Chartist body act with more forbearance and intelligence than the constituted authorities of the land! Beware how ye transfer to them the moral, as well as the physical constituents of political power! "We have all of us one human heart!" and insurrection may become, what indeed incipiently it is, Revolution! 11*th* July.

Mr. Attwood on Friday July 12, accordingly brought on his motion,

Digitized by Google

that the House resolve into a committee on the petition, called the "National Petition," presented by him on the 14th ult. It is worthy of consideration that this petition is signed by no fewer than 1,285,000 persons. Now the number of the present elective franchise is not more. The Reform Act did ill, when it shut out the masses from the franchise, thus dividing the population into two large proportions of householders;—those who can afford ten pounds a year rent, and those who cannot. The latter has accordingly set up a parliament of its own. We recollect prophesying this result in an article of our own in FRAZER'S *Magazine* in 1833, entitled THE BILL, THE WHOLE BILL, AND NOTHING BUT THE BILL. Leaving this point, however, for the present, let us consider the statement of Mr. Attwood.

Something of these demonstrations is due to the very *uncivil* manner in which the premier and the chancellor of the Exchequer have been in the habit of receiving deputations. Mr. Attwood complained that when deputations waited upon Lord Melbourne with the request that the labouring classes should be allowed to live by their labour, his lordship was foolish enough to reply, that "the people of Birmingham were not the people of England." They were some of them, at any rate. The Chartist demonstrations are the reply made to such exasperating taunts.

We have Mr. Attwood's word for it that the National petition is signed by the élite of the operative community. "Nor is it the mere workmen endure the sufferings complained of. They are also shared by the middle classes—that is, by producers, manufacturers, and merchants. But it is to the interest of the latter class to conceal the distress that prevails. Suppose a capitalist with £20,000 come to be three years without any income returning from it—what was his position? If he attempted to call in his capital he was ruined—he was ruined if he stood still—he was ruined if he went on—and he was ruined if he went back. Such in short is the condition of four-fifths of the manufacturers and merchants in England, and of the whole productive classes." The petition itself shows the political tone prevailing in the different towns from which it came, and that it varies in its intensity according to the local presence of want. In an inverse ratio with the prosperity of each town is the number of signatures to it. The people of Bristol are in a prosperous state, and therefore the signatures from Bristol are comparatively few.

Lord John Russell affected to undervalue this petition, and made one of those half-and-half speeches which are so disgraceful to any man presuming to hold the rank of a statesman. Mr. D'Israeli however, insisted on looking at the subject in its true light. Ordinary courses were not at the bottom of these outbreaks. What we have now to fear are not tumults; but it is organisation. The *Riots* of Birmingham have been *made* by the police, not by the Chartists. The proceedings of the latter have been *quietly* conducted—their work is that of a public and secret organisation. They await the coming of a Sacred Month, during which they will shew what they mean. In the meantime take some taste of it in George Julian Harney's words. "A national holiday for a month! each man to provide himself with a month's provisions. Absurd, however, to think it could all be laid up at once! The thousand

Digitized by Google

hills and the cattle thereon are the LORD'S, and what is the LORD'S is the PEOPLE'S. They could not starve. He would not tell them to steal the cattle, neither would he tell them to arm themselves; but he thought they should prepare. He would say—a musket in one hand, and a petition in the other. That would bring them to their senses; and if they will not lend you an ox or a sheep, borrow it yourselves." The Chartists are neither suppressed nor subdued—they only avoid coming to blows before the time. The lull before the tempest is the symbol of the great calm in the minds of armed millions, during the phantasmal interim between the conception and acting of a dreadful thing. Scorn not the deep hush of terrible expectation—*not though it last for years.* The storm *will come at last!*

Even while we are writing—the blow is struck. A Chartist orator had named the 15th of July, as one proposed commencement of the Sacred Month. On Monday the 15th, Birmingham was in flames—houses are burned and gutted, and the property they contained destroyed publicly in the Bull-ring, a bonfire being made of the same. And the mob had it all their own way—for though warned, the magistrates were yet unprepared, perhaps despising or disbelieving the warning, or, themselves being not long since agitators, they were now without power as being without moral authority. The newspapers' account relate the matter as if it had an accidental origin in the circumstances of the day. We believe, and have reasons for our belief, that it was a pre-appointed demonstration, and designed as the Chartist recognition, of the reply which the National petition had received in the House of Commons on Friday last, when a Committee of Inquiry was refused.

On the Tuesday evening a memorable scene took place in the House of Lords. The Duke of Wellington administered a majestic and serene rebuke to Viscount Melbourne, which both in spirit and style was one of the most extraordinary displays ever recorded in history. "The town," said His Grace, "had been treated like a town taken by storm. Nay, he had not seen any thing in sacking a town equal to it. He had seen many towns taken by storm, but never had such outrages occurred in them as had been committed in this town only last night; before the eyes of magistrates appointed by the Secretary of State for the home department. Property had been taken out of houses, and burnt in the public streets notwithstanding the presence of the police and troops." Again—"He was surprised that the noble Viscount, considering the station he held, should only have known of the state of things in Birmingham by the accounts he had seen—and that he should not know at all, whether the riots were owing to the absence of magistrates, or the absence of troops, or to the fault of troops standing by, or to any thing similar to that which had happened some few years ago at Nottingham. The noble Lord knew nothing—and did nothing! THIS IS NOT THE WAY IN WHICH THIS GREAT COUNTRY OUGHT TO BE GOVERNED!!"

The "National Convention," it seems, affect ignorance of the demonstration on the 15th, and propose that the "Sacred Month" should commence on the 18th August. That this is a *ruse*, it is clear. Did not the members receive the proposition of Mr. Attwood, to petition again, with loud laughter and sneering contempt? Does not this illegal body continue to sit, though without the excuse of petitioning Parlia-

Digitized by Google

ment? It is time that the people of England should enquire, Whether we have a Third House? "Chartism," says the *Morning Herald* justly, "is, to a great extent, an evidence of deep suffering on the part of the labouring classes. That suffering must be alleviated—or Chartism will scarcely die out. The New Poor Law has made a greater number of chartists than all the agitators in the kingdom have ever been able to do. Look at the condition of vast bodies of labourers—their hours of daily toil gradually increasing—their wages regularly declining in amount. Yet these men have been told, when they applied for justice, to 'trust to their own resources.' Is not physical force among these resources?" Shall we take this shewing, and permit the existence of the National Convention as the legitimate representative of the wrongs suffered and the rights demanded? If so—let the Government, if we yet have one, be doing. Up and be doing, we say to every Member of Parliament—to every member of society.

It is one among the wise dispensations of Providence, that the present ministry should have the charge of opposing these signs of the times. Had they been out of office they would, for party purposes, have impeded the measures that they must now adopt. This has always been a part of the Whig tactics when out of place. They then trade on public confusion, and adopt every conceivable plan for increasing it, reckless of all consequences, save of their own restoration to office. This evil they cannot now do. They must fight the battles of society against insurrection—skilfully or unskillfully—rightly or wrongly—they must array themselves on the side of order.

The present condition of public affairs is the natural result of the long collision that has existed between the antagonist parties in the state. The war of parties must and *shall* cease to rage! All our institutions are trembling with the force of the conflict—the highest Insitution—the monarchy itself is in peril! The Queen needs protection. She found herself in certain circumstances which she has not yet been in a position to evade, whatever *appearances* may have suggested to the contrary. The very Court, to whose misconduct she and her fair fame are alike liable, was made *for* her and not *by* her. Nothing is her own but her Personal Character. In this we recognise a determination of purpose and a fortitude of mind. She is evidently ruled by the idea of justice, and a strong desire to conciliate all parties in the state. It may be the will and wisdom of Providence, that has ordained by the weak instrument of a young and royal maiden, that a purpose of mercy shall be operated in this land. It is for the Sovereign to hold the balance even. It must be the heart's desire of every good man to see the end of these miserable dissensions. It is time that the names of Papist and Protestant should be merged in the higher and all-inclusive one of Catholic. Feuds begotten of obsolete times should cease to be remembered, and we should learn to depend on our *common* Christianity. "Behold, how good and pleasant a thing it is for Brethren to dwell together in unity."

26th July, 1839.

Digitized by Google

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

VOL. II.] SEPTEMBER, 1839. [No. 9.

MR. JOHN A. HERAUD, EDITOR OF "THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE," TO PROFESSOR WILSON, EDITOR OF "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE," IN REPLY TO SOME ILL-NATURED REMARKS MADE BY THE LATTER ON THE FORMER IN THE LAST NUMBER OF "OLD EBONY."

To PROFESSOR WILSON,

SIR,—In the leading article of the last (CCLXXXVI) Number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled, "Our Pocket Companions," you have indulged in some remarks on Hope in general, and on Mr. Thomas Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope* in particular. A paper several years old, in the *Quarterly Review*, on Mr. Campbell's poetry appears to have offended you; after animadverting on which, you proceed to castigate a passage in one of my productions in the following unjustifiable and *unprovoked* manner:—

A word with John A. Heraud, Esq., author of *The Oration on Coleridge*, &c. &c. In a *Lecture on Poetic Genius as a Moral Power*, delivered at the "Milton Institution," occurs this portentous paragraph:—

"We have now to do with the poets who exercise *activity*. Being, we have said, must act—in the neuter and passive, we have detected its *eternal* operation. But it operates in Time also, and is diligent in reference to sensible ultimates. It is here that the third class of poets are active. Pope, and Campbell, and Rogers, are anxious only for the sensuous form—the channel of expression in which their thoughts shall flow. They prefer Act in its lowest spheres to Being in any. Unconscious of the neuter, and despising the passive, they interpose a set form of speech; and, to do them justice, never dream of publishing themselves for men inspired. If they approach the purlieus of the Eternal and the Ideal, they are sure to blunder. Hence Campbell, at the conclusion of his poem, lights the torch of Hope at Nature's funeral pyre—an error of which any theologian might have admonished him. False and injurious predicator of a state where Faith shall be lost in sight, and in which Hope can have no part; since Hope requires Time for its condition, and has no place in Eternity! Such poets as these are the votaries of the sensuous Present only: what they remember and what they anticipate belong both to this *present* life—scarcely to the classical past, and little indeed to the theological future. The best of them is rather an essayist on criticism than an essayer in poetry."

As we may have something to say of this *Lecture*, and eke of the *Oration on Coleridge*, another day, we (you continue), shall now merely remark that the world will not think the worse of Pope, Campbell, and Rogers, because they "never dream of publishing themselves for men inspired." Men inspired need

Digitized by Google

not take that trouble; for sooner or later—and a few years are of no moment—they will be numbered with the greater or lesser prophets. Men not inspired, but puffed up, may publish themselves for Isaiahs and yet find themselves in the Balaam Box.

It may be very sinful "to despise the passive;" but we cannot think it a serious misfortune to any man "to be unconscious of the neuter." Be this as it may, "John A. Heraud, Esq." who has often "published himself for a man inspired,"* is here guilty of a gross offence to Campbell. His whole *Lecture* is a series of plagiarisms—as we, at our leisure, shall shew—and he must steal even his insults. But the *Quarterly Reviewer* always writes like a gentleman—here Mr. Heraud does not; and, servilely adopting another man's error, he pompously emits it as his own truth. He talks of "the purlieus of the Eternal," and the Last Day, as confidently as of the purlieus of Epping Forest, and the Day of the Hunt. We see the curl of contempt on Campbell's poetic lips, and in his poetic eye the smile of disdain.

Such is the style in which you have permitted yourself to remark of a man of whom you know nothing, except from his writings. From the circumstance of a large proportion of these being anonymous, it is very possible that you may have mistaken other people's articles for his, and his for other people's. Hence, I conceive, that you, like many others, have misapprehended my character as a critic and essayist, and suffered your mis-opinion to re-act on your judgement of my acknowledged works. I mention this as possible, since Professor Wilson is not the only literary man who has suffered under error in this respect. As to others, however, permit me to add that their sentiments have altogether changed when they have become aware of the facts. Experience, therefore, teaches me to be charitable in all that regards such mistakes, and I forgive at once Professor Wilson for the irritated *tone* of the foregoing remarks, which tone evidently proceeds from some motive not to be learned from the surface of the remarks themselves.

It is somewhat singular, that in conversation with a friend, himself a poet of no mean power, I was speculating, only the day before I saw the last number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, on the remarkable fact, that the criticism of Christopher North had chiefly been expended on the minor poetry of the age, rather than the more ambitious flights occasionally adventured by the English Muse, during his critical reign. This curious fact is acknowledged in the article containing your *unprovoked* attack on myself. The acknowledgement is in these terms:—"Fear not that we are about to indite a critique on Campbell. You know that we *never, in all our days, indited a critique on any great poet.* No philosophical critic, thank Heaven, are we! though we have read the *Stagyrite.*" I leave the acknowledgement as it stands, without pretending to fathom the motive which has dictated so strange a course of proceeding. Dr. Johnson also preferred the lesser to the greater lights of British song—some reason for which I thought fit to guess at in the first of the articles on Milton, which were published in the last volume of this Magazine. But since there is no disputing about tastes, it may, perhaps, be as well to assign none for Mr. Wilson's preferences in this respect; or, if any, I am quite willing to admit the worthiest as the likeliest reasons that actuated him.

Nearly all the criticism that I have written—clearly all that I have

* When, where, and how? And if so, what then?

Digitized by Google

ever written on poetry—has been of the laudatory kind. I have adopted a plan clean contrary to that patronised by yourself. I have chosen the best works of the time for the exercise of what critical talent had been intrusted to my keeping. My articles on Coleridge have been nearly as frequent as your own on Wordsworth, though, I am free to confess, less effective as less powerful—nor always so full as they might and ought to have been, as I have hitherto written under proprietary limitations, from which I believe Professor Wilson has been happily exempt. I too have also written on Wordsworth, and am not unapproved for what I have written, not only as critic but as poet, by Wordsworth himself. The way in which this great man has *sought* every occasion to speak decidedly in favour of *The Judgement of the Flood* is exceedingly gratifying to an aspiring mind, that has had to contend with every difficulty. Personally a stranger, as, until very lately, I was to him, I have been continually surprised that he should have solicitously mentioned in his private correspondence me and my works in the terms of the highest esteem. These things, too, have come to my knowledge in the oddest manner; persons unknown to me even by name having sent me extracts from Wordsworth's letters, conceived in somewhat these terms,—"Tell Mr. Heraud, if you know him, that the more I read of his great poem, the stronger is the impression I have of his genius." Others, too, who have returned from a visit to Rydal Mount, have brought similar messages—parties who knew not of the existence of my poem, save by seeing it on Mr. Wordsworth's table.

Now all this (not very remotely) has a bearing on the point stated above—touching the reviewing of the minor or the major poets of the time. I take credit to myself for two things in particular, the review in *Fraser* of Mr. Browning's *Paracelsus*, and in this Magazine of *Ernest;* to which I shall have to add, in this number, a criticism on *Festus*. The remark above alluded to, concerning the extraordinary preference of Christopher North for the modern minor poets, originated in a conversation on the aforesaid article in the July Number of the *Monthly* on *Ernest*. Of this poem I had written so warmly, that a suspicion had crept into some minds, more cunning than wise, that that marvellous epic might have been the production of the author of *The Judgement of the Flood*, and that he was, *sub rosâ*, reviewing his own book. Such minds could not conceive the possibility of one epic poet reviewing another in terms of the highest approbation. They, however, know as little of me as Professor Wilson seems to do. They can as little conceive of literary generosity, as I can of literary jealousy. Why Professor Wilson should have *waited* until this time—until years after the publication of the works on which he has remarked—before he either alluded to me or them, he can best interpret. I am willing, however, to ascribe it to the cause stated by himself—to the course of conduct adopted as the rule of *his* editorship—that "he never in all his days indited a critique on any great poet!"

My conduct, Sir, has been *toto cœlo* different. To return therefore to *Ernest*. The reader will recollect that the Editor of this Magazine was at a loss to account for the manner in which the poem of *Ernest* reached him; to which I may now add, that for a fortnight after the publication of the July review of *Ernest*, I was ignorant of the author.

Digitized by Google

After that time, however, I became acquainted with him; and now it is that this subject comes in to illustrate the point that I wish to urge upon, not against, Professor Wilson. In explanation of the mode of transmission, the poet of *Ernest* stated that the reason why the poem had been so abruptly forwarded to my residence arose from the circumstance of a friend of his insisting on taking a copy to Mr. Heraud, for two reasons: first, because that he was an epic poet, and therefore every new epic poem should by right be presented to him; and, secondly and chiefly, because Mr. Wordsworth had mentioned in such high terms myself to this same friend. Accordingly, a copy was placed in his hands for the purpose of delivery, and, without *envelope*, was brought by this gentleman from one house to the other, and put in at my door in the manner stated. He then returned to the author of *Ernest*, saying that he had left the copy at the house. Did I know this friendly go-between? Not even by name. Yet, in total ignorance of all these circumstances, and notwithstanding the objectionable nature of the poem on political grounds, I determined to render justice to the work, influenced by no feeling but that of its poetic excellence. Would Professor Wilson have done this? He reviews no great poem!! Witness, that on the very day in which the *Monthly Magazine* had the honour of *introducing* a *great* poem to public appreciation, *Blackwood's Magazine* was employed in *traducing* a *long* poem—M'Henry's *Antediluvians*. Such is the difference, it seems, that exists between John Wilson and John A. Heraud!

We have only apparently wandered from the subject—Mr Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, a remark of mine on which excited the Professor's rash and ill-judged sarcasm. It is not likely, judging from my previous conduct, that, in the passage quoted from my lecture, I should have designed to insult Mr. Thomas Campbell. It is now very many years ago since I co-edited with Mr. Robert Maugham, now Secretary to the Law Institution, and some other gentlemen, a periodical emanating from perhaps the most respectable Debating Society ever established,—a quarterly periodical, called the *Philomathic Journal*, and which was continued to four volumes. In that Journal, all the poetic criticism is from my pen.—There are elaborate papers on Byron—Hogg—Campbell—Southey—papers on the strength of which I was admitted, by Mr. Southey's recommendation, as a critic into the *Quarterly Review*. With the paper on Campbell, however, we have mainly to do. In what manner did I then treat Campbell? Disrespectfully? Far from it. I spake of him in the most affectionate terms, and still retain for him and his poetry the most reverential respect. If, in the moment of rhetorical heat, I apostrophised him as "a false and injurious predicator," he will be the first man to excuse such an outburst of philosophical zeal, into which I am sure that no personal feeling entered. At that moment, the names mentioned were to me nothing—the truth to be illustrated every thing.

To come now, then, to the present alleged insult. John Wilson says that I have *stolen* it, as I generally do such things, and that the "whole lecture is a series of plagiarisms." Poor man! What can have put him into such a vehement rage? Professor Wilson, however, should be about the last man to charge plagiarism on another. His entire

Digitized by Google

literary career has been altogether dependant on the existence of other authors. Both in manner and in matter he has done nothing all his life long but iterate and amplify the conceptions of other men. This he has done with exceeding skill—the setting that he has given to quotations has been very masterly—but the excellence of his articles has generally resided in the extracts. The article before us is a series of excerpts—and to piece it out, he criticises an old critique in the *Quarterly*, and a Lecture published two or three years ago by the present Editor of the *Monthly*. Such is the manner in which John Wilson's papers are *made-up*.

Nevertheless, John Wilson has no faithfuller admirer, as I proved in the last number of this Magazine,* than the man on whom, *without provocation*, he has thus fallen *foul*. Though indebted for all his notions to Wordsworth and Coleridge, and reflecting them after an *ad captandum* fashion of his own, I strongly favour Wilson's critical writing—even for this very cause—that the Critical should be the Mirror to the Poetic Mind of the age.

To drop the indirect, and to address you again immediately: You say that you design, "*at your leisure*," to shew the series of plagiarisms of which the lecture *on Poetic Genius as a Moral Power* consists. With all my heart. I shall then learn something. If that lecture be a series of plagiarisms, I must have had the most extraordinary memory in the world. For, as is well known by the gentlemen at whose request it was delivered, that lecture was not written at all—I had no time to write it—and it was spoken on the spur of the occasion. It arose entirely from an accidental occurrence—from my having been accidentally present at a previous lecture, which was of a platonic character; and the lecturer permitting a slight discussion afterwards. I took part in that discussion—the auditors desired to hear me further on the matter. Shortly afterwards, by special request, an *extempore* lecture was delivered—a gentleman present wrote the words down from my lips, and from his notes the printed copy was taken.

That a mind in the state of *extempore* speaking will gather about it numerous recollections and associations is clear—but that it can be said to *plagiarise* is not so. That the passage from the *Quarterly Review* might have been in my mind is probable—but I keep no copy of the *Quarterly Review*, and have no extract of such passage among my papers, nor any recollection of having made such extract. I recollect, however, having perused the article itself, and disapproved of it, quite as strongly as Professor Wilson himself.

After the publication of the lecture, and when I had an opportunity of reading what previously I had only spoken—(for I was not, but certain of my auditors were, at the charge and trouble of the publication),—I doubtless found things loosely expressed, and that in this particular statement I had been led into an error. In the heat and onrush of public speech, a stray recollection had crossed my mind, which, being the readiest illustration at hand, and having no time to examine it, was admitted. I had not, however, to wait, Sir, for your correction. I received it in a much truer form from a strange kind of weekly periodi-

* The leading article, entitled, *John Wilson's Poetry reviewed by Christopher North*.

Digitized by Google

cal called *The Shepherd*, then in circulation among the curious. Take the paragraph.

When Mr. Heraud, in the passage we have quoted, applies the following language to Campbell, the poet—"False and injurious predicator of a state when Faith shall be lost in sight, and in which Hope can have no part, since hope requires *time* for its condition, and has *no place* in *eternity*," we say Mr. Heraud is going beyond his sphere. * * * Faith shall never cease in eternity, and Hope shall travel to eternity, with time, in the heart of every created being. What theologian, we ask, could have taught the poet of Hope, that Hope was mortal? Who is the bold interpreter of Heaven that dares to say so? We know that the rhymester, who paraphrased Paul's beautiful description of charity for the Scotch Church, for the sake of his metre, has thus expressed himself:—

> "Hope shall to full fruition rise,
> And faith be sight above,
> These are the means, but this the end:
> For saints for ever love."

But he had no warrant for it in the text, which distinctly says, "Now *abideth* these three, faith, hope, and charity; but the greatest of these is charity." The fact is that the three are one, and cannot be separated. Faith is charity in prospect, resting upon a promise, thus *looking back*. Hope is charity in prospect, but not looking back; and charity is the substance itself, the thing hoped for: Now, in a state of the purest love, there must always be love in anticipation, as we rise in progression "from glory to glory." In the one state of glory we look forward to the other—that is, hope; and we hope in faith upon the Divine promise. Destroy this Trinity and you "dare the brow of God" by rejecting the Son. We defend the Poet of Hope, who makes the everlasting goddess fearlessly and exultingly light her torch at the funeral pile of nature itself; that is, this present system. God has inspired poets long ago to call Hope immortal, and Mr. Heraud is not able to take her life. We are poor champions for the injured dame, but we shall never see a poignard levelled at her breast, without thrusting out an arm to caution the assailant of his mistake, for it is only a mistake; no evil is meant. But it is bad philosophy, bad theology, and bad poetry.

How superior is this defence of Hope's immortality, to the mere grammatical special pleading put in by Professor Wilson. Take it in his own words:—"Eternal life has not commenced. *Nature's funeral pile* is ablaze, but it is not yet consumed; if it were, Hope could not light her torch in the dead ashes. Time still is—and the material universe; and *Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below*. Hope, undismayed amid the *wrack* of *matter and the crash of worlds*, *smiles* serenely on Faith. But she is not *yet* lost in fruition.—*For wrapt in fire the realms of ether glow*;—and Hope is Hope, though on the verge of heaven."

Now this merely grammatical argument may be conclusive against the *Quarterly* reviewer, whose entire critique is an aggregate of errors, but leaves the argument in the lecture untouched. Such argument depends on the proposition, that "Hope requires time for its condition, and has no place in eternity." If Campbell's poem did not carry the subject to eternity, then the objection had no real reference to him—it was an error. Yet even then, the *conclusion* stated in the lecture was correct, that such poets dealt with the present sensuous life only, and preferred Act in its lowest sphere to Being in any.

Let me now, however, confess, that there is a sense, and a high one—

Digitized by Google

say, the highest—in which it may be said of Hope, and Faith, and Charity, that they are all equally immortal and eternal. Poets have so deemed them, and not amiss; and though Campbell should not have treated of Hope in that high point of view, yet will we permit him, nevertheless, to discourse of Immortal or Eternal Hope, by way of reflecting the impressions made upon his mind by those who have. It is an axiomatic truth, which he may be permitted to take for granted. And if he meant by the questionable line (what I verily believe,) to express his faith in the survival of Hope after the departure of time and space, he meant a sublimer truth than you, Sir, give him credit for. To this sublimer truth I now render in my allegiance—and, by so doing, relieve the poet from the state in which you, after all your pains, have left him plunged, as in the Slough of Despond,—that of being the poet of the present life rather than of the life eternal.

In conclusion, I beg to say that my respect for John Wilson is undiminished, notwithstanding this intemperate exhibition of unprovoked hostility. He has on several occasions shewn himself to be of an excitable temperament—too excitable, and thence readily conceiving groundless anger. But the world has forgiven him this offence ninety and nine times—I can, therefore, readily pardon him this once. It is probable, I think, that he will never transgress again—in which hope we will cover his present sin with the mantle of our mercy. We entertain no editorial jealousy, and we can assure Professor Wilson that he need not. We design not, in the *Monthly*, to rival *Blackwood's Magazine*—but to *transcend* it. I have the honour to be, Sir, yours very sincerely,

JOHN A. HERAUD.

P. S.—By way of corroboration, as to the *extemporeity*, and therefore *non-plagiarism* of the lecture, I add the following testimony of Mr. Bernays, who was present at its delivery, and has witnessed several spontaneous utterances of the same power or weakness on the part of your present correspondent. I do this simply to preclude Professor Wilson from supposing that, after all, the affair might have been got up by rote. In sooth, Professor—I have a bad memory, and can more easily talk for three hours than learn a speech of fifteen minutes' length. At the same time, while I am solicitous to preclude the charge of plagiarism, I do hope (not to speak it paradoxically), that, for the sake of its *originality*, there is after all in the lecture nothing *new*:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I was much surprised at seeing your lecture, entitled, 'Poetic Genius as a Moral Power,' attacked in the last number of Blackwood, as a series of plagiarisms. Now as I happen, from being present, to know that the lecture itself was, to all outward appearance, entirely extempore, inasmuch as you had not a *scrap* of paper to assist you, and that it was printed solely by means of a friend who took it down in short hand; and as I also know, that the time between your acceptance of the proposal to deliver, and your delivery of the lecture, was so short as to prevent the possibility of your having leisure to learn it up; I think either the plagiarisms must have been *most* unconscious ones, or else Blackwood has most unfairly attacked you. So sure am I that you have it completely in your power to deliver a lecture without

Digitized by Google

the least preparation, the want of which would, of course, preclude all plagiarism, that if it be of any use to you, I give you perfect leave to publish this testimony of mine, that I have heard you speak several times, with the greatest ease, for above an hour, upon subjects which you could not possibly have known before entering the room; such being the rule of the society in which I have heard you. I remain, my dear Sir, yours very truly, LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS."

"JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ."

The following letter, likewise, has been received from Mr. Marston, whom the Editor has the honour to number among his contributors. There is young blood in our veins, and if the old lion persists in growling, we shall manage to get him laughed at:—

"Dear Sir,—As you request me, I can have no hesitation to state my candid opinion with regard to the originality of your *extempore* discourse on 'Poetic Genius as a Moral Power.'

"Having had the pleasure of being numbered among your auditors when that discourse was delivered, I am able to declare my full conviction that no one who heard your discourse delivered could entertain the notion that it was composed of '*a series of plagiarisms.*' The countenance in which we may read the activity of intelligence as it developes and illustrates a noble argument, never yet belonged to the mechanical compiler of previously recorded opinions.

"It is not for me either to censure or approve the course you have pursued with respect to Professor Wilson's accusations in the last Number of *Blackwood*. It appears to me, however, that they cannot have the slightest effect in diminishing your literary reputation, because,

"Firstly, The world is not inclined to attach much importance to charges, the proof of which is postponed '*to the leisure*' of the accuser, and, because,

"Secondly, The complaint which critics have brought against you in your character of poet, as well as in that of editor, has uniformly been, that the subjects which you select and the manner in which you treat them are so entirely unusual and eccentric, as to be *caviare* to those readers who can only appreciate writers always plagiaristic and common-place in sentiment and thought, though occasionally laboriously novel in style.

"These observations I am sure can only be necessary to those who have not the pleasure of your acquaintance: your friends, so often delighted by your unpremeditated discourses when no opportunity for preparation could have existed, will require no guarantee for the originality of your thoughts, or for that of their expression.

"Believe me, Dear Sir, Yours very faithfully,

"J. WESTLAND MARSTON.

"JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ."

P. S. Second.—I now take the liberty of adding the written opinions of Henry Nelson Coleridge and Joseph Henry Green, Esqrs., the literary executors of the late S. T. Coleridge, together with a letter from

Digitized by Google

Mr. Wordsworth himself, in favour of the Lecture which has excited Professor Wilson's anger.

"Dear Sir,—Many thanks for the present of your fine Lecture, which I was only able to read a day ago. The perusal gave me great pleasure,

"Yours truly,

"H. N. COLERIDGE.

"JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ." "10 *C. P. R. P. December* 23, 1837."

"*Hadley, January* 1*st.*

"My dear Sir,—I beg to offer you my very sincere thanks for your eloquent lecture, which I need scarcely say, I have read with deep interest, and with that delight which cannot fail to be produced by the developement of a truth which, though long felt, has been, in fact, apprehended by few, and by most men, including that vast majority who shrink from delving into the depth of self-centered being, has been neglected or denied. "I am, Dear Sir, Yours very faithfully,

"J. A. HERAUD, ESQ." "JOSEPH HENRY GREEN."

"My dear Sir,—Accept my thanks for your able application of Mr. Coleridge's principles to the subject of poetry. Your genius and reflective powers entitle you to write upon that high argument. Your Oration delivered on Coleridge I possess.

"*Fraser's Magazine*, nor any other, do I ever see, but by the merest chance; except only *Blackwood's*, which is sent me once a quarter by the editor. But if *Fraser* had fallen in my way with your criticism in it, unless I had happened to know that it was your's, I should not have read it. There is commonly no bit of reading that I relish so little as notices of my own poems. In your case it will be different; and as I have a near connection who takes in that magazine, I can have an opportunity, sometime or other, of reading it, without troubling you to send the number.

"With many thanks, believe me, My Dear Sir, faithfully Yours,

"WM. WORDSWORTH.

"JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ." "*Rydal Mount, February*, 28, 1838."

PROVIDENCE DIVINE,

(GHAZELL). BY JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq.,

Author of "The Judgement of the Flood," "Descent into Hell," "Oration on Coleridge," &c.

Glorious things of thee are spoken, Providence Divine!
Of thee would I make confession, Providence Divine!
Specially hast thou dealt unto spirit, soul, and flesh,
Specially with means supplied them, Providence Divine!
At the feasts of gods, of nectar once I quaffed too much,
And too much ate of ambrosia, Providence Divine!
Whence I fell into a slumber, and by fancy grew
To the shaping of my vision, Providence Divine!

Digitized by Google

And the object that I looked on, and communed withal,
Was the body since so cherished, Providence Divine!
Thou a father gavest unto it, and a mother too,
While it needed help parental, Providence Divine!
But my soul imprisoned then in ignorance had pined,
Hadst thou not to her brought knowledge, Providence Divine!
Blessings therefore be to thee, but rather for the mode
Wherein it was wisely ordered, Providence Divine!
For 'twas not with sensuous lore that first it came to me,
But in high discourse of doctrine, Providence Divine!
Well my mind has treasured since the teaching of the saint,
Mine and my father's Eme age-honoured, Providence Divine!
Thou our theme, we justified thy ways to sinful man,
Or in Milton read together, Providence Divine!
Strange and high developement therein my spirit found,
Thence conceiving Poem lofty, Providence Divine!
Long, long while in solitude my spirit proved its song,
Uttered long to my heart only, Providence Divine!
Foolishly impatient I, anticipating still
The wise way by thee preparing, Providence Divine!
Yet my folly was thy wisdom, bringing still my mind
Into converse with thy chosen, Providence Divine!
I have talked with poets too, and clasped them by the hand,
With deep sages I have argued, Providence Divine!
I have also sat and heard the eloquent of lip,
Till my soul with speech grew pregnant, Providence Divine!
Then I spake, where men were audient, truths now seldom told,
Alien, yet how truly native, Providence Divine!
Of my foes thou hast made friends: and strangers unto me
At thy word became my brethren, Providence Divine!
From three perils, nay, from four, thou hast delivered me,
Nighest then when they were nighest, Providence Divine!
To thy name I will sing praises, Saviour ever true,
From all evil my Redeemer, Providence Divine!
Still with wrath and wrong I wrestle, thou art present still,
And will be when death shall threaten, Providence Divine!
When the grave shall shut upon me, thou my flesh shalt keep,
And my soul preserve in Hades, Providence Divine!
Till the time of the reunion, when time shall be one
With thine own eternity, O Providence Divine!
And the body be refined from grossness natural,
Purified to very spirit, Providence Divine!
Then shall I have learned to taste that feast without excess,
Whose excess my soul degraded, Providence Divine!
And the fruits and rivers of celestial paradise,
Nourish me in silence musing, Providence Divine!
Owning thee ineffable, and listening to thy word,
That speaks ever in my being, Providence Divine!
For of it my being is, and whatsoe'er it knows;
Thou alone, the intelligent—sole Providence Divine!

Digitized by Google

FESTUS. *

This poem should have received earlier notice, had we received it earlier. We knew not while we were reviewing *Ernest*, that there was another poem in the field, as daring in the religious, as the former in the political field of human speculation. Now, however, as the thing has been brought before us, we know our duty, and shall do it.

We feel ourselves not unentitled to speak of religious poetry in general, and of such a poem as this in particular. The plan of the work is the same as Göthe's *Faust*, and in fact attempts the solution of the same problem by similar means. Göthe's *Faust*, however, was a traditionary character; *Festus* is a creature of the poet's own naming. Not only, however, in this respect, but in all, the poet has set himself free from all restraints and limits. His imagination has encountered no difficulties that might be presented by formularies, or manners—but makes for itself, as occasion arises, creeds of her own, customs of her own, and, in her lawless flight, even makes a god and devil of her own. She proposes to herself the adoption of no "form of sound words;" but speaks, and trusts to the inspiration which speech *is*, for the truth which speech should utter. Thus avoiding all obstacles in the way of production, by what shall the power of the writer be tested—power which is usually manifested in the overcoming of difficulties? Whatever may have been the originality of Homer's mind, he dealt with Grecian manners, Grecian mythology, Grecian scenery, Grecian events, Grecian men and women. He had to put his new conceptions into these old forms, and only by these could he reach the common mind. The poet of Festus, transcending even Göthe in this particular, projects himself into the purely ideal, setting his will and his fancy free from all obstruction. In a word, he doth what he likes; no wonder, therefore, that what he does, is performed with facility. Let us, however, suggest another view of power—apart from obstacles—as power in itself, creative of the atmosphere in which it moves. The power that triumphs over difficulties breathes the air that is already made, and by which, not being its own, it is opposed. The mind, however, is its own place, and pure spirit respires in its own medium. The power manifested in this primary creation is of a higher, as well as prior nature. Whether human power can be such may be doubted—but is poetic power *human?* Is the author of "Festus" human? Yes. For he tells us, that, after all, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary, the work before us was not produced without much anguish. If we are to believe him, he was, for the pain it cost him, a very Messiah among minstrels. Thus he records his agonies.

> Read this, World! He who writes is dead to thee,
> But still lives in these leaves. He spake inspired;
> Night and day, thought came unhelped, undesired,
> Like blood to his heart. The course of study he
> Went through was of the soul-rack. The degree
> He took was high: it was wise wretchedness.

* Festus, a Poem. London: William Pickering. 1839.

Digitized by Google

He suffered perfectly, and gained no less
A prize than, in his own torn heart, to see
A few bright seeds: he sowed them—hoped them truth.

We had not to learn that Parnassus was rather a Gethsemane than a Paradise. We write this, not profanely, but with a sacred feeling—with deep emotion, and solemn experience of the truth enounced. These travail-pains will be felt more and more by the rising class of poets. Old prescriptions are dead—creeds are worn out—the coming Catholic Christism is a different thing—very—from the fading Sectarian Christianity. Our religious systems have been made by man, but religion itself is of God, and, for ever new, will burst the old bottles at every fresh pouring out of the wine, whether of divine indignation or regenerating mercy. All the signs of the times speak of a new cycle begun; and the rising poetry testifies perhaps as strongly as any other to the same great fact. Marvels accordingly are dailyenacting before us; miracles of Providence, as the fitting heralds of the third dispensation of love.

Never were times so important as these. The minds of public writers should rise to their dignity. Criticism must become as transcendental as poetry has—the popular writer must dare the holiest themes—the vain, the frivolous, and the unconsecrated are of no further avail. Being dead, let them be buried out of sight.

Well!—In the form and arrangement of its scenes, *Festus* is written on the model of Göthe's *Faust*. It opens with a scene in heaven, in which the Trinity and the angels are interlocutors, and Lucifer proposes the temptation of the hero. By the bye, what is the poet's idea of Lucifer? We have some notion that the character is feebly drawn—that it is not so distinct and well understood by the poet, as was Göthe's Mephistopheles. But so far as we can make it out, we are afraid that he stands for a sort of negative god, a notion which forms one of the worst errors of pantheism, and which, by rendering the poem pantheistic, would reduce it in the scale of excellence. The poet is young, not more than twenty-three: and if such should be the case, he will certainly grow out of this state of belief; but then he will have reason to repent some imperfections in his present work, which are of a radical character. This is pity.

Such, however, is the great defect of our modern poetry; that instead of a perfect poem, we are continually presented with works which mark the peculiar developements in certain states and stages of the mind of the individual poet. We care not at what age the Iliad or Lear were written—they are good, great, wonderful, whether written at seven, or seventy years of age. Certain psychological advantages arise from the modern modes; but h ese are for the scientific, rather than the poetic. The experimentalist is willing to grope in the fields of experience—but while he does so, is a sciolist, and no true philosopher. This wordy poetry needs recasting—it should be thrown into the furnace; and, being melted, should come forth purified, and be transmitted into proper moulds, worthy, because of their perfection, to stamp a form on the finest ore.

Would it not therefore be well for every poet, henceforth, to keep his pieces private, until he attains forty years of age; and then, out of his

Digitized by Google

old materials to construct, by selection and rejection, a poem complete in all its parts, and satisfactory in regard to its ultimate effect? A proposition this deserving of the profoundest consideration; let vanity say what it will, true ambition will vote in its favour. Rush not into print—public approbation is no test of excellence. Take counsel of thyself, O poet! There is no man, nor number of men, who can instruct thee:—therefore, abide thy time, resting meanwhile on thine own judgement; and, in the self-consciousness of power, needing no external corroboration, work in secret, until the *perfect* work may be brought forth confidently, and in a mature form—then may the sun's eye shine on it strongly, and not dim, but, by blending with, enhance its glory.

Festus is undoubtedly too long for the kind of poem. We find in it, as it advances, the most perplexing iteration. There is a part, too, where the poet begins to dogmatise, and brings forward a heavy theological system to explain, of course, the poem. He should have known better than this. Göthe refused so to compromise himself. Poetry should deal with symbols, not with doctrines. Every reader should be left to make his own—to deduce them from the types and general actions. The author of *Festus* has incurred a responsibility which he might have avoided. His own opinions will change on these points, and then he will wish that he had left character and incident to take care of themselves, and teach what they might to the docile. To instruct by words, after having instructed by types, is to do the same work twice over, or to add another work with perhaps a different meaning.

We gather from these dogmas, that the articles of religion which the author would promulge are as follows:

1. That the love of God is infinite as man's imperfection.
2. That God laughs at ill by man made, and allows it.
3. That man made not himself, and is not answerable for his heart, which he cannot hinder any more than it can hinder God.
4. What man does, good or ill, is pre-appointed by God, and for his glory.
5. That nothing is lost in nature; and no soul, though buried in the centre of all sin, is lost to God.
6. That evil is no positive estate or principle, but debtor wholly for its form and measure to defect, as defect is to good, which good is the sole positive principle in the world.
7. That the Son of God will redeem every spirit, man or devil. His life is ever suffering for love. In judging and redeeming worlds, is spent his everlasting being. The best and worst need one and the same salvation.
8. That each man is saved in the Son, who judges; for though "fraught with Godhood, he yet feels the frailties of the things he has made, and therefore can, like-feelingly, them judge."
9. *Festus.* So, soul and song begin and end in heaven,
Your birth-place and your everlasting home.

The Holy Ghost.

Time there hath been when only God was all;
And it shall be again. The hour is named,
When seraph, cherub, angel, saint, man, fiend,
Made pure, and unbelievably uplift
Above their present state—drawn up to God,
Like dew into the air—shall be all Heaven;
And all souls be in God, and shall be God,
And nothing but God be.

Son of God. Let all be God's!

Digitized by Google

God. World without end! and I am God alone;
The Aye, the Infinite, the Whole, the One!
I only was—nor matter else, nor mind,
The self-contained Perfection unconfined.
I only am—in might and mercy one;
I live in all things, and am closed in none.
I only shall be—when the worlds have done,
My boundless being will be but begun."

Now, here we have a very pretty beadroll of speculations, more or less skilfully threaded with larger or smaller intervals of intersection. These are the theories to be woven into verse. This kind of work Shelley had done long before it was attempted by the poet of Festus. There are great difficulties in this kind of poetry. Whatever satisfies the aspirations of the visionary will not equally serve the poet's purpose. The poetic art is necessarily objective in its character, and the merely subjective ideal is unfitted therefore for representation. It is, in fact, not representable. All Shelley's difficulties are accumulated five hundred fold in the poem of Festus.

Is Festus a man? He is the Last Man, and, like many men before him, lived a life of love and infidelity; yet by one heart-throb, one tear, is spoken of as having earned heaven. From all which we learn, to melt down the nine foresaid propositions into this one, that love without fidelity will earn heaven for a man. In other words, that a man from adolescence to senescence may betray one woman after another, yet, for the *love* he bore to each in turn, shall by such love be saved. Because, as Lucifer finally tells Festus, "To be in heaven is to love for ever"—whereto Festus gratefully replies, "I am glad!" whereupon the Son of God calls to him, "Here, come with me!" Festus demands, "But where are those I love?" and is answered by the same august personage, "Yon happy troop!" And then Festus exclaims, "Ah, blest ones, come to me! Loves of my heart, on earth, and soul, in heaven! Are ye all here, too, with me?" They respond unanimously, "All!" and Festus then solemnly declares, "It is heaven!" And thus, not by resisting, but by merely yielding to Lucifer's temptation, Festus is saved, and would have been, whether he had been tempted or not.

To write of the taste displayed in the diction and imagery of a poem which thus has passed all conceptions of law, would be to adopt one course for the whole, and another for the parts. By its boundlessness, it is put out of the pale of criticism. It may be a *wise* madness, the spirit in which it has been conceived and executed, nevertheless it is madness. We are called on, therefore, simply to present some specimens of its style for the reader's instruction, previously to considering the subject *in extenso*.

God has said to Lucifer, in reply to his request for permission to tempt Festus:—

Upon his soul
Thou hast no power. All souls are mine for ages;
And I do give thee leave to this, that he
May know my love is more than all his sin;
And prove unto himself that nought but God
Can be enough to the souls he maketh great.

Digitized by Google

Whereupon the *Holy Ghost* is made to observe :—

> And I will hallow him to the end of heaven,
> That though he dip his soul in sin like a wick
> In wax, it shall be glory still to God.
> And he shall shine in robes wet through with light,
> In heaven at last. All things are done in heaven
> Ere aimed at upon earth. The child is chosen!

The following is extraordinary writing for a young man of twenty.

> This is to be a mortal and immortal!
> To live within a circle: and to be
> That dark point where the shades of all things around
> Meet, mix, and deepen. All things unto me
> Shew their dark sides; somewhere there must be light.
> O I feel like a seed in the cold earth;
> Quickening at heart, and pining for the air!
> Passion is destiny. The heart is its own
> Fate. It is well youth's gold rubs off so soon!
> The heart gets dizzy with its drunken dance,
> And the voluptuous vanities of life
> Enchain, enchant, and cheat my soul no more.
> My spirit is on edge. I can enjoy
> Nought which has not the honied sting of sin;
> That soothing fret, which makes the young untried,
> Longing to be beforehand with their nature,
> In dreams and loneness cry, they die to live;
> That wanton whetting of the soul, which while
> It gives a finer, keener edge for pleasure,
> Wastes more and dulls the sooner. Rouse thee, heart;
> Bow of my heart, thou art yet full of spring!
> My quiver still hath many purposes;
> Yet what is worth a thought of all things here?
> How mean, how miserable every care!
> How doubtful too the system of the mind!
> And then the ceaseless, changeless, hopeless round
> Of weariness, and heartlessness, and woe,
> And vice, and vanity! Yet these make life;
> The life at least I witness, if not feel.
> No matter! We are immortal. How I wish
> I could love men! for amid all life's quests
> There seems but worthy one; to do men good.
> It matters not how long we live, but how;
> For *as the parts of one manhood* while here
> We live in every age; we think, and feel,
> And feed upon the coming and the gone,
> As much as on the now time. *Man is one:*
> And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel
> With a gigantic throb athwart the sea,
> Each other's rights and wrongs; thus are we men.
> Let us think less of men and more of God!
> Sometimes the thought comes swiftening over us,
> Like a small bird winging the still blue air;
> And then again at other times it rises
> Slow, like a cloud which scales the skies all breathless,
> And just over head lets itself down on us.
> Sometimes we feel the wish across the mind
> Rush, like a rocket roaring up the sky,

Digitized by Google

That we should join with God, and give the world
The go-bye: but the world meanwhile turns round,
And peeps us in the face—the wanton world!
We feel it gently pressing down our arm,
The arm we had raised to do for truth such wonders;
We feel it softly bearing on our side;
We feel it touch and thrill us through the body:
And we are fools, and there's an end of us.
We are originally but a wreck;
There is nothing sound about us. End us, God!
It is a fine thought that sometime end we must.
There sets the sun of suns! dies in all fire,
Like Asher's death-great monarch. God of might!
We love and live on power. It is Spirit's end.
Mind must subdue. To conquer is its life.
Why madest thou not one spirit, like the sun,
To king the world? And O might I have been
That sun-mind, how I would have warmed the world
To love, and worship, and bright life!

If Coleridge, Wordsworth, Göthe, and Shelley had not existed, we should esteem such writing as this a miracle. What though the whole poem be a pile of nonsense, reducible to no form of logic? What! Is not the highest reason, *nonsense*? Nay, is not the beggarly understanding itself *nonsense*, though but one remove from sense? To these two faculties, namely, the understanding and reason, all that is sensible is subject; but they themselves transcend sense. Sense is their negation. They ———. But we must correct ourselves. The higher faculties are all affirmative of the lower. Understanding and reason then are sense, though sense be neither. Let us therefore be cautious in our modes of speech; and being so, the result is,—that no poem should be nonsense, and that poetry, however high, has a logic of its own; and that all apparent nonsense is the highest sense! So too with the poem before us. It is an idealism; but let this be acknowledged, that the conception is strange, and that the sensuous form to which it is reduced is not common sense, but *uncommon*.

We meant to give specimens of the style of this poem, and we have wandered into digressions. Take some then—not digressions, but specimens.

How can the beauty of material things
So win the heart, and work upon the mind,
Unless like-natured with them? Are great things
And thoughts of the same blood? They have like effect.

The world must have great minds, even as great spheres
Or suns, to govern lesser restless minds,
While they stand still and burn with life; to keep
Them in their places, and to light and heat them.

—As we do not see the sun himself,
It is but the light about him, like a ring
Of glory round the forehead of a saint, so
God thou wilt never see. His naked love
Is terrible; so great, that saints dread more
To be forgiven than sinners do to die.

Faith's eye can look through hell,
And through the solid world. We must all think

Digitized by Google

On God. Yon water must reflect the sky.
Midnight! Day hath too much light for us
To see things spiritually. Mind and night
Will meet, though in silence, like forbidden lovers,
With whom, to see each other's sacred form
Must satisfy.

Spirit is like the thread whereon are strung
The beads or worlds of life.

The following lines give the poet's idea of Lucifer:—

It is not for me to know, nor thee, the end
Of evil. I inflict, and thou must bear.
The arrow knoweth not its end and aim.
And I keep rushing, ruining along,
Like a great river, rich with dead men's souls.
For if I knew, I might rejoice; and that
To me by nature is forbidden. I know
Nor joy, nor sorrow; but a changeless tone
Of sadness, like the nightwind's is the strain
Of what I have of feeling. I am not
As other spirits, but a solitude
Even to myself; I the sole spirit, sole.
* * Mortality is mine: the green
Unripened universe. But as the fruit
Matures, and world by world drops mellowed off
The wrinkling stalk of time, as thine own race
Hath seen of stars now vanished; all is hid
From me.

Take some more fancies—feelings—figures.—

Night brings out stars, as sorrow shews us truths;
Though many, yet they help not; bright, they light not.
They are too late to serve us: and sad things
Are aye too true. We never see the stars,
Till we can see nought but them. So with truth, &c.

Stringing the stars at random round her head
Like a pearl network; there she sits; bright Night!
I love Night more than Day: she is so lovely.
Night hath made many bards: she is so lovely:
For it is beauty maketh poesie,
And from the dancing eye come tears of light.

The beautiful are never desolate;
But some one always loves them; God or man.

O she was fair! her nature once all spring,
And deadly beauty like a maiden sword;
Startlingly beautiful!

Ye waters! I have loved ye well. In youth
And childhood it hath been my life to drift
Across ye lightly as a leaf; or skim
Your waves in yon skiff swallow-like; or lie
Like a loved locket on your sunny bosom.
Could I, like you, by looking in myself,
Find mine own heaven—farewell!

All this must end; must pass; drop down
Oblivion like a pebble in a pit:
For God shall lay his hand upon the earth,
And crush it up like a red leaf.

Digitized by Google

The author, we perceive, gives in to the fictions of the geologists. He makes Lucifer assert—

> I can remember well when earth was all
> A creeping mass alive with shapeless things:
> And when there were but three things in the world—
> Monsters, mountains, and water: before age
> Had thickened the eyes of stars; and while the sea,
> Rejoicing like a ring of saints round God,
> Or heaven on heaven about some new born sun,
> In its sublime same-soundedness, laughed out,
> And cried not I! I never rest like God!

Angela is Festus' first love, but she is in heaven, whither Lucifer promises, at some time or other, to transport Festus. Meanwhile, the latter amuses himself with Clara, with whom we find him in company in an Alcove or Garden. The lady seems to have no objection to religion —but much to its forms.

> What to the faith are forms? They are but like
> A passing speck; a crow upon the sky.

She likewise loves Festus' soul, and would save it. Festus answers that he loves Death.—

> But Immortality, with finger spired,
> Points to a distant, giant world; and says,
> There, there is my home; live along with me!
> *Clara.* Canst see that world?
> *Festus.* Just: a huge shadowy shape;
> It looks a disembodied orb: the ghost
> Of some great sphere which God hath stricken dead:
> Or like a world which God hath thought, not made.

Clara is much astonished at the magical power of her lover, but hopes that it comes from good hands. In the next scene, Festus wishes to part company from Lucifer—and does. They meet, however, again in a market place in a country town, and speculate on the mean employments in which men engage immortal energies. A funeral passes—it is of a maiden whom Festus himself had deserted. Festus moralises—Lucifer becomes sportive, and preaches a mock sermon to the crowd. Some images in this discourse are extraordinary; *e. g.*

> Fold your souls up neatly, while ye may;
> Direct to God in heaven; or some one else
> May seize them, seal them, send them—you know where.
> Belike ye think your lives will dribble out,
> As brooks in summer dry up. Let us see!
> Try: dike them up: they stagnate—thicken—scum.
> That would make life worse than death.
> Leave off these airs:
> Know your place; speak to God; and say, for once,
> Go first, Lord! Take your finger off your eye!
> It blocks the universe and God from sight.
> Think ye your souls are nothing worth to God?
> Are they so small? What can be great with God?
> What will ye write against the Lord? Yourselves!
> Bring out your balance, get in, man by man:
> Add earth, heaven, hell, the universe; that is all.
> God puts his finger in the other scale,
> And up we bounce, a bubble.

Digitized by Google

Well might He say He cometh as a thief;
For he will break your bars, and burst your doors
Which slammed against him once, and turn ye out
Roofless and shivering beneath the doom-storm, heaven
Shall crack above ye like a bell in fire,
And bury all beneath its shining shards.

All are devils to themselves;
And every man his own great foe. Hell gets
Only the gleanings: Earth hath the full wain;
And hell is merry at its harvest home.
But ye are generous to sin, and grudge
The gleaners nothing: ask them, push them in.
Let not an ear, a grain of sin be lost;
Gather it, grind it up; it is our bread.
We should be ashamed to waste the gifts of God.

Thus proceeds his eccentric oration, until, at length, in his ranting vein, he is afraid that he may have frightened his listeners to their good. He therefore resolves to "rub them backwards like a cat," adding to Festus—

And you shall see them spit and sparkle up.
Let us suppose a case, friends! You are men;
And there is God! and I will be the Devil.
Very well. I am the Devil.
ONE *says*,
I think you are;
You look as if you lived on *buttered* thunder.

In the next speech, he so insults the crowd, that they rise into strife, which he calms by giving out a hymn concerning earth cheating earth —hell cursing hell—and heaven blessing heaven. The multitude disperse—Festus speculates on town and country, preferring the latter. Lucifer replies ramblingly—

It is time that something should be done for the poor.
The sole equality on earth is death;
Now rich and poor are both dissatisfied.
I am for judgment that will settle both.
Nothing is to be done without destruction.
Death is the universal salt of states;
Blood is the base of all things; law and war.
I could tame this lion age to follow me.
I should like to macadamise the world;
The road to hell wants mending.

The next scene is called *an Hour's Ride*. We give the beginning.

Lucifer. Wilt ride?
Festus. I will have an hour's ride.
Lucifer. Be mine the steeds! be me the guide!
Come hither, come hither,
My brave black steed!
And thou, too, his fellow,
Hither with speed!
Though not so fleet
As the steeds of death,
Your feet are as sure,
Ye have longer breath.

Digitized by Google

Ye have drawn the world,
Without wind or bait,
Six thousand years,
And it waxeth late:
So take us this once,
And then ye shall home,
And rest ye, and feast ye.
They come! they come!

Festus. Tossing their manes like
Pitchy surge; and lashing
Their tails into a
Tempest; their eyes flashing,
Like shooting thunder-bolts.

Lucifer. Come, know your masters, colts!
Up, and away!

And away they speed—to France—to Spain—to Italy—to Greece—to Switzerland—to Germany—to Austria—to Poland—to Russia—to Tartary—to China—to Hindostan—to Africa—to America—and back to England. Such is their hour's ride; after which we find the tempter and the tempted at a village feast together—time, evening. Festus meets with a blind old man whom he had known, but who now knows him not. Certain loving couples advance, the last of whom are noticeable.

Woman. Now, do you love me?
Man. Sure!
Woman. Then knock him down!
Man. Knock him, there?
Woman. Yes, him there. You fell your man!
And now I am revenged. I love you now.
The wincing jade! It is her I hate; not him.
She feels it most.
Constable. I want you. Off with him!
Woman. O let him be! Take me! I made him do it!

Whereupon Lucifer sarcastically remarks, "Behold the happiness of which thou spakest." For Festus at first had remarked on the scene as follows:—

We will rest upon this bridge. I am tired.
Yon tall, slim tree! does it not seem as made
For its place there? A kind of natural May-pole.
Beyond, the lighted stalls stored with the good
Things of our childhood's world; and behind them,
The shouting showman, and the clashing cymbal;
The open-doored cottages and blazing hearths;
The little ones running up with naked feet,
And cake in either hand, to their mothers' laps.
Old and young laughing; schoolboys with their playthings;
Clowns cracking jokes; and lasses with sly eyes,
And the smile settling in their sun-flecked cheeks,
Like noon upon the mellow apricot,
Make up a scene I can, for once, give in to.
It must please all, the social and the selfish;
The island-hearted, and the continent,
Are they not happy?

But now the same Festus exclaims—"This is a snakelike world, and

Digitized by Google

always has its tail within its mouth, as if it ate itself and moral'd time." But he contents himself with reflecting that "it is wretchedness or recklessness alone keeps us alive. Were we happy we should die. We ought to die. Let earth's unhappy live! Yet what is death? I like to think on death"—and more of the same kind. This is followed by a ballad concerning a gipsy maid, which, from its originality, we should like to quote. A ballad further on seems political, and related to a certain maiden queen, who sits on the throne of a no very wise isle.

Once on a time there was a king,
The king of the Scilly isles, sir!
He ruled over many and over much,
More than a man a mile, sir.
None ever brake his ancient laws,
For they were free and fair, sir;
The rich gat gear, the poor gat knocks;
The sober only sat in stocks:
I think I see you there, sir.

His ministers made boast that they
Were Scillier than he, sir;
So they passed a law, with much success,
To make free people free, sir.
And next they dug the island square,
'Twas a triangle before, sir;
And they all cried out what fun 'twould be,
If they could but get to drain the sea,
And catch the fish ashore, sir.

This good king died, and then there came
A modest, wise young queen, sir;
So what's to become of the Scilly isles,
No wight, I fear, can ween, sir.
But let her only prove herself
The Scilliest in the land, sir;
And the Scilly poople, one and all,
Who are able or to stand or fall,
With her throne will fall or stand, sir.

Festus has conversation also with a student, a captain, and a parson, in which Lucifer joins. The scene ends with a fine descriptive soliloquy, in which there are some novel figures:—

Old people may say what they please—
The heart of age is like an emptied wine cup,
Its life lies in a heel-tap—how can they judge?

What are years to me?
Traitors! that vice-like fang the hand ye lick:
Ye fall like small birds beaten by a storm
Against a dead wall, dead. I pity ye.
O that such mean things should raise hope or fear!
Those Titans of the heart, that fight at heaven,
And sleep by fits on fire; whose slightest stir's
An earthquake.

The sphinx-like heart,
Consistent in its inconsistency,
Loathes life the moment that life's riddle is read:
The knot of our existence is untied,
And we lie loose and useless.

Digitized by Google

O it is great to feel we care for nothing!
That hope, nor love, nor fear, nor aught of earth
Can check the royal lavishment of life;
But like a streamer strewn upon the mind,
We fling our souls to fate and to the future.
And to die young is youth's divinest gift,
To pass from one world fresh into another,
Ere change hath lost the charm of soft regret,
And feel the immortal impulse from within,
Which makes the coming life cry alway, On!
And follow it while strong is heaven's last mercy.
The fire-fly only shines when on the wing;
So is it with the mind: when once we rest,
We darken. On! said God unto the soul,
As to the earth, for ever. On it goes,
A rejoicing native of the infinite—
As is a bird of air—an orb of heaven.

The next scene is entitled—*Another and a Better World.* We are introduced to the planet Venus. Festus languishes, however, for earth; but the Muse advances to comfort him—the speeches are here too long and too didactic. His first love, Angela, also greets him. So far Lucifer performs his promise. He then undertakes to shew him "Heaven, and hell, and all the sights of space."

The following scene presents us with a large party and entertainment, in which Festus has a flirtation with Helen, who is named the Queen of the Festal. Gay are the songs of youth, bright the eyes of ladies, graceful the dances of both. Among them is Lucifer, much to the annoyance of Festus. On the ladies retiring, the young men continue the revelry in unrestrained and wilder guise, until at length George, who has been named king of the Bachelors, demands—

How goes the enemy?
Lucifer. What can he mean?
Festus. He asks the hour?
Lucifer. Aha! then I
Advise, if time thy foe hath been—
Be quick! shake hands, man, with eternity.

The party accordingly breaks up. We are next introduced to *A Church Yard Scene*—Festus and Lucifer beside a grave. It is short, and apparently introductory only of the scene in heaven which succeeds. We regret that here the poet has placed in the mouth of Deity the language of a Swedenborgian professor—

Suns are made up of atoms—heaven of souls;
And souls and suns are but the atoms of
The body, I, God dwell in.

This is not the legitimate language of God, but of some materialist theorising on the nature of the universe and its parent. Daring to look on God, Festus would have died in the attempt, but that he finds protection, which he prays for, in the arms of his natal Genius, who informs him that his offence is the strain of all high spirits towards their source. The Genius then introduces Festus to his mother. Some things she says are fine—

Digitized by Google

All things that speak of heaven speak of peace:
Peace hath more might than war: high brows are calm:
Great thoughts are still as stars; and truths, like suns,
Stir not, but many systems tend around them.

For the rest, we have in this dialogue the articles of the author's creed, as set forth at the commencement of this paper. The scene thus concludes:—

Angel. God be with thee, child. [*Goes.*
Genius. Come!
Festus. I feel happier, better, nobler now.
See where she sits, and smiles, and points me out
To those who sit along with her. Who are
The two?
Genius. One is the mother of mankind,
And one the mother of the Man who saved
Mankind; and she, thine own, the mother of
The last man of mankind—for thou art he.
Festus. Am I? It is enough: I have seen God.

The next scene—*Garden and Bower by the Sea*—introduces us to a new character, one Elissa, with whom Lucifer himself appears to have fallen in love. What wild fancy is this?—what meaning is couched under it? Lucifer, the star, looks lovingly down on the fair maid that looks up thereto? Is that it? "Night comes," soliloquises Lucifer, "world-jewelled, as my bride should be—Immortal night! I love thee. Thou and I are of one seed—the eldest blood of God." And then, some time after, sings to his lady-love:—

I am Lucifer, the star;
O think on me,
As I lighten from afar,
The heavens and thee!
In town, or tower,
Or this fair bower,
O think on me!
Though a wandering star,
As the loveliest are,
I love but thee.
Lady, when I brightest beam,
Love, look on me!
I am not what I may seem
To the world or thee;
But fain would love
With thee above,
Where thou wilt be,
But if love be a dream,
As the world doth deem,
What is't to me?

To which Elissa replies:—

Could we but deem the stars had hearts, and loved,
They would seem happier, holier, even than now.

And, bye and bye, she sings song for song to the star—a song of adoration—

O, ask me not to look and love,
But bid me worship thee!

Digitized by Google

Whereat the fallen archangel grows visibly sad—"the ground of all great thoughts is sadness"—Elissa states the author's creed in the following sentiment:—

—Evil, now, which boweth Being down
As dew the grass, shall only fit all life
For fresher growth and for intenser day,
Where God shall dry all tears as the sun dew.

This lady, also, in her sleep dreams metaphysics, and on her waking talks of doomsday; thus:—

The world was one great grave. I looked and saw
Time on his two great wings—one, night—one, day—
Fly, moth-like, right into the flickering sun;
So that the sun went out, and they both perished!

But her vision is in the style of Jean Paul Richter, and almost worthy of him. This is a grand image:—

The star I told thee of
Looked like a moon—the moon became a sun;
The sun—there came a hand between the sun and us,
And its five fingers made five nights in the air.

This is regular Ethiopian poetry—such as we find in the pseudo *book of Enoch*. We know not what to say to the next:—

God tore the glory from the sun's broad brow,
And flung the flaming scalp off flat to hell.
I saw him do it; and it passed close by us.
And then I heard a long, cold, skeleton scream,
Like a trumpet whining through a catacomb,
Which made the sides of that great grave shake in.

Festus at length is introduced into this scene; and becomes, in a subsequent one, Lucifer's rival. But ere then they are found discoursing—in a scene denominated *Every where*. Festus admires the wonders of space, exclaiming:—

What are ye orbs?
The words of God? the scriptures of the skies?
For words with him cannot be passing, nor
Less real, vast, or glorious than yourselves.
The world is a great poem, and the worlds
The words it is writ in, and we souls the thoughts.
Ye cannot die.

Earth weeps—she is always weeping. Earth raves, in lyrical verse, of judgement and redemption. After some further conversation, Festus relates a dream he had to Lucifer—a sort of companion to the Lady Elissa's—beautiful as her's was terrible. Great part of it consists of an apostrophe to Orion. Whereupon Lucifer observes:—

God visits men a dreaming: I, awake.

Festus continues to relate a vision of doom; after which, in due time, they *exeunt*. Turn over the page and we find the same couple—in hell. Of this scene no description can suffice. It is a sabbath and a merry making, and the damned sing a bacchanal song. In reward for all the horrors we meet with, we are told, that,—

It is a fire of soul in which they burn,
And by which they are purified from sin—

Digitized by Google

Rid of the grossness which had gathered round them,
And burned again into their virgin brightness;
So that often the result of hell is heaven.

This is the poet's theory; and accordingly he introduces the Son of God on a mission of redemption, much to the annoyance of Lucifer, who raves in strange style enough. Altogether the exhibition is grotesque, and we fear, profane. Of all these things Festus tells the Lady Clara when next he meets her; and she very naturally bids him beware of magic.

Scene, a drawing room. And lo, Festus and Elissa are together. Festus is in love with Elissa. Lucifer, in the disguise of a singer, sings a song, and then, in *propria persona*, makes speeches. We pretend not to understand all this. Lucifer has his revenge—Elissa dies, Festus grieves.

A library. A summer night. Festus alone. The first five lines are striking:—

The last high upward slant of sun on the trees,
Like a dead soldier's sword upon his pall,
Seems to console earth for the glory gone.
O, I could weep to see the day die thus;
The death-bed of a day, how beautiful!

Novelty of imagery is evidently the aim of the poet. Pursuing the train of figure, he at length exclaims, how finely! "The day hath gone to God." He wishes to die himself, in which desire he rests; he tells us, "above the world and its ways; the wind, opinion—and the rainbow, beauty—and the thunder, superstition." At last, he calls for Lucifer to solve his doubts; and, among other things, informs him that—

Aught that I can or do love, shoots by me,
Like a train upon an iron road.

He narrates, too, the friendships and pleasures of his boyhood,—running, swimming, sporting, musing,—

And oft at night,
Bewildered and bewitched by favorite stars,
We would breathe ourselves amid unfooted snows,
For there is poetry where aught is pure.

We give the author credit for this line, and, notwithstanding the equivocal character of his heroes, recognise them as symbols of the Purity of the Ideal. As such we must take them as yet unembodied. The proper incarnation of the ideal is yet to be attained by him. He tells us in his dedication, that he is yet very young, and that "Life is at blood-heat every page doth prove." This the style of figure in the book all through abundantly shews.

Festus now demands from Lucifer the throne of Earth. It is granted; but with the understanding that the world therewith must end. And the world therewith does end. There is a gathering of kings and people. Lucifer is premier to king Festus. He has in charge to settle all affairs with the nations. He accordingly addresses them, and by way of conclusion, commands them to "greet their Lord, and go—Depart ye nations!" Thereupon follows the death-groan of the sons of men. "All around them die—The earth is one great death-bed." Clara

Digitized by Google

alone flies to Festus. She dies in his arms. Lucifer goes, and leaves Festus to die alone. He raves:—

> The great round world
> Hath wasted to a column beneath my feet.
> I will hurl me off it, then; and search the depth
> Of space in this one infinite plunge! Farewell
> To earth, and heaven, and God! Doom, spread thy lap!
> I come! I come!
>
> *God.* Forbear!
> *Festus.* I am God's!
> *God.* Then, die!

Then ensues the last scene, the Heaven of Heavens. *All* are saved, and Festus attains a sort of Mahomet's paradise—meeting there all his loved ones.

> *Lucifer.* I leave thee, Festus. Here thou wilt be happy.
> To be in heaven is to love for ever
> God—and thou must love here. Here thou wilt find
> All that thou canst and ought'st to love, for souls,
> Re-made of God, and moulded over again
> Into his sun-like emblems, multiply
> His might and love. The saved are suns, not earths;
> And with original glory shine of God.
> While I shall keep on deepening in my darkness,
> With not one gleam across the gloom of being.
> *Festus.* Let us part, spirit! It may be, in the coming,
> That as we sometime were worth God's making,
> We may be worth forgiving, taking back
> Into his bosom, pure again—and then,
> All shall be one with Him, who is one in all.
> *Lucifer.* It must be, then, that I should die. Farewell.
> Forgive me that I tempted thee!
> *Festus.* I am glad! [*Lucifer goes.*

Festus is a poem of large pretensions; but is it a great poem? Surely, it is not a little poem.—It is a long one. Alas! too long!

Too long, not only absolutely—but relatively. For instance: the opening scene, after Job and Göthe's Faust, which is in heaven, presents us with Seraphim and Cherubim hymning the present God. But, instead of the short songs as exampled by Göthe, the poet of Festus introduces regular odes—lyrics of more than forty lines. Many, too, of the scenes are of unconscionable length.

It detracts from the novelty of this poem, though not from its originality, that, on the first opening of the book, it looks like a plagiarism from the FAUST—though we soon perceive in the reading, that it has very little in common with its predecessor, save in its apparent form, and some occasional imitation. Festus is almost altogether subjective; whereas Faust is objective throughout.

Not a little remarkable, and greatly deserving of remark, is the present tendency of the poetical mind. A few years ago, when sacred poems began to be written, there was considerable doubt as to the propriety of selecting such arguments at all, and the excellence with which they were treated went for little in the estimation of ordinary judges. We speak not of works of equivocal piety, such as Lord Byron's *Cain*, and *Heaven and Earth*; but of such as *The Descent into Hell*, and *The Judgement*

Digitized by Google

of the Flood, where the general orthodox view was acknowledged, and the audacity in the choice of the subject only objected to. Now, however, most poetry is of this character—and what is not, is of no mark and likelihood. It would, therefore, seem that a New Cycle had commenced—that a new spirit was abroad, making use of all manner of symbols, all fashion of types, to express some new religious idea, with which the soul of the world is travailing. We are believers in the providential conduct of all such manifestations, and that they are significant of the Divine Government, and testify to its ruling presence. How singular, for instance, the fact, that at the time when the labouring population were possessed with an instinct for Chartism, that there should be a man of genius and property employed, all apart from the world, and in the solitude of legal chambers, on an epic poem, illustrating its principle, accounting for their rise, and prefiguring their results. There is more in such things than is dreamed of in our philosophy. There is an influence in the mental and moral atmosphere, neither to be disputed nor disregarded, when such coincidences occur—and the man who scorns or neglects such is dull both in feeling and understanding. Argument is vain with the stony-hearted and wooden-headed; and these are of them. We expect intelligence in our readers, and to the intelligent we address ourselves. We say, then, that the tendency of the poetic mind, in regard both to politics and religion, is to be made much of. Look, then, at the poem before us—*Festus* aims at the infinite, and, by enlarging the boundaries of the Christian creed, apparently runs over the limits which separate it from other forms of faith. It is an universalism that overshoots conventionalism—nay, the law of morals altogether, whether written on tables of stone or on the fleshy tables of the heart; nevertheless, it is self-imprisoned within the fold of pantheism—so that its enlargement after all is but a speculative enlargement—an intellectual one, and therefore spurious. The theory is extended, but the practice is narrowed. It is only negatively larger—not positively. The immoral, though ultimately salvable, contracts the human being to a point. Our author's system is latitudinarianism without syncretism*—an indifferentism to custom and opinion, which if practically operated would break down the wall of partition between virtue and vice.

But we correct ourselves. Such cannot be the poet's meaning—the meaning of such a poet. O no! Theorist as he is, with nothing are we more impressed on the whole than with the sacred character of his poem. It is our impurity that charges impurity on such a writer. With the exception of one scene, there is no necessity to suppose that the incidents of the piece are to be sensuously interpreted at all. Let Festus' several loves be all of a spiritual kind—let them represent the communion of mind with mind—of soul with soul—though of either sex—or, higher and more spiritual still, let this communion itself be interpre-

* Notwithstanding our disclaimer of the articles on Syncretism, by Alerist, in this magazine, some *ultra* papers of recent establishment will charge them upon us—the Editor. The old newspapers know better. The Syncretist is a man of a wide theological research, whose benevolence of spirit strongly desires that the enlarged views which he has gained from his reading may be practically worked out—in due subordination, however, to Conservative interests. He loves man much; but truth more.—Ed.

Digitized by Google

ted of the eternal intercourse that subsists between the masculine and feminine principles in every human being—every man and every woman. This was a favourite notion of Göthe's. He terminates the entire *Faust* with it, and to the feminine ascribes all that conduces to the progression of the individual and the species. This is a high philosophical truth. The feminine principle is particularly active in every creative mind—every man of genius—the poet or the artist. Love is the *primum mobile* of philosophy, contemplated as wisdom. Love is generative, productive—Wisdom is the female image of it—the Eve of the unfallen Adam! Without such philosophy, thus inclusive of love and wisdom, there is no poetry, which is none other than the beauty that is born to love and wisdom. And beauty is the poet's soul. Even as a woman looketh into a glass to peruse the charms of her own countenance; so the poet anxiously searches into nature, that therein, as in a mirror, he may behold that beauty which none can behold in the things without them, save those who possess it already within them. This is the ground of that feminine vanity which is remarked in poets—a sentiment not so called, where the highest genius is acknowledged (or not imputed as a weakness), yet subject to ridicule in the poetaster whose natural instincts are not justified by intelligent power.

A poem that should symbolise the play of these twin-principles with equal taste and genius, would be one amongst the greatest—if not it.

Coleridge has well proved that the age we have passed through has been that of speculation. The intellect has had its saturnalia. The spirit of the times is its product. It becomes all the more necessary that he who can, should seek to elevate it into the sphere of spiritual practicalism. Breadth, rather than depth or height, has been the acquisition of the age just passing. It has extended its dominions circularly in width and circumference; but it has neither delved nor soared. It must now do both. The lofty and the profound must now become the common. Intelligence is now only not universal. If it is to be moralised—if it is to be divinised—and each is necessary before it can operate otherwise than mischievously—it must be, throughout *all* ranks of society—both raised and deepened. The further elevation of the apex, and lower rooting of the foundation, must be equally secured; else, with its enlarged base, we shall have but a squabby pyramid.

GOING THE WHOLE HOG,

A SCENE IN A BACKWOODS' COURT ROOM.

On a rude platform somewhat elevated above the level of the floor of the room were three judges—the district judge, and his two associates. A deal plank was placed in front of them which served the president to take notes upon, and for other purposes as presently will appear. The *trio* were seated upon wooden-backed and wooden-bottomed chairs. The president, who was dressed in a suit of rusty black, was leaning his crossed arms upon a sheet of paper placed upon the plank in front of him, and apparently about

Digitized by Google

to attend to the business of the court. The associate on the president's left had turned the back of his chair *inwards*—that is towards the president,—not out of any disrespect for his superior, but in order to enable him to rest his right elbow upon the said plank, and his head upon his hand, preparatory to his taking a nap, for it was the afternoon of a hot day in the month of August. The door and windows were open, but it seemed he felt oppressed with the heat, for he had put aside his coatee and neckcloth; and notwithstanding he had taken the precaution to swallow an extra "drink" of whiskey, in order to facilitate the digestion of the salt-pork and beans, and a couple of slices of cold pumpkin-pie that he had had for dinner,—still he felt less comfortable than he could have wished, and had, therefore, resolved to seek happiness in a state of obliviousness. On the president's right was seated a long, lean, lanky man of seventy, dressed in a dingy suit of hemlock-brown, of regular home-spun. His unmentionables were immensely wide—particularly towards the bottom, and at least a foot too short; while his feet, which appeared somewhat over measure, were cased in a pair of *bootees*—that might have been black originally, but which, by a few months' constant wear in the hot sun, very much resembled his nether garment in colour and texture. His thin calfless legs were covered with stockings manufactured from the natural wool of a blacky-brown sheep of his own flock, and at the time protruded nearly half a yard in front of the plank before mentioned, upon which he had placed them; for he was balancing himself on the hind legs of his chair, in the usual luxuriating Yankee style,—while his grizzled head was supported against the greasy wall behind him.

In front of the bench there were six or eight lawyers seated around a common deal table, to the top of which most of their feet were elevated, and placed "quite promiscuously" among a few bethumbed and soiled law-books. While in the centre of the table stood a large white pitcher containing water from a well on the village green. Behind the form on which sat "the members of the bar," a temporary railing had been put up; and standing or lounging about the room there might be thirty or forty persons collected to witness the proceedings of the court. It ought to be mentioned, that on one side of the platform upon which "their honours" sat, were twelve persons ranged on a long low seat; and these, as I afterwards learned, were the gentlemen of the jury. Nearly all the spectators were without coats, and a few without waistcoats too; while several of the lawyers had found it convenient to lay aside their coats and cravats.

Previous to my entering the court-room I had been informed, that an interesting trial was about to come on;—a backwoods' farmer, distiller, and militia major, was to be tried for stealing a hog. The trial I found had just commenced, and one of the lawyers was cross-examining a witness when I entered; but I saw no one that I could make out as the prisoner. I asked the man that happened to be standing the nearest to me, where the prisoner was? when, after staring at me for a few seconds, he answered,—"If so be as you mean the major, I guess you may see him there within the bar, sitting

Digitized by Google

along by Squire (lawyer) Screws, who is engaged in conducting the business for him." My attention of course was called towards the major, but instead of the stout, strapping backwoods-man I had pictured him in my own imagination, I beheld a small thin man of nearly sixty. He wore neither coat nor waistcoat; his only covering being a coarse tow-cloth shirt, with a pair of trowsers of the same material. While I was in the act of scrutinizing the major he rose from his seat, and seizing the water-pitcher across two or three pair of legs, proceeded to quench his thirst,—and having done so, he sat down with the greatest composure imaginable. Lawyer Screws was half-standing, half-sitting, for he was resting a certain part of his person on a thick greasy volume, that happened to be conveniently placed near the edge of the table behind him. Though the major appeared much at his ease, I observed him give an occasional jerk at the bombazine trowsers of his law-man,—but when he did so, instead of being at the trouble of altering his own position, he compelled the *learned* gentleman to bend down his ear in order to catch some new hint bearing upon the evidence. The said gentleman was proceeding thus:—"Now, mind, Mr. Sweeny,—recollect that you are upon your oath: now, will you take upon you to swear, that the hog the major butchered did ever, at any particular time, belong to you, or was bona fide, your property?" "I appeal to the court," exclaimed the witness, who was standing near the States' Attorney, "to know if that there be a regular proper question:" The court having decided that it was, the witness addressed himself to the lawyer that happened to be nearest the water jug,—"I say, Mister, if you'll just hand me that there pitcher I'll take a drink, and then answer the man's question." Having got possession of what he wanted he took a long draught of the water, the more I imagined for the purpose of gaining time to concoct an answer, than for the avowed purpose of quenching his thirst. Having returned the jug to the said learned gentleman, (without the ceremony of thanking him); and having cleared his throat with two or three preparatory "hems," spitting upon the floor as often, he proceeded to deliver himself of the following reply:—"Why now, I calculate that it would be considerably unnatural for one gentleman to insinuate any thing against another of this here unbusiness-like sort of speculation,—unless he had gotten a manifest clear and comprehensive idea of the general facts of the 'hol upshot of the business. Now, I declare! I be ready to make my qualification in as much that Major Snodgrass is as real a nice gentleman as there's in th 'hol town (township) of Grindstonville; but somehow he's a trifle too slick minded for being downright straightforward regular in his calculations. Be it far from me to hazzard a syllable that might injure the Major's reputation,—but in the matter, and as regarding the circumstances of the disappearing of that there hog which we shall presently prove, the Major did slay and butcher about the end of the beech-nut season,—I feel morally certified, that that must have been an unqualified mistake. I affirmed to the 'hol of the facts of the case before Squire Meekem; and I here asservate to the 'hol state of the question aforesaid—with

Digitized by Google

this single exception,—that I am not *now* so indubitably confirmed upon this point, namely—whether or not the said hog had been *altered*, or was an entire and natural-born creature." Mr. Sweeny then took his seat by the side of his man-of-law; and his son, a sallow complexioned youth of about fifteen, came forward to testify to the main points of the case. The States' Attorney proceeded to examine him as follows:—"You are Mr. Sweeny, junr. of Grindstonville?" "I guess I be so." "You recollect losing a clever-looking hog last fall Mr. Sweeny?" "I calculate I do considerable well." "Be so good, Mr. Sweeny as to tell the court all that you know about the matter." "I guess I will if you'll hand me that pitcher first." The States' Attorney having accommodated the young republican with the water-jug—he proceeded as follows:—"To begin right up at the beginning then, father turned out three hogs into the woods about service-berry time. There would have been nine instead of three, but five died during the hard frost in March. Mother said it was that the creatures fretted about something to eat; but father was cross, and vowed it was no such thing; it was plain enough, he said, that it was the snow-fever;—that it had often carried off his hogs towards spring when he lived on Bear-creek in the Varmont-mountains. The other one we were obligated to butcher, because it had gotten the rheumatics in its jaws and all its joints, as the feed was all cleaned out, and there being considerable little pork left in our pork-barrel. Now I guess it is particular clear that *three* hogs of our'n were turned into the woods, and that be mighty nigh all that I knows about the matter; excepting the affidavits I qualified to before Squire Meekam, at the time the major was put upon the limits." He was next cross-examined by the major's lawyer. "I say, Mr. Sweeny, can you explain the meaning of an oath, as taken before a court of justice?" The youth, grinning a laugh, replied, "Why Mr. (I forget your name) methinks that I should understand something of that there sort of oath you were mentioning, pretty considerable well; for ever since father came to live in this here town, I expect we have had a cause or two every court-time;—hav'nt you often seen me here before Mr.?" "I calculate I have," said he of the law, but that has nothing to do with the question put: do you know the orthodox meaning of a court-house oath?" "Why, now I recollect," replied young Sweeny, "that you be the man father employed last fall, in that little matter concerning our borrowing the miller's rooster (game-cock) without telling him about it; when, don't you remember, you told me how as if the court asked me about the meaning of an oath, that I should say that it meant—a chance of being etarnally *darned* (d—d) if we do'nt declare the 'hol grammatical truth out-and-out. Now I calculate you were a *little* above the mark there, Mr.,—for brother Allright, the Universal minister, has been down to preach in our settlement since then, and father and the folks all goes to hear him expound,—and he comforts them, and says there no such thing as being etarnally *darned*,—and that we shall all be comfortable in the next world; no matter what Deacon Jones and Elder Duckem may tell the folks to the con-

Digitized by Google

trary. Now brother Allright's notion on the matter—as father told me, was nearly this, that a court-house oath means the slickest way of stating the matter to make it appear all quite natural; but at the same time edging off from telling an untruth that's a downright *screamer.*" By the time young Sweeny had concluded his somewhat curious explanation of an oath, the left-hand associate judge had got into a sound sleep, and was snoring rather audibly; but the old tall Yankee to the right was "wide awake" to what was passing, for he had lately seceded from the Baptist Church, and had adopted the more comfortable creed of the Universalists; so that when he heard young Sweeny finish his explanation of an oath, he leaned his head forward from its recent position against the wall, and gave the young hopeful an approving look and a very significant nod. After a short silence the examiner said to the witness,—"You stated to the court that *three* hogs were turned into the woods in the fall,—will you, Mr. Sweeny, state how many returned before winter?" "Why, as for that, I ca'nt say that I see exactly what you be driving at; but if it please the court I will be qualified thus far respecting the business,—that at the present time father has not an ounce of pork left in the pork-barrel, which must be considerable plain proof, I guess, that there could not have been *three* hogs put into that there barrel any time about new-year's."—After a few further interrogatories from Sweeny's lawyer, the youngster was told that he might sit down; when he placed himself in a prominent seat *within* the bar, with all the assurance imaginable. All eyes for the present were turned towards the promising youth; while there was a constant bandying of the remark among the loungers and lookers-on, of "what a smart young man Mr. Sweeny was."

Messrs. Sweeny's lawyer next proceeded to address the court in a speech that had neither head nor tail; and when he had concluded an hour's harangue, the major proceeded to call two or three witnesses,—who, as upon many similar occasions, had very different tales to tell than those already told by the opposite party.

The first witness called was Squire Noolens, an inhabitant of the same township as the major and Mr. Sweeny; and though vague report stated that he had *once* been a magistrate (and hence styled "Squire" to the end of time) in some out-of-the way settlement in the rear of the New-England States,—it was quite evident that if he had ever possessed qualifications for the magisterial office, that when he removed westward they had not accompanied him. The "Squire" was a small simpering personage, somewhere about fifty, with a thin sharp nose, and a pair of twinkling gray eyes overshadowed by remarkably shaggy eye-brows. When he spoke, which he was very fond of doing, there was a peculiar wheezing in his voice, as if the tail of a young racoon were sticking in his windpipe. Having undergone the necessary process of cramming, by the major and his lawyer,—and having been duly sworn, his examination was begun. "Squire Noolens,—do you recollect the 23d of October last?" "I calculatethat I do, right cleverly." "Very well! where were you on that same day, Squire Noolens?"

Digitized by Google

"I guess I be'ed in the woods adjoining Mr. Sweeny's new fallow, a fixing (preparing) a pair of runners for my ox-sled." "Be so good, Squire, as to state to the honourable court what occurred in any way bearing upon this here cause now pending." The squire, with no little circumlocution, proceeded to state,—that while he was exploring the woods in order to meet with a suitable stick of timber for his purpose,—that his attention was drawn to the squeaking of a hog in distress, in a ravine at some distance from him;—that when he, some time afterwards, proceeded to the place in order to examine a little into the matter, he discovered that a bear had been dining on one of Mr. Sweeny's hogs; for on examining the two ears he found them marked with the precise "slits" which neighbour Sweeny always adopted in marking his hogs. He moreover said that he observed *two* of Mr. Sweeny's hogs "hurry-scurrying" past him about the time he heard the squealing in the ravine. He was then cross-examined by Mr. Sweeny's lawyer. "Pray, Squire Noolens, what led you into that particular locality you have just mentioned? Was it not for the express purpose of filching a stick of Mr. Sweeny's timber?" The squire was evidently not a little puzzled,—he was all capsised by this side-wind; and he hemmed and wheezed for some time before he ventured upon the following explanation. He commenced with—"I guess it to be no secret, that Mr. Sweeny is pretty considerable often in little matters of law. Now he knows it that I have done little notions (trifles) for him in this here way, and never charged him more than fifty cents for what a regular-admitted lawyer would have charged him near upon two dollars; and knowing there was a little balance of twenty-five cents coming to me, after the rye and the potatoes had been accounted for, I calculated it would be treating neighbour Sweeny more handsomely if I took a stick of timber for the balance, than if I sued him before Squire Meeken, and put him to the costs of an action. I am ready to be qualified that I gave Mr. Sweeny credit for the little balance in my books; and I'll put it to the court if it war'nt a fair and legitimate way of settling the business between us." A general buzz of applause followed the squire's explanation; and no other question of much moment being put to him, he nestled himself into his former seat, smirking and twinkling his little gray eyes; at the same time giving a significant nod to the major, who sat at a short distance from him.

The next witness called in the defence was Captain Woodchuck, who had been in the habit of 'exchanging work' with Mr. Sweeny, that is, Mr. Sweeny working for the captain one day, and the captain working for Mr. Sweeny in return, which is a common practice in the Backwoods. The captain had been properly *crammed*; and being naturally a rather smart fellow, there was little danger of *his* breaking down. "Well, Captain Woodchuck," interrogated the lawyer, "do you regularly remember having any dealings with Mr. Sweeny about the 25th of October last?" "I calculate as how I had considerable." "Does the captain recollect having had any tradings in hogs about the period aforesaid?" "Why, yes, I have a pretty bright recollection of two." "State before the court what

Digitized by Google

these *two* tradings were." The captain gave the examiner a consenting nod; and having slaked his thirst at the water-pitcher, and cleared his throat in the usual way, he continued thus:—"One morning, neighbour Sweeny came over to my place to help me along with a piece of chopping; I guess it were near the latter end of October. During the day he spoke of his hogs which he had turned out into the woods a few days before; and I recollect his saying, they were looking quite clever; and there being plenty of beech-nuts, he said that he expected they would weigh snug upon two hundred apiece. He also told me that Col. Messich was owing him a lot of whiskey for the rye he had of him, but since he (Sweeny) had become a member of the Temperance Society, he had seen the colonel, who was a real right-up clever sort of man, who had agreed to give him four hundred of pork instead of the whiskey; so that he had some thoughts of parting with his own *three* hogs that were in the woods a beech-nutting. After a lengthy talk about this trading, I bargained for the three hogs, for which I was to give him four bushels of seed-wheat, a hive of bees, and three-and-a-half dollars in money. Now that there individual sum of money was what neighbour Sweeny had been owing me for some months (he borrowed it to pay law-expenses last court-time), so he said if I would send him the wheat and the bees we should be quits, barring a trifle of interest that might be coming to me, which I calculated seemed all clever enough. A day or two afterwards I went to Mr. Sweeny's to help him with a piece of logging, when I remember, quite bright, he asked me if I had seen anything of *my* hogs? (meaning the same he had traded to me.) I said I guessed I had not. 'But *I* have,' says he, 'and I can tell you, Captain, they are gaining uncommon.' During the day he managed, and pretty slick, I swow! to bring on the hog-business again. He said he felt sorry that he had parted with the 'hol lot of them there hogs, and asked me if I had any objections to sell him back one on 'em? (this was the day after he found out the bear had killed one,) and I said I had no regular particular objection, provided we could agree about the price. He then said that he would give me three-and-a-half dollars for the *altered* one, (the same that had been killed as I learnt afterwards,) which was grammatically the sum he had been owing me before. I told him it was a bargain; and before I went hom' he gave me his acknowledgment all regular. Soon after I went and hunted up my hogs, when I could find but two instead of three; and as they were looking a kind of penfeathered, I took them into my buck-wheat lot and went after the missing one. About this time Major Snodgrass butchered a hog, and a rumour got afloat that he had made a slight mistake, and 'had got the wrong pig by the ear.' My third hog I never could come across on anyhow, and I told Mr. Sweeny that there was a little of something complex in the affair any how. He said that he should waste no time in seeking the missing hog, which was his property by law, but he guessed he should make *somebody* give a proper account of it. I kept the two hogs till new-year, and butchered them; and then I applied to Mr. Sweeny for the three-and-a-half dollars, when he said he guessed I had better

Digitized by Google

apply to the man that lived down by the saw-mill, (meaning the major there,) as he would be better qualified to settle the matter, and could give a more regular account of the missing hog. So I goes hom' and sends over the hive of bees and half a bushel of wheat, (keeping back three and a half bushels in lieu of the money —wheat being worth a dollar a bushel,) and the next day Mr. Sweeny sued me before Squire Triggs of Snagsville, in order to make costs; but the squire being a pretty clear-sighted man, and a man who is not so particular fond of seeing right wronged, gave judgment for no cause of action, so Mr. Sweeny was non-suited and had to pay the costs. On our way hom' from the squire's, Mr. Sweeny says to me - for he is a particular warm-tempered man—'I know who had the hog we've been at sniggers about, and I'll see that he pays for it pretty remarkable dear.' I asked him if he meant the major, because I knew that they were not particular eternal good friends since the fire from neighbour Sweeny's fallow overran the major's back-pasture lot, and burnt up eighty rods of seven-rail fence; but, says he, in rather a sneering sort of way, 'we shall know more about it, Captain Woodchuck, next court-week.' Now this, I guess, is about all connected with this here affair that I can particularly undertake to obligate my memory upon. Mr. Sweeny, I calculate, has been a little too quick-thoughted for his own absolute benefit, but that is his look-out and not mine."

When Captain Woodchuck had got through his long story about himself and his neighbour Sweeny, he seated himself, uninvited, by the side of the States' Attorney, when a pause of some length followed. After some time the major's lawyer broke silence by observing, that he had one more witness to call, and then he would leave his client's case in the hands of the court and jury. Mr. David Drinkwater was then called upon to stand forward, and having been sworn, was interrogated as follows:—"Pray, Mr. Drinkwater, where were you on the 25th of October?" "I guess the gentleman alludes to the early part of that day, and if so be that I am historically correct in my calculations, I will observe, first, that I was in the woods on the backside of Squire Noolen's farm; and, second, that I was concealed in a mess of young hemlock brush (bushes) awatching the deer a coming to the saltlick: I have shot down over a dozen at that there place since I came to live in the town of Grindstonville." "Did you see or hear any person or persons while you remained snug in the hemlock brush?" "Yes, I guess there were three persons a coming along the deer-path. When they got just nigh by to where I was a lying on the watch, I saw that the oldest on'em was Mr. Sweeny. When he got to the end of an old pine log, just beyond where I lay, he seated himself and made a motion with his hand for the other two to do the same." "And who were the other two, Mr. Drinkwater? Did you recognise them?" "I calculated I did, clear and unpremeditatedly: the younger on'em was his own boy (son) Sam'l, and the other Ebenezer Streaket, the down-creek school-teacher." "Be so good as relate what you saw or heard." "Well, when they were all quietly seated upon the log, old Mr. Sweeny looked a kind of knowing-like, and said,"—(here the wit-

Digitized by Google

ness stopped suddenly to enquire of the lawyer if *all* that he might say in explaining these matters would be considered as upon oath, and having been answered affirmatively, he remarked, that he should be nation particular what he said.) "Now boys," said the old one, when we get to the squire's you must lay it on the old major pretty slick and thick. I know the squire fancies himself the 'cutest man in the settlement; and though he does not care two corn-cobs what becomes of the major in the long-run, yet, as he be a trying to get run in for a county commissioner, he cannot very well dispense with the major's electioneering until after the election time. So my boys, you see, in order to wind up the 'hol of the sneck-snarled circumstances snug and slick on our own spindle, we must not be over particular as to the simplicity of the matter; in fact, we have now got so far that we must for'ard any how. Now, Mr. Streakit, you know what you're about, I reckon; and you know what 'ill be what, if so be as we kennel the old major. Now listen,—I'll tell what you should know before the squire, and I expect you 're bright scholar enough to get a short lesson by heart at once hearing. The major butchered a hog about the 28th of October that had a couple of under-slits in the right ear, and an upper slit in the left, which you know is the way I mark my hogs. That one day when you were boarding your school-spell at the major's, you remarked that it was considerable sweet nice pork you were eating, but rather spare-like; upon which the major replied unpremeditatedly, 'that stolen things are sweet,' as Amos Snubbins said when he bussed his grandmother in the dark and thought it had been Polly Prudence his sweetheart; and that when you asked him if he alluded to the pork, he winked his left eye and said, 'Dead hogs never tell no secrets.' And you, Sam'l, my son, mind that you look straight a-head, and make affidavit, that you was in the woods a-looking for chestnuts, on or about the 26th day of October, that you saw the major and his oldest boy dragging a hog along down by the creek towards his saw-mill, and that from its size and colour you are bodily confirmed in your belief, that it was one of the three hogs we turned into the woods. And mind boys, both on ye, that whenever you do not see clear through the business, just give me a 'what's-next look,' and if I dont finally make out the balance of the matter, why my name's no longer Ichabod Sweeny. So now we 'll go a-head to the squire's, in order to give him time to hear our allegations, and afterwards to make out a States' Warrant, which I will take to Constable Whops; and if he's about hom' there will be plenty of time for him to pop it on the old major before sun-down.' When Mr. Sweeny had got thus far, the others jumped up and said, We be ready, we know quite enough to 'limit' the major; so off they all went, and I guess I see'd no more on 'em." Mr. Drinkwater having said all he wished, and quite enough as he supposed to clear the major, was seating himself very composedly, when Mr. Sweeny's lawyer begged to ask him a question or two. "Pray, Mr. Drinkwater, what might be the distance between the spot where Mr. Sweeny was sitting on the log and your lurking-place, that you heard the whole so distinctly?" "One rod, five feet, seven inches and a half," replied

Digitized by Google

the witness exultingly; which, in English measure, is twenty-one feet and an eighth of a foot. Here the old associate judge shook his head at Drinkwater, and the president apparently made a memorandum upon the sheet of paper before him. "Well, and pray what prevented the party from seeing you, if you were so near them?" asked the cross-questioner. "I say, Mr., can you tell me, what prevented Saul from seeing David when he cut off the skirts of his garment?" The lawyer asserted that this was not a direct answer to his question, so Drinkwater appealed to the court, which decided that it 'was direct and to the point,' when a long and general buzz of applause followed. The lawyer then proceeded: "I expect, Mr. Drinkwater, you are the major's downright particular friend; will you take upon you to swear, that should the major be acquitted that you are neither in expectation of, nor already in the possession of, some fee or reward?" Here the court interfered, and told the witness that he need not answer *that*, nor any other question of a personal nature; but he begged that he might be allowed to answer it, 'for particular reasons,' and a short consultation having taken place between the two judges who were *awake*, he was allowed to proceed. "I am free to confess," said Drinkwater, "that at one individual period of this business, the major offered to send me up a barrel of whiskey from his distillery, when he got out of this here affair, if I would promise to tell all I knew about the matter, and expose the insinuations of neighbour Sweeny, his boy, and Streakit the school-teacher. But I told him that I guessed he was a-trying to insult my feelings, seeing as how I was secretary of the Grindstonville Temperance Society; but at the same time I told him that I would bring him off, royal quick, on one condition, namely, that afore his trial came on he should sign the *Temperance Pledge*; which, after a tarnation deal of chaffering, he finally consented to do; and here I have got his name, the last on the pledge, for all as cares to examine it. I expect it might be just as convenient to mention, that should Mr. Sweeny set about fitting up a distillery after the major has shut his'n up, the major reserves the qualification of opening his'n again, which I agreed to on the part of the Society, for it is quite unnatural hard to witness our worst enemies growing wealthy on what might have been ours." David Drinkwater having explained to his own satisfaction, more than to the major's, how matters stood between them, the examination of witnesses closed.

The States' Attorney then proceeded to make the following remarks, as prosecutor in this cause, I shall not attempt to follow him through the various intricacies of a "lengthy" harangue, which was addressed more to the feelings of the jury, than to the evidence of the case, the law, and the facts. He was peculiarly eloquent in referring to the high respectability of the accused, with whom he said he had been intimately acquainted for many years. His reasoning was something of this nature, but his style and manner I can neither imitate nor describe accurately. He commenced nearly in this way. "Often has it been my painful duty,—a duty which nothing short of the love I bear, and the obligations I owe to my native and beloved country, should ever have imposed upon

Digitized by Google

me,—to solicit at the bar of even-handed justice an infliction of penalties, and of condign punishment, commensurate with the offended majesty of those righteous and equal laws, by which the favoured citizens of this great, powerful, free, and independent nation have agreed and submitted to be ruled and governed. Theft, in every possible shape and bearing, is one of the worst and meanest of vices; but where *two* great moral, and national I may say, principles are involved, as in the case before this honourable court, and so respectable a jury,—I cannot find epithets sufficiently degrading and soul-subduing to apply to the individual who could be guilty of so monstrous a crime. The fellow who steals a horse—though, probably, a lazy rogue and vagabond,—possesses, it is very clear, a certain ambition to rise in the world, and to leave behind him his humbler walk of life; while he who is tempted to steal an ox or a sheep commits the theft for the sake of the leather and the wool—and consequently supplies himself with shoes and woollen clothing, both highly necessary during our long and severe winter, and *not* for the sake of gratifying a hungry stomach (a god which few of us Americans worship),—for beef and mutton, I am rejoiced to say, never instigate the moral American to the breaking of the law. But alas! it must be admitted, that the temptation is too powerful when *pork* falls in the way of an easy-principled citizen. The passion for pork is national! and I rejoice that it is so—because it demonstrates, beyond all doubt, the superlatively-refined taste of our people. In consequence of this admitted noble partiality, our sages and legislators have found it necessary to make those laws bearing upon it terrifically severe. Therefore, he who steals a hog, under any circumstances, is guilty of an offence of a most henious character; but when one neighbour steals another neighbour's hog, why another great and vital moral principle is forfeited, namely,—the duty we all owe to our neighbour, as recorded in that book from which there is no appeal."

It would be vain to attempt to follow the learned gentleman through all the changes he was pleased to ring upon the atrocity of that crime whereof his acquaintance, the major, had been accused; and he wound up his remarks more strangely than ingeniously—by insinuating that the evidence was of such a nature, "that hardly a shadow of suspicion could attach to the gentleman's reputation and character." The judges seemed of the same opinion; for when the president summed up the evidence in the half-dozen sentences he had taken the trouble to commit to paper, he told the jury that he entertained precisely the same views that the States' Attorney had so forcibly elucidated and explained; wherefore, he did not consider it necessary to press upon their attention any remarks of his own. It was clear to him, he said, that Mr. Sweeny had lost a hog, and whether it had been taken by Major Snodgrass, which *he did not* believe,—or by a black bear which *he did* believe,—still the loss was precisely of the same extent to Mr. Sweeny. There had, he admitted, been considerable powerful swearing on both sides; but it was clear to him, and he presumed it would be obvious to the jury, that there was a large balance in the

Digitized by Google

major's favour. He then said that he would not detain them longer; and he begged to suggest, that they should be as smart as possible in giving in their verdict, as the gouging case had yet to come on, and it was already half-past four o'clock, and consequently wanted but two hours to supper-time.

Without leaving their seats the jury returned a verdict of *not guilty*; whereupon the major got upon his legs, shook hands with the States' Attorney and president judge; and without waiting for any formal dismissal, invited all his friends and witnesses to accompany him down to Colonel Longbore's tavern to take some "bitters;" in the excitement of the moment totally forgetting his agreement with David Drinkwater, and his having put his name to the Temperance pledge.

TO THE SORCERER MEMORY.

GREAT Magician! Wizard dread!
I implore thy aid for me;
Call me up the lost, the Dead!
Let my charmèd vision see,
Beings of eternity,
Who from life and me have fled,
Yet continue still *to be!*
Bring before my longing sight,
Those who have escap'd away
From our gross humanity,
Unto regions far more bright,
Radiant with celestial light,
Fields of everlasting day!
Bid them hasten by thy spell,
From those orbs where Spirits dwell,
Back to this small, misty earth,
Whence a thousand vapours rise,
Clogging man from hour of birth;
Weighing down his mortal frame;
Quenching his immortal flame;
Concealing from his filmèd eyes,
Mysteries of distant skies;
All the Spirits floating there,
Light as gossamer, and fair
As the dreams of lovers are!
Great Enchanter! Memory!
Not such Spirits would I see
But those forms I've lov'd in vain,
Cloth'd in frail mortality!
Use thy magic, I implore,
For *The Dead* thou canst restore!
Let me see and love again!
They come!——they gaze!—they speak!—they move!
May I not clasp these Beings?——No!
They fade away!—they melt!—they go!—
Then let me follow those I love! H. D.

Digitized by Google

A PRAISE OF NONSENSE.

(WITH A SPECIMEN.)

By Cornelius Webbe.

Sensible Reader,—if you are not a sensible reader (ask yourself that leading question, as the lawyers call those grave impertinencies which come home to your bosoms, and point blank to your business) give an honest verdict against yourself (which jurors sometimes do when they intend it not), and lay down this paper as a thing with which you have nothing to do: if you *are* sensible, and you can speak to your own character in that respect, read on, and read out. Sensible Reader—for so you are—"I read it in those eyes"—did you never enjoy, luxuriate in, abandon yourself to Nonsense for a little hour—for a season—while a man might count sixty minutes as they beat timely, with regular pulsations; and was not your enjoyment, your luxuriation, and self-abandonment sweet, and pleasant, and delectable?—When your mind was a-weary of the abstruser studies; or you were sinking under the waking night-mare of some great worldly care; or shrinking fearfully from fearful anticipations of slow-coming, but coming miseries; or prostrate, soul and body, under the heavy pressure of true, positive sorrows,—was it not, in such hard hours as these, like letting a bow, long-strained, relax—or like giving slackness to a lute-string, to throw off the bit and bridle of serious restraints, and give a loose to sense, till it grew antic, and behaved itself like Nonsense?—Was not Nonsense then to Sense—(to your released Mind)—what shade is unto light, making the light more beautiful by contrast? Was it not like a discord in a delicious melody, making the next concord all the sweeter? Or like silent slumbering after sorrowful wakefulness? Or like the calm that follows up the storm? Or like a cheerful smile upon a face of care? Or like condescension after pride? Or the freedom of a night-gown and old easy slippers after the cramping fashionabilities and outward-man conformities of boots, tight-fitting, Hoby-made, and a confining coat, Stultz-constructed, and bursting at all its button-holes, you are so "cribbed and cabined" in by its extreme fitness?—Was it not as pleasant as a night's dancing after a month's gout?—An indulgence, like the brow-beaten schoolboy's giggle when the harsh, task-compelling usher turns his back?— An easement, like the laugh which your politeness has suppressed till some wearying blockhead, or pedantic dullhead, or perfumed puppy has left the room, and set you at your ease again?

If ever your sensible indulgence in delicious nonsense was like, or at all like, any of these exquisite enjoyments, then I pray you pardon me, dear reader, while I indulge myself—(and you, if you are wise enough sometimes to play the fool)—with this short saturnalium of folly!

Sensible as you are, you cannot but agree with me "that that same word" *Nonsense*, "which greybeards call" unmeaning, is the most misunderstood substantive in our many-tongued language. Fools do not understand it—how should they?—though they affect to be very knowing upon the what is, and the what is not. "The wisest man the world e'er saw" knew it, and called it vanity. If you would come to the proper

Digitized by Google

understanding of it, you must come better prepared than your unripe scholars come to a college examination, or you will take no degree: you must be already enriched with much wisdom: then you may, *perhaps*, "all things agreeing," arrive at something like a bird's-eye perception of its "deep profound," as you skim, swallow-like, over its surface; and begin dimly to discern that that arrant knave, Nonsense, is no other person than that good fellow, Common Sense, in an uncommon disguise —in a domino assumed "for the nonce."

Nonsense is much mistaken: it is not so easy as it seems: it is not every man's sense. Men of sweetest, learnedest wit only can talk nonsense so that it shall be relished: all other pretenders are counterfeits and "false presentments." Nonsense is only sense made easy: it is the first faint twinklings of the just-lighted intelligence and simplest inklings of thought of babes and sucklings (Sir John included); wisdom in short sentences made up of words of easy syllables. It is very popular among the few wise who teach it to the many foolish; but they are slow to learn. The growing intellect of the age takes to it, and is getting on extremely well with it: its Primer is between all sorts of thumbs. The heaviest writers of it are your political economists; but, what with their excessive collocation of words, and their mistakes in the terms of their science, (which, they acknowledge, are not yet thoroughly defined,) they make Nonsense hard to understand, and are doing their best to render it dull and disagreeable. Patriots, and loyal men to themselves, dole it out column after column, and it is accurately reported, and reads smoothly, eloquently. It sells well, and sometimes reaches a second edition, done up in three vols. crown 8vo. price 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*; but if you would make a stir with it, you must get a lord or a lady to adopt it as their own, and put their title in the title-page, which some of your lords and ladies are poor enough to do "for a consideration." Then

"How the wit brightens, and the sense refines!"

Phrenologists fumble and feel about your head with their fingers, and fall into the happiest vein of it immediately: the examinants meanwhile listen with much awe to the Brummagem Greek and Water-lane Latin of the phrenologic nomenclature. The Homœopathists talk it, write it, prescribe it; and it tells and sells.

Nonsense writeth much, and readeth much: though newspaper columns are crowded, and all their space is occupied, editors find room for *him*, and all the papers are bespoken a hundred deep. Some of your critics write it, and are not severe upon themselves; but they affect not to understand what the authors they review mean by it. Some of your authors indite it, when they are in the vein; and in the moment of inspiration, if they feel that they have been more than commonly happy, they sometimes throw down their pens with an air, fall back in their chairs, give their nostrils a pinch of "thirty-seven" each, rap their snuff-boxes flat on their tables with a satisfactory report, and cry "That's fine!" or "Delightful!" or "Beautiful, by Gosh!" or "by Gomb!"—an old Catholic saint, whom your well-read writers sometimes swear by. Nonsense speaketh much, and very wisely; for he speaketh advisedly, and is listened to with profound attention, "the rapt soul sitting in the eyes" of his hearers. He is indefatigable in parliament. He moveth the

Digitized by Google

address—he secondeth the motion—he divideth upon the motion—he taketh the sense of the house—he moveth the previous question—he explaineth across the table—he covereth the floor of the house with petitions as with rushes—he readeth them—he enlargeth upon their grievances—he hath no confidence in ministers—he moveth for a new writ for the borough of ————, the late member having accepted the Chiltern Hundreds of a certain Barebones parliament (which we shall not more particularly describe, for very fear of committing a breach of privilege, and getting ourselves called up to the bar of that house from which no reprehended person returns)—he expatiateth upon the incorruptibility of the said member, and sitteth down exhausted, amid loud cries of "Hear! hear!"

Nonsense is sometimes serious; and then he putteth away twenty quarto leaves of imitated manuscript, in a dark cover, into a black coat pocket, and walketh into a church, and along the aisle, and up into a pulpit; and his hair is parted Wesley-wise, and his little fingers are adorned with many rings, and his band is clear-starched, and his white cambric sendeth up a pleasing savour, and he readeth the imitative writing, and he expoundeth the Hebrew of the Old and the Greek of the New to 'Squire Acres and a congregation of two hundred tenants and their clodhoppers; and they are amazed, and boast their curate as "the most learnedest man of those parts," and the 'Squire dines him, and perhaps drenches him, and sees a bishop in him. When Nonsense taketh orders, besides growing pedantic, he becometh priggish. He calleth his Maker "*Gud!*" and he speaketh of St. Paul as "an apostle of *no mean celebrity!*"*

All hail to thee, great Nonsense! best sense—best understood—though some poor fools affect thee not! Chief orator of that old parliament convened at Babel—hail! Only undying one—immortal Nonsense—hail! Universal Nonsense—welcome! "Room, there, for my lord!" The speaker of the new house salutes thee—shakes hands with thee—congratulates thee that thou art returned member for that great borough the World, and representest that large constituency, the foolish sons of men! He loveth to hear thee volubly discoursing—hateth to have thee hindered—and loudly calleth the rising Common Seuse to order when he interposeth an interruption. He is never weary of hearkening to thee—thinks thee great on small occasions—eloquent on all. Wise men admire thy flowery fluency, and doat upon thy periods, well turned. Dullards deliberate on the double-distilled droppings of thy mellifluous mouth, and deem them sweeter than the delicious honey. The wisest sons of Sense wish they had thy folly, and love to listen to the lively jingling of the bells nodding about thy ears, "most musical—*not* melancholy." Great men feel small in thy presence, and vainly try to ape thy winning ways. This wise world is governed by thee when thou art gravest, amused by

* Both of these absurdities *there* we have heard with our own ears in two several churches: we shall not, therefore, spare the rebuke which recording them in these pages will be; for dandyism in the pulpit, and affectation in the very worship of the Maker are so intolerable, that no censure could be too severe, nor no place unfit, for the reprehension of such unworthiness in men whose duty it is to be humble, unaffected, and an example of simplicity and plainness to "the persons committed to their charge."

Digitized by Google

thee when thou art antickly disposed, and pardoneth readily thy comical capriccios. Fools only hate thee and deny thy too-provoking powers! Great governor of states and empires, and all the pomps and vanities of men—grave Nonsense—hail! "Your lordship's right welcome back to Denmark!"

NONSENSE, only relation—(a nephew)—of SENSE, that old infallible—not of Rome, but of the world—who, good papa, cannot forego that almost-virtuous vice of popes, *nepotism*, and intends nothing less than to load thee with all the good things he can lay hands upon—places of honour, in which peculation is a perquisite—places of trust, in which there are many private golden keys—NONSENSE, great negative, I honour thee; and if ever thou shouldest rise to thy good uncle's chair, and be pontiff of this foolish world, come to it, sweet cardinal, (the eighth cardinal Virtue,) by no other style and title than NONSENSE, the last and best of all the INNOCENTS; and if no one else will kiss thy toe, claim thou of me that proud humility and Catholic condescension.

A—— and B—— were, a few nights since, settling in their own minds, over a bowl of whiskey punch, which was the driest book they had read. Several modern works, both English and foreign—in especial, German—were mentioned, but they could not come to agree upon "the bright, particular star." At last, the almost forgotten quarto—"THE M—— A—— T——. LONDON: *Printed for* MATTHEW MARROWVAT, 1630"—was named. "*Eureka!*" cried B——. "Yes," said A——, "you *have* found it: that is the very work!—that is, undoubtedly, the driest of all possible dry books. To prove that it is so," continued

*A.** Wilson, the great *bibliophile*, has it in his library, solely to keep away damp and mildew from his dear books. Tomlins, that profound *bibliognoste*, he has it, every edition of it; and Simpson, that grave *bibliotaphe* and trustworthy sexton of that Golgotha, his library, has it, I have no doubt, somewhere.

B. It is, certainly, a most extraordinary book, with most extraordinary properties and powers! It has, indeed, performed miracles! There is no end to the wonders it has worked. It is so dry in itself, that nothing wet can approach it and preserve its moisture long. Take a coal-heaver, treat him with seven pots of porter—(the quantity required to saturate a coal-heaver thoroughly)—and when you think him wet enough for your purpose, just get him to read, if he can read—if he cannot, read for him—the title-page;—in one minute the seven quarts go for nothing: he is as sober as a temperance man-milliner, as dry as a lime-burner, and the ready recipient for a second seven quarts.

A. No doubt of it. You wear a Mackintosh cloak in wet weather, I believe? The ingenious patentee of that waterproof comfort professes that some preparation of caoutchouc preserves the dryness you desiderate: Mr. Mackintosh, however, knows better. This is the process of making waterproof cloth:—Take your cloth, dip it in a water-trough, take it out, let it be wrung and hung; then walk through your drying-shed reading this book aloud, and the process is complete: the cloth is

* About fifty lines of the following dialogue have appeared already in Mr. Leigh Hunt's *Indicator*, in which admirable work this dry-book pleasantry originated.

Digitized by Google

incapable of wet for ever; and not only that, but everything in the manufactory is rendered dry as a bone, even the porters (thoughtful of pots of beer), the pump, and the water-dog that guards the premises, all are as dry as a lime-burner. Mr. Braithwaite might play his enormous water fire-engine on it, he could not put out its dryness. Draw it through a horse-pond, and the tender feet of our fair Queen might tread on it as on a carpet, and soil not her pearly satin slippers.

B. So, you see, that Milton was right when he said there was a "goodness in things evil." The driest of books has *one* good property, at least.

A. Yes; but, on the other hand, it has too many bad properties to countervail the good. For instance, it is said that this very book originated a cutaneous complaint which is becoming very prevalent—dryness of the skin. An old friend of mine read it through; and now, when you shake hands with him, his dry skin gives you a severe notion of scouring paper, or a baker's rasp. You feel that you are shaking hands with "an old file," indeed.

B. Now I think of it, I do remember many instances in which it has done much mischief. I know, myself, a young lady who put up her beautiful raven-black hair in some loose leaves of it, as curl-papers, and when she waked next day she was as grey as her grandmother!

A. Oh! much more marvellous than that. I know a barber who sent home a brown wig in a waste sheet of it, and when the bald gentleman came to put it on, he cried out, in an agony of chagrin, "Why, curse that fellow, Screwcurl, if he hasn't sent me my grandfather's grey wig, and not a bit of mine!"

B. Sir, I know of one remarkable instance of its anti-aquarian powers. A friend of mine, coming home from Greenland, plunged overboard from the packet in which he was a passenger, portmanteau and all. He was immediately picked up by a whale homeward bound, who had ready-furnished lodgings to let for a single gentleman; but, as my friend found his bed-chamber damp, fearful of rheumatism, he sat up reading this very book instead of going to bed. On the following morning, he put on his Sunday shirt without airing; and found that he afflicted his good landlady with such an obstinate dry cough, that she was glad to get rid of him at an hour's notice, upon his promising, on the honour of a single gentleman, that he would call and pay his rent as soon as possible.

A. Sir, I can believe that also: I know the virtues as well as the vices of the work too well to doubt it. As another instance: An enemy to unions of all kinds has, for twenty years, prevented the junction of two convenient canals, by obstinately keeping this same book in his library, which is situated exactly midway between the two water parties.

B. Oh, that's nothing! An innkeeper I know, owing to the swampiness of his ground, lost all his skittle-players. A true friend, I should call him, recommended him to try the virtues of this book: he did, yesterday; and to-day, he has had re-painted over his door, "An undeniably *dry* ground for skittles!"

A. A man who carried the book about him for a day was afflicted with a dry cough all the days of his life.

B. The toll-tickets of a turnpike-road in Wales are printed by the same printer who carried a reprint of it through the press. The London hackney-

Digitized by Google

coachmen go down there, take a ticket, drive through the gate, return, and are ever afterwards as dry as a lime-basket in the wettest weather.

A. A friend of mine, who lived in a damp house, kept a copy in his bed-room, and waked in the morning in a fever, from the drowth it had occasioned.

B. A gardener wrapt a water-melon in a waste sheet, and, on cutting it open, found it as dusty as a dried poppy.

A. They cover warehouses for dry goods with it, instead of slates, and it answers the purpose admirably.

B. A hatter makes waterproof beavers by putting an inch of it inside.

A. A bunch of grapes was bagged in it, and in half an hour they were raisins.

B. They dry grasses, for winter fodder for cattle, by reading a chapter of it through the fens of Lincolnshire.

A. If you place a page of it in a hay-rick, it never fires from damp.

B. A cow, that was milked by a maid who had merely read its label in a country bookseller's window, never yielded a drop of milk afterwards.

A. Washerwomen recite a passage of it, and take down their clothes—dry! Most of them have sold their drying-grounds in consequence.

B. Innkeepers keep the book in one of the principal bed-rooms, and they want no warming-pans in that and the rest.

A. Dry nurses make use of it, of course; for they find it the briefest method of weaning children. Two sentences of it will make any swaddled young gentleman so perfectly well satisfied, that he will decline taking in his afternoon milk, as usual.

B. You are, of course, aware how the deserts of Arabia became the dry places they are?

A. No, I am not; but I should like to hear how.

B. Oh, simply enough. A very learned Dervish bought a copy of the dry book at Grand Cairo, and carried it with him to Suez, and on, and on, and on, from place to place, and the Egyptians, and other people, noticed, wherever he came, what remarkably dry weather immediately set in; and the men put by their umbrellas, and the women their pattens, as perfectly uncalled for. At last, when the deepest and most fluent wells got dry, and the people got dry, and their linen was obliged to be kept dry, for there was not a drop of water to wash them in, and there was such an universal drought all over and around Egypt, that it began to be no joke, (the phrase "dry joke" had its origin then and there,) an inquisition was made by the heads of the people into the cause of the most extraordinary continuance of fine dry weather and dearth of water; and, to make a long story short, suspicion falling upon the ill-fated Dervish, they tried him, and proved him guilty of this miraculous interposition, and that day burnt him and all he had, the dry book included. No sooner was the unlucky tome reduced to ashes, than down came such a deluging rain, that an umbrella was of no more use than a fig-leaf would be to an elephant overtaken by a hard shower, or a twopenny toothpick to a rhinoceros when he wants to pick his tusks. There was too much water then, and they murmured at that; but people are never contented. The ashes of the undying book, separating themselves from the ashes of mortality, were wafted over the desert, and wherever they fell, their

Digitized by Google

nature being changed, there grew a green oasis in those wastes of sand.

A. A very probable account truly. I was witness to an extraordinary instance of the like fatal effects. A spiteful critic—(you know what such fellows will do when they are in one of Mr. Dennis's humours)—took the manuscript of a retrospective review of the work in his pocket to Sadler's Wells, and the managers were obliged to postpone the water piece usual at that theatre that night, and it has never been repeated since: they dare not attempt it; for the fellow is still of the same malignant mind, and swears that he will put a stop to their ridiculous pretensions to get up sea pieces with the assistance of about forty pails of New River water.

B. Good. If you take it to sea with you—(so a Wapping skipper informs me)—the ship never leaks. The ship-caulkers are starving in consequence.

A. If a seaman goes by the board, and has only presence of mind enough to keep on repeating a sentence of it, it is as good as a hen-coop thrown over to him: he cannot sink; and his brother seamen may take their time in lowering a boat to save him, and be under no apprehension that he will be drowned. I had that from an East India captain, who had never lost a man in one of his voyages, as he had taught them all the form of preservation for a man overboard.

B. The Duke of B——d, I am informed, now makes it a condition, in granting a lease, that the book shall not be kept on the premises, nor borrowed, nor even quoted by the occupant, his Grace having discovered that it was it, and it only, that afflicted so many of his tenements with the dry-rot.

A. Printers use it to dry their sheets. But no good is without an attendant evil: it renders their compositors so dry, that they "drink, drink, they are always drinking, like fishes."

B. I lent my copy to a young friend in the Middle Temple, sending it by a ticket-porter. Poor Waggle! he has not been able to get rid of the man since, he is so eternally knocking at his chamber-door, and begging for another pint of porter.

A. Publicans, I see, inscribe a line of it over their doors, by way of motto, and even the temperance societarians slip in for a sly drop.

B. House painters and portrait painters find it serviceable, as it saves them all the trouble and expense of drying oils.

A. It seems an extraordinary piece of neglect that it has never been used by commanders when retreating or advancing armies have had to cross great rivers. I should say, that two good readers, one in the van and the other in the rear of an army, might read it safely across the deepest and broadest river in Europe, simply by expounding a passage of it to the waves on either hand of them as they went along; and as soon as the rear reader trod the shore on the other side, and shut the book, let the enemy follow, if they have the temerity.

B. Ladies, who are shocked at that robustious indication of good health, a moist palm, touch it once, I'm told, and, unless they are very careful in the application, their hands become as dry as a mummy's.

A. I know an author who used to produce a novel a-year, who fell asleep over it, and he has had a dry brain ever since.

Digitized by Google

B. One remarkable instance of its effects I have from a gentleman-farmer of my acquaintance. A cow of his, that had suckled her calf in the most motherly manner, curiously, with her horn, turned over a stray leaf of it, as it lay in the farm-yard, and was immediately obliged to put out her calf to wet nurse, as she was dry.

A. Tradition says that Diccon, the wicked Duke of Gloster, leant his elbow on it, and his arm was withered by it, and not by any witchcraft.

B. And it is said that this was the very book which gave poor Petrarch his death. He was, if you remember, found dead in his library, with his laurelled head lying upon a book. This!

A. And now we will drop the dry book. Nonsense may not be nonsense. It is the sole vice of humour that it sometimes runs riot, and forgets itself. The manner of death of a man who is reputed to have been in his life "a fine and deep poet—an excellent scholar—a real lover—a fast friend—a patriot—a gentleman—and an honest man," is no subject for a jest, however good.

GUIZOT, AND THE MISREPRESENTATIONS OF HIS POLICY IN BLACKWOOD AND OTHER PERIODICALS.

BY THE SYNCRETIST.

Welcome Guizot, right welcome art thou to the pages of the Monthly! Apollo himself, our presiding genius, beckons thee to England. With one wink of his gorgeous eye, one inflection of his musical finger, has he won thee to our cause. In joyous brotherhood art thou already initiated. Speak boldly, and fear not; for not in thine own Gallia hast thou braver friends than those who invite thee to Britain.

Guizot, thou art the ablest politician in Europe—thou hast been found true to the majestic principle of fraternal unity, which is the golden thread that guides us through the labyrinth of legislation. Thou hast maintained the loving spirit of philosophy, amid the conflicts of diplomatists—and it has brought them gloriously to that mountain of Ægis-armed Minerva, from whose summit thou beholdest the hubbub of sects and parties without despondency or surprise.

Even early in life did Guizot anticipate this grand secret—the aurea marcanum of policy—which few statesmen attain before maturest life—and most of them die to learn. Instructed in the literature of Germany—the ebullient fountain of all transcendant science—his soul became attuned to the harmonies of her mightiest Syncretists. That enthusiasm for the divine monad, that passion for union, that thirst for coalition and concord which is the idiosyncrasy of earth's Promethean intelligences, possessed him like a spell. He heard the solemn and conscience-thrilling eloquence of Erasmus and Cassander, and Calixtus and Grotius, Leibnitz and Schlegel swelling the high eulogy of social *peace and good-will*. The music of their voices modulated his soul to the same celestial

Digitized by Google

symphony, and his heart was transformed into the image and likeness of the gods.

The Syncretic theory of government, which Guizot so early preferred, was doomed to struggle for many years with the vehement factions of France. He endeavoured to impress the unspeakable importance of coalition on the royalists, the milieurists and the republicans. In extending his syncretic system he became all things to all men, so that he might gain some; and thus he gradually triumphed. Beginning almost singly and alone, with no companion but the inspiring verity that urged him onward, he has formed a body in France whose well-intentioned views are every day gaining strength, being confirmed by the stern necessities of society.

Last year Guizot summed up his political views in his celebrated "Letter on Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy in France." This most important document, worthy of the genius of a Grotius and Leibnitz, was published in the *Revue Françoise*. The severe earnestness of its tone, the convicting truthfulness of its propositions, the keen logic of its method, and the surpassing concision of its style, attracted an insatible and universal interest.

As the spirit and argument of this masterpiece of Guizot is entirely syncretic, it can receive justice from a philosophical periodical, and that only. It is therefore in the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, the literary representative of prothetic unity, whether in religion or politics, that we venture to insert these remarks. Here Guizot shall be treated generously or at least fairly, for we hold him to be a man expressly raised up by Providence to be as a prophet to European kingdoms. Against such it becomes us not lightly to speak evil, or to call his theory worthless: "by my immortality (as the first poet of Germany exclaims), it were easier for his antagonist to die immaculate than to rise to such worthlessness!"

And yet something of this treatment has Guizot received from the hands of our northern competitor. That Magazine, supported with talent and eloquence that would make any pleading captivating, has not done justice to Guizot. But how could it be otherwise, since Guizot is an impartialist, and Blackwood is a partisan. That sparkling periodical, so well worthy of its popularity, has mistaken the character of the French Syncretist and the nature of the mistake is this:—

Every one who knows Guizot knows him to be a thorough-going Truthsearcher, seeking and speaking her "without partiality and without hypocrisy." Now it happens to be Guizot's deep and invincible conviction that this truth is essentially unitive. He conceives that it is therefore immeasurably important to restore the divine totality of truth, and that this can only be done by the method of selecting all that is true and rejecting all that is false in all sects and parties. No man therefore is more earnest than Guizot in discovering the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth—and in doing so he takes all that he can find of truth in Roman Catholicism, Protestantism, and Philosophy respectively and refutes all that is false in each.

Hence arises the peculiar ardency with which Guizot pleads the

Digitized by Google

cause of syncretism and coalition, just because he deems it to be the only system, within human capacity, to amalgamate and unite all that is true in all sects and parties, and because he thinks that exactly in proportion as you achieve the union of truths, will you impair the forces of error.

Therefore Guizot's scheme of coalition, which would unite all that is true, is the furthest thing possible from that scheme of *indifferentism* which would unite true and false. Guizot knows well enough that as every sect and party is a mixed compound, partly true and harmonic and partly false and discordant, coalition properly so called can only take place between the true and harmonic parts, not between the false and discordant ones. And therefore Guizot himself, with the utmost eloquence, has defeated the hallucination of the indifferentists who try to combine not only the true parts, but likewise the false parts of things.

Such is the eclectic policy of Guizot, which aims at producing that legitimate union of ecclesiastical and political forces within the empire whereby that empire alone can be aggrandised and ameliorated. He assumes that high ground of biblicism which enables him to declare what is true, and what is false in all sects and parties, and he assures them that it is only by cultivating what is true, and rejecting what is false jointly and severally, that they will compass that union, for want of which all are put into imminent peril of destruction.

Now Blackwood has overlooked this essential distinction, and has represented Guizot, who is simply a coalitionist, as if he were an *indifferentist*. This is a serious confusion of ideas and terms. Guizot says, that coalition can only flourish as indifferentism is destroyed, yet the modern Athenian ventures to confound him with the indifferentists.

Now we are pretty well assured that Guizot's zeal for truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is as conspicuous as Blackwood's. The difference between them lies here: Guizot, as a Syncretist, sees that the universal truth is divided between sects and parties who have all of them more or less of it, and which should be preferred according to the relative amount they happen to contain in any given age and country. Blackwood, on the other hand, conceiving that his own party is entitled to *a chartered* monopoly of truth, wishes to maintain their exclusive privileges inviolate. We grant not the major of his syllogism, but we admire the hearty vehemence with which he maintains it. With Dr. Johnson, we like "a good hater;" we like our competitors to speak out with the same dare-devil frankness on which we pride ourselves. If all party publications would, in this respect, imitate Blackwood, we should at least know where to find them.

Still it is not generous, nay more, it is not just in Christopher North to accuse Guizot of indifferentism. A coalitionist may be quite as earnest for universal truth as a partisan is for partial truth; the coalitionist may be as intensely averse from indifferentism as any partisan can be. And even if the coalitionist should fall so far from his own philosophy as to jumble truth and falsehood, it would not be the partisan who would have a right to inculpate him—for

Digitized by Google

who, in the name of Chaos, are more inclined to jumble truth and falsehood than partisans; who in their zeal for supporting their *clique* through thick and thin, will outlie Beelzebub himself.

So much for Guizot's sincerity. Let us now endeavour to unfold a few of his political views, as he has evolved them in his numerous publications, and especially in the letter under notice.

The grand syncretic doctrine which pervades all Guizot's writings is that which so remarkably distinguishes the policy of the Bible. That *Biblical policy*, as Grotius remarks, is the only one which can permanently aggrandise churches and states; for it recognises, throughout, that principle of union which is a fountain of strength, and that law of concord and harmony which dispels the ominous dissensions that prepare universal anarchy. The policy of the Bible is simply Syncretic, or,—as the editor of this Magazine would perhaps say, Prothetic. Setting forth the divinity as the universal Father, the universal lover of angels and men, and creatures of what creation soever, it calls on patriarchs and kings alike to emulate his all-embracing benignity. "The God by whom they reign (as Bossuet so eloquently observes) has neglected no means of teaching them to reign well. The ministers of princes, and those who share their authority in government and legislation, will find in the Bible lessons which God alone could give them." (Vide Bossuet's *Politique tirée de l'Ecriture Sainte*, a work of surprising merit and well worthy a translation).

Taking his stand on this system of Biblical policy, Guizot has endeavoured to introduce its noblest canons into Europe. He has shown to the Patriarchs of Rome, that so far as they really emulate the Divinity whom they profess to represent, they will strive to be a blessing rather than a curse to mankind. And if they would be a blessing, they must not accumulate domination on their own patriarchate, but rather communicate power to the legitimate kings of the nations—aye, and strengthen their prerogatives rather than enervate them. The intensely selfish and short-sighted despotism of the papacy has been fraught with the bitterest injuries; for whatever authority popes may possess within their popedoms, *that* emperors and kings should exhibit within their empires and kingdoms. Guizot has therefore shown that every attempt of the popes to violate that wise maxim, "*Live and let live*," every endeavour they have made to intrude their foreign authority into the rightful territories of enthroned monarchs, has been stamped by the black seal of diabolism.

Guizot therefore contends, that if within the popedom it be proper to proclaim "Fear God, and honour the Pope," it is no less proper within the several kingdoms of Europe to proclaim "Fear God, and honour the King." Whatever domination the Patriarch of Rome may claim in Italy, *that* the patriarchal emperors and kings of Europe may claim within their own dominions.

This is precisely Guizot's argument. He maintains, that the patriarchal authority over ecclesiastical and secular affairs is not confined to the pope; but that it extends to all emperors and kings within their legitimate territories. If the pope can pretend to any ecclesiastical powers, the emperors and kings may do the same; for

Digitized by Google

their office is, no less than his, divine and ecclesiastical. They too are the Lord's anointed, consecrated with a most holy chrism and the acknowledged superiors of all ecclesiastical power within their regency. For popes to assert that emperors and kings are merely secular and civil dignitaries is to give the lie to all national constitutions, and then records a lie that can flourish only in the densest ignorance.

As Guizot has often remarked with the weight of historical testimony, the several emperors and kings of Europe have, one after another, been asserting their supreme authority over all ecclesiastical as well as civil establishments within their own dominions. They have been redeeming their high original prerogatives from the sophistical vapours which Roman malice had breathed around them. All of them, the emperors and kings of Russia, Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Holland, France, and Britain, have for many years past been striving to regain that high and *divine prerogative*, which when properly understood is, as Lord Bacon asserts, the noblest birthright of princes. Well does Shakspeare observe :—

> "There 's such *divinity* doth hedge a king,
> That treason dares not peep at when it would."

Well does he call it "divinity," for a king is, according to the constitution of the Bible, which we all reverence, a divine character and representative among men. Place the kingly prerogative on any larger footing and it may be soon overturned. No; there is "a right divine of kings to govern right," let noodles say what they please. As to "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," the line involves a contradiction in terms, and therefore goes for nothing; their divine right goes hand in hand with the conditions, that they are to be a praise of them that do well, and to be a terror of evil-doers; the divine right therefore is impaired, *so far* as they forfeit this condition. But to laugh at the divine right itself is a thing most base and contemptible; it is to turn the glory of our monarch and our country into shame. A similar political philosophy is now extending over Europe. Heeren, Sismondi, and Chateaubriand have all been inflicting the knout on the theory of semi-democratical authors; men who, with the best intentions in the world, and under the notion of pleading for liberty and the right of the people, laid the egg that was afterwards hatched into the French and American revolutions.

Yes, it is in vain to deny the fact, it has already burst into light, it is already conspicuous to this world; we cannot recall it, we will not disguise it. The emperors and kings of all Europe, as Guizot asserts, have for ages been striving to regain that high and divine prerogative, that monarchical supremacy which is the secret of union and strength. And with it they have endeavoured to restore, as far as they could, that plan of coalitionary and syncretic policy which shall enable them to extend an equal patronage to all the sects and parties in their states.

It is for these reasons that Guizot has of late years been endeavouring to improve the prerogatives of kings, whom he justly considers as the supreme parents and common centres of union to all the

Digitized by Google

subjects. He, therefore, strongly advises the king of France to assume the character of a coalitionary and syncretic monarch, and to extend a royal patronage to the just interests of catholicism, protestantism, and philosophy. He says, the office of a divine monarch is to promote divine truth, which is shared among these several sections of population; and he deprecates in the strongest terms the idea of making a monarch (who should be the common father of his people) a merely sectarian or party man. Exactly in proportion as a king becomes a papist, a protestant, a tory, or a whig, in that proportion he sacrifices the interests of his whole empire to a pitiful part of it.

In close connection with this theory respecting monarchy, stands Guizot's scheme of administration. A king's ministry, says he, should be like a king essentially coalitionary and representative. He shows by a reasoning as clear as Euclid, that no ministers, but coalitionary and syncretic ones, can possibly live and flourish in modern nations that are torn to pieces by contending factions. No! a ministry worthy of the name, a ministry that shall grow stronger and stronger in the heart and affections of all classes, a ministry that shall aggrandise and consolidate an empire, rather than infuriate and dismember it, must be *bonâ fide* REPRESENTATIVE; it must be a *parliamentum in parliamento*, an internal, a quintessential epitome of the external diffused assembly, the kernel and marrow of Lords and Commons, whose numberless developements of interest should be but outward manifestations of the working soul within.

All this must inevitably take place sooner or later. There needs no ghost to tell us that party administrations are hurrying with terrible velocity to their ultimate crash. The huge current of popular conviction is fast settling in favour of coalition; and the grinding necessity of things is compelling man after man to take up his proverb against faction. We foresee the days, for they are near at hand, when the advocates of coalition, now pleading against evil tongues and evil times, will be surrounded by a countless and overmastering multitude, before which the banners of schisms and factions will be smitten to the dust.

If we apply Guizot's theory to our own country we shall arrive at many startling conclusions; startling, but not the less true; true, and therefore the more practicable. It will probably appear to the impartial truth-searcher, that Guizot's coalitionary and syncretic model of government, which has been perpetually gaining ground on the continent, has been sometimes approached in Great Britain. For instance, the Stuarts seem to have made a close approximation to it. That dynasty of our kings, one and all, perceived the importance of maintaining a divine prerogative as the main safeguard of monarchy. They felt also, that, as divine potentates, they were bound to a coalitionary form of government. They confessed themselves to be the common fathers of a mixed constitution, composed of catholics and protestants who had equal claims to the royal patronage and protection. They therefore extended that patronage and protection alike to all (catholic and protestant) establishments within the kingdom. They resisted all attempts to render their

Digitized by Google

character exclusive and sectarian, for they saw that giving anything like a monopoly, either to catholics or protestants, would tend to upset the true harmony of the constitution. In this view, they were supported by Grotius, Selden, Clarendon, and Cave in his celebrated "Fiat Lux," the most illumined treatise on politics which appeared during the seventeenth century, the Stuarts considered themselves defenders of the faith of the Universal Catholic church in all its fulness and not in one branch only. Their opinion was confirmed bythe most illustrious syncretists of the time, especially the ever-memorable Mr. John Hales; "By the Church (says he, in his tract on the Lord's Supper) I shall understand, without trifling, all factions in Christianity, either Roman or Protestant, even all that entitle themselves to Christ wheresoever dispersed all the world over. And as to heresies (continues he) no man is so great a heretic as he who calls other men such. For if we account mistakes befalling us through human frailties to be heresies, then it will follow that every man (the apostles perhaps only excepted) was a heretic, for never was there any Christian who did not in something concerning the faith mistake himself. It is only where men err wilfully that we can accuse them of heresy which is nothing else than wilful error, that is, persisting in a lie knowing it to be one."

The same syncretic system was likewise supported by Alexander Ross, one of the first scholars of his age. In his celebrated "Pansebeia; or, View of all Religions," he gives us a passage teeming with the best genius of freemasonry. "The disputes (says he) between the papists and protestants might be fewer than they are, if men would be moderate on either side. But the spirit of contention and contradiction hath hitherto hindered, and will yet hinder the peace of the church till the Prince of Peace, our true Solomon, who built this mystical temple without noise of axes or hammers, put an end to all jars and discords. Then shall men find their Saviour not in the earthquakes, whirlwinds, and fires of contention, but in the still and quiet voice of peace, concord, and unity, which he left to us as a legacy till we lost it by our pride and sacrilege."

If, however, the Stuarts, during their brighter days, made a close approximation to the coalitionary and syncretic theory of government, under which their entire empire might have flourished, they soon forfeited the blessing. With the best designs in the abstract, they egregiously mistook the means of carrying it into execution. They too often did evil that good might come, and thus lost the confidence of their subjects. But in this case, if the kings acted ill, the people acted worse. In the Stuarts, we at least behold a noble and philanthropical principle, working its way mistakenly and capriciously; but in the people we discern a far darker and deadlier purpose. There were, indeed, a few gallant spirits, who strove for purely patriotic motives and whose names descend to posterity in stainless glory. But in general a shameless disloyalty marked the proceedings of the populace. The bigoted and ignorant puritans, boasting of Christianity and violating Christianity's first law, the veneration of the king, broke into excesses of iniquity that might have scandalised a nation of savages. The miserable sectarianship

Digitized by Google

of protestantism run mad; having dethroned Christ for the sake of Calvin, dethroned the Stuarts for the sake of democrats. We are no Roman Catholics, but we do protest that the worst evils of papacy have been more than matched by the insanities of ultra-protestantism—of protestantism assuming the form of an exclusive and limitary sect. Explaining themselves with the idiot cry of "No Popery," the bugbear of puny and timorous spirits, the puritans rushed on like so many Bedlamites to destroy all that was sacred and august in the institutions of Britain; and thus they afforded to mankind a damning demonstration how nearly the mania of party resembles the mania of atheism, by applauding from English pulpits atrocities as odious as the horrors of the French revolution.

It was then that the divine prerogatives of our kings were reduced and degraded. The monarchs that should have been coalitionary and syncretic, the common patrons of the catholics and the protestants that compose the mixed British constitution, were obliged to assume the character and play the part of party monarchs. They were obliged to profess themselves protestants in order to maintain their authority. Nay, so far did the protestant party carry it by the high hand of monopoly, that they proclaimed the British constitution to be an exclusively protestant constitution in the very teeth of the reality.

From that day of what is called the glorious Revolution (whether justly or not there may be some question), our monarchs have been infinitely puzzled how to act, feeling that their true position is essentially coalitionary and syncretic; desirous of emulating those foreign sovereigns, who with equal patronage and justice govern alike their Catholic and Protestant subjects, they have been painfully conscious of certain legal regulations apparently binding them too tightly to particular classes of their subjects, as their sole guide and direction in the art of governing.

There is, however, a remedy for every wrong. That remedy chiefly resides in a monarch's independence of mind. A British Monarch may still boast that liberty of mind and thought which forms the perquisite of the people. He is not bound to that all slaves are free to. A British Monarch, so far as thought can go, may still consider his prerogative divine, and esteem himself as reigning like the common father of his Catholic and Protestant subjects. He may, by force of principle, defend the rights and privileges of his Catholic subjects as strenuously as by oath he is bound to defend the rights and privileges of Protestants.

In accordance with this principle a British Monarch may choose his friends and ministers equally from the most eminent Catholics and Protestants within his dominions. Such a coalitionary and syncretic administration would gain the confidence of the Catholics who compose one third of the British empire, as well as the confidence of the Protestants who compose two thirds of it.

It is curious enough, but many of these reflections on the coalitionary politics of Guizot have undoubtedly struck the attention of the British Court at present. It is well known that the political views of our youthful sovereign are, on the whole, coalitionary

Digitized by Google

and syncretic. She is evidently inclined to patronise eminent Catholics as well as eminent Protestants. She extends a benignant countenance alike to Tories and Whigs. In consequence, the British Court is at present distinctly coalitionary, and coalitionists throughout the empire are at a premium as the Queen's favourites. None so earnestly as the coalitionists now support the throne and its prerogatives: their loyalty is a far loftier and deeper principle than can animate any partisans whatever. *Idem sentere idem amore* says Cicero; uniformity of opinions produces uniformity of affections. The partisans in the Church and State, on the other hand, have allowed their righteous loyalty to evaporate, and it has given place to disaffection. As long as our monarchs agreed with them none were so loyal as they: never were such extravagant expressions of reverence. Now that our monarchs endeavour to show them the fallacy of partisan and monopolist views, they are offended.

A great and good king, as *pater patriæ*, is bound to cherish and patronise all classes of his subjects. He considers all of them as forming members of the social body, all of them as useful and serviceable to the general weal when kept in due harmony and subordination, otherwise most fatally injurious. He will therefore cherish his Catholic subjects, because he knows that, in proportion as he behaves generously to them, will they transfer those reverential attachments now lavished on a foreign Pontiff to their native Sovereign. In such circumstances, their darker errors and prejudices will disappear and their detestable bigotry, once so absurd and disgusting, will melt in the sunny atmosphere of philanthropy and patriotism. Such a king will likewise encourage and patronise Protestants, those freeminded and illuminated religionists who, in proportion as they prevail, make States prosperous and victorious. In the same way, will he vouchsafe his gracious countenance to the several political parties according to their deserts. But to none of these will he manifest any thing like exclusive favour, because he knows that his greatness as a monarch consists in his being supported by *all*. If he allows to either any thing in the shape of monopoly, he will only enhance a part at the expense of the whole. By such an error he would be gaining thousands only to lose millions, and destroy that *balance of parties* which is the true secret of home-policy no less than foreign, and those rancorous asperities of factions which are always striving their utmost to ruin the Constitution.

The coalitionists, who have become the *court body*, properly so called, have therefore a capital game before them. Such coalitionists will be found the best *conservatives*; all their predilections are conservative; all their efforts are conservative, for they know that the principle of conservatism is far higher and nobler than that of alteration or destruction. But theirs is the conservatism of union, which is strength, not the conservatism of division, which is weakness. This was some while a paradox; but now the time gives it proof.

Cherishing the principle of union, we seek to promote that union by proselyting, as far as possible, those sects and parties which, by

Digitized by Google

perpetual subdivision, are fast gravitating to the infinitely little. Our motto is, "*Fiat jus ruat cœlum*," and our design the good old system of fair play and no monopoly, which is so dear to the British people. We seek to do Heaven's justice alike to Papists, and Protestants, and Dissenters. We will frankly praise all that is meritorious among the Tories, who would be the Royalists; the Whigs, who would be the Aristocrats; and the Liberals, who would be the Democrats of the state. And just as boldly will we endeavour to write down the abuses of all sects and parties; for abuses enough they have—*that* cannot be denied.

The more our line of policy is developed, the more it will be valued. Past experience leaves us no doubt of the result. There are a host of free and gallant spirits who will appreciate the merit of the cause, and lend it their countenance and patronage. Every lover of his country will do something to abate this flagrant nuisance of schisms and factions, by which Montesquieu has dared to prophesy that our empire will perish.

It is in the gradual but sure advance of the coalitionary and syncretic system of policy in this country that our chief hope of national prosperity resides. What Guizot is doing abroad many eminent writers are doing at home; and in proportion as their views are extended and patronised, will they secure the blessings of peace, after which all just spirits are aspiring.

But let all the triumphs of political truth be achieved by the calm and legitimate process of candid enquiry. Let the quiet philosophic spirit of the truth-searcher prevail within the walls of Parliament and without. Let the severe and intricate deductions of political science be wrought out with patient study; and their radiance will dispel all the clouds of party hallucination. Before the rising of this new Aurora, the harbinger of a day of peace and love, the grim tornadoes of sects and parties will disappear,

> "Intestine wars no more our passions wage,
> And giddy factions hear away their rage."

Let nothing be said or done in advancing coalitionary measures with heat or prejudice. Let us not become violent in pleading for forbearance. Let us be convinced that the great and spirit-stirring truth we advocate will make its champions victorious. Let our course be like that of Apollo, the shining light, who shineth more and more to the perfect day. Calm, concentrated, and serene, let us develope the divine harmony of jurisprudence, and rely on Heaven for the result.

For the advocates of spiritual truth to employ the machinery of physical force, is to confess their hypocrisy and their weakness, because they believe not that truth is strong enough to triumph without the weapons of malice. We enter our protest against every manifestation of physical polemics in matters of political science. That science must be pursued by the quiet analysis of experiments direct and inverse: the truth will evaporate the moment that passion is introduced. We protest, therefore, against any demonstration of physical convulsion among our schisms and factions, be they Papist,

Digitized by Google

Protestant, Tory, Whig, Radical, or Chartist. Whenever sectarians and partisans feel themselves incited to any hostile violence, let them be certain that it is the work of the Devil. Whichever is the party that endeavours to break the peace, it becomes the interest of all the rest to exterminate it as their common enemy.

So much for the coalitionary scheme of government, and now a word for the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, in which, for the first time, it has been announced to the British public. We have reason to be grateful to several of the more respectable journalists, who have candidly and generously appreciated our motives, and weighed our arguments. Those journalists have owned what we trust is sufficiently clear, that our aim has been to promote the good of our entire empire, by promoting the good of all its constituent parts. They have acknowledged that the attempt is noble; and they have acknowledged, moreover, that it is extremely arduous. They have confessed it to be highly desirable that writers who have devoted their lives to the study of ancient and modern politics, should explain their views frankly and fearlessly, especially when those views happen to be backed by a great mass of learned authorities. They know that the best way of getting all the truth is to hear all the pleadings of all sides; and they rejoice that an advocate has arisen to plead coalitionary politics, as gallantly and resolutely as other advocates plead party politics. For the sake of the good done by those endeavours to advance the philosophical study of jurisprudence, genuine truth-searchers might be excused even if their views were new; nay, more, even if they were erroneous.

What shall we say then in reply to the criticisms of certain particular journals of great talent and merit, that have spoken harshly of our coalitionary principles. We will not retort with the same harshness, nor will we avail ourselves of the same sarcasm; but we protest that it is neither fair nor just for any journals, either to malign or ridicule the syncretic and coalitionary policy, because it does not agree with their own party opinions. It is worse than absurd at this time of day to sneer at a system of politics which has been sanctioned by the gravest authors of all ages and nations,—authors whom we have invariably quoted as we have proceeded, for we have stated nothing without authority. Let our antagonists apply themselves to a calm and sequestered investigation of the science of politics, which requires at least as much impartiality and perseverance as mathematics, and they will see that our pleadings are neither novel nor unsubstantial; our theory whether correct or incorrect, is no idle phantasy of a pseudo-poetic imagination, but the result of many years' hard study, during which we have accumulated a vast mass of testimonials from the ablest authors on politics in all languages. If any one will come forward who has given the same laborious attention to jurisprudence, and answer our arguments and quotations by the legitimate process of dialectics, with such a man we will joyfully encounter. But at present we are too well supported by the smile from our sovereign, and the most eminent writers of Europe, to be sneered or frightened out of our design. The coalitionary theory now stands nearly in the same position as the Copernican theory

Digitized by Google

did two centuries ago, and it will triumph, even as that hypothesis has done, in spite of all the tartness of invective and all the insolence of office.

But be this as it will, the Monthly is the best tempered Magazine afloat. It is the common friend of all good and philanthropical spirits,—it praises all sects and parties as much as it can, and blames them only where it is obliged to do so, and then without a spark of anger. It is, therefore, a sin against good taste and good manners for any journals to treat us as their enemies, for their enemies we are not and will not be. If they suffer a coalitionary periodical to excel them in courtesy and good humour, they will, in fact, be granting the weakness of their arguments. By every attempt to try the very question at issue, and then to chuckle as if they had proved us mistaken, they wrong themselves even more than they wrong us. This is not the mode of healing the high and intricate philosophemes of politics, which truth-searchers esteem or Englishmen prefer. We knew what we were about when we proposed to reestablish the Monthly Magazine on the highest philosophical principles in religion, politics, and literature. No man goeth into a battle without first considering the cost thereof. The success we have hitherto obtained prompts us to persevere steadily in the same course. It is a contest between the *unitive system* and the *party system;* it is a contest between John Bull and those that would tear him limb from limb, and *in fewer than five years our cause will triumph.* There shall be no inconsistency, no whiffling, no trimming, no running away, *parmulâ non bene relictâ*, and we shall conquer though *non sine pulvere.* Our countrymen know how to appreciate moral courage; they will still strengthen our hands; and our candle shall neither be snuffed out by envy, nor blown out by violence.

Whether we are right or wrong, our antagonists will learn to speak with more moderation respecting the relative merits of coalitionary and party politics. The truth which we are all contending for will then have some chance of gaining ground; but every word of abuse or spleen on either side is sure to delay her progress. We wish to proceed on the most friendly terms with all public journalists, whom we think just as desirous of advancing the good cause as ourselves, though our *modus operandi* may differ. If any of our antagonists use gratuitous and ungentlemanly abuse, we shall scorn to answer them in the same style, but let the shame rest on their own heads. *Nemo me impunè lacessit. Ego illum flocci pendo, nec hujus facio, qui me pili æstimat.*

Old Time at last sets all things even,
And if you will but watch your hour,
There never yet was human power,
That could escape, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him that treasures up a wrong.

ALERIST.

Digitized by Google

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

SECOND SERIES.

No. VII.—MY GOD-CHILD MARY.

When I was quite a young woman, in my best and (as the authors say) my most *palmy* days, I was prevailed on, much against my own inclinations, to take on myself the responsibilities of a godmother to a little girl, the first and indeed the only child of an old schoolfellow of mine.

Tossed as I have been on the wild surges of human life, wrecked and despoiled by the same raging billows that have engulphed my dearest treasures, I have been prevented from fulfilling those duties to my namesake Mary that I certainly should have most scrupulously attended to, had calm and sunshine been upon my own little bark during after life: yet still, on my return to England, as I said, a shipwrecked mariner, many years after I had stood at the baptismal font with the newborn little earthly angel in my arms, I made repeated inquiries after the fate of both the mother and child, but could hear of nothing satisfactory. All I could gather respecting them amounted to merely this, that Mary, my godchild, had grown up a beauty, her mother had very early become a widow, and much embarrassed in her circumstances, but had found a friend in a Mr. Carpenter, a man of large fortune living in Devonshire, who, it was believed, had fallen desperately in love with my fair godchild. All beyond this information was an entire blank: whether Mr. Carpenter had married Mary; whether, indeed, she were living at all I knew not: they had left the village of Ide, near Exeter, for many years, and all traces of them were lost.

The chances, as they are called, in this mortal life are most extraordinary!—as if the various circumstances that happen to us all were something put into an enormous bag, and shaken up together by the hands of this same blind deity known by the name of "Chance," who, I suppose, shuffles us from human beings, and all our doings and destinies in it, against each other, just as she does a pack of cards at the game of whist; giving to some all the *honours;* to others, perchance, nothing but *black deuces* and *common soldiers*, as they call those below the *tens*, who are allowed to be non-commissioned officers, and hold that rank accordingly. I wish I could stop a moment here, and tell what happened to me some years ago in another particular instance, illustrating the wild caprices of this same shuffling demi-goddess Chance; but episodes are always disagreeable, and weaken much, I think, the main story, drawing off from it just so much interest as the *divaricating* one gains; so that they both become as weak and flat as the *sky-blue* the London milkman leaves at your door in the morning, chalking it up for the genuine produce of the cow. Even this little digression I have now made is, I see, most unpalatable: how then could I have thrown in here my marvellous narrative of *The Pearl Brooch, and Sir Matthew Wood*, the then Lord Mayor of London? Yet, such is the waywardness of human nature, it is not impossible but that some gentle and curious readers may exclaim, especially those who live in the city, and are deputies and common-councilmen, "Why the devil does not the

Digitized by Google

woman tell us about it (if she have anything to say), I should like to know? Her story about Mat. Wood, and, no doubt, the Guildhall dinner—there might have been some sense in that!" I pledge myself, most "reverend signors," that this story of *The Brooch and the Lord Mayor* shall still be told, and in its fitting place.

I had returned from one of my *excursions*, useful and periodical, as are the visits of the monthly journals, when, as is usual after an absence of some weeks from home, I cast my scrutinising eyes on all things within and without my pretty domicile at Kensington, to see if any change had taken place during my absence, my old servant Bridget assisting me in my contemplations, as an aid-de-camp does his general on a recruiting party.

Burnished as well as polished steel could be, shone my whole fire equipage full in my face, reflecting the self-satisfied smile of my trusty *second-in-command* as she pointed out to me, "that there was not a spot of rust, or *any such thing*, on my handsome register stove, fender, and fire irons." All my oddities and curiosities were safe, and free from a particle of dust on my cheffonier, my rosewood tables, and my white marble mantel-shelf. My handsome sleeping apparatus was in excellent order, with snow-white curtains, blinds, and toilet cover, in that comfortable retreat I strictly called "*my own*." In short, my whole house was *in order*, and fit for the reception of a much grander personage than the "Monthly Nurse," who had, however, by dint of her vocation, contrived to amass all these pretty things together, and to pay her rent and taxes as regularly as any housekeeper in Kensington parish.

Many cards had I to inspect, many notes to read, many messages to hear. Bridget, too, had to tell me of a rascally *tooth* of hers, that had during my absence tormented her to such a degree, that she actually sent the baker to tell the doctor to come with his nippers, and pull out the *offending Adam* from her mouth.

"I thought I was in heaven, madam," said old Bridget to me when she had gone thus far in her narrative, "when I saw the double-fanged *traitor* stick up like a criminal as he was in the doctor's twisting-iron, which had well nigh though twisted my head off into the bargain. I slept so soundly, ma'am, that night, that I never, if you will believe me, heard the milkman ring or the potboy call: they all thought I was dead, I believe. No, no; *I was in heaven then; for I had ease, and was asleep!*" Bridget had unwittingly given me a clearer idea of what heaven really is than any I had ever gleaned from books—a release from suffering, and a free communication with the eternal world.

They are always most delightful to me, these occasional returns to my home comforts! Every thing wears a face of novelty, yet endeared to me by various associations. I am assured that *absence* is, when not too much prolonged, a very renovating sort of a commodity; it brushes up and polishes the affections: men and their wives, I can well imagine, should subject themselves occasionally to such wholesome treatment, that they may not have a sort of nausea of each other by being too much together. How delighted are we to welcome the sun back to us in the morning, when he has left us for a few hours during the night! He would be shorn of half his glory if he continued incessantly *shining*

Digitized by Google

on, shining on, without a cloud sometimes to veil him, and his glorious "farewells" every evening in the west.

"And is there anything new in the neighbourhood, my good Bridget?" inquired I, with a little of the gossipping propensity of my *caste*, and wishing also to give my old servant's tongue somewhat of a holiday after having been shut up in *durance vile* for so long a time; for the worthy creature never will leave my house whilst I am absent, lest some mischief might ensue from the loss of my Argus, as she argues, and "some of my *valuables* be snapped away in a moment."

"There is such a fine handsome couple come to lodge just opposite, madam," said Bridget, "at No. 49: a young married pair they seem to me; and the lady has her mother staying with her sometimes. I often stand at the window to see them going out for an evening walk: he so attentive, she so very delicate! He came back yesterday ever so far only to fetch her shawl, as she had gone out without one; and our laundress tells me that they are real gentlefolks, and that they wear such beautiful linen: and the gentleman is so fond of his young wife, that the servants say, "they always wish to be married themselves whenever they see their master and mistress together."

"That is no very unusual thing, Bridget," said I, "for female servants to wish themselves married: so go now, and bring up my tea: you may place the table a little nearer the window, and wheel up my arm-chair just before it. It is not cold; so I can take my tea, and look out into the street at the same time. I shall take a peep at your handsome young couple, Bridget, I assure you: but hand me that book; I can indulge myself in reading a little at the same time, whilst my tea is cooling. Yes, I will have a good plate of hot buttered toast, thin and brown, after your most approved fashion, Bridget. I eat no toast so good as yours; it is never greasy, yet it tastes fully of butter—O, how comfortable it is to be once more at home!"

I was sipping my second cup of tea at the window, feeling, as I always try to do, grateful for the blessings yet preserved to me, rather than fretting for those removed, when I saw the young people living opposite arrive and knock at their own door. Bridget was right: they were a very handsome couple; he about ten years her senior, tall, well-proportioned, and with a military air; she exceedingly fair, with regular beautiful features, but very pale, and with somewhat of a consumptive look. I perceived that the affectionate husband, after he had assisted her off with her shawl, made her lie down on the sofa, and carried to her in a wine glass either some medicine or cordial, standing close by her side whilst she drank it, and then, taking up a book, seemed as if he were reading aloud to her, for I could see his lips distinctly move.

In one moment on witnessing these attentions (so made up of inconsistencies are we frail mortals), my pretty house at Kensington, and all the comforts in it, were forgotten. I thought of the time when I was so beloved, so attended to as was now that fair opposite neighbour of mine! All my gratitude for the thousands of blessings I possessed was gone in one "fell swoop:" I repeated to myself these lines from some anonymous writer:—

How visions of *the past* distress me!
How fling their *shadows* o'er the heart!

Digitized by Google

When gone the *substance* that should bless me,
Its *memory* also should depart!
Yet no—though grieving be a folly,
Give me the privilege to grieve;
Since these dark shades of melancholy
Are all departed friends *can* leave!

So I ordered candles, and my shutters to be closed, much to the surprise of my reasoning attendant, who wanted to know, if she had dared ask me, the *motive* of every one of my actions: what could Sir Isaac Newton have done more? The light she thought was strong enough still to read by; the evening most delightful; groups of Kensington belles were passing by the windows, going to meet their husbands, fathers, brothers, lovers, coming home from London and their daily occupations. "Why should I wish to shut out this stirring, delightful scene so early?" was the inquiry of old Bridget, mentally, it is true, but in spite of her silence, expressed by her looks.

"I do not feel very well this evening," I answered to the mute interrogation I saw in Bridget's "*soul-reflectors*," as I have heard the orbs of vision called; "I shall retire this evening early to rest; to-morrow, no doubt, I shall be better:" and I closed my book, and approached the fire; where, sitting down, I indulged myself in the melancholy pleasure of contemplating some of those "*shadows*" that *the dead* had left me —those "*visions of the past*" I spoke of just now, until warned by my old servant "that it was ten o'clock; and as I said I would retire *early*, she thought she would inform me of the hour."

The next morning my eye caught again the sight of the charming young couple living opposite. How interesting did she look in her white morning dress; how rich were the curls of her dark chesnut hair. They breakfasted at the same hour I did, and then her work-box was brought her, and an ottoman stool for her feet. The husband after this prepared himself (it seemed to me) for going out. He returned from his sleeping apartment when fully equipped—approached his lady; his back was towards the window, but I could not be mistaken; he stooped and imprinted on her lips a parting salutation.

What could possess me? I could not keep my eyes from the house opposite. I felt infatuated; my work, my writing, was only a pretence. I found myself every moment watching each movement of the lovely stranger after her husband had departed. I was become all of a sudden a busy-body, a lady *peep-a-bout*: I could not resist the magic influence of intense curiosity.

Presently a hackney coach stopped at the door of No. 49. What had I to do with the hackney coach? Everything, it seemed to me. I felt ashamed at my silly infatuation, and turned my back for a moment, most virtuously, upon the window. The effort was unavailing. There was I again, when the coachman had given his flourishing rat-tat-tat, watching who would get out of the vehicle, and if they would stay long there visitors of my very handsome opposite neighbour.

I soon solved the mystery of the hackney coach. I saw in a moment that the lady who descended from it was the mother of my incognito at No. 49, for such she undoubtedly was to me. A portmanteau and band-

Digitized by Google

box proclaimed that the newly arrived was just returned from a journey. What was that to me? I saw the mother and daughter embrace each other very affectionately: it was very natural they should do so after their separation; and then (but I could not, however, account so easily for that) I saw the younger lady wring her hands together as if in an agony of grief, and some restoratives were applied to her, as if she had fainted away from some cause or other.

My beautiful neighbour, then, was not happy! She had cause for sorrow, although, to all appearance, most eligibly married, and having a husband who evidently adored her! What could be the cause of this excessive grief I had witnessed? Whatever it might arise from, I soon plainly discovered that she would not suffer her partner to share her afflictions, for she met him on his return with a smiling countenance, and in the evening they walked out together in Kensington Gardens, where I myself took a stroll, and found myself, by the legerdemain tricks of this same modern chance, sitting near the young wedded pair, in one of the alcoves of the gardens, just opposite the Serpentine river.

"Your mother looks pale, I think, dearest," said the noble-looking fellow who called this charming woman his. "I think her journey into *Devonshire* has done her but little good: I am glad I did not suffer you to accompany her."

At the sound of *Devonshire*, my bosom throbbed; it always does so at hearing of that county: I lost not a word of their conversation.

"When I look at that pale face of thine, my dearest *Mary*," said the gentleman tenderly, "I feel almost frightened lest you should not be able to endure the climate of India, and yet, it would break my heart to leave you behind me."

"The voyage will do me good, Forbes," replied the young lady, with a voice that came upon my ear like music. "Would to God we could set off immediately!"

"How will you bear parting with your mother?" enquired the husband. "You will have but *one* solitary heart to repose on in that stranger-land, Mary; but I think you can rely safely upon its unabating watchfulness over its greatest treasure."

"When will our equipments be ready, Forbes?" was the reply; "I am most anxious to embark."

"How I rejoice to hear you say so," said the husband; "I feared England would have clung around your heart, although you have no connection but your mother to draw you to it: it is fortunate for your feelings that it is so. I suppose she will like to reside in Devonshire when we are gone?"

"I should think so," said the young wife; but there was a tone of reserve about these words that struck me much. I observed also that no allusion whatever was made to that sudden outbreak of anguish I had myself witnessed that very morning.

"Can you be ready, Mary, think you, in three weeks?" asked the military stranger, for such I saw he was.

"*In one!*" answered she most fervently, and I saw a shudder pass over her fine features.

"Has your mother seen Mr. Carpenter since she left town?" enquired the husband, carelessly, after a short pause; "but she will tell us all

Digitized by Google

about her journey this evening, Mary, when we are all sitting together round the fire."

"O of course," replied the pale beauty; but I witnessed again a look of such inexpressible, such inexplicable agony, flash across her face just then, that it made me start, but her husband was looking another way, and in another moment she complained of feeling cold. He wrapped her shawl more closely round her, and she took his arm and departed, making a slight move to me, as I sat, apparently reading, on the other side the box, but, in fact, busied in profound abstraction.

"*Devonshire!*" I repeated to myself after they had departed—"*Carpenter!*" he mentioned the name of Carpenter, and he called her also "*Mary!*"—can it be possible that chance has thrown in my way that very god-child of mine, after whose fate I have made such ineffectual enquiries? Why did I not ask her at once if her maiden name was not Cottrell? That elderly lady, then, was my old schoolfellow! Heavens and earth! how altered do we become by time! The little helpless babe is changed into this beautiful woman, and my late pretty-looking friend her mother grown out of all recollection; double her former size, and certainly not improved in personal charms! How altered then must I myself be! and so, no doubt, will Mrs. Cottrell think—that is, if I am right in my conjectures. Poor Mary! if this be she, then some mystery lies about her. I could not be deceived in the expression of those features. She has some secret sorrow preying on her; but I will know more about all this before I sleep. And with this firm resolve I hastened home, opened immediately my writing-desk, and dispatched by the hands of the astonished Bridget a note to No. 49, couched as follows:—

"If the name of *Cottrell* happens to be the family one of the ladies in the house opposite, a very old friend of the mother, and the sponsor of the daughter, would feel much pleasure to renew her acquaintance with both. Should the writer of this have deceived herself, an apology is due to the ladies thus addressed."

I had ordered Bridget not to wait for an answer; and as full half an hour passed, and I received no communication from *over the way*, I began to think that I was upon a wrong scent altogether, yet still I fancied politeness might have dictated some immediate reply to my inoffensive note. I plainly observed that it had caused some little commotion and conversation between the two ladies, from which the gentleman seemed quite excluded. They had gone up together to the younger one's sleeping apartment, and there they were, I perceived, with my note in their hands, their heads hanging over it, and evidently in deep consultation.

"How ridiculous!" thought I, "to make such a fuss about answering so simple a question! I shall think no more about them. Perhaps it is better for me to let matters stand as they do at present with regard to my god-daughter Mary, let her be wherever she may be. I have an anticipation that I shall hear no pleasing tidings of her whenever she should *cast up*, as they say, for there was a manœuvring spirit about that mother of her's I well remember that I much disliked; there was in her a disregard sometimes to *truth*, and a total want of candour in her general character. What conditions could such a one as Mrs. Cottrell then was, supply for the development and growth of divine and virtuous

Digitized by Google

principles in her child. It is better, I am sure, that I should never hear of them at all."

But this was not to be my fate. A double knock was soon heard at my door, and the elder of the two ladies at No. 49 entered my drawing-room with an air of some hesitation and confusion. No natural, and therefore beautiful, delight at meeting with so early a friend as myself shone upon her countenance; she was cold, constrained, and evidently uncomfortable; she seemed much embarrassed when she acknowledged that her name was "*Cottrell*," and, to my extreme surprise, desired she might be allowed to speak to me in my *back* drawing-room, as she had something confidential to impart to me.

I have an intuitive as well as an experimental horror of the word "*confidential*." I never yet heard anything agreeable come to me through that medium, but I could make no solid objection; so, throwing open my folding doors, I followed my old friend with a new face into my back room, carpeted, it is true, like the front one, but without the comfort of a fire, and altogether quite a different sort of a thing.

Mrs. Cottrell closed the door after her, and, as I turned round just before, I saw her son-in-law standing with a book in his hand at the opposite window, his eyes fixed on those of my house. I mentioned this circumstance, as I sat down, a little out of humour, by the side of my visitant.

"How very disagreeable that is," exclaimed Mrs. Cottrell, turning as red as a peony. "Then he knows that I came in here after all. I told him I was going to the library to change a book; and so indeed I have been, but I did not say I was going to call here."

"It is not of much consequence such an omission," said I, rather piqued by her manner. "Then, *now*, I suppose, you will have no objection to return to the other room, for, to tell you the truth, this feels rather chill, for it has not had a fire in it since I have been away."

"Perhaps he only looked at your house by accident," musingly exclaimed my quondam friend, more to herself than to me. "I should rather my son-in-law *did not know* I called here."

"Just as you please," I answered coldly and proudly enough; for I conceived Mrs. Cottrell had heard I was a "monthly nurse," and so, like a fool, was ashamed of my acquaintance.

"You misunderstand me, my dear Mary, altogether," fawningly said Mrs. Cottrell, putting her hand on mine, which imparted to me no magnetic sympathy or warmth. The spirit that stimulated that action then felt no affection or interest for me, as she called me "*Dear Mary*." The word *dear* is so worn to tatters with indiscriminate use, that I would not give a brass farthing for it; yet I had heard in former times the words "Dear Mary" with strong emotion, but *then* it was evolved by a corresponding sentiment—then was the term indeed *dear*.

"You misunderstand me, my dear Mary, I plainly see," said Mrs. Cottrell; "I am rejoiced once more to embrace you;" and she folded her arms around me, but they created no wish for a response from mine. I sat unmoved as a statue, chilled to the very heart, not by the atmosphere of the room altogether, but by the withering influence of my visitant.

"It is many years since we met, Mrs. Cottrell," said I; "You know not the pains I have taken to find out, since my return to England, you.

Digitized by Google

and more especially my god-child and namesake. What an elegant, lovely creature she appears."

I found it was incumbent on me to say something, but my visitor's thoughts were pre-occupied; she heard but very indistinctly, it was apparent, my praises of her daughter's person. I grew impatient at her absence of manner, and was heartily sorry that I had sent over my note to No. 49, which had brought upon me the infliction of her presence.

"You are cold here, I see," at length observed the lady, enquiringly, and again looking very uneasy.

"Rather," was my laconic reply.

"If you are quite sure that my son-in-law saw me enter here, we had better go at once and sit by your comfortable fire in the outer room," observed the lady.

"I know nothing about that, but I am sure that I never saw him look so *decidedly* over at my house before," answered I, quite astonished and disgusted by her whole conduct; "and if he does know you are here, will he not think it very *odd* that we should closet ourselves in here?"

This was quite a random shot of mine, but it did vast execution.

"You are quite right," said she; "it *will* look as if we had something to talk over in secret—as if there were some mystery—I should like to avoid that, certainly. Perhaps we had better, then, go back and sit ourselves down in the front room openly at once."

"Your son-in-law must be a very tremendous and extraordinary man," said I, "if he cares a fig in which room we place ourselves to talk over *days gone by*; and I led the way, "nothing loth," to my warm and elegant drawing-room, offering her the seat of honour, my handsome Morocco arm-chair.

"No, not there," answered she, declining my favourite seat; "I will get away from the fire, if you please, and sit down here. Have you any objection to put the shutter a little to?"

"There is no sun," I answered; "but if the light is too much for your eyes, exclude it if you please."

But Mrs. Cottrell would not approach the window herself, and I would not humour her in so silly a fancy, especially as it was getting rather dark, and I knew that it was to avoid the eyes of her son-in-law that she wanted to close the shutter. I was in no humour to indulge her in such nonsense.

"I heard of your husband's death whilst I was in India," said I, when we had been seated in silence a couple of minutes, I should think, and were beginning to feel awkward.

"Did you, indeed?" almost gasped Mrs. Cottrell; "and did you hear of nothing more?"

"Not whilst I was in the East," answered I. "A few years ago, when I tried all I could to discover you both, all I could gather was, that you had been in severe difficulties, but that a most charitable gentleman of the name of *Carpenter* had relieved you from them, having settled, I was told, an annuity upon you. I heard, too, that he was much attached either to you or your daughter, they could not tell me which. Is *Carpenter* the name of your son-in-law, or are you married to him yourself?"

"Neither the one nor the other," answered my former friend; but her voice seemed choked, and I perceived her lips turned exceedingly pale.

Digitized by Google

There was another very long pause. I felt my own heart pant with increased pulsation, but *why* it did so I could not have explained. Some of the finer instincts of my nature were, no doubt, at work within me; the grosser sense knew nothing whatever of their fine perceptions.

"I have most particular reasons, Mary," said Mrs. Cottrell, again trying to assume a look of interest for me, in which she utterly failed—"yes, very important reasons why, if you should ever become acquainted with the Major, my daughter's husband, that you should not mention the name of *Carpenter* to him; he was a little jealous of the attentions of that gentleman to Mary when he engaged my daughter to marry him some years ago. She then was little better than a child, and he only a captain. He used to send her the most elegant presents and the most delightful letters from India, yet, I assure you, I never thought it would be a match."

"If he sincerely loved your child, and was a man of honour, there could be no doubt of it," said I; "he seems deeply attached to her now, however."

"He loved her from the first moment he beheld her," said the mother, "and he dotes on her now almost to distraction. He purposes to go to India for another step of rank, and then return and enjoy his ample fortune and her society in his native county Worcestershire."

"Worcestershire!" said I, breathlessly; "what is his name?"

"Major ————," answered my visitor; "his christian name is Forbes."

"Good God!" said I, feeling my cheek turning very white; "what an extraordinary interview this is altogether."

"You know him, then?" enquired Mrs. Cottrell, with so keen a look of enquiry, that it seemed to cut me through, and at the same time to admonish me to be cautious myself in my reply.

"I knew a relation of his abroad," said I, striving to regain possession of my feelings. I did not choose to tell her that Major ————, her son-in-law, was the nephew and heir-at-law of my dear deceased husband; but the name I had repeated seemed to strike her ear strangely, without giving her any definite idea. She had forgotten all about me; all she knew was, that I had been married to some one, and had gone out to India; the rest was a chaos in her mind, yet still she seemed ashamed to own how very little she had interested herself about me.

"Your name at present is ————?" enquired she.

"Yes, Griffiths," said I, and I had most powerful reasons now, indeed, for keeping my real one concealed. My husband's nephew, then, he who inherited his estates, entailed on the male heir, he who would inherit also in due course of time if he lived, an appendage to his name, that men so much covet, this very nephew, then, was married to my god-daughter, and both of them lived *over the way*, perfectly unconscious, at least the nephew, that so near a connection was located just opposite.

It was now my turn to wish the shutters closed, not that I feared recognition from Major ———— (he had no knowledge of my person), but still I did not like his eye upon me, so I rang immediately for candles, and ordered the curtains to be drawn.

"I cannot stay longer now," said Mrs. Cottrell; "let me entreat you to be cautious, should you fall in with the Major, not to say much

Digitized by Google

respecting days long past, family connections, and all that; and never, let me conjure you, mention the name of *Carpenter* in his hearing, or indeed in Mary's."

"When shall I see her?" I asked, at that moment thinking only of the tiny creature I once held in my arms, with a small quilted white satin bonnet on, and petticoats at least three times longer than herself.

"Shall I bring her over to you to-morrow morning?" asked Mrs. Cottrell; "the Major, I know, is going then to the Horse Guards, and she can spend an hour with you, without fear of his knowing it."

"It is a bad thing," said I, "to have concealments of any kind from a husband: and, for such a trifle as this, it seems to me a perfect folly: but be it as you will;" for, I recollect, just then, that I was quite as anxious to avoid the Major as his mother-in-law was to keep us from each other. So she departed with the promise, that on the succeeding day, about twelve, she would present my god-child and my namesake Mary to me.

Little sleep got I that night; I was troubled, like Martha of old, about many things. I had many misgivings about my beautiful niece that I could not define. I could not endure her mother, who could do nothing, it seemed to me, straight forward. I had watched her even as she went from my house the evening preceding; she had darted across the way like a hunted hare, in the first instance, and had concealed herself under the balcony of No. 49, her own domicile, until my door had slapped to; then, giving herself a minute's time, or more, she had stolen softly through the little front garden, into the open street again, taken a short turn, and then boldly returned, making a noise with the garden gate, and looking up with a smiling face to the first-floor windows. I saw her nod to the Major, who had been attracted to the window by the studied rattle she had made on entering with the slide-lock of the gate; she proceeded, and gave a thundering rap at the street door. I saw this comedy enacted from the window of my bed-room, whither I had hastened after her departure.

All this may appear as very trifling, but I saw more in it; here was *art, design, manœuvring*, and for what purpose? That was beyond my power to discover, but my heart asked, as I thought, to what a being was my little, tender, bleating lamb entrusted—the poor innocent whom I had pledged myself before God to watch over and protect. Can it be wondered at that I passed a sleepless night?

I selected one or two trifles the next day as presents for my godchild, but how inadequate were they to express the thrilling interest I felt for her! "*I must talk to her alone*," said I, "for, under the influence of that fiend-like mother, I can learn nothing of her real character. How is it possible she can be anything but artful with such an example as she has had ever before her!"

Between twelve and one the mother and daughter arrived; and it was with fond affection that I gave to that most beautiful young creature a tender caress. I never yet could analyse the cause of many of my emotions; they seem to me beyond the power of definition—something *occult* and *mystic* about them. But are we not both one and the other ourselves?

Digitized by Google

"Mary," said I, trying to restrain my tears, "you were a sweet, unconscious blossom when I last beheld you."

"Would that I had ever been so, madam," was the thrilling reply. "Children are very happy beings, and very innocent."

"And are not *you* happy, my sweet god-child?" asked I. The question was a gratuitous one; I knew that she was *not* so, and the tears that rushed into her fine eyes were a confirmation of that knowledge, had I needed it.

"*Happy!*" broke in the odious, because most insincere mother; "has she not everything to make her so? Well married, with a handsome, loving husband! Going out like a princess to India! Such beautiful dresses! Such elegant ornaments! She is one of the most fortunate girls alive!"

Alas! Mary herself did not look so. Those dark-fringed eyes of her's had a melancholy in them that could not be mistaken. Gentle she seemed, as well as suffering; a being that could be played on, that had not energy enough to turn away the hand that afflicted it. How did I long to have her five minutes to myself!

"Mary!" cried I, with strong emotion, "would to heaven that I had known you throughout your youthful days; that you had grown up under my wing, and been to me as a daughter!"

"Would to heaven that I had!" responded the poor creature, with an emotion equal to my own; but there was a frown, dark and admonitory, on the mother's brow: it coerced the child, and she remained mute, and, as it were, her mind collapsed.

"Mother!" thought I; "can such a being as this be worthy of such a title! She is a tyrant, and not a mother."

"We must not stay too long," said Mrs. Cottrell, in an imperious voice; "the Major may return before the hour he mentioned, and it is better not to——"

"Mamma!" exclaimed poor Mary, "we have not been here half an hour as yet; indulge me with a little more intercourse with one I am sure I should have loved, could I but have known her from my infancy. I shall soon leave you both, and—and—England for ever. Yes, *for ever;* for I feel, mother, that I shall never return;"—and, overcome by some secret source of sorrow, she threw her arms suddenly round my neck, and sobbed aloud.

"You promised not to be a fool, Mary," ejaculated Mrs. Cottrell, in a very gentle voice. "If I could have foreseen this scene, you never should have come. Now, *he* will see the redness of your eyes, and then he will begin to suspect something. Pray do not weep in that stupid manner."

"Let her alone a few moments," cried I, folding her fondly to my bosom. O how did I wish then that she had been my daughter instead of her's—how I would have cherished her.

Impatiently did Mrs. Cottrell await the time I specified, going often to the windows to see if the Major had returned. Mary at length revived; I gave her my little offerings, and kissed her fair forehead, with a trepidation, that I could not account for, and then the mother and child departed.

How infatuated did I become after this interview about my lovely

Digitized by Google

namesake! I felt inclined even to offer myself to accompany her to India, only that I might have the pleasure of her company, of seeing those expressive eyes beaming with a daughter's love upon me—but this could not be; so I contented myself with *purchasing* from her avaricious mother—(yes, actually *purchasing*, by means of expensive presents)—the privilege of spending as much time with her daughter as could be safely done, without coming into contact with the Major; but I have good reasons for knowing that he was fully aware of those clandestine visitings of ours; and that it gave him great pain to find there was such a want of candour and openness in the character of the woman he so tenderly loved. That he attributed such conduct in a great measure to the covert and wily influence of the mother, I am also well assured; yet still he was much hurt, and inwardly consoled, that he should so soon remove his beloved wife from such pernicious example, when, he fondly trusted, his Mary, affectionate and gentle as he knew her to be, would soon get rid of this shade, this blemish on her character, he now so keenly deplored.

With a precaution that did him honour, I have since found out, that the Major made most strict enquiries in the neighbourhood as to the entire respectability of the lady *over the way*, with whom his wife and her intriguing mother-in-law had so suddenly become intimate. Satisfied most fully in this particular, his wonder must have increased as to why they should both be so silent as to any acquaintance; why also Mrs. Griffiths herself should always disappear when his knock was heard at the door; why his Mary should hurry home from the house opposite always a few minutes before she expected his return.

Love is sometimes most ingenious in forming excuses for the object of its affection; at other times equally as expert in self-tormenting. If I were disposed, I could most clearly make out, that the votaries of *la belle passion* were divided into these two classes, namely, *The Extenuators* and *The Accusers*. We have now the *philosophy* of the most trifling things, gravely put forth by writers, and as gravely perused by the public—(who, by the by, will swallow anything, if properly honeyed over)—why then should there not be the philosophy of love, duly treated of, and the *heart* of the lover or husband, as minutely *mapped out* and labelled as are the *heads* of all the distinguished personages in Christendom.

The equipment of Major ———— and his lady was now finished, and sent on board "The Malcolm," proceeding direct to Calcutta. The ship was expected to *drop down* to Gravesend in a day or two: the passengers were to join her at Portsmouth. I knew every step of these proceedings, and indeed could think of nothing but the approaching departure of my much-loved godchild, when I saw the general postman knock at the door of No. 49. What of that? The Major and his family received letters every day; yet, and I cannot account for it, I felt strange and uncomfortable, as I saw the servant take this one letter in, and proceed with it to the dining-room, where the Major was reading by himself, the ladies being up stairs. I kept my eyes fixed upon him, veiling my person from his view by the white muslin drapery of my windows.

I saw him look curiously at the direction, and after that break the seal. I saw him start and strike his forehead with his clenched hand.

Digitized by Google

I saw him pace up and down the room, with steps like a maniac; stop, and gaze wildly around him. I became alarmed. He was the nephew of my husband, and I could not endure to behold his agonies. "What can have happened?" I exclaimed aloud. I turned to look at him again; he had snatched up a pen, and was writing; watched him anxiously; he enclosed the letter he had just received, or, at least, I fancied it was the same, in the sheet of paper on which he had written; he threw it on the table with much vehemence, again struck his forehead, and then rushed from the house with the speed of the insane.

I felt my lips quiver, my knees shake. "I can bear this no longer," said I; and, seising my shawl, that was lying on the sofa, I ran over, without my bonnet, to my opposite friends. I mounted up stairs, without speaking a word, to the drawing-room; there lay the letter of the Major, still unopened, blotted and blurred, upon the table—not even was it wafered: it was directed, in a broken, irregular hand, to *Mrs. Cottrell.*

"I thought so," said I, aloud, "Here has been some horrid discovery —some machination of this plotting woman! God grant that poor Mary may not be made the *victim* of her mother's intriguing spirit!"

Both mother and daughter entered at this moment; the latter had been netting me a card-purse, and affectionately approached me to present it, as a parting memento of her regard, when a scream from Mrs. Cottrell drew our attention: she had read the letter, and fell into strong hysterics. How I do hate that noisy affection, which resembles, it seems to me, more *passion* than *malady*, and is so easily counterfeited, that I always look at it with most jealous eyes.

Mrs. Cottrell soon got over her fit of crying, laughing, choaking, and kicking, all mixed up together, and we knew but too soon after the contents of this fatal letter. These were the words of the enclosure:—

"Madam,—Read the enclosed, and judge the state of my feelings! I hasten to ascertain the *truth* or *falsehood* of the statement there made, and shall either return to the bosom of her I adore, cleansed of my suspicions, or she will see me no more. In pity keep this from *your daughter* until you see me or hear from me again."

"Mother! mother!" franticly shrieked out the wretched Mary, "then is *all* discovered? I knew it could not be concealed! I told you so a thousand times! This is all your doing, mother, and for *your* sake I shall perish! Oh, Mrs. Griffith, help me—comfort me! I have wronged him! *deceived* him! I am a wretch! a hypocrite! a false, false woman!"

Mrs. Siddons, in her personation of Belvidera, could not have surpassed the tragic pathos of this scene! It rived the heart of the beholder. There is a sublimity in extreme agony, that no one can gaze on without compassion. What could I say to such an appeal—what answer give to the anguish of those eyes, turned towards me helplessly imploring for assistance? "It may turn out better, dearest Mary, than you imagine," was all I could articulate; but then I could hold her hands in mine, kiss her pale, cold forehead, on which the *dew of death* seemed to have risen—drops wrung from the very extremity of nature's suffering.

"Read it, and judge for yourself," cried Mrs. Cottrell, who had resumed the letter, and was poring over its contents, herself as pale as

Digitized by Google

ashes. "Concealment is now out of the question; read it, and see if we can devise some means to defeat the malice of this anonymous enemy."

I read the following, and had nearly fainted:—

"Noble Major! you are a gallant fellow, and a brother officer: I cannot endure to see you so deceived. Go instantly, before you embark for India, go into Lincolnshire, to a small village called Merton, two miles from Gainsborough, enquire for a Mrs. Hutton there, not the lady in that fine stone house, who owns the manor, but Mrs. Hutton, near the chapel; she has a child she nurses there, who goes by the name of *Henry Sinclair*. That child is the *illegitimate offspring of your adored Mary and that villain Carpenter!* She was sold to him, for a *vile annuity*, when little more than a child herself, by her unprincipled mother, and this *after* her engagement to yourself! You are too noble a fellow to leave this unfortunate girl to starve, but she must not go out to India as your unspotted wife.—Yours, ANONYMOUS."

I held this appalling communication in my hand, but could not find the voice to say, "*And is this true?*" I saw it was; I felt it was, even in the innermost depths of my being. To have uttered a reproach to Mary then would have been like hurling a missile at a wretched malefactor standing on the scaffold, on the point of expiating his crimes by the severest punishment. I have heard that the lowest of the populace have thrown stones and offal *at such criminals* at such a moment; but I can only wonder and deplore the hardness of their stony hearts. The hour of suffering, from whatever cause it arises, is not the hour for reproaches. If there be a devil in a shape or form, whether like Milton's Satan, or the one of Coleridge, habited in blue and red, I think he would be too much of a *gentleman* to insult the miserable.

What a wretched history did I glean by snatches only during that most unhappy night, for I would not leave them. I gathered, that Mrs. Cottrell had entertained very little faith in the promises of the Major, then Captain, towards her child; that Carpenter had before made dishonourable proposals for her, and finding that Mary was now engaged, stopped his annual allowance to her mother. Poverty stared her in the face, and she had not courage to turn round and clutch the enemy, to wrestle with him, and deprive him of his sting. She knew no way to gain an honest livelihood, and would not seek to learn one. She had the baseness, therefore, to traffic with the rich and unworthy Carpenter for the innocence of her child. Disgust forbids me to give further details.

I learnt, with some amelioration of my grief for Mary's fall, that she would not continue to live a life of shame in Mr. Carpenter's home after her seduction and ruin. She escaped from it in despair, and fled, she hardly knew how, into the county of Lincolnshire, where she hoped to find a distant relation who would protect her; but death had carried off this her last hope of refuge. Her mother had traced her steps—had regained possession of her—a *most teasing* scene had ensued between them—but Mary would not return to the abode of infamy; so Carpenter, a libertine without a heart, weary of her reproaches and tears, sought some other victim.

After the birth of Mary's infant, born to her, indeed, in pain and sorrow, it was placed, by the intriguing mother, at the village of Merton,

Digitized by Google

as being far out of the way of all discovery; Carpenter paid an annual sum for the care of it, and as the woman had never seen its unhappy mother, there was this slender hope to cling to, that the Major, although he might and would trace out the child there living, yet he might not be able to identify it as having been borne by his wife, whom he had found on his return from India, to claim her as his affianced bride, living in modest retirement, and, it seemed to him, under the protection of her maternal parent (such a parent!) in the same county in which he had first beheld her.

I cannot exonerate my poor god-child from her share of blame in hiding, as she had done, all these most disgraceful circumstances from the knowledge of her confiding and constant lover; but Mary was naturally of a weak frame of mind, easily worked upon, and under the most malignant influence. She suffered, she told me, tortures inexpressible, when the Major expressed his alarm at seeing how pale and thin she had become; when he heaped every tenderness upon her; when he thanked her for preserving her faith to him *inviolate*. He never liked Mrs. Cottrell; so, whenever he by chance discovered any slight deviation from candour in the conduct of his Mary, he always made some allowances for such blemishes, and attributed them in a great degree to the designing mother.

Throughout the whole of the next day, we talked incessantly on the probable chances that remained for Mary's character being preserved to her husband, or, at least, held doubtful. I, too, had many qualms of conscience. To me they had each confessed that the child at Merton was decidedly the illegitimate one of that woman who was now the wife of my husband's nephew. I knew this fact. Ought I, then, supposing he returned unconvinced, hoping, nay, trusting, that the whole was a vile calumny invented by some anonymous enemy, perhaps by Carpenter himself, who, he knew, had been a great admirer of Miss Cottrell when he himself proposed to her, and might seek to destroy his wedded happiness,—ought I to be silent in the affair, suffer him to take to his bosom a polluted being, and thus become an accessory in deceiving him? I decided, at length, that if Mary should escape from full exposure through this visit into Lincolnshire by the alarmed husband, that I would not interfere; as I trusted, when wholly separated from the contamination and evil influence that had hitherto surrounded her, that no second lapse from virtue would ever take place.

In the meantime, the papers informed us, that the good ship Malcolm, with a regular surgeon on board, had proceeded down the river to Gravesend. A letter came from the broker of the vessel to say, that passengers must join the ship within the week at Portsmouth, or, if at Gravesend, immediately. The landlord of the house at Kensington had to be settled with—various tradespeople paid—bills pouring in, and small packages from all quarters—letters to be conveyed to India under the care of the Major—officers calling to take leave—and here was the principal absent from home at such a stirring time, and on what a research!

Description fails to give the faintest idea of what pangs were rending the bosom of my poor god-child all this time. She seemed as if paralysed—she could neither think or act. When I suggested to her that we would write such a letter to the Major, supposing that he knew the very

Digitized by Google

worst, as should seek to pacify his feelings—to plead with him the extreme youth of the repentant delinquent at the hour of her fall, and the arts that had been practised upon her;—when I urged all this to her, as being the last thing we could do; and I even offered to go myself to Portsmouth and see him before he sailed, if he wrote to say he would never behold his wife again; when I over and over again advised such a letter to be written by the hand of Mary, I might as well have tried to commune with a statue. She could not comprehend my meaning; she was incapable of writing a single line if it would have saved her life. Life! what cared she for life at that time, when it presented nothing but a blighted desert, every leaf and bud of confiding love withered to her for ever!

Even amidst all this agony of her child, the utter selfishness and heartlessness of the abominable mother was made manifest. Every thing of value in the house was carefully packed up, if the worst should come, that they might be removed at a moment's notice. The major's gold repeater, the silver inkstand—even his gold studs and pencil case, were put up ready to be carried off, besides, I have every reason to believe, a considerable sum of money he had by him in his writing desk, which he had left open in his fearful agitation. As I looked at her making her unfeeling preparations, I turned from her as from a fiend.

However slowly Time may pass away when pain and sorrow clog his footstep, still he *does* proceed. Days wore away; we received no tidings: a feather would have caused an alarm to the hapless wife, so wrought to extreme tension were her nerves. All her senses appeared consolidated in the one of *hearing;* they seemed gone to assist its agency, as blind people are aided by their sense of feeling. She could neither eat or sleep; but sat with her head upon my shoulder, holding one of my hands tightly within her own. I took an oath then, silently but solemnly, that never would I cease to protect that ill-used, suffering creature whilst I had breath, if she were abandoned by her husband.

Talk not to me of that overstrained virtue which would turn away from the despairing child of sorrow, because she has *once* sinned. Talk not to me of the cold usages of custom, and the heartless compact women tacitly hold with each other, that when a female has fallen from the sublime heights of angelic purity, as they call reputation, she is to be considered a *castaway* and a *reprobate* through life; that, iff the language of Goldsmith,

"No tears can wash her guilt away."

Let them not preach to me of such a *heresy:* the brighter our own chastity may be, the more can we afford to hold out a hand to a repentant Magdalene, to lead her back to the Redeemer's feet.

I must take a turn or two across the room to cool myself, I perceive, for I have worked myself up to a sad state by this outbreak. I have no patience with the canting hypocrisy I am obliged to hear about the "contamination" that a poor drooping, heart-broken creature is supposed to impart to the stiff-necked daughters of chastity. There is no taint so bad as a want of charity; no false step, if it has been repented of, half so disgraceful as unwomanly persecution to that woman who is not in heart nor general conduct vicious——

Digitized by Google

I have given vent to my indignation, and can resume the thread of my narrative, now drawing towards its close.

I have said that Time still advances, however slowly. He may seem to creep. Five days had now passed without any intelligence from the major, when Bridget brought me over a note that had been left for me at my own house by some stranger. I tore it open, and to my astonishment read the following words addressed to myself—the writer of them was the nephew of my husband:—

"Madam,—I am a stranger to you except by character, and I have learned yours, yet I am going to request a favour of you which may incur your displeasure—yet I must even risk it, for I am almost a distracted man; torn to pieces between contending passions—honour, pity, and (alas! I am obliged to own it) still remaining love!

"Circumstances have occurred that prevent me from taking over to India with me that lovely but unfortunate young woman with whom I find you are acquainted;—the woman I have married. I can see her face no more: tears blot my paper; you will perceive their traces as I write this irrevocable decree.

"I cannot leave England and her for ever without some care for her future wants, without some provision for ——. Madam, pardon me, my feelings overpower me. It is possible that my frail, my too yielding Mary, may be pregnant even now, and I, the father of *that* child at least, divided from her both by oceans and imperious honour. Her mother is (God pardon me!) the vilest wretch that breathes on earth! —Mary shall not live under her care nor in her sight. To you I bequeath my wife and (should I not be mistaken) my future offspring. Protect them both. No means shall be wanting to this end. Say that you will accept this trust, and you will give the only consolation that is left on earth to the wretched FORBES ——.

"P. S. I shall wait at Knightsbridge for a line from you by the bearer;—then be off instantly by post-chaise to Portsmouth, and then to India with the arrow rankling in my heart. A remittance shall follow this. Tell Mary I will bless her before I quit the shores of England——and you too if you will be kind to her."

"It is from him—it is from my injured Forbes!" exclaimed Mary, clasping her hands together, and falling on her knees before me: and there she knelt, pale and unconscious; for as she spoke the last word she fainted, or rather, her limbs grew rigid as if in a state of catalepsy.

"Is all discovered, then?" inquired Mrs. Cottrell. I could not answer her, but put the letter I had received into her hands, and turned my attention to her daughter, whose state seemed to me most alarming.

When she had been removed to the sofa, I asked if the messenger still waited; and finding that he was below, I said aloud, merely from the impulse of uncontrollable excitement, "Then I will accompany him: I will see Major —— myself, and endeavour to soften his present purpose. Give me my bonnet and shawl, Bridget; *run over for a clean pair of gloves*, and tell the messenger to call a coach this moment"—even at this moment I could not forego my habit of attending scrupulously to my dress.

I left Mrs. Cottrell muttering to herself over the contents of her son-in-law's letter, especially that part of it which called her "the vilest wretch that breathed on earth." "You may save yourself

Digitized by Google

trouble, madam," she called out to me as I was departing; "I know Major ——'s temper better than you do, and you will never alter his determination."

"Never, never!" came also in a smothered voice from the sofa; "but bless her, heaven, for the attempt. She will at least *see* him, tell him of my wretchedness, and receive for me his promised blessing!" I heard no more, but saw her, poor thing, clasping her husband's letter to her bosom, which, I suppose, she must have been recovered enough to have read over, from her last words.

I had an interview with Major —— at Knightsbridge, and it was a terrible one! I know not what I said;—how I argued in poor Mary's behalf. We were both nearly torn to pieces by our emotions. He had no conception of our relationship, nor did I think at all of my own pride and present situation then. To gain some point for poor Mary was my only thought; and I so far succeeded, that if she became a mother, and had completely separated herself from her own; if I could then assert with truth and honour that I believed she never more would use deception; that she languished to behold the father of her child, her husband; then I had his permission to accompany her myself to India, when he would receive her with affection, and never more mention her past misconduct.

He wrung my hand as we parted; gave me an order on his agent; sprang into the post-chaise that waited for him, with his handkerchief held to his eyes, and his manly bosom convulsed with agony.

I found the major had appointed a person at Knightsbridge to settle all demands upon him with regard to the house at Kensington, and the tradesmen, &c. I had promised to receive Mary into my own, and to get rid of Mrs. Cottrell immediately; and this I was not reluctant to do.

It seemed to me on my return, that I had achieved very great things in gaining this concession from the major. I drove back to Kensington with a lightened heart; but what was my emotion on perceiving a crowd collected before my own door and that of No. 49: all were gazing in at the windows of the latter. A sickness of heart seized me; I knew that something dreadful had happened, and to my poor godchild. It was even so. After my departure she was seized with the sudden frenzy that she would go also, and intercede for pardon at the feet of her husband. Her mother had intercepted her flight; had followed her up stairs to her bedroom, when she flew thither in a state of utter distraction; and, without attempting to soothe her agonies, had vehemently represented to her that there could be no possible chance for her to find out the major, since the coach which bore me to him, and the messenger who was to guide me to him, were out of sight.

"I will believe nothing more you tell me," shrieked out the unfortunate Mary, losing all her natural gentleness in her high excitement. "Mother, you told me he never would return from India to redeem his promise! You persuaded me that my Forbes was insincere—mother, you have undone me! You have made me purchase an independence for yourself at the price of my own honour; and now, when I would fly to humble myself before the generous being you have caused me to injure so cruelly, you would prevent me. But no, I will defy you. I am

Digitized by Google

a wife as well as a daughter, and I will go to him. He is at Knightsbridge; I heard that; and I can find him out there!"

But Mrs. Cottrell still opposed her rushing down the stairs in pursuit of her husband, when, maddened by her feelings, the hapless Mary flung open the sash of one of the windows, and before she could be caught hold of, had jumped out into the little garden below, striking herself in her fall against the iron balcony of the drawing room. It broke her fall, or she must have been killed on the spot.

In what a state did I find my poor godchild! Bruised, insensible, bleeding from several wounds, and with a leg and arm fractured. She pitched, it seems, out upon a large laurustine bush in the garden, or death must have immediately supervened. She was lying on the sofa in the drawing room, and two surgeons, living in the immediate neighbourhood, were busily engaged in affording her what relief was in their power.

By that evening's post I addressed a hasty letter to the husband at Portsmouth, informing him of this fearful accident, and the manner in which Mary had met with it, not omitting her last words before she took this fatal leap, which one of the servants had repeated to me: they were as follows:—

"O that I could have had the resolution to do *before* what I am now doing! O that I had thrown myself headlong from a window to *avoid* one instead of seeking *another*."

I rightly calculated; for as soon as four horses could bring him, arrived the almost distracted husband, who, after he had seen his poor Mary, and inquired into the probable chances of her recovery, demanded eagerly of the medical attendants if they thought she could with safety be moved from her present abode to mine over the way, as he wished, he said, to leave her entirely under my care.

This was accomplished according to his wish: he then wrote a laconic note to Mrs. Cottrell, saying he did not wish *his wife* to be any longer under her influence, and that his house in Kensington would be immediately shut up.

Thus literally turned out, the intriguing mother set off in great dudgeon for Devonshire, to report her wrongs no doubt to the infamous Mr. Carpenter, her coadjutor. I have never seen her since.

The entire pardon and never-ceasing affection of her husband produced the most calming effects upon the mind and injuries of my poor godchild. The major being a military man, could only obtain two months' extended leave of absence; and when he did set off to India, his lady was nearly convalescent, but not well enough to accompany him.

During the twelvemonth Mary resided under my roof, I had full opportunities of witnessing her real disposition when away from the pernicious influence of Mrs. Cottrell: a more amiable, gentle, loving being never existed; and, if I may venture to say, without offending the scrupulous fastidiousness of the *virtuous overmuch*, she by her latter conduct redeemed the errors of her extreme youth.

Major ——, on account of this early indiscretion of his wife, which, although not publicly known, yet, from the anonymous letter, seemed to have transpired to some brother officer, sold out of the army, and retired to Geneva, where he established himself in one of those enchanting

Digitized by Google

cottages near the beautiful lake of that name, not far from Vervay, where he is as happy with his Mary as any being in this sublunary state can be.

There are thousands of men who would have thrown this flower for ever from their bosoms, on account of the stain it had received whilst it was in the bud. Every person must act by their own ideas of honour; but I never can believe that my husband's nephew, the gallant and noble Forbes, has tarnished his by his forgiveness of his beautiful and truly penitent Mary.—Did he not take her at the altar "*for better and for worse?*"

THE CHARACTER OF GROTIUS.

BY FRANCIS BARHAM, ESQ.

The late Charles Butler, as learned and worthy a man as ever yet did honour to the English bar, always delighted in biography. The writing of the lives of great characters was his most favourite amusement; and he had both wit and wisdom enough to choose the characters well which he meant to illustrate. For where again shall we find men superior to Bossuet and Fenelon, the noblest lights of France? or dearer than Erasmus and Grotius, the boast and glory of Holland?

All these men were philosophers of the highest class. In the vast and comprehensive circle of their characteristics, we find those of the saint, the sage, the scholar, the politician, the wit, and the poet, all included and bound up. They possessed in an eminent degree that unity and universality of character which wins the admiration of all particular parties, just because it embraces all their varieties, and harmonises all their contradictions.

It is the evident interest of society to set forth the names of Christian philosophers like these, to hold them up to honour and veneration, and to give them as much moral influence in church and state as possible; for we may be sure, that in proportion as that moral influence extends, so true piety, virtue, wisdom, and harmony will prevail, and the discord and buffoonery of parties be swept away.

It is for this reason that we once more bring Grotius on the stage. His life has been written by Burigny, Butler, and others with great fidelity and exactness. It must be owned, however, that his biographers have rather excelled in minuteness of detail than in that philosophical and moral estimate of character which is certainly the most useful part of biography.

We propose, therefore, to take a wider survey and estimate of Grotius, his character, and his works, than has yet been taken. We shall consider him mainly in the religious, political, and philosophical relations he bore to his own age and to ours, and we shall develope his poetical abilities pretty extensively by a translation of the greatest curiosity in modern literature, namely, his Adamus

Digitized by Google

Exul, the drama which laid the foundation of Milton's Paradise Lost.

The bearings of Grotius's character on the days we live in are very marked and extensive. He was the greatest man of his age, and that age closely resembled our own for ecclesiastical and civil controversies and disturbances. The part that Grotius played in the complicated plot of European politics has been greatly extolled and admired; and we are sure that the illustration of his character and conduct may at present have a very beneficial effect on all who choose to investigate them.

The study of character has always appeared to us the most important and interesting study that can occupy our attention. It is in accordance with this notion that Pope exclaims,

"The proper study of mankind is man."

And this is to be undertaken not merely for the sake of indulging the idle curiosity of a man of the world, who delights in the exhibition of human character in its endless varieties, just as he enjoys the exhibitions of a theatre, but with the serious purpose and design of discovering those characters and characteristics which are in themselves most excellent, and which include the greatest number of moral and intellectual desiderata.

Now, in this pursuit of the perfect character, he will of course turn his first attention to that Eternal Model of all possible perfection, who is the author and finisher of his faith. He will find a noble display of divine characteristics in the evangelical fathers and leaders of our church; and most especially will he know the names of those illustrious men who are fairly entitled to the designation of Christian philosophers.

These, leaving the direct preaching of religion in the hands of faithful ecclesiastics, have in all times endeavoured to realise the perfections of our faith in its application to philosophy, science, literature, and politics, and the general interests of patriotism and philanthropy.

These men have exhibited so true, so full, so beautiful a picture of sound Christian character, illumined with knowledge, refined by affection, and diversified by art, that they have won the admiration of their own age and all posterity. They have succeeded more prosperously than any other class in developing in glorious harmony and symmetrical proportion all the elements of our moral and intellectual nature; they have attained the full and perfect stature of the soul's manhood; their magnanimity has shone out in all their words and actions, and stamped imperishable greatness on their names and their memories.

The Christian philosopher is indisputably the highest style of man, the most absolute and unquestionable specimen of the true dignity of our nature. The men who combine in their own mental realisation all the excellencies of Christian character and faith, with all the excellencies of philosophic research and discipline, are distinctly the intellectual kings of the nations: they share the immortal

Digitized by Google

sovereignty of Jesus Christ. These are the men whose characters stand the test of all human experience, who come out like refined gold from the fiery trial of ages, while all the rest shrink into comparative insignificance. True and perfect greatness is the unity of the Christian character. This is the sole rock on which lasting fame can be built. Those who build on the fallacious sand of popular applause may wear for a while a false and partial renown, but they are hasting with no tardy steps to ruin and infamy.

Grotius, when once possessed of the philosophic principle of reconciliation, perceived that by its guidance he might do much to reunite churches and states. He saw that the same truth might, nay, must, have different relations in proportion as it was elaborated; and that thus an essential harmony might exist, and might be restored among the very parties who held their opinions as irreconcilable.

Grotius was born at Delft, 1583. He had naturally a sublime genius and most amiable dispositions. He has generally been considered the first man of his age, just because he combined in himself almost all the merits of his predecessors, and displayed a grand harmony of moral and intellectual perfections rarely if ever equalled.

The very elevation of Christian philosophy in Grotius—the very amplitude of his views—have hindered no less men than Owen and Baxter from appreciating him judiciously. He endeavoured to re-unite the fragments of truth scattered among all parties, and thus had the honour to displease every party that wished to make him its exclusive proselyte.

It is pleasing to record the fact, that Grotius professed his preference for the conciliatory system of religion, as expounded by Erasmus, his illustrious exemplar. He was disposed to conciliate all the pious Roman Catholics, as well as the Protestants, and the more because others were endeavouring to augment ecclesiastical dissensions. And while he inwardly cherished evangelical truth, he endeavoured, in the majestic liberty with which the truth had made him free, to extend the same liberty of conscience and civil privilege to the Arminians. He only joined the Arminian party in order to reconcile them to the orthodox system of the Church, and establish their national rights, which seemed to be endangered.

But whether Grotius were inclined to Arminianism or not in his earlier or later years, he extended religious toleration so freely to other religious parties, as much to perplex the less philosophic minds of his cotemporaries. Thus the religion of Grotius became a problem to many, which Baxter endeavoured in vain to solve. Menage wrote an epigram on this occasion, which really conveys a very fine compliment, under the mask of satire, the sense of which is, that as many different sects claimed his religion as there were towns which contended for the birth of Homer.

> "Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Argos, Athenæ,
> Siderei certant vatis de patria Homeri,
> Grotiadæ certant de religione, Socinus,
> Arrius, Arminius, Calvinus, Roma, Lutherus."

Digitized by Google

"Papists, Lutherans, Arminians,
Arians, Calvinists, Socinians,
All contend for Grotius' name,
All conspire to raise his fame."

The great design of Grotius' life—a design worthy his vast intelligence—was so to combine Christianity and philosophy, revelation and learning, that their united efficacy might blend all churches and states into philanthropic and patriotic harmony. This noble cause, with which all human happiness and hope are essentially connected, was ever predominant in the mind of Grotius. His fixed and inextinguishable devotion to this cause, is a proof of the unrivalled greatness of his genius and the boundlessness of his views. This it is which gives all his elaborate writings so deep and impressive an interest. We can never sufficiently admire the art by which he mingles this inspiring purpose with a thousand scholastic passages that appear superfluous or insignificant to ordinary readers. But Grotius was no less a philosopher than a lawyer, and he knew how to keep his own counsel; he knew that truth must be revealed by degrees; he knew what his age could bear.

This is the key to the character of Hugo Grotius. His biographers, Burigny and Butler, were well aware of it. Those who possessed this key knew how to appreciate him. His professed followers, Selden, Hale, and Milton, knew well enough what Grotius meant in his exposition of the Apocalypse, and his universal scheme of reconciliation. The great secret of Christian philosophy gained ground among his disciples, and will do so more and more.

The world is already impatient for the publication of a work of which the following prospectus has appeared:—

"A Life of Hugo Grotius, developing, from the most authentic sources, his Private and Political Life; the Transactions in which he and some of the great Men of his time were engaged; the State of Parties, their Origin, and the Events to which they gave rise. By Robert and William Ballingall.

"The perusal of a life of Grotius, in Dutch, differing from the accounts of him hitherto published in French or English, suggested to the authors the idea of giving to the English reader a new history of this great man. It was begun while they resided in the Netherlands, continued at intervals during hours of leisure, and, upon the occurrence of the political changes in Belgium which interrupted their usual pursuits, it was resumed as a means of usefully employing time.

"The work is intended to present Grotius to the English reader as he is represented to his countrymen by the Dutch historians of his life. Among these, Caspar Brandt, and his continuator, Cattenburgh, occupy the most distinguished place; and their Life of Grotius is regarded in Holland as the best that has yet appeared. Brandt enjoyed the peculiar advantage of being furnished, by the grandson of Grotius, governor of Bergen-op-Zoom, with the manuscript papers of his learned ancestor, and with the private correspondence between him and his friends in the Dutch language. To

Digitized by Google

his father, Gerard Brandt, who is well known as the author of the History of the Reformation in the Netherlands, Caspar was also indebted for information, derived from living witnesses, respecting some of the most remarkable events in the life of Grotius. With the same materials at his disposal, Professor Cattenburgh completed the task which Caspar Brandt had left unfinished at his death. Both have authenticated every fact in their narrative, and their work is appealed to as paramount authority by all Dutch writers; among whom may be mentioned Professors Siegenbeek and Van Kampen, who have recently written on the general history of Literature in the Netherlands.

"Although Brandt's work has been the text-book of those who have subsequently written notices of the life of Grotius in Dutch, it seems to have been almost wholly unknown to foreigners, who have rarely cultivated an acquaintance with that language. Bayle, who wrote a short account of him, died before the publication of Brandt's work. Even the French historian of his life, Burigny, who knew that it had been published, appears either not to have seen it, or to have been unable to peruse it. Of the numerous references which he makes, there is not one to any work written in the Dutch language.

"Brandt, though entitled to praise beyond others for correctness and authenticity in his history, has sometimes indulged in a minuteness of detail that fatigues, or encumbered his work with documentary matter devoid of interest to the general reader. He has also adopted an inconvenient form, partaking of that of a journal, which, in relating important transactions extending over a series of years, necessarily produces a disjointed narration. In the work now offered to the public, continuity of action has occasionally been preferred to that of time. While Brandt's work is the chief authority as to facts, much additional and valuable information has been obtained from other authors who write respecting Grotius or the important events in which he was concerned. But, above all, the letters of Grotius himself have been carefully examined, of which many extracts are given, exhibiting him in a light the most illustrative of his character and actions. From these letters, the work of Brandt, and the other sources alluded to, the materials for the composition of the narrative have been drawn.

"The life of Grotius was political as well as literary, and forms a part of general history. Occupying, at an early period, a distinguished place in the government of his country, from which he was driven by the violence of a party, he subsequently filled the still more elevated post of ambassador from Sweden at the court of France; where, seconding the views of the Swedish Grand Chancellor Oxenstiern, he took an active part in the important transactions of his time. In elucidation of his public life, therefore, it appeared useful, and even necessary, to give a brief review of events in his own country and in Germany, at one of the most momentous epochs in the history of the empire. Those who are not acquainted with the political combinations of his day, or conversant with the history of the United Provinces, would not otherwise have perceived

Digitized by Google

his services in the great cause of European independence during the period of his diplomatic life; nor that combined operation of circumstances in politics and religion, which involved so suddenly in calamity, not only him, but many other distinguished men in Holland.

"The celebrity of Grotius renders any encomium unnecessary here. The impartial exhibition of his life is his best panegyric. But what Burigny, in his preface, says of his moral excellence, is concise, and may be given nearly in his own words. 'The prudence of Grotius, his moderation in prosperity, his patience and fortitude in adversity, his forgiveness of injury, his attachment to his duty, his love of virtue, his ardour in the search of truth, and his unceasing desire to promote the happiness of individuals and nations by inculcating Christian charity and the fundamental rules of justice, render him a model to men of every rank and profession, but more especially to those who cultivate letters.' If the literary part of his history be interesting, not less so are the incidents of his life," which was varied and full of events. In this respect he is distinguished from most literary men, the history of whose life is only that of their works."

The conciliatory character of Grotius and his opinions is particularly well illustrated by one of his smaller treatises, which has never been translated into English though it is eminently important. It furnished Bossuet and Wake with some of their best hints on the project of harmonising the Gallican and British Churches, reported at the end of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History. The treatise we allude to is therefore well worth noticing. The title and contents are these (we vouch not for their entire correctness, but they are interesting as displaying the workings of a truly great mind):—

Hugonis Grotii. "Votum pro Pace Ecclesiastica contra Examen Andreæ Riveti et Alios Irreconciliabiles."

"Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare fratres in unum."

"Grotius' plea for ecclesiastical peace, against the objections of Andrew Rivetus and other irreconcilable persons."

"Behold how goodly and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—24 fol. pages.

"Instructed from childhood in the sacred letters, and accustomed to receive lessons from many teachers who held a variety of doctrines on religious subjects, I early felt the importance of our Saviour's counsel, that all who would be called after his name, and who would enjoy beatitude through his mediation, should be of one spirit, as he and his Father were one. Nor of one spirit only so far as charity is concerned, but also as respects the communion of faith and the bond of discipline. For the Church is or ought to be one, and one body.

"Christ was appointed by God to be the head of this body, labouring with unceasing assiduity to compose and confirm, and corroborate this sacred confederation. He ordained that all should be baptized into it, that they might partake of its efficiency. That they should be fed by one consecrated bread, that their coalescence

Digitized by Google

might ever grow more full of assurance; and that they should so glory in their increasing unanimity, as that the slander of gainsayers might be heard no longer.

"Nothing delighted me more than the beauty and loveliness of this ancient Catholic and universal Church, in an age when all Christians, free from perturbations and anxieties, were gathered in one harmony of affection from the Rhine even to Africa and Egypt, from Britain even to Euphrates, yea and still further.

"When I saw so fair a spectacle marred and well nigh obliterated, how I lamented the schisms and convulsions that have ravaged so illustrious a society.

"How sadly have the epistles of Paul and Clement to the Corinthians, and the writings of Optatus and Augustine against the Dolatists been perpetually illustrated from that time downwards.

"Then I bethought me again, and again, how the ancestors and fathers of me and my brethren were righteous men and honourable, to superstition and to vice most opposite, and well instructing their families in the worship of God, and in all neighbourly good will. Men whose departure from this life I ever deemed blessed and desirable. Among these, I especially reverence the name of that great theologist the elder Junius, so just and moderate a divine, that less philosophical protestants spoke ill of his life and cursed his memory.

"At length I understood more fully, both from the books and the conversations of our elders, that men had arisen who stated that the Catholic Church and the Protestant differed altogether in principles no less than in practice; and that these not merely deserted the ancient community without endeavouring to bring about reconciliation by the removal of ungrateful abuses, but some, even before their excommunication instituted novel congregations, which they ventured to nominate Churches, and in these appointed new-fashioned presbyteries, and administered irregular sacraments, and that in many places against all the edicts of the kings and bishops, saying forsooth, by way of defence, that they had authority from heaven like the apostles of old, and that they ought to obey God rather than men.

"Neither did their audacity stop here. They traduced kings as idolators, and popes as slaves, stirred up the people in armed assemblies to conspire against their magistrates, and to break the images of the saints, and to overthrow the altars of sanctity, and finally to take arms against all regal authority.

"I perceived by these things, that much Christian blood was spilt in vain contentions, and that popular morals were by no means amended; nay how the people, harassed and enraged with prolonged hostilities, contracted many foreign vices unheard-of before.

"As my age advanced, I felt my compassion daily augmented by the renewal of such calamities, and I began to consider the causes of all these evils in my own bosom, and in the converse of philosophic friendship.

"Those who had seceded in order to defend their conduct, loudly

Digitized by Google

asserted that the Church doctrine, such as was generally professed, was corrupted by many heresies and by much idolatry.

"This answer excited me to institute an enquiry into the ancient and veritable doctrines of the Catholic Church, in their original simplicity. I read the books written on both sides of the question. I perused our modern writings on the present state and doctrines of the Greek Church, and of those that adhered to her in Asia, and in Egypt. I found in the East the same doctrines prevailing as those confirmed in the West by the universal councils. On all that respected the regulation of the Church (except the papal controversies) and of the perpetual administration of the sacraments, on all these they hold the same sentiments.

"I then proceeded yet further, and read the principal writers of this ancient age, whether Greek or Latin; among whom were the African and Gallican. Those of the three first and brightest centuries I perused fervently and frequently. The later writers likewise, so far as they bore on the question, especially Chrysostom and Jerome, and the more as they are accounted very skilful in expounding the words of Scripture.

"To all these writings I applied the rules of Vincent of Lerins, a native of Gaul, of the fifth century, which are generally approved by the learned, where all things that can be collected for the testimony of the ancients, from the relics which have come into our hands are most diligently elaborated and discussed. Most of these I found still subsisting in the Catholic Church.

"At the same time I beheld that many dogmas had been introduced by the schools, haply more sagacious in Aristotle's philosophy than in the sacred Scriptures or the writings of those ancients, who have best illustrated the Christian religion; and this by a certain license of argumentation, rather than by the authority of the universal councils.

"The real doctrines of these councils have been by no means justly explained by these scholastic theologians. Moreover, among the rulers of the Church, pride, avarice, and ill-example gradually obtained; so that they appeared little solicitous for those doctrines which tend most to the people's good, or to correct the popular vices; and so ignorance arose, and then superstition, the scourge and avenger of human errors.

"Obscured by these clouds and vapours, the Church doctrine is partially concealed from observation, and partially distained with so many conflicting colours, that its original simplicity is hardly recognisable.

"I judged, therefore, that this and this alone was the true cause why a reformation had been earnestly desired for so many ages, that is, a repurgation of Church doctrine, as well from the disputations of scholastics, as from the clouds of licentiousness which have thus overshadowed its loveliness: andwherefore the public complaints of kings and sages being found vain and unfruitful, they at length ventured to separate themselves from papal authority, and to reform themselves after their own fashion.

"This, however, could never succeed as they desired, for their

Digitized by Google

confessions differ in different places and induce mutual opposition, and the new partitions could never coalesce with sincerity, but so many new dissenters sprung up every day, that no man alive would undertake to number or count them. And as this new brood is exceeding fruitful, as every one believes he has as good a right to coin his own creed as his neighbour before him, it is probable that innumerable schismatics will yet arise.

"All this displeased me beyond measure, especially when I saw that these new leaders of new parties carried their vote rather by riotous clamour than by any solid argument, and so I turned me to the reading of such authors who live apart in divine communions, devoting their talent rather to heal than to aggravate our dissensions.

"When I had given myself up to this study, I found that all insisted upon one point, viz. that as the ancient doctrine was originally well constituted, and has never sustained essential interruption, so the main desideratum is the removal of those impediments. I have described as well *useless substitutes* as fraudulent *practices*, which either tend to conceal the true doctrine altogether, or give it a false character.

"But *that this may be effected so as to conciliate all parties, we think such a method is to be pursued, as accords with universal and not with particular interests.*

"Now three modes of conciliation present themselves to our notice: 1. The authority of some eminent pope: 2. A universal council legitimately elected from the diverse nations: 3. The king's direction to his bishops to settle their claims with the catholic church, severally and respectively.

"In accomplishing this most desirable object, I conferred with many eminent men, partly theologians, partly politicians, as well those that adhere to the Roman see, as those who had departed from it; and I found them of the same opinion as the writers of the books I have mentioned.

"But as this object, no less fair and amicable than difficult and arduous, requires the assistance of many, not of the first alone, but also of the second and third order, so that reason may be corroborated by reason, and the united agreement of many worthies may defeat the contumacy of polemics and stimulate the obduracy of worldlings, I imagined, that, as much of my life had been spent on the writings of those who love peace better than contention, I might well collect for the service of posterity the fruits of those labours.

"And as I was aware that Casaubon, and other great men, had warmly recommended that book, which that most philosophic divine George Cassander wrote at the express command of the pious emperors Ferdinand and Maximilian, I deemed it more advisable to republish this treatise with corroborative arguments, than to produce an entirely new work.

"This labour has by no means displeased the scholars of France, whether they choose to entitle themselves catholics or reformers. I have also received favourable testimonies from other quarters; but as for the assemblies of Holland, I expected nothing propitious

Digitized by Google

from them, and I was not deceived. No sooner had my book appeared, but immediately a multitude of antagonists started against me, and, as is usual with the Dutch, with as much clamour and din as if Hannibal himself thundered at their gates.

"Among these, by no means the mildest, I will not say the rudest, inasmuch as he excelled the rest in real or imaginary dignity, came forward against me, Rivetus. To his animadversions, I replied by other animadversions. He returned me his 'Examen,' and I conclude the controversy with the present 'Votum.' I have endeavoured to compose this plea in a more orderly manner than my former letters on the subject, and have followed the arrangements of Cassander in every article. I now come to my prolegomena.

"How sincerely Rivetus loves me, may be collected from the fact of his having accused me to the foreign ambassadors of a grievous heresy, for no other reason than that I answered the letters of some worthy Socinians, and that he takes every thing I say in the most unfavourable possible light.

"For me, I would never deny the common offices of humanity even to a pagan if he were to write to me, and would behave as Basil, in a similar situation, behaved to his pagan master Libanius. But how the man is moved by the very name of peace, these writings evince, as well of the bitter invective of the very noble Theophilus Mileterius, and that article containing his adjudications, which he composed on six pious and erudite men, who were bold enough to oppose themselves to the rage of the dissensients in order to promote the cause of peace.

"As the Hollanders who were condemned in the Synod of Dort, and were afterwards banished from their land, they hold the same opinions as Melancthon, which had many defenders in those parts, and as the rulers confess, they made not the first secession, but their adversaries.

"The authority of the Roman bishop would not have seemed so formidable to Joseph Hall, as to induce him to reject every hope of reconciliation, if he had known how prompt is the method in France and Spain, by which papal encroachments are checked, and the rights of kings and bishops preserved from invasion; or if he had considered, however, that the king of Britain uses no more authority over ecclesiastical persons and property than the king of Sicily."

Such is the strain of argument in this treatise, *Votum pro Pace*: which is very similar to that of Erasmus on the same subject.

Certainly there was no man of his age that so immensely strengthened the cause of the syncretists as Grotius. He is, perhaps, the most brilliant star of the syncretic constellation—a constellation of the brightest intelligences that have ever glittered over Europe. Grotius forms a luminous centre of syncretism. He was preceded by Erasmus, Cassander, and Calixtus, and followed by Leibnitz, Wolff, and Le Clerc. The designs of these syncretists can never be too much extolled. Their motto was: "One God and Father of

Digitized by Google

all, who is above all, and through all, and in all; one Lord, one faith, one baptism."

We can imagine no moral spectacle more noble than that of the majestic mind of Grotius pursuing his heroic course under every discouragement of circumstance, and the calumny, abuse, and neglect of his jealous cotemporaries. He realises all the dignity of the "justum et tenacem propositi verum"—the severe sublimity of self-immolating virtue. He saw the perils that surrounded him, and braved them unflinching.

He expected (says his biographer) that his works, which were compiled solely with a view to promote union among Christians, would procure him many enemies; and he said, on this occasion, that for persons to endeavour to make mankind live in peace was commendable, that they might indeed expect a recompense from the blessed Peace-maker, but that they had great reason to apprehend the same fate with those who, attempting to part two combatants, receive blows from both; but if it should so happen, I shall comfort myself with the example of him who said, "If I please men, I am not the servant of Christ."

One of the very few laymen who understood Grotius thoroughly, by the finer sympathy of genius, was Milton. To Grotius, Milton's high and independent mind acknowledged the filial reverence he vouchsafed to no other contemporary. To the Christian philosophy of Grotius he looked with veneration; his political views, his learning, his poetry, were all the subjects of his early delight and emulation; and in the ADAMUS EXUL of Grotius we find the germ of Milton's Paradise Lost.

Two centuries ago, in an era which was as an antitype of the present for the gigantic efforts which the human mind put forth in its enthusiasm for universal truth, and its aspirations for purest liberty, and no less distinguished for impious atheism and revolutionary licentiousness, it pleased God to raise up this man, most profusely endowed with all the faculties deemed divinest in our nature, and prompt to exert them all in their truest possible offices.

The more we reflect on Grotius, the more shall we be inclined to view him in this light,—as a heaven-prepared model of finest character for men of these latter times. In him were most exquisitely united the celestial spirit of devotion, with every attribute of scientific or sentimental excellence—the holiest genius of Christian philosophy, blended with all that literature and poetry could offer of subordinate adornment.

Grotius's character has been much canvassed and much misunderstood; in fact, though simple in the elements of its greatness, it became complicate by the prodigious variety of its processes and relations. In theology he was an Athanasian, for he held, in the divine unity, a trinity of divine faculties, hypostases, and powers. He asserted that the divine Logos existed eternally in co-essential union with the Deity, and this independently of and prior to his assumption of the filial character and all the relations of sonship, and his procession with the Holy Spirit to create the worlds. His

Digitized by Google

religious views were those of Erasmus, Cassander, Calixtus, and the Syncretists. In philosophy he was a Platonist or Eclectic. In politics he was a Conservative, or constitutional reformer, though his sweeping and violent reforms of the dreadful abuses of his age have not seldom exposed him to the fate of being classed with the impious democrats his soul abhorred.

The transcendant superiority of Grotius' mind consisted in the sacred universality of his genius: that majestic and almost magical power, by which his unviolated conscience, ever solemnised by spiritual veneration, and glowing with sanctified enthusiasm, commanded all nature and art to render to revelation unceasing homage and obedience, can never be sufficiently admired.

It was fortunate for Grotius that he lived in the brightest age of England's history, in the days of her Christian philosophers,—the days of More, Cudworth, Rust, Glanvil, Ashmole, Fludd, and Selden. We mention these names particularly among many others of the same period, because they succeeded in reconciling the saving doctrines of our faith with those universal elements of divine philosophy, mythologic initiation, and intellectual freemasonry in general. We therefore rank these men somewhat higher in the great scale of philosophy than their august competitors in the popular and exoteric science, Bacon, Newton, Boyle, and Clarendon.

Such were the men that made the age of Grotius illustrious. He saw that the unity of truth was well nigh demolished, and that the power of truth was broken in the same ratio as its unity. In restoring the unity of truth his heroism was noble. He perceived at once that the link which was wanting to connect revelation with all human sciences and arts was the divine philosophy, so antique and occult, touching the metaphysical relations of things handed down in the initiations. To restore this indispensable link, he entered boldly on the whole mystery and history of cabalistic and mythological lore; he recalled the thrilling secrets of the traditional science of sciences; he showed how far its profound and recondite doctrines really assisted the mind in tracing the intelligible properties of things, and how far they were vain and preposterous. In doing this he lifted the veil that hangs over that branch of divine philosophy usually termed speculative freemasonry, and illustrated the majestic doctrines that lie hid beneath its venerable though fantastic formalities.

But, after all, the achievements for which Grotius was most popularly celebrated were those of universal literature and poetry. Here his surprising merits are more prominently conspicuous, and may be more easily delineated to the public notice. We shall soon produce some striking illustrations of them.

Four things did Grotius accomplish in literature, either of which should entitle him to immortality. In his treatise on *The Truth of Christianity*, he has made an invincible demonstration of our religion; in his *Prayer for Peace* he laid the broadest foundations of that truly catholic and apostolic policy which alone can make nations prosperous; in his *Rights of Peace and War* he established peace as the grandest desideratum of philanthropical statesmen, and reduced

Digitized by Google

the horrors of war to the most mitigated aspect; finally, in his *Adamus Exul*, the proudest monument of his country's poetry, he formed the prototype and prepared the advent of Milton's Paradise Lost.

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED INTO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(*Continued from page* 200.)

(War tumult in the Orchestra, at last passing over into clear, military tunes.)

The Rival Emperor's tent, throne, rich furniture.

Havequick. Speedbooty.

Speedbooty. So then we are the first come here.

Havequick. No raven flies as swift as we.

Speedbooty. O what a treasure here is heaped!
Where to begin? where to leave off?

Havequick. So full is filled the space entire!
I know not whereon I shall seize.

Speedbooty. For me the tapestry would be right,
My couch is often very bad.

Havequick. Here hangs a mighty club of steel,
For such a thing I long have wished.

Speedbooty. This mantle red with golden hem,
Of such a thing I 've often dreamed.

Havequick (*taking the weapon.*)

With this the business soon is done,
We strike him dead, and then pass on.
Thou hast already much packed up,
And yet have taken nothing right.
Come, leave your plunder in its place,
One of these chests, come, carry forth!
This is the host's intended pay,
And in its belly is pure gold.
This is indeed a murderous weight!
I cannot bear it, cannot lift.

Havequick. Duck thyself, quickly! Thou must bend thee!
Upon your back so strong I 'll place it.

Speedbooty. O dear! O dear! 'tis over quite.
The weight will break my back in two.
(The chest falls and flies open).

Digitized by Google

Havequick. There lies the ruddy gold in heaps,
Come quickly now and scrape it up.

Speedbooty (stoops down).

Gather it to my bosom, swift!
There 's still enough to satisfy.

Havequick. And thus enough! Now, then, be quick!

(Speedbooty rises up).

O dear! your apron has a hole!
Where'er you go, where'er you stand,
You 're sowing treasures lavishly.

Halberdiers (of our Emperor).

What do you in this hallowed place?
Why rummage in the Emperor's wealth?

Havequick. We sold our limbs at a cheap rate,
And now we take our share of spoil.
'Tis custom in the hostile tent,—
And we,—why we are soldiers too.

Halberdiers. That 's not the way in our host:
Soldier at once and thieving throng;
Whoever to our Emperor comes,
He must an honest soldier be.

Havequick. We know already *honesty*,
For that is *contribution* called.
On equal footing are ye all.
Give here! This is the trade's first greet.

(To Speedbooty).

Make haste, and off with what you 've got;
For welcome guests we are not here.

First Halberdier.

Tell me, why did'st not give at once
To the bold rascal a hard blow?

Second. I know not; gone was all my power.
They had so spectral-like a look.

Third. There was something bad about my eyes,
They glimmered; I saw not aright.

Fourth. I cannot tell you how I feel;
Through the whole day it was so hot,
So awful, sultry, and so close;
The one—he stood, the other fell,
One marched on, and still did strike,
The foeman fell at every blow;
Our eyes were covered as with crape;
It buzzed, roared, hissed about our ear;
So went it on, and now we 're here,
And still we know not how 'twas done.

Enter Emperor with four princes; the Halberdiers retire.

Digitized by Google

Emperor.

Be it then as it will! For us is won the battle,
The foeman's scattered flight o'er the flat plain is pouring.
Here stands the empty throne, the traitor's treasure here,
By tapestries veiled about, narrows the place around.
We, honourful, by our own body-guards defended,
Expect in Emperor's style the heralds of the nations;
Hither from every side a joyful message comes,
In peace the kingdom is, and subject joyfully.
And if with our fight conjoined has been some magic,
Yet at the last we have, we, we alone, contended
To those who combat oft full many chances come,
From heaven falls a stone, on foemen raineth blood,
In rocky hollows sounds a mighty wondrous clanging,
Which our courage raise; the enemy's bosom narrow.
The one—the vanquished fell, with quick renewed mock,
The victor as he boasts praises the favoring God,
And all with him will join, there needeth no commanding:
"Lord God, we praise thee now;" from throats a hundred thousand.
Now for the highest praise, my pious look I turn,
Which rarely was done before, to my own bosom back.
A young and joyous prince his day entire may squander,
For years will teach him soon the importance of the moment.
Therefore, without delay will I myself ally
With you, four worthy peers, fair kingdom, house and court.

(To the first).

By thee, O prince, was found the army's prudent station,
And in the crisis, too, heroic bold discretion;
Therefore work thou in peace, as may the times require;
Marshall by heritage thou, to thee I give the sword.

Hereditary-Marshall.

Thy faithful host, till now employed in the interior,
When thee upon the bounds and thy throne it hath strengthened,
Then be it granted us, at festive throng, in the hall
Of thy large father-tower, thy feasting to array:
I 'll bear it bright before thee, and at thy side I 'll hold it;
The eternal comrade e'er of majesty the highest.

Emperor (to the second).

Thou who hast shown thyself a valiant courteous man,
Thou be Archchamberlain, the duties are not light.
Thou art the governor of all the house attendants,
In whose eternal strife I find but evil servants;
In honour placed, henceforth shall thy example be
How one may please the Lord, the court, and all men well.

Archchamberlain.

The master's noble thought it brings to grace to further,
Ever the best to aid, not even the bad to injure,
Clear to be without craft, quiet without deceit!
If thou see through me, sire, for me 'tis quite enough.

Digitized by Google

And dare my fancy now to that great feast stretch forward?
When thou to table goest, I hand the golden basin,
Thy rings for thee I 'll hold, that in thy pleasure-hour
Thy hand may be refreshed, while gladdens me the sight.

Emperor.

Too serious now I feel to think of festive seasons,
Yet be it! it requires a joyful glad beginning.

(To the third).

Archsewer, thee I choose, and therefore from henceforth
The hunt, the poultry-yard, and farm shall subject be;
Let me have always choice of all my favourite dishes
As them the season brings, and carefully prepare them.

Archsewer.

Stern fasting be for me the duty pleasantest,
Until before thee placed the dish shall please thee well.
The kitchen service shall with me e'er be united,
The far to draw a-near, the season on to hasten.
Thee charm not early things which on the table shine,
Nor far, but powerful and simple things thou lov'st.

Emperor (to the fourth).

Since now inevitably of feasts alone we 're treating,
Thou, youthful hero, shalt to cupbearer be turned;
Arch-cupbearer, take care that our cellar be
In richest sort henceforth provided with good wine.
But be thou moderate, nor be to cheerfulness
Misled by the allurement which the convenience giveth.

Archcupbearer.

My Emperor, youth itself, if one but trusteth it,
E'er we can perceive, is up to manhood grown.
To that great festival for change myself I 'll carry;
To th' Emperor's buffet I 'll give most grand adornment.
With vessels of great splendour, of gold and silver too;
For thee I 'll choose beforehand the loveliest of all cups.
A clear Venetian glass, within which pleasure lurketh,
The wine its taste shall strengthen, the senses ne'er disturbing.
To such a wond'rous treasure one often trusts too much;
Thy moderation, master, protects thee even more.

Emperor.

What in this earnest-hour to you I here have promised,
With trust receive ye from a mouth that is full certain.
The Emperor's word is great, and every gift ensures,
For confirmation still the noble writ it needs,
It needs a signature. These to prepare in order
I see the proper man, at the proper hour approaching.

(*Enter the Archbishop.*)

Emperor.

If e'er a vault itself to the key-stone trusted hath,
Then 'tis with safety built for everlasting time.
Thou seest four princes here! Just now we have decided

Digitized by Google

That which security for house and court hath furthered.
But now whate'er the land within it cherisheth,
Be with its power and weight, trusted to number five.
In lands shall they indeed before all others glitter,
Therefore I 'll widen now the bounds of the possession,
From their inheritance who from us turned away.
To you, ye faithful ones, I promise many a land,
Also the lofty right, if e'er the time should grant it,
Through heirdom, purchase, change, in largeness to extend it;
In chief 'tis granted you, to use, and undisturbed,
Whatever right belongs to you lords of the land.
Decisive judgments will to you fall out as judges,
Appeal shall be worth nought from your high situations.
Tribute, and tax, and tithe, fief, safe conduct, and toll,
Duty on mines, and salt, and mint to you belongs.
For here my gratitude in fulness manifesting,
I have upraised you all to majesty the nearest.

Archbishop.

In name of all be given thee deepest thanks,
Thou makest us strong and firm, confirmest too our power.

Emperor.

To you five I will give still greater, higher honours.
Still live I for my realm, and still to live have pleasure;
Yet chains of boding deep draw contemplating looks
From keenest activeness unto the threatening back.
In *His* good time shall I from you, my friends, be sundered,
My follower to name shall be your lofty duty.
At the holy altar crown him, and raise him highly up,
And what was once so stormy, shall then in peace conclude.

Archchancellor.

With pride within their breasts, but humble in their gestures,
Princes before thee bow, the first upon earth's surface.
As long as our true blood in the full veins shall stir,
We are the bodies which thy will shall lightly move.

Emperor.

And, now to end it, be ye, what we before determined,
For all futurity by writ and sign confirmed.
Ye have indeed possession as lords all fully free,
On this condition, that it ne'er divided be.
And howe'er that increase which ye from us have taken,
That shall your eldest son receive in equal measure.

Archchancellor.

Then straight to parchment I with pleasure will entrust,
The realm and us to profit, this statute weightiest;
With writing pure, and seal the chancery shall be busied.
With holy signature, thou, master, wilt confirm it.

Emperor.

Now I dismiss you all, that on the mighty day
Collective you may meet, and all deliberate.

(*The temporal princes withdraw.*)

Digitized by Google

The Spiritual Prince (remains and speaks pathetically).

The chancellor has gone, yet still remains the bishop,
With earnest warning soul compelled to thy presence!
With sorrow about thee fears his paternal heart.

Emperor.

What sorrow hast thou in this joyful hour? say!

Archbishop.

With what a bitter pain in this season do I find thee
Place thy high, holy head with Satan in alliance;
Indeed, as it appears, confirmed upon thy throne,
But ah! of God the Lord and Father Pope in scorn.
If he should hear of this, he'll quickly judge and punish,
With holy beam destroy thy sinfullest of kingdoms.
For he will ne'er forget how thou, in highest time,
Thy coronation-day, the sorcerer didst set free.
Out from thy diadem, of Christendom the inj'ry,
Struck on a head accursed the first bright ray of mercy.
Yet beat upon thy breast, and from thy ill-gained spoil
Give to the sanctuary back a moderate whet.
The broad and hilly space where late thy tent was standing,
Where wicked spirits joined for thy protection,
Thou to the prince of lies didst lend a hearkening ear,
Piously taught, for holy purpose set that spot aside.
With hill and thickest wood, as far as they're extending,
With heights which green themselves for constant pasturage cover,
And clear lakes rich in fish, and brooklets without end,
As winding hastily they fall down to the vale.
Then the broad vale itself with grounds, and plains, and meadows;
Let thy repentance speak, and then thou wilt find mercy.

Emperor.

I am so deeply frighted by my grievous fault,
By thy own measure let the bounds be fixed by thee.

Archbishop.

Firstly, the desecrated ground where so thou sinnedst,
Shall to God's service instantly be dedicated.
Swiftly in mind I see strong towering walls arise;
The sheen of the morning sun already gilds the choir;
Into a cross the rising building spreads and broadens,
Lengthens the nave heightened to joy of all believers;
Ardent they're streaming through the worthy portal on,
Echoes the bell's first sound through hill and lowly vale;
From the high towers it sounds which strive to heaven upward;
To it the penitent comes to gain new life within it.
At the great consecration-day—may it soon come!
The highest ornament will thy great presence be.

Emperor.

O, may a work so great of pious mind give evidence,
To praise the Lord our God, and me from sin to liberate.
Enough! Enough! My feelings are already raised.

Digitized by Google

Archbishop.
As chancellor, decree and forms I will prepare.

Emperor.
A formal document, that to the church to render,
Give to me, and I with pleasure great will sign it.

Archbishop (takes leave, but turns back again at the door).
Thou to this work, as it proceeds, will dedicate
Collective land dues: tithes, and rents, and gifts
For ever. For a right support much wealth it needeth,
And heavy costs make careful supervision.
For the quick building upon such a desert place,
Thou must some gold present from out thy treasured spoil.
And next we want, for I cannot conceal it,
Some distant wood, lime, slates, such like materials.
The people, from the pulpit taught, these things will bear,
For him the church will bless who journeys her to serve. [*Exit.*

Emperor.
Heavy 's the sin and great with which myself I 've laden;
These horrid sorcerers to sad passes bring me.

Archbishop (returns again with a very deep obeisance).
O, pardon, Sire, thou gav'st that very wicked man
The seashore of the realm; yet these the ban will strike,
If thou grant'st not, to the high church repentant,
These too, the tithes, and gifts, and dues, and taxes.

Emperor (vexed).
The land is not yet there, broad in the sea it lies.

Archbishop.
For him who right and patience hath the time will come.
Sire, may thy word for us remain in its full powers!

Emperor (alone).
Next I might just as well make over the whole kingdom.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT V.

Open Country.

Wanderer. Yes! There are the darksome lindens,
There in all their age's strength.
And I shall again behold them,
After wanderings so long!
'Tis, O 'tis, the spot remembered,
'Tis the hut which me concealed,
When the storm-excited billow
Cast me forth upon those downs!
I would bless my host and hostess,
An honest pair with ready aid,
Which, in order now to meet me,
Even in those days were old.

Digitized by Google

Ah! They were indeed good people!
Knock shall I, or call? All hail!
If to-day still guest-receiving,
Good deeds' pleasure ye enjoy.

Baucis, (*a very old woman*).

Dear arriver! Gently! Gently!
Peace! And let my husband rest;
Of short waking the swift action
Gives to an old man long sleep.

Wanderer. Say! Art thou here still, O mother,
To receive my thanks again,
As to what thou with thy husband
For the youth's life once did'st do?
Art thou Baucis, who refreshedst
Busily the half-dead mouth?

(*The husband enters.*)

Thou, Philemon, who so strongly
From the waves my treasure dragged'st?
By your fire's sudden blazing,
And your bell's small silvery tone,
Of that horrible adventure
Was the solving given to you.
And now let me, forward stepping,
Look upon the boundless sea;
Let me kneel, and let me pray too,
For my bosom's sore oppressed.

(*He strides forth over the downs.*)

Philemon to Baucis.

Hasten now to deck the table
Mid the garden's cheerful bloom.
Let him run and be astonished;
He will ne'er believe his sight. (*following him.*)

Philemon (*standing near the wanderer.*)

That which raging you maltreated
Wave on wave, and foaming wild,
See, as garden is now treated,
Picture see of Paradise.
Older, I was not so ready,
Not so helpful as before;
And with my strength disappearing,
Far the billowing wave retired.
Servants bold of prudent masters
Ditches dug, and dammed it in,
The rights of the sea decreasing,
Masters in its place to be.
Verdant fields behold, and meadows,
Pastures, gardens, village, wood.
But approach and take refreshment,
For the sun will soon decline.

Digitized by Google

Sails are moving in the distance,
Nightly harbour sure they seek,—
Aye the birds their nest remember,
For still is the harbour there.
Thus in distance thou beholdest
What was once the sea's blue hem,
Right and left, in all its broadness,
Now a close be-peopled space.

(*The three at table in the garden.*).

Baucis (*to the stranger*).

Wilt thou speak not? And no morsel
Bring'st thou to thy famished mouth?

Philemon. He would like to hear the wonder—
Tell 't, thou lovest it to tell.

Baucis. Well! A wonder then has happened!
Still it leaves me not at rest;
For the whole affair occurred not
Honestly to me it seems.

Philemon. Can the sin be with the emperor,
Who the shore on him bestowed?
Did a herald not announce it
Trumpeting as by he passed?
Not from our downs far distant
Did they take their footing first,
Tents and huts! And soon a palace
On the sward itself upraised.

Baucis. Worked in vain the men by daylight,
With hatchet, shovel, stroke on stroke;
Where the flames by night were swarming
On the next day stood a dam.
Human offerings must have perished,
Nightly rose the cry of woe,
Towards the sea flowed fire-glowings,
There by morn was a canal.
Godless is he, he desireth
Our hut and our grove;
Though he calls himself our neighbour,
Yet his servants must we be.

Philemon. Yet he has a fair possession
Offered us in his new land.

Baucis. Trust not thou the earth from water,
Keep upon thy height thy place.

Philemon. Let us step into the chapel,
To behold the sun's last glance.
Let us ring, and pray, and worship!
In our ancient God confide.

Digitized by Google

THE PALACE.

Vast ornamental garden, large straight canal.

Faust (*in extreme old age, walking about, thinking.*)

Lynceus, the tower-keeper (*through his speaking-trumpet*).

The sun sinks down, and the last vessels
Are sailing cheerful harbourward.
A large canoe seems now extending
Here to come on the canal.
The varied pennons joyous flutter,
And ready stand the unbending masts,
In thee the boatman thinks he's happy,
Thee pleasure greets at highest time.
(*The bell sounds on the downs.*)

Faust (*starting.*)

Accursed ringing! all too horrid
It wounds like a malicious shot;
Before me is my kingdom endless,
Behind vexatious grief provokes,
Reminds me by its envious sounding
My high possession is not clear,
The linden space, the embrownèd cottage,
The musty chapel is not mine.
And if I wish there to refresh me,
I shudder at the stranger shades,
Thorn to my eyes, thorn to my feet 'tis,
O were I far away from hence!

Tower-keeper (*as above.*)

How joyful sails the gay canoe
With the fresh evening breezes on!
And how its rapid course is piled
With chests, with bones, and with bags!

(*A beautiful canoe, rich and gaily laden with the produce of foreign climes.*)

Mephistopheles. The Three Mighty Ones.

Chorus. Here do we land
Here are we now
Hail to our master,
Our patron hail!
(*They disembark, the goods are taken on shore.*)

Mephistopheles.

And thus we have ourselves approved;
Content if us our patron praise.
Two ships alone we with us took,
With twenty we return to port.
And what great matters we have done,
That by our lading men may see.
The spirit frees the ocean free,
Who knows there what bethinking is!

Digitized by Google

A speedy gripe there only tells,
We catch a fish, or catch a ship,
And if we once are lords of three
Then straight upon the fourth we seize.
Then badly goes it for the fifth,
If one has power, then one has right.
We ask for the *what?* and not the *how?*
Or else I don't know what's navigation:
For war, and trade, and piracy
Are three in one, not to be sundered.

The Three Mighty Ones.

No thank or hail!
No hail or thank!
As if we brought
Our master stink!
He makes a face
Of great disgust;
The kingly wealth
Doth please him not.

Mephistopheles.

Expect ye farther
No reward,
For ye have taken
Of it your share.

The Mighty Ones.

That is but for
The tedious time,
We 're all expecting
An equal share.

Mephistopheles.

First put in order,
In room on room,
These costly presents
Together all.
And when he steps
To the rich sight
And reckons all things
With more care,
He won't for certain
Stingy be,
And to the fleet will give
Feast after feast,
The varied birds will come to-morrow,
For them I 'll make my best provision.
(The lading is removed).

Mephistopheles (to Faust).

With earnest brow, with gloomy look
Thy lofty fortune thou receiv'st.
Crowned the lofty wisdom is,
The sea and shore are reconciled,
The sea takes to their rapid path
The ships with willingness from shore,

Digitized by Google

So that from thy palace here,
Thy arm embraces the whole world.
Here from this spot it did begin,
Here the first beam-made house did stand.
A little ditch was downward torn,
Where now the busy oar doth splash.
Thy lofty mind, thy people's industry
Hath earned the praise of sea and earth.
From here forth—

Faust. Oh that cursèd *here!*
'Tis that disgusts and wearies me.
To thee experienced I must tell it,
Sting upon sting it gives my heart,
It is impossible to bear it!
And as I say 't I am ashamed.
The old ones there above should yield it,
Would that those lindens were my seat,
Those few trees, out of my possession
Spoil the possession of the world.
There would I, far to gaze around me,
From bough to bough erecting scaffolds,
Open a wide field for my sight,
All to behold which I have done,
With but one glance to overlook
The master-piece of human mind,
Employing with a prudent soul
The nation's broad won dwelling-place,
Thus are we men most hardly plagued:
In riches feeling what we want.
That small bell's sound, those lindens' smell
Surround me like a church and vault.
Here on this land the boundless will
Of the all-powerful doth split.
How shall I get it off my spirit?
The small bell sounds and sets me fuming.

Mephistopheles.
Natural, such vexation great
Must thy existence poison quite,
Who can deny 't! each noble ear
That clinging clanging must disgust.
And that accursed ding-dong ringing,
Clouding the cheerful evening heaven,
Mixes itself with each occurrence
From baptism even to the interring,
As if, between a ding and dong,
Our life were but a vanished dream.

Faust. Resistance and dire selfishness
Make sorrowful the noblest gain,
That man through deep and angry pain,
Even of being just must tire.

Digitized by Google

Mephistopheles.

Why will you then yourself here trouble,
Have you not long been colonising?

Faust. Go then and to my presence bring them!
Thou knowest well the pretty farm
That for the old man I looked out.

Mephistopheles.

We 'll bear them forth, and down we 'll set them;
Again they 'll stand ere they can look around them;
And when the force away hath past
A fair possession them will reconcile.
(*He gives a shrill whistle*).

(*Enter the Three*).

Mephistopheles.

Come! As the master gives command,
A great feast he 'll to-morrow give.

The Three. Badly the old lord us received,
A feast abundant is our right.

Mephistopheles (*to the spectators.*)

What long ago was done is now,
Already Naboth's vineyard was.*

DEEP NIGHT.

Lynceus, the tower-keeper (*singing on the watch-tower*).

For gazing created,
For seeing placed here,
And sworn to this tower,
Me pleases the world.
I gaze on the distance,
I' the neighbourhood look,
On moon and on stars too,
On forest and deer.
And beauty eternal
In all of them see,
And as they have pleased me
Myself too I please.
Whate'er ye have gazed on,
Ye happiest eyes,
Be 't whatever it might be
It always was fair! (*Pause*).
Not alone myself to pleasure
Am I here so highly placed;
What a shudder-causing horror

---

* 1 Kings xxi.

Digitized by Google

Threatens from the gloomy world!
Beams of sparkles see I spirting
Thro' the lindens' double night,
Ever stronger stirs the glowing,
By the passing breezes fanned.
Ah! The inner cottage blazes,
Which before stood moist and mossy.
Quickest help will now be needed
And no rescue here is ready.
Ah! Alas! The good old people,
Formerly of fire so careful,
To the smoke will be a booty!
What a horrible adventure!
Flames are flaming, red in glowing
Stands the blackened mossy cottage,
Would the good ones could be rescued
From this hell so wildly blazing!
Tonguing lightnings light are rising,
Between leaves and between branches;
Branches hard which burning flicker,
Swiftly glow, and then fall in.
O, my eyes, should ye behold this!
Must I so far-sighted be!
The small chapel falls together
From the branches' fall and weight;
Winding are the tops already
Seized upon by pointed flames.
To the roots the stems are glowing,
Hollow, purple, red with fire. (*Long pause. Song*).
All that was to th' eye commended
Is with centuries gone by.

Faust (*on the balcony towards the Downs*).

From above what singing whimpering?
The word is here, the tone too late,
My watchman grieves and me in spirit
Vexes this impatient deed.
Yet if the lindens are destroyèd
To horror of half-burnèd stems,
A height is soon made artificial
Far into boundless space to see.
There also see I the new dwelling,
Which holds within it that old pair,
Which, feeling this high-minded pity,
Joyful its latest days enjoys.

Mephistopheles and the Three (*below*).

Here at a perfect trot we come,
Pardon! things went not kindly on.
We gave a knock, we gave a kick,
And yet they did not open it;

Digitized by Google

We rattled it and still we kicked,
And then the rotten door fell down;
We cried aloud and threatened sore,
But could not get a hearing there.
And as it happens in such things
They heard not, for they would not hear.
No longer then did we delay
But quickly cleared them off for thee.
The pair—they were not troubled much,
They fell exanimate with fear.
A stranger, who was there ensconced,
And would have fighting, was knocked down,
In the short space of this wild fight,
From coals which soon were round us strewed
The straw caught fire—now blazes free
As pile funereal to these three.

Faust. O that to me ye had been deaf!
I wanted change not robbery.
Your inconsiderate and wild stroke
I curse it. Share it among you.

Chorus. The proverb old is sounding still:
To force obedience willing give!
If thou art brave and showest fight,
Then venture house, court, and—thyself. (*Exeunt.*)

Faust (*on the balcony.*)
The stars are hiding look and sheen,
The fire sinks and scarcely shines;
A rustling breeze is fanning me,
And brings the smoke and vapours here.
Commanded rash, too rashly done!
What shadow-like is hovering on?

MIDNIGHT.

Enter four grey women.

First. My name is Want.

Second. My name is Guilt.

Third. My name is Care.

Fourth. My name is Need.

Three of them.
The door is shut up and we cannot get in.
There dwells a rich man, we may not go in.

Want. There shadow I turn.

Guilt. There I become nought.

Need. Their delicate faces from me they all turn.

Digitized by Google

Care. Ye, sisters, ye dare not, ye cannot go in,
But Care through the keyhole can easily creep.
(*Care disappears.*)

Want. Come, come, my sisters, withdraw you from hence.

Guilt. Quite near at thy side I 'll ally me to thee.

Need. Quite near at your heels accompanies Need.

The Three together.

The clouds are approaching, the stars disappearing!
Behind there! behind! From the distance, the distance;
There comes he, our brother, there comes he,—comes Death!

Faust (*in the palace*).

Four saw I come, three only go,
The sense of their discourse I could not comprehend.
It sounded so as they were saying——Need,
And then a gloomy rhyme straight followed—Death.*
Hollow the sound and with a spectral gloom.
I have not yet from it got free and clear.
Could I but from my path remove this magic,
And could I quite unlearn the words of sorcery,
And stand before thee, Nature, man alone,
Then were it worth my while a man to be.
That was I once, before I sought in darkness,
And curst myself and earth with word of error.
Now is the air of jugglery so full,
That no one knows how he may it avoid.
If a clear day smiles reasonably down,
In webs of dreams environs us the night;
From the green fields we joyfully return,
A bird croaks, and what croaks he but mishap?
By superstition soon and late ensnared,
It takes a form, and shows itself, and warns.
And frightened thus, we take our stand alone;
Then creaks the door and no one entereth in.
(*Alarmed.*)
Is any here?

Care. The question "Yes," demands!

Faust. And thou, who art thou then?

Care. Here, once for all.

Faust. Withdraw thyself!

Care. I am in my right place.

Faust. (*first angry and then recovering himself, aside.*)
Take heed and see no magic word thou speak.

---

* The words for Need and Death in the German are *Noth* and *Tod*, which form a rhyme. This I think cannot be rendered in English.

Digitized by Google

Care. If no ear would hear my speaking
In the heart I 'd still be groaning;
And with shape and figure changèd
Angry force I exercise.
On the shore and on the billow
A companion ever anxious;
Ever found and never sought,
As much flattered as accursed.
Hast thou known care never yet?—

Faust. I have through this world only run;
I by the lock have seized each joy and pleasure,
What did not satisfy—I left it,
That which fled from me I let go.
I' ve only wished, only accomplished,
And then again I' ve wished, and thus with force
I have stormed through my life; first great and mighty;
But now it wisely goes, goes on considerate.
Sufficient now I know of this earth's globe.
Our prospect to the realms above is hindered;
Fool! whosoe' er directs his eyes there blinking,
Fables there are beyond the clouds his fellows!
Let him stand firm and let him look around;
This world 's not dumb to him who active is.
Why need he to eternity to wander!
That which he knoweth should be tangible.
Thus should he wander through his earthly day;
If spirits haunt still let him go his way;
One will find onward striding woe and joy
The other at each moment discontent.

Care. Him of whom I take possession
All the world holds cannot profit,
Darkness sinketh down eternal,
And the sun nor sets nor rises,
Though his outward sense be perfect,
Yet within dwell obscurations.
He cannot of all his treasures
One alone hold in possession.
Joy and woe are hurried to ennui,
Mid satiety he hungers,
Be it pleasure, be it torment,
To the next day he defers it,
Future only he expecteth,
And is therefore never ready.

Faust. Cease thou! To me thou shalt not come!
I will not to such folly listen.
Away! thy evil litany
Might even make of men the wisest foolish.

Care. Shall he go? or shall he come on?
All decision's from him taken;

Digitized by Google

In the trodden pathway's middle
Groping each half-step he wavers.
Deeper still himself he loseth
Seeth all things more obliquely,
To others and himself a burden,
Taking breath, then suffocating;
Not quite dead, and yet not living,
Not despairing, not submitting,
Such a never-changing rolling,
Painful "let" and "should" disgusting,
Now delivering, now oppressing,
Half a sleep, and bad refreshing,
Naileth him unto his station,
And for hell doth well prepare him.

Faust. Unblessèd spectres! even thus ye treat
A thousand times the human generation;
Even in different days ye change about
In dire confusion of enwoven sorrows.
I know, of demons one can scarce get rid,
The powerful spirit-bond cannot be sundered;
And yet thy power, O Care, though strong it creep,—
For one I will not recognise it.

Care. Experience it, as swiftly now
I turn from thee with malediction!
Throughout their lives mankind are blind:
Be thou so, Faust, at the conclusion!—

(*She breathes on him.*)

Faust. (*blind.*)
The night seems pressing deep and deeper onward,
But yet within me shineth brilliant light;
What I have thought I hasten to accomplish;
The master's word alone can have a weight.
Up from your beds, ye vassals! man by man!
Let me see prospering what I boldly planned—
Take up your tools, your shovels, spades lay hold of!
Your work instanter must be finished.
To strict command quick industry,
Follows the fairest—best reward;
This mighty business to accomplish,
For thousand hands one mind sufficeth.

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

A RESPONSE FROM AMERICA.*

We have received from Boston the books quoted at the foot of this page, which, we perceive, are connected with a class of thinking that sufficiently interprets why they are sent to us. The spirit of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Thomas Carlyle, has spread beyond the Atlantic, and we hear the echoes thereof from afar. Among these books are some by Mr. Alcott, sent unconsciously that we had already seen them, and had in consequence, in our Prize Essay contained in the EDUCATOR, lately published by the Central Society of Education, mentioned their author with emphatic honour. Time sufficient has not elapsed for the transmission of that volume across the Atlantic, and therefore we are not indebted to that for the works before us. No! we are indebted to the Oration on Coleridge and the Lecture on Poetic Genius for their transmission. No sooner has time sufficient passed for the circulation in America of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, under better auspices, than we are thus welcomed, as fellow-workers for good, by the apostles of human developement in the New World.

We have long well known what influence by the elect of the school, in which we have matriculated, had been acquired over the growing intelligence of a rising country. We have rejoiced that the light of true philosophy had visited the unfettered intellect of a republican land; and while we rejoiced for their sakes, we regretted for our own, that similar principles received but slow acknowledgement under our own free institutions.

The leading article of the Fourth Number of the Boston Quarterly Review, would solve this enigma for us in its own way. It tells us, that the progress of civilisation and the association of men of letters is with the democracy. There is considerable brilliancy in this article. It tells us that the material world changes not—but that the intellectual world is subject to progress. Matter is passive—mind is active. There is a spirit in man—not in the privileged few; not in those of us only, who by the favour of Providence have

---

* The "Doctrine and Discipline of Human Culture," by A. Bronson Alcott. Boston. James Monroe and Company. 1836.

"Nature." Boston. James Monroe and Co. 1836.

An Oration delivered before the Phi-Beta-Kappa Society, at Cambridge, Aug. 31, 1837. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Second Edition. Boston. James Monroe and Co. 1838.

The Boston Quarterly Review, No. IV., October 1838. Contents—Progress of Civilisation—Carlyle's French Revolution—Alcott on Human Culture—Specimens of Foreign Literature — Democracy of Christianity — Abolition proceedings—An Address delivered before the Senior Class in Divinity College, Cambridge, Sunday Evening, 15th July, 1838. By Ralph Waldo Emerson, &c. &c. Boston. Published by Benjamin H. Greene, 124, Washington Street. 1838.

Digitized by Google

been nursed in public schools, IT IS IN MAN; it is the attribute of the race.

"Reason," proceeds the writer, "exists within every breast. I mean not that faculty which deduces inferences from the experience of the senses, but that higher faculty, which, from the infinite treasures of its own consciousness, originates truth, and assents to it by the force of intuitive evidence; that faculty which raises us beyond the control of time and space, and gives us faith in things eternal and invisible. There is not the difference between one mind and another, which the pride of philosophy might conceive. To Plato or Aristotle, to Liebnitz and Locke, there was no faculty given, no intellectual function conceded, which did not belong to the meanest of their countrymen. In them there could not spring up a truth, which did not equally have its source in the mind of every one. They had not the power of creation: they could but reveal what God has implanted in the breast of every one. On their minds not a truth could dawn, of which the seed did not equally live in every heart."

It is for the natural equality of the human powers, not of human attainments that the Boston critic contends. The latter are capable of improvement and progress. But, if it be granted, that the gifts of mind and heart are universally diffused, if the sentiments of truth, justice, love, and beauty exist in every one, then it follows, as a necessary consequence, that the common judgement in politics, morals, character and taste, is the highest authority on earth, and the nearest possible approach to an infallible decision.

Such is a regular republican conclusion from the premises, in favour of public opinion. It must be conceded to the writer, that "Absolute error can have no existence in the public mind. Wherever you see men clustering together to form a party, you may be sure that however much error may be there, truth is there also. Apply this principle boldly; it contains a lesson of candour, and a voice of encouragement. Yes, there never was a school of philosophy, nor a clan in the world of opinion, but carried along with it some important truth. To know the seminal principle of every prophet and leader of a sect, is to gather all the wisdom of the world."

We submit the above to our friend Alerist and his admirers. The following is a startling reflection.

"Who are the best judges in matters of taste? Do you think the cultivated individual? Undoubtedly not; but the collective mind. The public is wiser than the wisest critic. In Athens, where the arts were carried to perfection, it was done when 'the fierce democracie' was in the ascendant; the temple of Minerva and the works of Phidias were invented and perfected to please the common people. When Greece yielded to tyrants, her genius for excellence in arts expired; or rather purity of taste disappeared; because the artist then endeavoured to please the individual, and therefore humoured his caprice; while before he had endeavoured to please the race."

After bringing down his instances to the present day, the reviewer concludes, that the fullest confidence may be put in the capacity of the human race for political advancement. The absence of the prejudices of the old world leaves to Americans the opportunity of consulting independent truth; and man is left to apply the instinct of freedom to every social relation and public interest.

Digitized by Google

They have approached so near to nature, that they can hear her gentlest whispers; they have made humanity their lawgiver and their oracle; and, therefore, principles, which in Europe the wisest receive with distrust, are the common property of their public mind. The spirit of the nation receives and vivifies every great doctrine, of which the application is required: no matter how abstract it may be in theory, or how remote in its influence, the intelligence of the multitude embraces, comprehends, and enforces it. Freedom of mind, freedom of the seas, freedom of industry, each great truth is firmly grasped; and wherever a great purpose has been held up, or a useful reform proposed, the national mind has calmly, steadily, and irresistibly pursued its aim.

To a certain extent, whatever the reason, the fact doubtless is so. We find in the *Boston Quarterly Review*, what in the *London Quarterly Review* we should look for in vain—a Review of Carlyle's French Revolution—a high-toned, wise and discriminating review; and we know that she possesses, as we have shown in our *Educator Essay*, an unrivalled schoolmaster in Mr. Alcott. This gentleman's opinions on human culture are also canvassed in the number before us—well and impartially, and recommended, not however without certain mischievous reservations. The reason of this, as we learn not only from certain hints in the body of the review, but from a private letter, is, that notwithstanding the extolled tendency of the democratic mind to truth, Mr. Alcott is now suffering for truth's sake. It seems that those very inquiries which are quoted in our *Educator Essay* have brought him into trouble and want. The point is thus touched on in the review before us.

> All the functions of the body, as we call them, but which are really functions of the soul, are holy, and should be early surrounded with holy and purifying associations: hence the Conversations in the volumes before us with the children, on the mysterious phenomena attending the production and birth of a new member to the human family, or what Mr. Alcott calls the Incarnation of Spirit,—Conversations which have caused him much reproach, and done him, for the moment, we fear, no little injury. His motives were pure and praiseworthy, and his theory seemed to require him to take the course he did, and he should not be censured; but ——

And then the writer puts the American prejudice, so ludicrously exhibited by Mrs. Trollope, in its strangest form. But we forbear to quote, where we must either blame or laugh.

On Mr. Alcott's *Conversations with Children*, we shall have something to say when we come to consider the great subject of education and the educator, and perhaps shall even make it the theme of a separate article—such as it deserves; for the book is a miracle! In the meantime, we shall, in this paper, say something on a little volume, which, from the style, we doubt not to be his, but which we now see for the first time, and which is entitled simply and boldly—

"N A T U R E,"

with this epigraph:—

> Nature is but an image or imitation of wisdom, the last thing of the soul; nature being a thing which doth only do, but not know. PLOTINUS.

Digitized by Google

This little work consists of eight short chapters, and an introduction altogether as brief. It begins manfully.

Our age is retrospective. It builds the sepulchres of the fathers. It writes biographies, histories, and criticism. The foregoing generations beheld God and Nature face to face; we, through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy our original relation to the universe? Why should a man have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion by revelation to us, and not the history of them?

Yes—even to this demand the perusal of Coleridge and Wordsworth has excited the American mind: to it, it is a possibility. A direct revelation to these times! Has the old world lost the faith in it, and is it reserved for the new? "The Sun," says Alcott, truly, "shines to day also!"

The universe, according to Alcott, is composed of Nature and the Soul. Strictly speaking, therefore, all that is separate from us, all which philosophy distinguishes as the NOT ME, that is, both Nature and Art, all other men and my own body, must be ranked under this name, Nature.

He begins his contemplation of this Nature with recognising the beauty of the stars, and the reverence that, from their inaccessibility, we feel for them. "All natural objects" says he, "make a kindred impression, when the mind is open to their influence. Neither does the wisest man extort all her secrets, and lose his curiosity by finding out all her perfection. Nature never became a toy to a wise spirit. The flowers, the animals, the mountains, reflected all the wisdom of his best hour, as much as they had delighted the simplicity of his childhood. Yet the delight that we feel in Nature is not owing to Nature. The delight resides in man, or in the harmony of him and Nature. To a man labouring under calamity, the heat of his own fire hath sadness in it. Then there is a kind of contempt of the landscape felt by him who has just lost by death a dear friend. The sky is less grand as it shuts down over less worth in the creation."

We cannot read such passages, without recollecting *Wordsworth's Ode on Immortality* and *Coleridge's Ode on Dejection.*

The analysis of the rest of the Book is indicated in two sentences. "Whoever considers the final cause of the world, will discern a multitude of uses that enter as parts into that result. They all admit of being thrown into one of the following classes; Commodity, Beauty, Language, and Discipline."

Commodity embraces our sensuous advantages.

Nature, in its ministry to man, is not only the material, but is also the process and the result. All the parts necessarily work into each other's hands for the profit of man. The wind sows the seed; the rain evaporates the seed; the wind blows the vapour to the field; the ice, on the other side of the planet, condenses rain on this; the rain feeds the plant; the plant feeds the animal; and thus the endless circulations of the divine charity nourish man.

The useful arts are but reproductions or new combinations by the wit of man, of the same natural benefactors. He no longer waits for favouring gales, but by means of steam, he realizes the fable of Æolus's bag, and carries the two and thirty winds in the boiler of his boat. To diminish friction, he paves the road with iron bars, and mounting a coach with a ship-load of men, ani-

Digitized by Google

mals and merchandise behind him, he darts through the country, from town to town, like an eagle or a swallow through the air. By the aggregate of these aids, how is the face of the world changed, from the era of Noah to that of Napoleon. The private poor man hath cities, ships, canals, bridges, built for him. He goes to the post office, and the human race run on his errands; to the book shop, and the human race read and write of all that happens for him; to the court-house, and nations repair his wrongs. He sets his house upon the road, and the human race go forth every morning, and shovel out the snow, and cut a path for him.

Beauty, the author considers in a three-fold manner.—The simple perception of natural forms—the mark that God sets upon virtue—and the relations of things to thought. Touching the second, we are told, that, in proportion to the energy of his thought and will, man takes up the world into himself. "All those things for which men plough, build, or sail, obey virtue;" said an ancient historian. "The winds and waves," said Gibbon, "are always on the side of the ablest navigators." So are the sun and moon, and all the stars of heaven. When a noble act is done,—perchance in a scene of great natural beauty; when Leonidas and his three hundred martyrs consume one day in dying, and the sun and moon come each, and look at them once in the deep defile of Thermopylæ; when Arnold Winkelried, in the High Alps, under the shadow of the avalanche, gathers in his side a sheaf of Austrian spears to break the line for his comrades; are not these heroes entitled to add the beauty of the scene, to the beauty of the deed? When the bark of Colombus nears the shore of America;—before it the beach lined with savages, fleeing out of all their huts of cane; the sea behind; and the purple mountains of the Indian Archipelago around, can we separate the man from the living picture? Does not the new world clothe his form with her palm-groves and savannahs to fit drapery? Ever does natural beauty steal in like air, and envelope great actions. When Sir Harry Vane was dragged up the Tower-hill, sitting on a sled, to suffer death, as the champion of the English laws, one of the multitude cried out to him, "You never sate on so glorious a seat." Charles II., to intimidate the citizens of London, caused the patriot Lord Russel to be drawn in an open coach, through the principal streets of the city, on his way to the scaffold. "But," to use the simple narrative of his biographer, "the multitude imagined they saw Liberty and Virtue sitting by his side." In private places, among sordid objects, an act of truth or heroism seems at once to draw to itself the sky as its temple, the sun as its candle. Nature stretches out her arms to embrace man: only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and violet, and bind her lines of grandeur and grace to the decoration of her darling child: only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere. Homer, Pindar, Socrates, Phocion, associate themselves fitly in our memory with the whole geography and climate of Greece. The visible heavens and earth sympathise with Jesus. And in common life, who ever has seen a person of powerful character and happy genius, will have remarked how

Digitized by Google

easily be took all things along with him—the persons, the opinions, and the day—and Nature became ancillary to a man.

The love of beauty is Taste—the creation of beauty is Art.

In treating of language, the writer also considers it in threefold wise; *i. e.*

1. Words are signs of natural facts.

2. Particular natural facts are symbols of particular spiritual facts.

3. Nature is the symbol of spirits.

Whence it follows that nature is only the language of spirits.

This relation between the mind and matter is not fancied by some poets, but stands in the will of God, and so is free to be known of all men. It appears to men, or it does not appear. When in fortunate hours we ponder this miracle, the wise man doubts, if, at all other times, he is not blind and deaf;

"Can these things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

for the universe becomes transparent, and the light of higher laws than its own shines through it. It is the standing problem which has exercised the wonder and the study of every fine genius since the world began, from the era of the Egyptians and the Brahmins, to that of Pythagoras, of Plato, of Bacon, of Leibnitz, of Swedenborg. There sits the sphinx at the road-side, and from age to age, as each prophet passes by, he tries his fortune at reading her riddle. There seems to be a necessity in spirit to manifest itself in material forms; and day and night, river and storm, beast and bird, acid and alkali, pre-exist in necessary ideas in the mind of God, and are what they are by virtue of preceding affections in the world of spirits. A fact is the end or last issue of spirits. The visible creation is the terminus or the circumference of the invisible world. "Material objects," said a French philosopher, "are necessarily kinds of *scoriæ* of the substantial thoughts of the Creator, which must always preserve an exact relation to their first origin; in other words, visible nature must have a spiritual and moral side."

From the significance of nature, is inferrible nature as a discipline—for the exercise of the understanding—the will—the reason—the conscience. But in all there is the same central unity. Also to the one end of discipline, all parts of Nature conspire. Is this end the final cause of the universe? and does not nature outwardly exist? "It is," says Alcott, "a sufficient account of that appearance we call the world, that God will teach a human mind, and so makes it the receiver of a certain number of congruent sensations, which we call sun and moon, man and woman, house and trade. In my utter impotence to test the authenticity of the report of my senses, to know whether the impressions they make on me correspond with outlying objects, what difference does it make, whether Orion is up there in heaven, or some god paints the image in the firmament of the soul?" He would reduce all the apocalypse of the mind, without fear, since the active powers of man predominate so much over the reflective, as to induce him in general to resist with indignation, any hint that nature is more short-lived or mutable than spirit. Meanwhile, the best, the happiest moments of life, are those delicious awakenings of the higher powers, and the

Digitized by Google

reverential withdrawing of nature before its God, which happen to the idealist, who is both a philosopher and a poet.

Nature, speaking of spirit, suggests the absolute—it is a perpetual effect—a great shadow pointing always to the sun behind us. "Idealism saith matter is a phenomenon not a substance. Idealism acquaints us with the total disparity between the evidence of our non-being, and the evidence of the world's being. The one is perfect, the other incapable of any assurance; the mind is a part of the nature of things; the world is a divine dream, from which we may presently awake to the glories and certainties of day."

Spirit, according to Alcott, does not act upon us from without, that is, in space and time, but spiritually, or through ourselves. Therefore, that spirit, that is, the Supreme Being, does not build up nature around us, but puts it forth through us, as the life of the tree puts forth new branches and leaves through the pores of the old. As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailing fountains, and draws, at his need, inexhaustible power.

The highest reason is the truest—empirical science clouds the the sight—the savant becomes unpoetic—the best-read naturalist is deficient in that knowledge which teaches the relations between things and thoughts. He has to learn that a guess is often more fruitful than an indisputable affirmation, and that a dream may let us deeper into the secret of nature than a hundred concerted experiments. Poetry, says Plato, comes nearer to vital truth than history.

Meditating which things, Alcott concludes his very excellent essay with some traditions of man and nature which, he says, a certain poet sang to him; and which, as they have always been in the world, and perhaps reappear to every bard, may be both history and prophecy.

The foundations of man are not in matter, but in spirit. But the element of spirit is eternity. To it, therefore, the longest series of events, the oldest chronologies are young and recent. In the cycle of the universal man, from which the known individuals proceed, centuries are points, and all history is but the epoch of one degradation.

We distrust and deny inwardly our sympathy with nature. We own and disown our relation to it by turns. We are, like Nebuchadnezzar, dethroned, bereft of reason, and eating grass like an ox. But who can set limits to the remedial force of spirit?

A man is a god in ruins. When men are innocent, life shall be longer, and shall pass into the immortal as gently as we awake from dreams. Now, the world would be insane and rabid, if these disorganizations should last for hundreds of years. It is kept in check by death and infancy. Infancy is the perpetual Messiah, which comes into the arms of fallen men, and pleads with them to return to paradise.

Man is the dwarf of himself. Once he was permeated and dissolved by spirit. He filled nature with his overflowing currents, out of him sprang the sun and moon; from man the sun; from woman the moon. The laws of his mind, the period of his actions, externised themselves into day and night, into the year and the seasons. But, having made for himself this huge shell, his waters retired; he no longer fills the veins and veinlets; he is shrunk to a drop. He sees that the structure still fits him, but fits him colossally. Say rather, once it fitted him, now it corresponds to him from far and on high. He adores timidly his own work. Now is man the follower of the sun, and woman the

Digitized by Google

follower of the moon. Yet sometimes he starts in his slumber, and wonders at himself and his house, and muses strangely at the resemblance betwixt him and it. He perceives that if his law is still paramount, if still he have elemental power, "if his word is sterling yet in nature," it is not conscious power, it is not inferior but superior to his will. It is instinct. Thus my Orphic poet sang.

Alcott indulges in the liveliest hopes of man's prospects. Understanding and reason are ever reconquering nature, though inch by inch. The problem of restoring to the world original and eternal beauty, he finds is solved by the redemption of the soul. Prayer is a study of truth—a sally of the soul into the unfound infinite. No man ever prayed heartily without learning something. But when a faithful thinker, resolute to detach every object from personal relations, and see in the light of thought, shall, at the same time, kindle science with the fire of the holiest affections, then will God go forth anew into the creation.

Then shall come to pass what my poet said; "*Nature is not fixed but fluid.* Spirit alters, moulds, makes it. The immobility or bruteness of nature is the absence of spirit; to pure spirit, it is fluid, it is volatile, it is obedient. Every spirit builds itself a house, and beyond its house a world, and beyond its world a heaven. Know then, that the world exists for you. For you the phenomena is perfect. What we are that only can we see. All that Adam had, all that Cæsar could, you have and can do. Adam called his house heaven and earth. Cæsar called his house Rome. You, perhaps, call yours a cobbler's trade, a hundred acres of ploughed land, or a scholar's garret. Yet line for line, and point for point, your dominion is as great as theirs, though without fine names. Build, therefore, your own world. As fast as you conform your life to the pure idea in your mind, that will unfold its great proportions. A correspondent revolution in things will attend the influx of the spirit. So fast will disagreeable appearances, swine, spiders, snakes, pests, mad-houses, prisons, enemies, vanish; they are temporary, and shall be no more seen. The odours and filths of nature the sun shall dry up and the wind exhale. As when the summer comes from the south, the snow-banks melt, and the face of the earth becomes green before it, so shall the advancing spirit create its ornaments along its path, and carry with it the beauty it visits, and the song which enchants it; it shall draw beautiful faces, and warm hearts, and wise discourse, and heroic acts around its way, until evil is no more seen. The kingdom of man over nature which cometh not with observation,—a dominion such as is now beyond his dream of God,—he shall enter without more wonder than the blind man feels who is gradually restored to perfect sight.

So much at present for Mr. Alcott. In regard to Mr. Emerson's *Oration*, we shall not imitate the *Boston Quarterly Review* on his *Address*, in being critical on the production. The *Address* was certainly remarkable as being delivered by a clergyman in a Divinity College to a class of young candidate preachers. The ethical rule laid down by Mr. Emerson is misinterpreted by the critic. The orator meant not, by "Follow thy instincts" and "Obey thyself"—Follow thy inclinations—Live as thou listest; but the contrary. The inclinations are not man's self nor his instincts, but acts of rebellion against both—against man's true personality, and the moral laws within him.

The reviewer, however, sees in all this but a system of pure egotism, such as runs through the writings of Thomas Carlyle and Carlyle's poet, Göthe. Now such critics misunderstand the indivi-

Digitized by Google

dual good proposed by such authors. It is a good so deep and central as to be as one with the catholic spirit of humanity. It is the identity of the individual and the general. Hence can Mr. Emerson say with truth of the scholar, that "the instinct is sure, which prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns, that in going down into the secrets of his own mind, he has descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts, is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that, which men in "cities vast" find true for them also. The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions,—his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses,—until he finds that he is the complement of his hearers;—that they drink his words because he fulfils for them their own nature; the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder he finds, this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels, this is my music—this is myself."

We have invariably found in our experience, that democratic minds dislike above all things this doctrine. Wisdom with them resides in the multitude, not of councillors, but in the multitude as a multitude. They apprehend it as a result from the collision of minds, instead as the one spirit in the midst of every mind, whether two or three only or three thousand be gathered together.

The books before us shew that in America philosophy, relatively to a few minds, has travelled on the *à priori* road; but it was against the grain of public opinion nevertheless. It is some comfort, however, that in combating Mr. Emerson, Göthe, and Carlyle, the Boston reviewer uses Coleridge as his text book. We have the original of the following passage in our mind's eye.

> The moral sentiment leads us up merely to universal order; the religious sentiment leads us up to God, the Father of universal order. Religious ideas always carry us into a region far above that of moral ideas. Religion gives the law to ethics, not ethics to religion. Religion is the communion of the soul with God, morality is merely the *cultus exterior*, the outward worship of God, the expression of the life of God in the soul; as James has it, "pure religion," external worship,—for so should we understand the original—"and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

It is well that the American mind can meet such a position with such an argument. It shows the influence exerted beyond the Atlantic by Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, from which work the thought is borrowed. When shall we in England substitute that volume for Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding?* The progress made in America will react on England—and this notice will not be in vain.*

* We have said in a previous article, that we cherish no literary jealousy, in proof of which, we have lent these Boston volumes to a critic in a contemporary Magazine for an article which will appear on the same day with this. Why not? Yet, we believe, that others would have acted on the *exclusive* system.

Digitized by Google

LIBRARY GLEANINGS.

THEOLOGY.

Twelve Sermons delivered in the New Temple of the Israelites, at Hamburgh, by Dr. Gotthold Salomon; translated from the German, by Anna Maria Goldsmid. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1839.

When we first took this book into our hands, we blessed God! we blessed him that he had placed us in our present position just at this point of time—this dawn of a Catholic period, whose days shall be bright and long. Our heart leaped within us at a demonstration such as this, when an orthodox publisher could be obtained for a volume of Hebrew divinity. Here we have the Doctrine of the Father alone most lovingly, most attractingly set forth. Assuredly, many will realise the desire of the translator; many of her Christian countrymen *will* derive a better knowledge than they previously possessed of the actuating faith of the Jew. Until a recent period, she justly remarks, "when general attention has been in some degree directed to the subject, we were scarcely aware of the amount and extent of ignorance that prevailed as to the tenets of the Israelite,—of the misconceptions that had been formed concerning the duties enjoined on us by the Mosaic code. Of the erroneous opinions that have been lately, on more than one occasion, publicly expressed, the best refutation may be found in writings whose direct object is, not the correction of such misconceptions, but the religious and moral instruction of the sons and daughters of Israel. To such writings, and to these sermons among the number, I confidently ask the attention of the kindly and conscientious Christian."

We are glad to find that the scriptural quotations are given, as corrected by Professor Hurwitz. Why is not the whole of the Old Testament put into his hands for retranslation?

We are much pleased with "Sermon I., The Path of Light, Isaiah xi. 5:—'House of Jacob, come, let us walk in the Light of the Lord.'" This Israelite expositor of Scripture tells us that *light* is synonymous with *reason*. To walk in the Light of the Lord, is to use our reason in the examination of his Word—and is termed religious enlightenment. "When the dark clouds part, and the blue firmament is no longer hidden from our sight, we say *the sky clears up*. A human being whose inward reason is obscured and overcast; in whose mind confusion prevails; in whose intellect false and true notions are mingled; and who is subsequently enabled, by means of wise instruction, to separate the true from the false, and who ceases to be enveloped in the mists of error;—that man is *enlightened*, heaven has opened unto him the portals of day, and light and heat pervade the domain of night, at the call of reason—'*Let there be light*'—'*Light was!*'" "True religion is not a matter of memory, but the *occupier* of the *heart*; religious enlightenment relieves our spirit from *slavish dread* of worldly rulers; it points out to us the true end of our existence, and the true relation in which we stand to our Creator; and teaches us that to serve our brother is to serve God; to love our brother is also to love our heavenly Father. It teaches us, that a pure and true faith leads men by the cords of love, and bids us not to raise the sword of vengeance against those whose belief differs from ours, if they do but right, and fulfil their duties. It teaches us to seek to imitate our heavenly Father, who embraces all creation with the bond of love; who presses them fast to His parental heart, on which each of His children may pour out alike joy and sorrow, and there seek eternal repose. It teaches us, that between our future and our present being there exists the closest connection; that the former is but a continuation of the latter; that the degree of advancement which we reach here will determine our position in the world to come; and that he who voluntarily disregards the object of his existence while on earth, must not expect acceptance in heaven."

The enlightenment of the march of intellect, however, the teacher altogether

Digitized by Google

repudiates. What some term enlightenment, he says, "is the love of ease, a disposition to sensuality, selfishness, ill-digested erudition drawn from impure sources, pride, self-interest, error, and darkness. Hence, the notion appears to them ridiculous that there should be something transcendent, something beyond the reach of their senses; yes, that what is invisible should be more powerful and glorious than what is visible. What they cannot see and hear, and taste and handle, is to them of little worth. The enlightenment of which *they* speak, should serve to make life agreeable. What did they? Ancient and venerable ordinances were rejected; even the most beneficial religious emotions were ridiculed as if they were unnecessary to their belief; as though they were so full of the spiritual that they needed the spiritual alone. Sensuality began to take the place of reason; and what was not in accordance with it was rejected, dismissed; for they regulated, as one of the wise men of old beautifully and truly says when speaking of a similar class, they regulated their understanding according to their desires, and not their desires according to their understanding."

Further,—"Is enlightenment to be rejected because the frivolous understand not its aim and end? No! ye shall learn to distinguish by their characteristics true and false enlightenment. Thee, O Holy One! I recognise, in that thou makest the race of man more virtuous, more humane, more truth-loving, more moderate, more modest, more indulgent to the faults of others, more watchful over their own defects! Thou rejectest not what is old and worthy of reverence; thou snatchest not, childlike, at the new; thou seekest only to distinguish what is hurtful and offensive to God and man, and to place in its stead what is worthier and more beneficial. Zeal without understanding, faith without virtue, piety without philanthropy, such dwell not in thy sight; such canst thou not endure. How differently does thy sister manifest herself! Proudly she lifts her head on high above all who will not follow after her: she renders her adherents more frivolous, more unprincipled, more selfish, and more immodest and immoderate in their demands. Without inquiry they reject the old, be it ever so venerable, ever so sacred; and blindly seize on the new, be it ever so pernicious and unholy, only because it glitters, and sparkles, and dazzles."

In sentiments like these we recognise our own. Sermon II. is likewise to our liking. It is entitled, "The Prophet's Spirit and Prophet's Course!" You may judge a man by his desires, says the preacher; and his desire is that of Moses, Num. x. 1—2. "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his spirit upon them." The world, he opines, would have assumed a goodlier aspect, had this wish been fulfilled: it would be better for our generation were its accomplishment at hand. All that is good, beautiful, true, great, and exalted, would be more justly recognised, more sincerely loved, more zealously promoted. All that is ignoble and impure, all that is offensive to the mind and the heart, would be hated, rejected, and banished; healthfulness and purity, without and within, would be sought after and attained; sin, ignorance, disorder, error, strife, war, misery, and want would disappear from among men—men of one race, of one family, of one calling, men who had all become prophets of the Lord.

This remarkable wish was uttered by Moses, when Joshua proposed to interrupt the public teachings of Eldad and Medad, "My lord, Moses, forbid them;" said the young disciple, who feared lest it should become too light in the camp and among the people. But Moses, who was more enlightened than any man upon earth, answered, "Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets!"

Dr. Salomons urges this text home on the regard of rulers, that they may yield unlimited knowledge to the people, as did Moses. "The point," he exclaims, "on which the sages and philosophers of all nations have been, and are even now, still at variance, whether the moral and intellectual standard of the people should be raised, whether they should be enlightened, was decided thousands of years ago, by thee, Great Teacher of man, noble Instructor of the people."

Digitized by Google

The following passage is so just, as well as fine, that we must quote it, *in extenso*.

"Many, who hear what we exhort men to do, and how high a standard we would place before them, would call us *visionaries*, or at least, if they would much honour us, *pious visionaries*. They would ask, 'How can that which you require be accomplished? Look around! The children of men are little worth; they wander hither and thither, and heap folly upon folly.' But, my dear friends, the highest virtue is in itself no vision; you render it such by deeming it impossible: it is not so difficult to vivify it, to put it into action, if each individual would so will it; each father, each mother, each son, each daughter, each public servant, each private individual. *Men are little worth.* Let each individual begin to be worth something. From these single efforts, a large aggregate of good must ultimately result. Men recede: let each individual begin himself to advance, the mass will go forward. *They heap folly on folly.* Let each one begin to lay aside his folly, how wise will the mass become! Individual instances of advancement you acknowledge; but is not the mass composed of individuals? Wherein then consists the delusion, the impossibility? Let each believe himself capable of much in the domain of morals; his strength will increase by exercise, each single flower is a flower in Virtue's chaplet. Let each carefully contribute his mite, and not only the *man*, but mankind will rise higher. What the inspired have spoken will one day be fulfilled. *One day!* and though that one day should tarry, await it: that is the prophet's spirit. They beheld not the entire fulfilment of the glorious and the holy things which they predicted! That did not deter them from unweariedly teaching and testifying, warning and reminding, speaking and working for children, and children's children; and the latest generations reap the harvest which they have sown. Let us follow their example, beloved friends, and wrestle and strive, and never rest, and never repose, till each has fulfilled the command of his father, to be a prophet unto the Lord, animated by the Spirit of the Lord."

This passage is worth all the Oxford *Tracts for the Times*, and is corrective of the heresy that they have promulged regarding apostolic and laic inspiration. O, believe us, that it is ever possible, and should be ever actual! How cheering is it that a Jewish doctor should indicate so great a truth—so Christian—so Jewish! We find him also indicating another great truth, as belonging both to the Old and the New Testament, against Warburton and his school—namely, the doctrine of the immortality and separate state of the soul. He finds the declaration in the words, that ABRAHAM WAS GATHERED UNTO HIS PEOPLE. "Herein," he adds, "is declared the highest object of our being. To be gathered unto his people, means something far different from being laid in the grave. These words are immediately followed in the original by, 'And his sons buried him in the cave of Machpelah.' The dead body is spoken of in the latter passage; but *he*, he himself, was gathered unto his people. Thus is the death of the pious described in the Scriptures. Our death is a return home to the beloved ones, is a reunion with the souls who were dear unto us. To be gathered unto his people—not only the eternal existence of our spirit is here declared, but also the blessed relationship into which it will enter, although it is so generally imagined that such a declaration is nowhere to be found in Scripture. We shall meet again, we shall again behold one another after death—we are gathered unto our people!"

But we cease: were we to quote all the beautiful things to be found in this book, we should be compelled to elaborate a long paper, fitter for an article in chief in the Quarterly Review, than for a brief notice in our MONTHLY CRYPT. Such a Book as this makes us rejoice in the position that we have taken up as Critics. Of a truth, our Catholicity stands us in good stead. Whenever we can find a noble mind, whatever his clime or creed, there we recognise a brother of our house—the human family. Thanks be to the FATHER.

Dr. Salomon recognises the reason of man as an immediate inspiration from God, and as promulging the same truths as were uttered from Mount

Digitized by Google

Sinai. He grows sublime in his Kantism. "The sublime words," he says, "have twice sounded forth, LET THERE BE LIGHT. It was on the birth-day of the physical world for the eye, and afterwards on the birth-day of the spiritual world for the reason of man. And if at the present we were in possession only of the two first of the divine words spoken in Mount Sinai; thinking reason would solemnise in sisterly union with Divine Revelation the brightest triumph.—I AM THE ETERNAL."

He proceeds—"The reason of man can find no repose except in the belief of a really existent God; one who lives and works, who guides and directs, the destinies of men and nations. A Divine Providence rules all things: chance, accident and fate, are mere unmeaning words. THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME: One only God lives in all, and the great All is sustained by him alone. One universal Spirit calls worlds and spirits into existence. Polytheism and idolatry, ye are vanquished together, with all your monstrous and unnatural offspring, for the thinking reason has said Amen to the great proclamation spoken on the heights of Sinai. Make no Image of the Eternal God; seek no similitude for him who hath no similitude in heaven or on earth."

How magnificent a conception it would be to figure the reason itself as the height of Sinai—with what splendour of language would Coleridge have decked such a thought. That a Jew should thus bring Moses and Kant together! Proof this, that philosophy is a reconciling power, and that all sects may be thereby enabled to syncretise. Friend Alerist must see to this. Meantime Dr. Salomon tells us, that "Wherever reason has a voice in the most modern systems of philosophy, there we shall find philosophy seizing only as a commentary on that sacred text. Wherever that text is not adopted, there is idolatry practised, and the name of the Lord misunderstood."

And even thus a voice from Israel has corroborated what we asserted in our New Year's Address to the readers of this Magazine. Verily, our heart pours forth in gratitude unto the Most High! Holy! holy! holy! be his Name for ever and ever. Amen.

Let us proceed with another extract

"The Lord our God is One, and the only One. Thus speaks, likewise, the creed of reason; for as soon as man is able and willing to examine by her light, he rejects the belief in Polytheism, which leads him astray from labyrinth to labyrinth, and from one contradiction to another. The one only God frees him from these mazes of contradiction, and loosens the bonds of error. Hence, the reason of some sages among the ancients, led them to declare with us, that the Lord our God is One; and hence, when a better knowledge fills the earth, the reason of all men will lead them to proclaim *the Lord is One, and his name One.*

"What reason has discovered, is confirmed by the voice within, the sacred decision of the heart. In the minds of pious and wise men, the feeling arises spontaneously of homage to one only Being, who has called worlds and spirits into existence. The heart indeed knows no other creed, and thus 'in every language that man can understand,' in the pure speech of nature, in the well-ordered language of reason, 'in the still small voice of conscience,' we hear repeated, Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is One!"

Our readers will perceive an identity of opinion between this philosophical Jew, and the American writers whom we have this month introduced to their notice. With the following pregnant sentence or two we conclude.

"The feelings may mislead, and the imagination may deceive, but Reason neither deceives nor misleads. I am not speaking of the reason which has a like significance with opinion, supposition, belief; of the reason which can be corrupted by inclination or circumstances; or of that which may become, by means of prejudice, actually unreasonable. Observe I speak of the God-like faculty by which we know how to distinguish between true and false, between right and wrong; that reason which God has bestowed as a distinction upon

Digitized by Google

man; as the only angel standing between the Creator and the creature, through whose means you may approach nearer to Him, and He to you."

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Times of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon. By a Member of the Houses of Shirley and Hastings. Vol. I. London: William Edward Painter, 342, Strand. 1839.

Our friend, the Laureate Southey, has perhaps theorised too scientifically in some parts of his life of Wesley. Such works as the one before us take up the subject at a contrary extreme, and fear to reason on the facts of religious progress. They admire where they should analyse. The subject of pious emotion is now well understood, and the extraordinary force of novel truth on the mind appreciated at its true worth. There is no need, in fact, to suppose Mr. Berridge to have been a buffoon or a fanatic, in the exclusive sense of the latter phrase, in order to account for the singular effects that he produced. The dark state of the public mind at the time his services were needed is sufficient to explain the strange phenomena that accompanied his preaching. Hysterical convulsions are the exponents of wonder excited by sudden impressions:—when there are convictions of guilt and feelings of repentance, they may readily be believed to be of exceeding violence. Remember that the strongest interests of the *soul* are excited—her eternal welfare—the highest hopes, the deepest fears—mighty must be the sufferings, loud the cries, keen the agony. The nature of the moral passions must be well considered by him who would speculate on such a topic; nay, he must have had experience in the same kind himself, before he is thoroughly qualified to guage their intensity and weigh their value.

The present life of the Countess of Huntingdon is chiefly valuable for the large quantity of materials that are wound up in its composition, and the thoroughly religious spirit with which it is pervaded. No one can rise from its perusal without being convinced that Methodism had a divine purpose, and that the Lady Selina was not "mad" but "inspired," to give it assistance and direction. The introduction to the work, by the Rev. J. K. Foster, is well written, and a valuable commentary on the scope and design of the entire production. When we receive the second volume, we shall probably enter into the argument at large. Nothing is so valuable as memoirs of this kind. Every fresh one is, as it were, a New Evangile.

The *Ecclesiastical Biographer* should be the last person to forget the patriarchial precept uttered by Joseph: "It was not you that sent me hither but God." It was against her will that, in the founding of Methodism, the Countess of Huntingdon was compelled to violate ecclesiastical order, and shelter herself and her companions in zeal under the act of toleration. In like manner was Wesley forced to introduce a lay ministry. Wherefore? That the apostolic succession, which of all things is the most spiritual, should not be treated as a mere historical occurrence. The nominally self-taught are the really God-taught: and both Church and State must provide for the occupation of such—or, if they do not, God will! Such is the sum of the matter.

Life of Mrs. Siddons. By Thomas Campbell. London: Edward Moxon, Dover-street. 1839.

In every shape will we repudiate the unworthy *calumny*, that we have any other feeling towards Mr. Thomas Campbell, but the most reverential respect. We hold our philosophical, religious and political sentiments as sacred things, of which we sometimes speak with an emotion that may make us disregard personal considerations. But we are utterly incapable of uttering an opinion with a personal object. We dare speak in praise of Campbell's Life of Mrs.

Digitized by Google

Siddons, though it was on its first appearance condemned in the Quarterly. We look upon it as a dignified and accomplished piece of work, with a style of its own, exceedingly appropriate to the subject, to the author and the moral tone of his thinking. He is solicitous to treat of Mrs. Siddons, not only as the great actress, but as the excellent woman, and portrays her as she appeared to himself in her private relations.

Mr. Campbell, too, is deserving on another account. A large book is a large evil—he has been contented with a small one. Doubtless, with the stores at his command he might have made three volumes—partly compilation, partly original, of documents that should never appear in print. He has resisted the lust of lucre that has burned so infernally in some others, and deserves for this glorious abstinence our warmest approbation.

An analysis of this very excellent book at this time of day would be a ridiculous affair. We therefore content ourselves with the summary of Mrs. Siddons' character. Who but Campbell could have written it?

"Mrs. Siddons was a great, simple being, who was not shrewd in her knowledge of the world, and was not herself well understood, in some particulars, by the iniquity of the world. The universal feeling towards her was respectful, but she was thought austere. Now, with all her apparent haughtiness, there was no person more humble when humility morally became her. I have known her call up a servant whom she found she has undeservedly blamed, and beg his pardon before her family. She had a motherly affectionate heart. Hundreds of her letters have been submitted to me; and though her correspondence has disappointed me, in being less available than I could have wished for quotation, yet, in one respect, it delighted me, by the proofs which it gave of her endearing domestic character. In not one of her notes, though some of them were written on subjects of petty vexation, is there a single trace of angry feeling.

"From intense devotion to her profession, she derived a peculiarity of manner, of which I have the fullest belief she was not in the least conscious, unless reminded of it; I mean the habit of attaching dramatic tones and emphases to common-place colloquial subjects. She went, for instance, one day, into a shop at Bath, and, after bargaining for some calico, and hearing the mercer pour forth a hundred commendations of the cloth, she put the question to him, "*But will it wash?*" in a manner so electrifying as to make the poor shopman start back from his counter. I once told her this anecdote about herself, and she laughed at it heartily, saying, "Witness truth, I never meant to be tragical." This singularity made her manner susceptible of caricature. I know not what others felt, but I own that I loved her all the better for this unconscious solemnity of manner; for, independently of its being blended with habitual kindness to her friends, and giving, odd as it may seem, a zest to the humour of her familiar conversation, it always struck me as a token of her simplicity. In point of fact, a manner, in itself artificial, sprung out of the *naiveté* of her character.

"In the course of a long life, how few individuals have diffused so much delight and moral sympathy! When a foreigner came to London, during her reign on the stage, and demanded to see all that England could boast of, could you have done justice to your country, without showing him the Siddons, as one of the ornaments of our empire? And she was more than a woman of genius; for the additional benevolence of her heart made her an honour to her sex and to human nature."

We have only one emendation to propose of this passage—and it relates to the last clause of the last sentence. We should have ascribed that very benevolence of her heart to the fulness of her genius.

Digitized by Google

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Wm. Knight has nearly ready for publication in a portable volume, "Oriental Outlines or a Rambler's Recollections of a Tour in Turkey, Greece, and Tuscany," chiefly intended as a guide for travellers visiting Napoli di Romania, the Grecian Islands, Ephesus, Smyrna, the Dardanelles, and Constantinople.

Mr. Leopold J. Bernays has in the Press in one volume 8vo. a Translation of the 2d Book of Göthe's Faust—and other Poems—partly in the metres of the original and partly in Prose.—it will be ready for publication in October.

The British and Foreign Review, or European Quarterly Journal—No. XVII.

We hasten to acknowledge the receipt of this Number. It is, indeed, of very great excellence. We have read the articles on The State of the Nation—on Works of Art and Artists in England—and on Lamartine's *La Chûte d'un Ange*—the merit of which is very great. Take it for all in all—this is the best of the Reviews. We say this deliberately, conscientiously, decidedly.

Cookery Made Easy. By a Lady; London: Published by Dean and Munday.

This Book contains the most plain and practical directions for properly cooking and serving up of all sorts of provisions, and is excellently well adapted for the purpose designed. We recommend it to every respectable family.

THE GREEN ROOM.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

These boards having been signalised by the re-appearance of Mr. Macready, and that tragedian not having yet assumed a new character in the drama, has induced us to a consideration of his claims to the high eminence he has attained.

On his first appearance on the London stage—the great John Kemble was on his wane—and Edmund Kean was in the full vigour of his powers, Mr. Macready therefore may be said to have been opposed on the one hand by all the grandeur and dignity of an elevated and classical school, and on the other by the unwearied energy of original genius aided by youth, and triumphant with well-merited success.

To have made any stand at all against two such powerful opponents, would be a meed of no small praise to have allotted to a *débutant*; but Mr. Macready achieved infinitely more than this. His *début* in "Orestes" in "The Distressed Mother," allowing for all the disadvantages inseparable from a first performance, evinced a promise of great future excellence. The novelty of his style was at once its most remarkable feature, it being equally removed, and indeed at variance with the styles of his two great tragic contemporaries—not possessing the artificial and stilted mannerism of "the last of all the Romans," whose very appearance and gestures threw a halo of sublimity around what was cold, stiff, and formal, and being devoid of the interminable rapidity of action, endless impetuosity, and variety of comic and tragic capabilities which succeeded each other by fits and starts, in Mr. Kean's great but unequal performances.

> "Like the waves of the summer, as *one* died away,
> *Another* as bright and as shining came on."

Digitized by Google

Mr. Macready's style was impassioned but chaste, his intonation clear and distinct, lapsing at times, it must be confessed, into the colloquial and the familiar, and at times so hurried, that in many cases the sense of the passage he was delivering became absolutely obscure to the audience. These defects, observation and practice have enabled him to overcome; and it is not saying too much of our tragedian to assert, that not only in purity of pronunciation, but distinctness of utterance, Mr. Macready is without a rival. In point of voice, Nature has been most bountiful, having gifted him with one of great harmony, and vast capabilities. His attitudes for the most part are not deficient in grace, and are in general well suited to the line of character he performs.

In this brief sketch it is not intended to trace him professionally step by step from his *début*, to the present moment when he has attained the envied rank of being considered the only first-rate tragedian on the British stage: our object is merely to describe and do justice to his genius and peculiar style. To reach the eminent station at which we now behold him he has toiled hard, and contended with vast difficulties, which he has overcome solely by the painful progression of unremitting study.

He has, on the other hand, possessed the great advantage of having several fine parts written solely for the display of his varied histrionic powers, when, on such occasions, he has shone forth with redoubled splendour, displaying those high resources of his art, so essential to the embodying the creations of genius, and exciting a thrilling interest by the high-wrought illusion of the scene.

"Virginius"—"William Tell"—"Ion"—"Claude Melnotte"—and "Richelieu," may be adduced as triumphant specimens of Mr. Macready's skill in representing the heroes of our modern, and most distinguished tragic writers.

But the engagement of Mr. Macready is remarkable, as producing Mr. Phelps again in a character worthy of his acceptance. We should have thought him of too pathetic a nature for the personation of Iago; but, however, he got through his task admirably well. His is not a gloomy, grimalkin sort of villain, such as Young and Vandenhoff have delighted to present—but a bold gay soldier—a man of strong intellect, but of a capricious and jealous temperament. All this was reflected by the actor. Among the new readings that Mr. Phelps ventured, was one that deserves notice. In delivering, "I bleed, Sir—but not killed"—he points to the slain Desdemona. Was this, or not, in Shakspere's mind? It gives a bitterness to the remark which has hitherto been overlooked. At any rate, the actor claims credit for his ingenuity.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This Commonwealth of Theatrical Management has brought forward two adaptations of Foreign Operas. The "Elixir d'Amore" of Donizetti—and the The "Scarramuccia" of Ricci. Although the former was no novelty in an English dress, it having been played at the Surrey, some months ago, and the latter is by no means a firstrate musical composition, both have been as successful as could have been anticipated.

The latter revival unfortunately afforded Mr. Balfe, the manager, an opportunity of revealing publicly the indiscretions of a brother vocalist, the recurrence of which do so much towards bringing the profession into such universal contempt. It certainly is to be regretted that Mr. Balfe should, as manager, have been placed in so painful a situation; and if there were many people in the theatre who paid for their admission, they had no right to be treated thus cavalierly: but without at all meaning to paliate Mr. Leffler's inebriety, we do think, that, out of respect to his profession, if not from motives of common humanity towards one whose very existence depends on the good opinion of

Digitized by Google

the public, Mr. Balfe might have concealed the errors of his friend, and still sent his audience away well satisfied.

The other novelties that have been well received at this establishment have been "The Hall Porter," a very clever Farce by Mr. Samuel Lover, and a Melo-drama called "Snap-apple Night," combining the usual ingredients of terror and absurdity, which so eminently characterise this heterogeneous class of Dramatic composition. It presented some effective Tableaux; and notwithstanding its incongruities, it was favourably received.

SURREY THEATRE.

Mr. T. P. Cooke has recommenced an engagement here, and personated "Ben the Boatswain," in a nautical drama of that name, from the pen of Mr. Wilks. He is also announced to appear as the hero of another naval play from the untiring pen of Mr. Haynes. We never see that splendid representative of English seamen, Mr. T. P. Cooke, without feeling a regret that he did not flourish in the days of Dibdin and Incledon—when our Gazettes teemed with naval victories—when the song-writer was rewarded with a pension for his patriotism, and the vocalist was crowned with reiterated bursts of heart-felt applause, as sincere as triumphant.

"We are fallen upon gloomy days"

in regard to nautical achievements. This, we suppose, induces our dramatists to make their sailors nice, quiet, domestic, young gentlemen, with a very strong sense of the proprieties, accompanied by a wish to "get spliced," and to sit down quietly, and enjoy existence, as people with a respectable turn of mind ought to do. "William," in "Black-eyed Susan," is a superlative specimen of a youth of this description, and gives utterance to sweet and tender sentiments sufficient to stock all the love-sick sailors, from Blackwall to Port Jackson.

To behold the English sailor on the stage as he is in reality, either on board his ship or on shore, we must wait till the breaking out of a war. Then, instead of the above feeble portraiture, our nautical play-wrights will be compelled to exhibit him as the ardent, brave, and reckless being, exulting in his strength and loyalty, abounding in heartiness and roughness of manner, with a great taste for practical jokes, and broad fun; and, at the same time, imbued with many of the kindest and finest feelings that adorn and elevate humanity.

THE DEATH-RATTLE OF PARTY.

The law of progress, indefinitely accelerated in its operations, is effectually subversive of human institutions; and so the even balance of parties by deciding the beam, is preclusive of the motion that is necessary to life. What is needed is neither a stagnant pool nor a headlong cataract, but a gentle river full, yet not overflowing, down which we may safely voyage in calm weather with the common exertion of sail and oar, and in rough with ordinary foresight and skill. Let it be granted that society awaits regeneration, still the "vaulting ambition" that would spring at once from the present position of the social state to some future pos-

Digitized by Google

sible one, which in excellence shall transcend all that the world has yet exampled, "must overleap itself and fall on the other side." Nevertheless, so watchful are human interests that such a result can scarcely happen. The cry for Reform, accordingly, produced a vehement Reaction, the consequence of which has been, that the law of progress was so powerfully antagonised by the principle of conservatism, that the two parties were placed *hors de combat*, with only just so much disturbance of the equilibrium as served to save them from absolute inactivity. But although the men who had taken up the cause of Reform, together with their opponents, were checkmated in Parliament, the opposing principles were yet abroad, one striving to countervail the other in a larger field of contention. Now, it is the progressive principle that is most likely to err on the side of activity, the retrogressive is quietly operant—just so much as will preserve the permanence of things in the proper and safe mean—a certain shifting point between the opponent twain. And thus it remains until the attraction of the opposite, becoming excessive, rouses it to increased exertion, aided also by the law of repulsion, of which the principle is to prevent too close an approximation to either extreme. The onward principle has become thus erroneously active in the wide field of general society, as of late it was in the narrower space of parliament, and will rouse reaction in its new arena as effectually as it did in the old. The Chartist excesses have already put society on the defensive, and the middle classes must join with the upper in quelling the perilous disturbances which now do more than agitate, which threaten the peace and order of daily existence. Nor in Parliament will the result be different, the once half-radical ministry, from Viscount Melbourne to Lord John Russell, are become conservatives, and a coalition is promised, not by the tories descending to the whigs, but by the whigs approximating to the tories.

"There never was an instance," says the Rev. Sydney Smith, in his largely circulated pamphlet on the ballot, "There never was an instance in this country where parties were so nearly balanced; but all this will pass away, and, in a very few years, either Peel will swallow Lord John, or Lord John will pasture upon Peel; parties will coalesce, the Duke of Wellington and Viscount Melbourne meet at the same board, and the lion lie down with the lamb."

Such seems now to be not only the general want, but the general desire. Nevertheless the *ultra* papers are offended with our *syncretic* correspondent for a little anticipating the time. These are, however, only the last gusts of the receding storm. The thunder-peal is loudest when about to lower its tone. But are the fierce sentiments of the daily press responded to by our public men? O, no! neither Sir Robert Peel nor the Duke of Wellington is pledged to the opinions of the newspaper scribes—and would never dream of attempting any thing so mad as the mildest of the schemes proposed in certain grandiloquent leaders indited by certain able editors. All their political writing is too abstract, too metaphysical, fitter for Utopia than for England; the politics of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, on the contrary, shall be, as they have been, eminently practical. We abhor mere speculation—mere theory—as much as we affect legitimate philosophy and well-founded science.

It is not, however, by any forced compromise of principle, any

Digitized by Google

violent junction of parties, that the desirable result will be produced. O no! But it will be by a very different process, to which the necessity from external pressure will be but a temporary condition. It will be by the conviction wrought in the minds of the lower parties in the state, taught both from within and from without, that the higher principles of government are the truer, and the highest the truest. Every individual of any intelligence will acquiesce in the axiom, that government should be government; that in order to be so, it must be aristocratic, and monarchic; and thus the coalition will proceed, by absorbing the greater part of the antagonism into the one conservative principle, without which there can be no permanence for institutions; and without permanence there can be no progress.

In illustration of this consequence,—who can have failed to remark the declining influence of the House of Commons, and the increasing authority of the House of Peers? It becomes a matter of indifference, whether the present ministry keep in or go out. One only scheme of policy is possible, and in that the lords will take the initiative. That party, too, in the state, which, if out of power, would be the first to question the prerogatives of the queen, must now, for its own sake, support them. It will ultimately become so pledged to constitutional views, that, even when out of place, the present order of whig-statesmen will scarcely be guilty of the monstrous inconsistency of acting like their predecessors. They must and will cease to be a faction opposed to conservatism, and must become, at farthest, moderate supporters of social progress; to which, with well understood limitations, no modern tory will object.

Meantime, the very lowest class in the empire must be cared for by the highest, and will be. We sympathise to the full extent with Mr. Wordsworth in his advocacy of the Rights of Labour. We are quite sure that they will not only be conceded, but that the wisest and best of men will solicitously set about such method of relief as the circumstances of the times demand. Reduction of taxation has been tried and in vain; we must seek to reduce the competition which hitherto has been the life of business. It is no longer its life. The different classes of society must come to some great social arrangement. The cry must no longer be for war but for peace. Provision must also be made for the new created intelligence, which, like a soul under the ribs of death, has been awakened in the mass of the labouring population, by that subtle and wizard music which has found its way into the national heart through the medium of the educational methods, which have placed in the possession of the multitude the mysterious Power of Knowledge. Would that the kind and measure of it had been better regulated! Something must be done towards a better accomplishment of this great state-need. We must provide the *moral* influence by which the information imparted or acquired may be turned to good. The only difficulty in our way, is the excessive sectarianism of English people; this, however, will cease, as the *principles* of Christianity become better understood. These once mastered, all intelligent minds will agree on the minor facts that symbolize their operation. Evidence is daily crowding on us of the large number of sympathetic minds that are seeking for One point of union in religious perceptions. To find this one point there only needs th

Digitized by Google

desire; and Providence is marvellously preparing the way for a merciful consummation. The waves are now roaring, but ere long there will be a calm for the Church that shall not be transient. Doubts that once vexed our fathers are easily solved by us; and Faith becomes more and more established on the ruins of sceptical theories. Philosophy, too, has placed the evidences of the religion of Christ so high, that speculations merely historical can henceforth have no force with the instructed, and will excite little interest in the vulgar. Such are the perils that have past—and such the hopes that remain for the future.

STANZAS.

1.

BRIGHT is thine eye, and fair thy brow;
'Tis arched like heaven's imperial cope;—
Within its orb what feelings glow,
The tender thoughts of Love and Hope!
The fond desire thy heart conceals,
The trembling fear thy lips betray,
Thy speaking eye alike reveals—
Thou meanest, "Yes"—then, why say, "Nay"?

2.

This hand is thine, that ne'er was vowed
To maid before—none dear to me!
This heart is thine, that ne'er allowed
A wandering wish to err from thee!
The blessèd hour, when first I gazed
Upon thy brow, confirmed thy sway,
Nor shrunk thine eye from mine amazed—
Thou meanest, "Yes"—then why say, "Nay"?

3.

Those quivering lips that breathed it too,
Are pale with dread of what they spake—
But this one kiss restores their hue,
And on thy cheek what charms awake!
That heavenly blush—that happy sigh—
O turn from me no more away!
Thy bosom speaks as did thine eye—
Thou meanest, "Yes"—thou sayst *not*—"Nay."

Digitized by Google

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

VOL. II.] OCTOBER, 1839. [No. 10.

THE ADAMUS EXUL OF GROTIUS.

OR

THE PROTOTYPE OF PARADISE LOST.

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN BY FRANCIS BARHAM, ESQ.

Prolegomena to the Adamus Exul of Grotius.

THE great design of the Deity in creating by his eternal Word the spiritual orders of being, involving the work of the divine Redeemer in saving and restoring them when fallen into transgression, forms the leading theme of Scripture. In connection with this, the aboriginal glory of Man in Paradise ending in his expulsion from the Garden of Eden, as explained by the inspired writers, is a topic of universal interest. This first scene in the grand drama of human destinies—this sole key to the enigmas of mortal experience—this tremendous lapse of mind and nature which has thrown so deep a colouring over all subsequent histories, has necessarily excited the most intense and scrutinizing attention.

The brief yet forcible description of the sacred writers has been very differently expounded by theological investigators. Origen and some of the primitive evangelical fathers, agreeing with the Cabalistic and Gnostic dogmas, supposed this description to refer to a purely spiritual, angelic, and transcendental form of human existence, associated with the divine Word in an ethereal Paradise among the unfallen stars. Others, like Augustine, More, Brocklesby, and the symbolic Platonists, supposed it to allude to a fall of Angels, and the lapse of souls with their social stars, each retaining its proper paradise in lower and separate economies, while others, abiding by the literal account, have imagined that nothing superterrestrial, mystical, or figurative was at all intended. These several expositors have likewise entertained different notions with regard to the original sin; some, like Berrow, regarding it as the original and general lapse of souls, some, like Cudworth and Ramsay, esteeming it the lapse of our particular species into a state of materialism; and others more prudently conceiving it to be the offence of disobeying the divine command with regard to the forbidden fruit.

Among the expositors who have supposed that the Mosaic account should be construed literally, a great question has been mooted with respect to the geographical position of the terrestrial Paradise and the Garden of Eden. The true theory appears to have been nearly attained by Father Calmet the Benedictine, in his commentary on the text in which the river which gave birth to the Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Pherath

Digitized by Google

is mentioned. He imagines that these four rives are the Phasis, the Araxes, the Tigris, and the Euphrates; and consequently, that Paradise or Eden was placed in Colchis, now Mingrelia, near the mountains of Turcomania, and that this was what gave rise to the fable of the golden fleece.

Happily this question is now nearly set at rest, Hales and Faber having well nigh demonstrated that the situation of the Garden, according to the Mosaic account, was in the mountainous region of Ararat in Armenia. And that consequently the first birth-place of mankind, and their first post-diluvian settlement, were closely approximated. This is an important discovery, as it confirms the fact that the great chains of mountains and rivers were not essentially dislocated by the flood.

A short statement of the critical situation of these rivers will give the reader the power of correcting the errors which yet remain undefeated. We cannot define the name of the river that watered the garden; but it is not so difficult to specify its four main branches. The first is Phison (a term signifying a deep or overflowing river): this stream, which is synonymous with Phasis, was the source of the Araxes, or Arras, which rises from Ararat, and separates Armenia from Media, and falls into the Caspian. Bridges have been built over it several times, but all the art of man could never make them strong enough to resist the violence of its stream. Wherefore Virgil gives it this epithet: "Pontem indignatus Araxes." Both gold and bdellium are found among the mountains that surround Havila Propria and Caspiana, through which it flows.

Now Calmet has confounded this stream—the original Phasis or river—with that other Phasis more generally known by this name, which rises in the northern range of Caucasus. For this Faber substitutes the Absarus of Pliny, or Batoum of modern geographers, which rises in Armenia and runs into the Euxine sea. But its course, as Hales justly observes, "appears too short to encompass the whole land of Havila, supposing, with him, Havila to denote Colchis, which was famed in ancient times for the abundance and excellence of its gold. "The Araxes, therefore," continues Hales (in confirmation of our theory), seems to have a better claim, which, rising in Armenia, runs by a more circuitous course into the Caspian sea, skirting the countries of Colchis and Georgia, which lie between the two seas, and might both have constituted the land of Havilah."

But a more serious error than this respecting the Phison, is pointed out by Ralegh. It arose among those expositors who forgot to distinguish between Shem's descendant and Joctan's son Havila, to whom the regions of Caspiana, Colchis, and Upper Media were allotted, extending towards his brother Ophir's Indian possessions, and that other Havila, the son of Cush. This has given rise to the gross blunders of Wells and his followers, now nearly exploded.

The name of the second river is Gihon (an impetuous river), the ancient Choasper or Korun, which surrounds Asiatic Cush, or Ethiopia, and Susiana. Its waters are so sweet, say the ancients, that the kings of Persia drank no other; and in their expeditions they always carried some with them which had been previously boiled.

The numerous mistakes concerning this stream have arisen from

Digitized by Google

mistaking the position of Chus, or Asiatic Ethiopia, and from confounding it with African Æthiopia, more generally known by this name.

Sir Walter Ralegh has so well explained this matter, that his words are worth quoting. "After the flood," says he, "Cush and his children never rested till they found the valley of Shinah, in which, and near which, himself and his sons first inhabited. Havila took the river side of Tigris chiefly on the east, which, after his own name, he called Havila (now Susiana); Raamah and Sheba further down the river: at the entrance of Arabia Felix, Nimrod seated himself in the best of the valley, where he built Babel, whereof that region had afterwards the name of Babylonia. Chus himself and his brother Mizraim first kept upon Gehon, which falleth into the lakes of Chaldea, and, as their people increased, they drew themselves more westerly towards the Red, or Arabian Sea, from whence Mizraim past over into Egypt, in which part the Cushites remained for many years after."

The name of the third river is Hiddekel (a turbid river), or the Tigris, which goeth east of Assyria. And the fourth river is the Euphrates, so called from its eruptive violence.

It is very important to observe how closely the Mosaic account of the original glory and disastrous fall of several orders of lapsed intelligences, and in particular the sacred histories respecting the golden age of man in Paradise—his pure communion with the divine powers—the sublime condition of his faith and obedience—his seduction by infernal subtlety working on his self-esteem and ambition—his expulsion from Eden, and his exposure to all the ills that flesh is heir to—have been found to coincide with all the discoveries hitherto made respecting the mythological initiations, secret philosophy, and chronological and geographical traditions of all Gentile nations.

The study of this comparative evidence of the truth of revelation, throws astonishing light on the obscurer passages of Scripture. The reader may collect its buried fragments from very recondite and scattered sources of information. He may, for instance, derive some assistance from Kircher, Gale, Cudworth, Ramsay, Shuckford, Dupuis, Gebelin, More, Delaulnaye, Phanner, Burigne, Panza, Meursius, Rocher, Taylor, Beausobre, Reuchlin, Rosler, Creuzer, Pierius, Fludd, Agrippa, Helpen, Bryant, Oliver, Bridges, and Davies.

It is not to be supposed that a subject so full of intense interest as the glory of all created minds, the fall of angels, and the fall of man, should long be left unoccupied by the prophet bards and poets of Judah. It was evidently the first and most fascinating theme of their meditations and their songs; on it they exhausted their whole power of research and imagination, and their success is testified by a thousand passages of resplendent and imperishable verse, more or less masked by allegorical and hieroglyphic imagery, which still excite the veneration and gratify the sagacity of the student.

The early fathers of the Christian Church, some of them the most eloquent of men, were likewise distinguished by poetic honors, as might have been expected. They discoursed on these august mysteries of their religion with the demonstration of the Spirit and the power of reason, and thereto they added the glowing decorations of the muse. Augustin. Ephraim, Gregory, Prudentius, Nonnus, and the "Poetæ Christiani" of

Digitized by Google

Greece and Rome, were much engaged in the severe defence of their faith, by forcible dialectics and practical arts, but these did not hinder them from doing justice to the poetic splendors of Christianity.

Among the Christian fathers who arrayed the fall of Adam with poetical imagery, was St. Avitus, early in the sixth century. He wrote a poem, in three parts, entitled "*De Origine Mundi, de Originali Peccato*, and *de Sententiâ Dei.*" The learned M. Guizot has lately brought these compositions into notice, and instituted a parallel between them and Milton's "Paradise Lost," which he thinks in some measure derived from them. In "Blackwood's Magazine" for March, 1838, this question is discussed with much ingenuity and candour.

The classic genius of the gentiles was yet more successful in investing these sublime doctrines of theology, so far as they understood them, by the aid of vague traditions, with the pomp of enthusiastic fancy, and the ornament of dazzling verse. It is no less profitable than pleasing to observe the progress of these traditions as they came into the hands of the gentile bards, dim and confused, and thence issued forth clad in the gorgeous apparel of fiction, passion, and rhapsody.

These grand themes of poetic genius continued to sow the seeds of future song in the mystical dramas and romantic legends connected with the initiations of the middle ages; and though long bewailed as dead and extinct, that seed retained an essential vitality not to be destroyed by violence, barbarism, or ignorance. It sprang up like a strong plant with the revival of letters, and with the outburst of universal reformation. It would be idle to notice very particularly the earliest compositions in the classical or modern languages relating to the fall of man. The first Latin poem of note on this subject, is the Protogonus of Anysius, a tragedy; the hero of which is Adam. This was published in 1535, in quarto, and was very celebrated in its day, though now little known.

The next writer of eminence on the same topic, was Zieglerus, who wrote two Latin tragedies, Protoplastis and Samson Agonistes, published in 1550.

Another writer, who followed in the same path, was Du Bartas, who wrote about 1580, a long poem in French, entitled the "Weeks of the Creation"—being a sort of poetic commentary on the earlier chapters of Genesis. This work was published with extensive annotations, and became exceedingly popular on the continent. It was translated into English by that most fantastical of all versifiers, Sylvester. The notes were likewise translated by another hand.

A little after, in 1593, our English poet, Hunis, or Hunnis, the translator of the Psalms, published a tragedy, entitled "Adam's Banishment;" which we have not met with.

Such were the compositions extant in the boyhood of Hugo Grotius, who was born at Delft, 1583—educated under the famous Francis Junius, at Leyden, in the profound study of the Scriptures, according to the Biblical commentators of his time—skilled in all the critical and varied scholarship of classical literature, and familiarized with the best compositions of the modern writers; he availed himself of his treasured resources to an extent never before equalled.

The mind of Grotius was naturally of a deeply devotional kind, and peculiarly inclined to meditate on those primary and transcendent mys-

Digitized by Google

teries of theology and philosophy so shrewdly discussed and elaborated in that metaphysical age. But his intelligence was of too bold and stalwarth a cast ever to succumb beneath the burden of abstract perplexities, or lose itself in mazes of speculative difficulty. He had that within him which could detect the hidden principle of verity beneath the cloud of superincumbent mysticism—which could follow out the golden thread of truth amid all the labyrinths of argument—grasp the only tangible and palpable forms which casuistical subtleties ever assumed—and then apply them with a curious felicity of common sense to the practical affairs of life.

But it is not our business to celebrate Grotius for his divinity, his philosophy, his jurisprudence, or his classical attainments. All these are already well known to the public. We must here confine our attention to his poetical productions, with which he seems to have amused his majestic mind from infancy to old age:—for his first sacred poems were printed at Leyden before he was 16, and he continued to write miscellaneous verses through his whole life.

Having, doubtless, in the course of his studious education, read most of the ancient and modern compositions on the Fall of Man, it appeared to him that this subject was one of the fittest possible for a noble tragedy or epic, and that nothing worthy of its sublimity had ever yet been written.

Accordingly, at the age of 18, he composed the tragedy "Adamus Exul," which we have now translated. "Grotius (says Burigny, his biographer) did not confine himself to small pieces of verse—he rose to tragedy. We have three tragedies written by him. The first was 'Adamus Exul.' He sent it to Lipsius, who liked it, and it was printed at Leyden in 1601; and again in a collection of his sacred poems, printed in quarto at the Hague, 1610. His two other tragedies, the 'Christus Patiens,' and the 'Sophromphaneas,' are published in the general collection of his poems. These were translated by Vondel into Dutch; and by Sandys and Goldsmith into English."

Whether Grotius was dissatisfied or not with this tragedy of "Adamus Exul," the leading scholars of his time were delighted with it. It called forth the panegyric and complimentary verses of Vossius, Heinsius, Dousa, Potteius, Mersius, and others, now to be found collected in the Grotii Poemata, and excited very general admiration throughout Europe.

It was more or less imitated by Andreini, 1613—by Ramsay, 1633—by Masenius, 1650—and by other Latin, Italian, German, French, and English poets, who followed in the same track.

But by none was it so closely followed, so admirably emulated and improved upon as by our Milton. The mind of Milton, originally resembling that of Grotius in many of its leading characteristics, was, like his, familiarized with scriptural, classic, and modern literature—like his, tried and harassed by the ecclesiastical, political, and literary contests of the age. The first geniuses of their respective countries, "born for whatever was arduous," too independent to press themselves into the patronage of the nations they made glorious—too proud to ask the political rewards they merited; it was their fate to receive the honors from foreigners which were withheld by their jealous fellow-countrymen. Such were the causes of their sympathy. For Grotius, Milton acknow-

Digitized by Google

ledged a veneration and an emulous regard he vouchsafed to no other modern. With Grotius, he sympathised deeply from his earliest years; he neglected not to visit him on the continent, and gloried in his friendship as long as he lived.

It is clear, that, like Grotius, Milton also was eminently skilled in theological science, in all the cabalistic and mythological initiations, and philosophical learning of antiquity. This has been sufficiently proved by Birch, Newton, and the author of the essay on "Milton's Use of the Ancients."

But it was not to the ancients only that Milton was indebted: he availed himself equally of the moderns; and without doubt the "Adamus Exul" of Grotius furnished Milton with that seed of thought and passion which afterwards bloomed out in that "bright consummate flower," the "Paradise Lost."

Much as we detest the name of Lauder, literary justice obliges us to give that unhappy gentleman his due, which he has not yet received. He was one of the first who perceived the high probability of Milton's obligation to Grotius and the modern Latin poets. And never yet did author more cunningly combine truth and falsehood than Lauder. His learning generally enabled him to prove at least half his point, and imposture supplied all that was wanting in evidence.

Lauder was a Scotchman, a Latin schoolmaster, and a literary adventurer. In reading the first act of the "Adamus Exul," and other modern Latin poems, he could hardly fail to perceive the frequent use which Milton, conversant as he was with all curious and ingenious literature, naturally made of them,

About the year 1750, Lauder wrote some articles in the "Gentleman's Magazine," stating his discoveries. These exciting some attention, and winning the approbation of Dr. Johnson, he was induced, in the same year, to publish an Essay, entitled "An Essay on Milton's Use and imitation of the Moderns in Paradise Lost." In this work, finding his materials deficient, he unhappily endeavoured to supply the defect of his authorities by drawing largely on his own latinity.

In this Essay, in which he quotes the first Act of "Adamus Exul," Lauder says, "In Birche's Life of Milton is the copy of a manuscript in his own hand-writing, found at Trinity College, Cambridge, which contains the name of Grotius's "Adamus Exul, or Adam Unparadised or in Banishment." "This tragedy" (continues Lauder) "though it passed through no less than four editions, was never yet printed among the rest of the author's works, and was so exceedingly scarce, that I could not procure a copy either in Britain or Holland, till the learned Mr. Abraham Gronovius, keeper of the public library at Leyden, after great enquiry, obtained the sight of one, and, as I have been sometime honored with his correspondence and friendship, sent me (transcribed by his own son) the first act of it, and afterwards the rest, together with the dedication, addressed to the Duke of Bourbon.

"Now as Mr. Fenton" (continues Lauder) "as well as Mr. Phillips, Milton's nephew, informs us that 'Paradise Lost' was first written, or intended to be written, in the form of a tragedy, wherein Satan was to pronounce the prologue, the judicious reader will perceive the probability of Milton's availing himself of this literary treasure. In self-defence, I

Digitized by Google

shall, if encouraged by the public, hereafter publish the whole tragedy in the original Latin."

This promise Lauder afterwards fulfilled, and in 1752, published his "Delectus Auctorum Sacrorum Miltono Facem prælucentium;" containing the "Adamus Exul" of Grotius, and Ramsay's "Poemata Sacra." *Having procured Dr. Parr's copy of this work, now become very scarce,—being personally assured by the late Mr. Heber that it was a faithful copy of the original editions, which, he said, he had in his own library—and having carefully examined the internal evidences,* the translator has no doubt respecting the authenticity of this tragedy. Nor has its genuineness, thus confirmed by various authorities, ever been disproved by Bishop Douglas, or other writers, who detected so many forgeries in other publications of Lauder.

In translating it, we have endeavoured to retain as much of the spirit and sense of the original as is consistent with poetical sentiment and expression. On the whole, it will be found no unjust representation of the original, though we have here and there taken the liberty to insert a few explanatory lines, and sometimes to contract that redundancy of detailed descriptions, now considered superfluous.

By thus bringing this most celebrated Tragedy to light, after its long eclipse, we hope to supply that necessary link in the series of Milton's authorities, which has hitherto been held a desideratum. If we have been at all successful in transfusing the genius and style of the original into the translation, the reader can hardly fail to perceive that religious sublimity, that moral thoughtfulness, that intellectual urgency, and manly simplicity, so strikingly characteristic of Grotius and Milton, and so miserably deficient in the poetry of the present day.

This peculiarity is well described by Professor Wilson:—"In Milton, (says he) the power of poetry seemed to expire; not merely because no voice like his was heard when his own voice had ceased, but because the very purposes of poetry seemed to be changed, and the demesnes of verse to be subjected to other faculties, and the sceptre past into unlineal hands. Milton, like his great predecessors, drew his poetry from the depths of his own spirit—brooding over nature and life—standing between the worlds of nature and man—and chaunting to men the voice of his visions—a strain that, like a bright reflection of lovely imagery, discloses to the minds of others the glories and perfections that fell beautiful and numberless on his own. The great difference between the poetry of Milton and that of our own day, is the severe obedience to an intellectual law which governed his mind in composition. The study of his poetry would be as much a work of exact intellectual analysis as that of the logical writings of Aristotle. It is evident that he was not satisfied with great conception—it was not enough that language yielded her powerful words to invest those conceptions with a living form. But he knew that when he wrote he practised an intellectual art—that both the workings of imagination, and the vivid impression of speech, must be reduced to an order satisfying to the intelligence. And hence, in his boldest poetry, in the midst of wonder and astonishment, we never feel for a moment that reason is shaken from his sovereignty over the actions of the mind. We are made to feel, on the contrary, that her prevailing overruling power rises in strength and majesty as all the powers that are subject to

Digitized by Google

her kindle and dilate. Such a character in composition, testifies not only to the sublimity of mind that formed the work, but it shows the spirit of the age. We are assured, by that evidence, had we no other, that the age which gave Milton birth had cultivated to the highest the intellectual faculties. We read, in his poetry, the severe yet painful studies, the toiling energies of thought, the labours of abstract speculation, the long concatenated reasonings which tried the strength of the human faculties in the schools. Imagination has clothed that strength with her own forms; but the strength is of severe nurture. The giant of mighty bone has heroic beauty; but the structure of his unconquerable frame is of Titan origin"

We have also endeavoured to retain something of that Miltonic cadence in blank verse, which Elton, one of our best translators, thus describes:—"The Miltonic harmony (says he) displays the power of metrical arrangement, independent of rhyme. They who criticise blank verse, as requiring helps to prevent it from lapsing into prose, or losing its distinction of measure, are not aware of the power of simple metrical division and uncertain pauses. They look at blank metre with an eye confined to simple unconnected lines, and fail to perceive that *it is not in single lines, but in a sweep of concatenated periods that the harmony of blank verse consists.*"

The public will now decide whether this Tragedy of "Adamus Exul" is not a more probable source of Milton's "Paradise Lost" than "Andreini's Adam," an Italian drama, to which this honor has been allotted by Voltaire and Hayley; or the "Paradiso Perso," defended by Pearce; or the wild romance patronised by Peck; or Silvester's "Du Bartas," criticised by Mr. Dunster, in his "Considerations on Milton's Early Reading, and the Prima Stamina of his Paradise Lost."

We may just add, that if this work should excite much interest, it is our intention to re-publish the original Latin—now extremely scarce.

THE ADAMUS EXUL OF GROTIUS;

OR, THE PROTOTYPE OF PARADISE LOST.

A TRAGEDY. IN FIVE ACTS.

INTERLOCUTORS.

JEHOVAH.	SATAN.
CHOIR OF ANGELS.	ADAM.
ANGEL.	EVE.

ARGUMENT.

After the Aboriginal creation, and the lapse of Angels and Spirits, Man is placed in Paradise, and the command of this lower world allotted to him; while he is forbidden to eat of the fruit of the tree, symbolical of the knowledge of good and evil. Satan, under pretence of friendship, endeavours to

Digitized by Google

persuade Adam to break the command of Heaven; and then, under the figure of a Serpent, deceives Eve, by whose solicitation her husband also sins. After receiving the promise of Redemption, they are expelled from the Garden of Eden, and delivered over to Death and human calamities.

ACT I.

Satan. The sacred Thunderer's foe, exiled from Heaven,
My native birthright and my home, I come,
Urging my desolate disastrous flight
From that Tartarean den, and the grim curse
Of dawnless midnight. Hatred of all good
Hath hurled me from the hereditary throne
Of too unblest ambition,—sowing lies,
And ripening damn'd sedition—terrible,
Unuttered and unutterable fraud.
Guilt is become my nature and my joy;
I breathe essential vice; and most I seek
For that selectest crime, which to conceive
Is luxury; and yet horror that appals
Great Satan's self. Aye, with this burning hope,
Through all these starry labyrinths, I pursue
My vengeance, and embark on fathomless seas,
Girt by the vague shores of infinity.
Like the devouring lion, famine-stung,
That, howling in his muffled ire, lays bare
The grisly chasm of his blood-stained teeth,
So forth I fare; and, hoping 'gainst belief,
To eclipse intensest misery, by the shade
Of miseries more intense, shall I not gain
Supremacy of ill, and so become
Sole despot, tyrant, and o'er all extend
The immense emblazed autocracy of Hell.
A god of gods. Ah! can I be deceived?
Even now methinks this poised and stedfast globe
Reels, rocks, beneath my incumbent weight. 'Tis well;
So let it be; so speed the fair design
Of supereminent craft. The world shall hear,
And hearing, blench and tremble. But, behold,
That Eden of our search appears. The east,
The effulgent orient pours forth all his streams
Down its precipitous sides tumultuously.
Here the o'erflowing Phison issues forth,
Araxes' royal tide, which clothes with green
The Colchian plains, and clasps with strong embrace
Havilah, and the Caspian land of geld,
Bdellium, and onyx. Towards the southern shore,
Flows Gihon, or Choaspes, down the vales
Of Persian Susiana. By his side,
Hiddekel; the swift Tigris rolls his waves;

Digitized by Google

And furthest west, the broad Euphrates spreads
His giant arms invincible, and fills
Chaldea with his richness. Here I view
The Elysium of the earth—the Paradise
Of spirits immortal; if not lapsed so far
In guilt as their lost brethren; soon to share
Our curse, and sharing lighten or remove.
Here the thick spicy groves repeat the voice
Of many-tuned zephyr, and each tree
Grows sensitive of ecstasy, and thrills
To his most subtle whisperings. Here the light
Sheds forth its radiant scintillating smiles,
Burning yet bashfully, and gilds the air
With an ineffable pleasure. No damp cloud
Impends; nor from the vexed electric pole
Black tempests roar; no thunder-blasting strokes
Shake the sweet calm; nor triple lightnings dash
Their horrible vengeance o'er these happy bowers.
Here reigns perpetual spring, with dewy tears,
Dissolving the chill vapour, nor permits
Harsh winter's foul intrusion. Whatsoe'er
Is precious or desirable hath place
In this voluptuous empire. When the God
Had wrought the effulgent mechanism of heaven,
With glittering spheres unnumbered, and ordained,
In their harmonic periods, all the stars,
That his first works might not his last excel,
Like his own Son, divinest image and best,
Adam he formed; and man the wonderful,
From the small dust arose. To him he gave
Princedom and lordship o'er this planet Earth;
To him authority o'er all its kinds
Of living forms or dead. And to increase
The joy of this imperial son of clay,
An Eve, the mother of his tyrannous heirs,
Hath Heaven provided. Sooth to say, the world
Was rarely more surprised than when the bone
Of this sleep-cumbered Titan did assume
That feminine form of beauty, which her spouse
Declares his supereminent, his best,
First, last, in love-taught oratory. And now,
Both naked, walk this wilderness of sweets.
All modesty they have; but nought of shame,
It seems; for dreams of shame and infamy
Have yet disturbed them little. So they dwell
In worship, praise, glory, and innocence;
Smiling at death, pain, and the envenomed stings
That wait on guilt. Alas, my stricken soul!
Alas, my blasted heart! and my despair,
How much we differ now. Whence have we fallen?
What crime committed? We, the sons of God,

Digitized by Google

Coevals of the heavens, the fabricators
And charioteers of stars and satellites,
Unscathed by bickering tongues of fire; unchilled
By icy shudderings of remorse; uncased
In foul and dissoluble elements
Of rank materialism. We angels, then
Were gods, and mates for gods. But now we live,
If death and life be one, and coexist,
We live alone to torture. We are free
Only to drag the galling cankering chains
Of desperation tighter—to augment
Ruin by ruin, and for ever heap
Damnation on damnation. O that death
Were still discoverable—the dreamless sleep
Unknown as yet to human fear—to me
Is fancy's chiefest bliss; and hopelessly
I hope to find perdition swallowed up
By blest annihilation, and all hell
Self-burned into oblivion, self-consumed.
That triple hell, in ether, ocean, earth,
Grows worse in every stage, even to the last.
There in the flaming centre of the globe,
That last worst mansion is, which to its maw
Insatiable all spirits lapsed, and robed
In matter doth impel. The cave of night,
The abyss of shadows, the unfathomed pit,
Yawns for its prey; and down its grim descent
A vortex of unutterable woe
For ever boils. Wild Horror's self grows dumb
While the voraginous whirl of agonies
Rebellows thro' the vaults of blank despair.
Hither heaven-blasting Lucifer was hurled:
Here Satan reigns o'er all his giant hosts
Of angel warriors, heroes but in vain;
For now the awakened and unquenchable wrath
Of the stern Thunderer wastes us, and becomes
Our omnipresent torture, which still goads
And galls and blisters. Conscience ever hurls
The metaphysical lightnings of remorse
Thro' the vexed heart, the heart that inly bleeds
With anguish, yet repents not. Sometimes grief
And passionate rage by turns usurp the sway.
The criminal o'erwrought, and rung with pain,
Dares his great foe to battle, and defies
His worst of torments; for all change relieves
The sad monotony of woes eterne
As hell wherein we writhe. But most of all
Good company shall cheer us, and wild wail
Shall wear the charm of sympathy, at least
If craft can win what courage can but lose;
For this I stand in Eden. Adam lives,

Digitized by Google

No doubt, most genially, with his fair bride,
Rejoicing in safe wedlock: his whole soul
Is glorified within him, and he boasts
To fill my vacant throne, and be a god,
Or, like a god, among the immortals. I
Will work on his self-flattery. Not for this
Do I renounce my vengeance, till I wreak
My wrongs and griefs on him, whom to destroy
Shall vex the court of heaven. All peace forsworn,
The unconquerable soul within me vows
Eternal war unsparing and unspared;
My violent heart o'ercharged with direst curse,
Burns to inflict the infliction. I will bring
His proud soul under, or be double damned.
Doth he not mock me, laugh to bitter scorn
My prowess and assaulting, while, with brow
Of worship and calm reverence, he pursues
The steep ascent to heaven. Satan, beware!
Beware in time; be watchful, else this butt
Of thy supreme chicanery shall assume
The post among the immortals, which he holds
With such propriety of lordly grace
Amid the earth-sprung legions. Then, indeed,
Unhappy Lucifer, thou might'st indulge
The crimson blush of impotent shame, to find
Thy vacant thrones and palaces on high
Filled by these dust-born insolents. Awake!
Arise! proud fiend; bestir thy battailous strength—
O arm of power, unmatched of all but one—
And crush the pitiful fools, who thus attempt
To ape, to insult their noblers; who, like dwarfs,
Would ride on prostrate giants, famed of old.
Hell! I invoke thee! Ye Tartarean powers
Lend me your blasting influence. And ye, too,
Chaos and Night, your emulous arms array;
Thrones, dominations, all from heaven accursed,
Therefore with me confederate and conjoined,
And hurl one mingled ruin on the foe.
Let Pride, o'erwhelming and invincible Pride,
Marshal our ranks; and infidel Blasphemy,
And Error's pitchy shade; Ambition, Strife,
The insatiable avarice of new gains; the lust
Of riotous appetites, the faith of lies
And levity, credulous of things unknown,
These be our ministry, our harbingers
Of Victory. Pests and plagues, ye snaky train,
Ye clinging curses, ye soul-blistering stings,
Burst your infernal gaol; come one, come all,
In your black pomp of horrors, and invade
This Paradise of Earth. With venomous frauds
Stir the clear soul of man; with goading thoughts

Digitized by Google

And carking cares assault him. Let no art
Of malice be forgot. In Eden's bound
Hath God two trees, of Life and Knowledge, placed.
The first, of faith symbolic, he permits
Adam to eat; the other he denies,
Lest eating, he grow wise in that sad lore,
Knowledge of good and ill, and good by ill,
Which we have proved full bitter, for with this
Is death inseparably linked. E'en here
The broad Euphrates flows, and on his banks
This fair and notable tree, with leafy hair
Splintering the purple day-beam. On each branch
The odorous and spirit-tempting fruit
Hangs lusciously: the colour, burnished gold,
Raptures the eye, and wakes refined desire
To taste the inviting store voluptuously.
But God forbids to touch, much more to pluck,
The delicate banquet; and his fixed command
Hath ratified by penalties of death.
As yet this man is innocent, unshamed
By aught of vice; he walks the middle track
Of virtue: yet in vain self-confidence,
Whene'er he lists, may turn to each extreme.
When Satan blows the wind, shall it not bend
This strained freewill, so boasted, yet so frail?
On this I build my hope; for on this warped,
This weak, this blind, this hoodwinked side of man,
Will I begin the assault. Here I obtest
Thee, my presiding genius. All thy powers
Of infinite invention, and each art,
Graceful to cheat, and flattering to destroy;—
If man 's temptation-proof, not so his spouse.
Him I'll befool by her; for lighter far
Her soul, and more fantastic, sound command
Prone to forget, and mischief apt to learn,
And variable as fancy. Much she longs
Herself to indulge, and in o'erweening hope,
Preoccupies high things; and most she loves
All gifts denied her: all habitual goods
With her grow stale, and pall upon her sense;
While with preposterous curiosity
She probes the unknown, and doats upon the strange.
Already sick of permanent bliss, and tired
Of blest repose, her rash inconstancy,
Her hot ambition, and the unmatchable hue
Of these mysterious and most magical fruits—
All, all are in my favour: and without
These friendly adjuncts, could I else but win
The Devil 'gainst the Woman, shrewd enough
Without my aid to cull the flowers of sin.
But will she hear me, one whom she esteems

Digitized by Google

So ugly, spiteful, horrible, and black;
Or lend the amicable womanly ear
To her foul foe? Nay, in my righteous soul
I must dissimulate hatred, I must cloak
The goblin to the heel; for he who cheats
Too openly, doth aid the antagonist most,
And wrong himself much more. He ne'er can give
Malice fair play, who doth not malice hide.
'Tis easy love to feign; and she who takes
Feigned love for true, doth lie to her own soul.
Too credulous hope is but self-mockery;
But if quite firm in goodness, if self-will
For once befriends her, and her placable ear
Is obstinately denied me, in new forms,
New shows of blandishment, will I succeed.
No eye of mortal can the subtle fiend
So finely masked discern, no hand detect
The inscrutable demon. Such a form I'll try,
Form without substance, a pure phantasm only
Of plausible beauty; for if ghostly thing
Doth dress itself in body, and assume
Aught of material lineament, at once
The imposture shall be proved. I will avoid
This marplot of ambition, and connect
My diabolical mind with that lapsed soul
Of undiscoverable craft which fills
The serpent and his sons. And thus unknown,
My lubricating snakeship will I wind
Cunningly onward, and, observing all,
Traverse this haunted garden, self-involved,
In mazy complications. I can coil,
And turn, and turn, and go straight on. Sweet words
Must hang upon my triple-forked tongue,
From which the honied prodigality
Of guile, into her ear distilling, shall
So metamorphose her, she shall become
All appetite to taste, all hand to pluck
The golden ruin. Wherefore more delay?
This very day, this hated man shall like
A god o'errule me, or a beast subserve.

Chorus of Angels.

They who from the etherial height
Of heaven, audaciously despise
Those beings of a lowlier flight,
Who dwell beneath more dusky skies,
Beware; beware, ye proud ones, lest
Like one our pure lips never name;
Ye learn how sweet the immortal rest
Only by contrast with the pain

Digitized by Google

Of sleepless agonies.
Lo he
Who late in heaven resplendent shone,
Now writhes in wordless ecstasy
Of woes, unpitied and unknown.
He who refused to call his God
More than his equal, now is cast,
By all despised, by all abhorr'd,
To weep for glories ever past
From his lost soul.
How like the star
Of orient day, once beamed he forth,
Dazzling all eyes, and scattering far
His burning splendours south and north;
Like Lucifer, the prince of light,
He led the morning stars along;
Now Hesperus, of ominous night,
His sole compeers, the infernal throng,
He walks in darkness.
Happy they
Who like the unfallen angels dwell,
And celebrate their Deity,
With voice of music's choral swell,
From Heaven's empyreal citadel
Where God is light. Whose truth and love
Are sun and moon; whose genial rays
Send rapture thro' all hearts above,—
The voiceless joy,—the sweet amaze.
But he, alas! how sad the dream
Of our fallen brother, outcast, lost;
Who glides on the portentous gleam
Of bursting meteors, shattered, crost;
Whose wild, oblique, and quivering course
Rocks the firm poles, and hurrying by,
With passion-winged remorseless force
Scares the bright armies of the sky,
Dancing perpetual jubilee.
And now he goes, in all his power
Of blasted treachery, to abuse
That human race, which to this hour
Is holy, just. Will these refuse
The fair seduction? Will they stand?
Or, like our lapsed and exiled foes,
Sink from the glory and command
Of virtue, to the accursed woes
Which crush the apostate and the damned?

Digitized by Google

ACT II.

Adam. The day arises, and the trooping shades
Of night are scattered. Lo, the orient sun,
With golden frontlet, glitters o'er the hills,
And all the stars hide their diminished heads.
O how immense is He, who steadfast, fixed
With his unseen and thunder-grasping hand,
Rolls the celestial axle, and its poles,
Whereon the multitudinous universe
Of gorgeous constellations still revolves,
Most musically eloquent! They praise
The law of Him the omnipotent, and weave
Eternal harmonies of mind and thought,
Nature, and time, and season. Like a hymn
Of visible worship, doth their choral pomp
Spell-bind the soul. It is the heart's own voice,
Heard by the heart alone, while in the ear
Silence is tranced with mystery. Still, methinks,
The immeasurable armament of stars,
This host of heaven, with wordless melodies sweet,
Solicit man's devotion, and awake
Ambition more divine—the emulous thirst
Of fame, like theirs the immortals, which indeed
Might have been ours, or yet perchance may be.

Angel. O happy those, in whom the image of God
Ingrafted in the heart, daily expands
Its boundless aspirations; on whom faith
And holiest veneration, and no less
The metaphysical intellect and discourse
Of reason have been lavished! Dost thou see,
Father of men, how vastly thou excellest
All thy terrestrial subjects? Thou hast mind,
The imperishable luxury of gods,
Thou immortality of hope. Behold
Thy gifts of conscience, reason, active power
Of self-producing, self-combining all
Innate ideas of intellectual truth,
Intelligible abstract principles,
Illimitably applicable. These,
With minds in matter more involved, show forth
Much less of moral instinct; oft the sport
Of passive and particular phantasies,
Which to combine they know not, nor apply
To more than small experience doth enforce,
Or smaller wants solicit. So much they
Beneath thy scope have lapsed, and been ordained
Thy servants, their free service usefully
To employ, tho' of abuse responsible.

Digitized by Google

Adam. Blessed be God! the eternal God and Sire
Of gods and men. His omnipresence fills
All minds, all bodies; no beginning, he
No end doth know; no equal, in all else
The self-omniscient. Unto him no form
But light, and but infinitude no place;
God's life, it is eternity; his end
His proper possibility. All hail!
Paternal and imperishable God!
One, only One, thou dwellest, yet dost contain
In unity, triplicity of minds,
Powers, and relations. O majestic Fount
Of Goodness! Origin of vital Truth!
Thy divine Son and Wisdom, unto whom
Wishes are works. He, whatsoever ill
With wings of gloom o'ercasts the unwary soul,
Dispels; and with the ever genial spirit of love,
Doth soothe all sorrows, and all sins forgive.

Angel. Well hast thou spoken, O Adam! God in thee
His image hath infused, and therewithal
Divinest truths which teach thee what he is;
Him know we but in part—Himself alone
Himself throughout discerns—the which he views,
And viewing doth admire; enjoys all good
Which creatures share in fragments of delight.
Yes, God is supreme Mind, the Spirit that fills
The universe, impregnates and informs;
He is the Truth; all truth he therefore knows.
All good is He; He is the cause of good,
Which like an emanation doth proceed
From its unfathomable source. We stand
Nearest to Him, his chosen ministers,
Cherub and seraph, archangelic powers,
Who work His will; but in His holy sight
Heaven is not pure, and we with folly charged,
Blush, and with veiling wings our brows o'ershade;
O how remorsefully; and far removed
From that most incommunicable fire,
Which, Iris-like, involves the unconquered throne.
Such are his ministers, and such are yours,
For he doth send us to you, to protect
Your worship and your innocence; and thus
We pass 'twixt heaven and earth, 'twixt earth and heaven,
Viewless and momently. Yet not the less
Pure indivisible minds, which though indeed
Not gifted with ubiquity, are here
And there, as instantaneously as light.
Adam, how boundless our felicity,
Thou may'st conceive, may'st feel. Still be it ours
To will even as God wills, and urgently

Digitized by Google

Work out his just commands—his praise extol,
Cherish his love, and learn his hidden truth,
Which secret things makes manifest, and search
Its works, which are the index of the power
Which formed them so resplendent, and preserves.

Adam. Truth is in all thy words; and since the day
Of my mysterious birth in this new sphere,
Wherein I wakened and beheld a world
Of vital miracles round me, hath my soul
Burned with a still yet quenchless appetite
To know the occult philosophy of things.
Stupid, and crushed with ignorance, I live,
Not in myself, but in the vague amaze
Of all external marvels. O my guide,
If thy swift-thinking passion-stirring mind
One vacant hour can idle, ah disperse
This thick cloud of wild wonder, and instruct
With angel-wisdom a poor child of clay.

Angel. O Adam, One Almighty Word there is!
He from his still eternity went forth,
And did with intellectual plastic power
Inform that spiritual element, which none
Can understand, whether divine or not,
Whose form is Nature, and whose course is Time.
From hence the immortal Chorus, sons of God,
The angelic host arose, and with them sprung,
Adapted to their minds, those physical stars
Of morning, which did sing Creation's birth.
Thus was God's primitive universe all light,
All glory, all renown, till Lucifer,
Chief of the angel guardians of the stars,
Rebelled in heaven, and grisly war disturbed
The prime crystalline spheres. Michael opposed,
With all the heroic loyalty of heaven,
The apostate foe; and him, with all his powers
Of impious demons and Titanian stars,
Hurled from the effulgent centre. Hence arose
The purgatorial gulf of exiled Nature,
Chaos and Night, the immeasurable mass
Of mixed material elements, and forms
Shattered in ominous ruin. Then at last
The Spirit of God moved on the murky face
Of the confused abyss, and with the swift
And thought-winged powers that work the Almighty's will,
The lapsed intelligences of fallen worlds
Roused from their torpid trance; and these disposed
Over new suns and planet earths to prove
Moral probation, such as best befits
Immortal souls in mortal forms confined.
The best of these that least had forfeited

Digitized by Google

Their once angelic attributes, he placed
In pleasant places, Gardens of Paradise,
Whether etherial, or with matter mixed,
Like this thy earthly Eden. But the rest,
Satan, and those his diabolic fiends,
Stung by intenser guilt, these worse chastised
In air, and sea, and subterranean gloom,
Rage, but repent not. Oh of these beware,
For their sole aim is to seduce to ill
Returning souls aspiring after heaven;
Nor fraud nor force are spared how to ensnare
The unwary pilgrim, and his hope destroy.

Adam. Methinks I understand thee, how the vast
And gorgeous constellations we behold
At midnight, and their filial families,
Rose into being. Now, O seraph, say
Whence our peculiar system, whence our sun,
Our planets, earths, comets, and satellites,
Sprung in their order, like the hosts above.

Angel. When the etherial universe of stars
Had full four times revolved, the fiery source,
The vital flame and principle of things
Gathered itself towards thy solar sphere,
And stirred the floating atmosphere, and all
Aerial fluid elements around
To swiftest vortices. From hence the birth
Of all your system sprung. Your glittering sun,
Your planet earths, on fixed harmonic scale
Revolving, and their satellites, and those
Mysterious cometary bands which sweep
The purple hollowness of heaven, and plunge
Through fierce extremes of blistering heat and cold
Alternately, and with tumultuous fears
Perplex the peaceful denizens of heaven;
All these, with spiritual agencies,
And elemental powers invincible,
Are furnished, and no less with living souls
In various forms invested, masked, disguised,
And carcerated in matter, which to learn,
And their strange destinies, thy restless thought
Shall ever seek and ever hope to find.

Eve. O my immortal spouse, my best delight,
My solace, I have sought thee far and near—
Among our bowers of bliss; I cannot live
But in thy presence; with thee I inhale
The element of living love, but torn
From thee I faint, my feeble pulse forgets
Its joyous dance, I languish, and I die.

Adam. Soul of my soul, life of my life, my Eve,

Digitized by Google

My own heart-born sole partner, without whom
Ease could not soothe, and pleasure cannot please,
How doubled is my rapture, when I share
Rapture with thee, and, by imparting, gain.
Alone with his Great Maker, man may be
O'erwhelmed in solemn ecstasies, and seem
To lose himself amidst the thrilling awe,
The keen sweet horror of delight, which fills
Cherub and seraph. But the human heart
Hath thought and feeling far too frail and mixed
For the pure unity of Godhead. These
We pant to share, we agonise to pour,
The treasured tenderness of aching breasts
On our own bright similitudes who thirst
Thus to receive and give. This fond desire,
Dearer than all enjoyment, this wrought tide
Of passionate anxieties doth make
The element of love, the bliss of bliss;
Such my serene experience, since I lay
In that most death-like slumber, and did dream
Of some fair angel-creature like to thee,
And woke and found thee fairer than all dreams.

Eve. Thy words are more than music; thou to me
Art all in all of blessing. All things sweet
With thee and thy dear smile, without thee seem
To lose their proper nature, and become
Harsh and embittered as the name of death.

Adam. So last our mutual love, so burn the fire
Of worship, and this passion-glowing charm,
On the heart's stainless altar. Hand in hand,
And soul in soul, commixed, we'll venerate
The name of Him, the Author of our joys;
Him, our first love, our last; his laws obey,
Emulous in sweet rivalry of praise,
And never let a vain or impious wish
Seek the forbidden fruitage. Ah methinks
I hear, on the soft billows of the wind,
Etherial music streaming; list! e'en now
The angelic choirs hold jubilee, and sing.

Chorus of Angels.
Father of all, thy boundless praise
Eternal, yet for ever new,
We celebrate in symphonies
Of choral hymns. Upon the blue
Waves of this earthly atmosphere
The voice of our outgushing love
Floats joyously, for Thou art here
Present, as in the stars above.

Digitized by Google

Thee the sun doth ever sing,
Glorious in his giant might,
Girding with electric ring
Each thunder-belted satellite;
In his blaze we seraphs fly,
Light and love in every plume,
And from his beams all earnestly
Drink living splendors, and relume
The faded hues of ecstasy.

Thee the starry hosts obey,
Dancing in their mazy mood;
Earth's far planet owns thy sway
In its exiled solitude.
O thou central Home of rest,
North, and south, and east, and west,
Point to thee, the first, the best;
Bless thy bounty, and are blest.

Thee, the breezy zephyr calls,
Waving light his viewless fan;
Thee, the roaring seneschals
Of tempest and mad hurricane,
Invoke. The flashing lightnings dance
Before thee, and grim thunders play,
But harm not the fair countenance
Of earth on this her natal day.

Mountain-torrents clap their hands,
Mighty rivers sound thy praise,
Wandering streams of every land,
Murmuring thro' their tangled ways,
Towards the great ocean,—azure glass
Of the eternal skies around,
O'er which the entrancèd spirits pass,
Mingling strange voices with its sound.

When liquid day comes glittering through
The golden vistas of the dawn,
Man and his subject race anew
Rise up, exulting in fresh morn:
And every fierce and savage brood,
That nightly blood-stained revels swell,
Glide to their forest solitude,
And all day long keep centinel.

Here, by the heavenward hills supplied
With living waters, thou dost make
Sweet fountains gush on every side,
In which wild beasts eagerly slake
Their thirst; and o'er their shining way
Poetic birds rejoicing sing,
And fill the vocal woods all day
With music's loveliest echoing.

Digitized by Google

And ever as the enlarging flood
Sweeps thro' the plain or vallies deep,
Glad herds of cattle gather food,
And glittering flocks of snow-white sheep;
There fruits and flowers perpetual bloom,
And golden harvest, oil and wine,
Rich store, whereby fell famine's doom
Is banished from this earthly line.

All and each, through years untold,
Shall flourish forth, and flourishing,
Add gift to gift, till time grows old,
When the tired ages fold their wing,
And fade into the eternity,
From whence fresh glories ever burst,
Never exhausted; for the first,
Midmost, and last, all equally
Praise forth the ineffable Deity.
Satan comes to blast the ball,
Shall he conquer, shall he fall?

(To be continued).

OUR CIGAR BOX.

How beautiful is Night!—blue gem-clad Night!—when Zephyr breathes her softest sighs across a flushed and fevered world, and the night flowers, grateful for her breath, pour forth in wild luxuriance their choicest sweets.—Beautiful indeed is Night! whether amid the golden vales of sweet Cashmere—the mountain heights of snow-adorned Helvetia—the sunny meads of festive Italy—or here, even here, in the tranquil rest of our small sky-parlour, where we, in solitude and silence, can pour forth in glowing ecstasy the gushing torrent of our soul's pent up imagery!

Night and moonlight—beautiful twin sisters of imagination and of song;—what myriad visions of surpassing beauty seem to arise amid the curling wreaths of our cigar. Wye Banks, a scene of sweetest loveliness—then Silence, child of Night—and Fancy—ever on her steps attendant, call forth the scenes that time hath chronicled far deep

"In the heart's volume."

Wynd Cliff, in all its majesty; the lover's leap, precipitous as Leucade,

"Where erst one Sappho buried love
In the embrace of death;"—

the gentle Wye, careering on in silent majesty; Tintern, and all its ruins, limned out by memory in brighter hues than painter ever yet portrayed it;—our flitting bark careering, "ocean-borne," right downward to the deep; then overhead, the moon, "sky crescent,"

Digitized by Google

soaring up in highest heaven; and beneath it, the soft eyes of one we love—perchance, too, turned on ours with that loved glance of

"Silent, soft emotion;"

that look of eloquent and speaking beauty, a gentle smile, that, long, long years ago, waked in our heart a never-dying flame—one heartfelt, passionate emotion, enduring, aye, as life, unfading and unceasing—the soul-imprinted seal that tells love's first, love's last idolatry!

Night, gem-clad night! Lo, at the name what visions flit across the soul's expanse; what glorious gleams and seraph dreams, as if some magic trance bathed the wrapped spirit whilst it dwells, in fancy round thy charming dells, thou witching vale of Wye!

We are writing prose, yet, as it were mechanically, our words fall into measured harmonies; and this is Poetry, the offspring of the intellectual soul, the mind's creation! Well and truly did he who named the bard stamp on him a befitting term—

ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ, A CREATOR!

Yes! Poetry is all creation; and this alone is the test whereby to mete and criticise the wild fancies of the bard:—The merest verseling may string together jingling rhymes; the poetaster may fribble away his time in constructing "nugæ canoræ;" but creation is the attribute of the poet! It is he alone who feels within his soul "the faculty divine;" he whose eye,

——"In a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;"

HE, whose brilliant and energetic fancy pours out "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn:"—HE alone is the poet, THE CREATOR!

"But who regards poetry now-a-days?" asks the utilitarian; "who *can* regard anything but pounds, shillings, and pence, in this age of Chartism and confusion? Who *can* regard poetry?" *We* ask, "Who can disregard it?" Has not genius, and, more especially, poetical genius, a higher appreciation than it ever had? It has; it were vain to deny it. Poetry raises its possessor higher in the opinion of the world than the possession of any other peculiar talent. Look at Elliott, the Corn-Law poet, the founder of a new style in poetry. HE, a Sheffield mechanic, has "created" poetry many of England's peers might envy.

The influence of true poetry is unexampled, because its principles are universally implanted in the human breast. There is naturally existing in the bosom of every created being, some perception of beauty in the objects around them. These perceptions, as they are rendered more exquisite by genius, or more correct by education, engender that superior sense of beauty which must necessarily exist in the poet; and it is by this pre-eminent susceptibility to the influence of real or ideal beauty, that the poet is distinguished from his fellows. In fact, THE ART OF THE POET CONSISTS IN PAINTING PICTURES FOR THE SOUL, and the desire to embody these "shadowy forms," and render them perceptible to the eye of others, first inspires the muse.

Poetry, then, if it deserve the name, is distinguished by this superior

Digitized by Google

sense of beauty, existing anteriorly in the writer. It is this, as regards nature, that gives grace to the majestic poetry of Wordsworth: the same susceptibility to the deeper and sterner feelings of the soul gave energy and pathos to the pen that traced Childe Harold; the same pre-eminent degree of susceptibility lends the peculiar air of grace and beauty that distinguishes the voluptuous Moore. So that, whatever be the direction of poetic genius, the poet must possess an inherent organisation that fits him for higher, nobler, and loftier excitements, than his kind; and, by the medium of his works, he enables the uninspired to revel in the same wide fields of phantasy and fiction; seeking, in every instance, not *what is*, but what *may or ought to be;* an elevation of the real into the ideal; a progression from fact to fiction—from created to creation.—And this is poetry.

We need only look to the works of any poet pre-eminent for beauty, to be at once convinced that creation, or rather creative power, is that peculiarity which forms the highest faculty of the inspired. Look at the majestic and wonderful creations of Milton; the delicate creatures of Shakspere, glowing, as it were, in all the native freshness of the creative faculty: of him, indeed, it has been said, that he

"Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;"—

but wherever we look, the most delightful objects even of *his* pen are those which abound most with creation;—for this is poetry.

Having disburthened ourselves of these matters, let us return to *Our Cigar Box*, which stands upon the table before us in all the majesty of a "Silva" brand: our box, however, is no longer redolent with choicest weeds, but laden with a freight of intellectual treasures, gathered from the flowing pens of young and ardent scholars. Be it known, that we, Arthur Wadham, were the writer of that prospectus of an *Aurora*, remembered, and to be remembered, because immortalised in the August number of this magazine. Be it known also, that to the principles there advocated, as it were to a clarion blast, rushed forward a host of anxious penmen, desirous to secure within its treasured realms a carcanet of matchless elegance, wherein to store the product of their waking dreams. As soon, however, as we determined to postpone the *Aurora*, we bundled their various contributions into sundry empty cigar boxes, and labelled them,

The Aurora MSS.

One of these, consisting chiefly of poetry, we destine to examine as a fitting offering to the rising maga.

THE POET'S DAY.

BY HENRY WELLINGTON STARR.

[For the outline, and many of the expressions in the following fragment, the writer is indebted to an article entitled "Unwritten Poetry," in an American work, *The Legendary*.]

It is a day of rest, a sabbath morn;—
And yonder sun, bright monarch of the sky,
Wakes nature into life, as if 'twere born
With living glories that could never die.

Digitized by Google

The birds lift up their matin song on high;
And the white fleecy clouds illumined seem,
Like heaven-bound homes of rest, that, fleeting by,
Bedeck the field of azure, whence they gleam
Like distant sails upon a sunlit stream.

The dew is slowly rising, and the breeze
Is redolent with odour, which the flowers
Pour forth from their abundance; and the trees—
Glittering with dewy gems—the freshening showers
Soft nature weeps in midnight's secret hours,
Are waving 'neath her morning sighs: the glade,
Protected from the sun by thick-leaved bowers,
Yields a wide canopy of welcome shade,
The sweetest to the heart even Nature ever made.

But time doth change the heart. In earlier days,
These well-known scenes—like some familiar face
All grateful to the soul—awoke my praise,
And stamped the memory with so deep a trace,
That time nor sorrow could its print efface:
Thus do they waken now wild thoughts that glow
With memory's beauty and their own; embrace
All nature in their compass; and which bow
The heart to worship whilst they bend it low.

The spirit's vision seems to be unsealed;
Things that of old were all familiar, seem
To have been clothed in beauty, and revealed
In glory most surpassing;—like the gleam
Of heaven in some enthusiast's wildest dream.
Nor is this all: in youth the heart was steeled
Into indifference; but now a stream
Of never-ending glories keeps awake
The wild enthusiastic thoughts that break

Upon the air in numbers. Thus the morn,
Unruffled and serene;—the dull, cold gray,
Uprising like a veil;—the vapours born
With night's cold shadows vanishing away,
And then behold the glorious orb of day
Rising in majesty—the early dawn,*
And silver night mists melted by its ray,
With distant violet tints, that seem to fade
To nothing in the sky, so beautiful the shade.

All is serene; and even so the mind;
The senses rest collected in their seat;
The soul's sensations perfectly defined,
Life's pulses moving with a placid beat;
The reason lies awake in its retreat;
The very throbbings of the heart resigned
To beautiful repose: as if 'twere meet
At such an hour to bow to God the knee,
While the mind is from life's wild fevers free.

There is a hush at noon:—you feel the din
Of the world's phantasies a sort of jest;
You mingle in its wilderness of sin,
And turn away distracted, seeking rest.

* This is a cockney rhyme. But *n'importe*.—Ed.

Digitized by Google

Is not the spirit then supremely blest,
Watching the blue the sky is robed in,
'Neath a tree's shadow? Is not this the best
To suit the hour's emergency, which throws
A yearning o'er the spirit for repose?

The day wears on:—the sun sets o'er the hills;
The trees, the fields, the flowers alike are seen
Bathed in a dew of gold; the gurgling rills,
Dripping from mountain sources, deck the scene
With streams of living light; the air serene
Seems melted by the hour, and scarcely fills
The zephyr fans of nature: then the queen
Of Night peeps from her shelter, and the hour
Seems the imagination to o'erpower.

The sun is gone;—and every fleeting cloud
Is gilded with his glory: the warm hue
Seems every living object to enshroud,
And the clouds seem to drop a golden dew;—
But their pomps quickly fade,—and then the few
Deep clouds are purple-clad, or else embrowed
With rims of burnished argent; then ensue
In the far west, small starts of burning light,
Like meteors of another world, so beautiful, so bright.

Twilight succeeds:—the tall, outspreading trees
Seem piercing far into the molten sky;
The water's edge is ruffled by a breeze,
And scarce a sound is echoed from on high.
The spirit seems so light that it would fly
Into that world of glory where all these
Magnificently gorgeous visions die—
And the heart seems impelled to follow on,
With joyousness elate:—a moment, and 'tis gone!

Night, starry, panoplied, and blue, comes on!
Myriads of worlds appear like distant gems;
Some feebly twinkling—others, bright—outshone
By those that burn, as in the diadems
Of God's archangels:—then, wild feeling stems
The current of the blood, that, on and on,
In their fixed orbit, any law condemns
So many worlds to wander—ages spent,
Tracking their course across the firmament.

Then, as you gaze you feel a silent awe
Steal in upon the spirit, and the mind
Trembles at imaging the eternal law
That guides them in their course, as if designed
Man's knowledge with a thicker veil to blind:
You fancy music as they go and draw
Your senses after them, and haply find
The visions of old time and occult art
Come o'er the spirit with a sudden start.

You drink the mysteries of that silent page;
Believe your lot and destiny may be
Woven in spheres so burning: they engage
Your spirit in wild dreams of ecstasy;

Digitized by Google

You seem to travel in their company;
And then you ponder on the bygone age,
Nor wonder at your sire's astrology;
For you now feel all separate from earth,
Nor commune with a world where you had birth.

Thus tranquilly in thought we end the day,
With purpose elevated, mind refreshed.
The morning brought its impulses to pray;
The noontide languour its own wished-for rest:
Evening awakes new feelings in the breast.—
And when the world's bright pomps are passed away,
We sink down into nature, and are blest
With being purified to seek repose,—
Praying to HIM who brought us to its close!

Very good. This *morceau* exactly illustrates what we have said concerning poetry: if ever the blush of rosy morn, or the golden hues of sunset, were painted out in words, they are pictured here. Our correspondent, indeed, seems to have felt like Wordsworth, where he says,—

——"For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Not harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky."

We confess that we could never be deaf to the voice of nature when breathed out in prose; but there is something far more beautiful when that voice is linked to song. It seems to awaken some secret sympathy that lies too deeply seated for the duller touch of prose; the musical cadence falls deeper, and the rhyme, sufficient only for musical effect, keeps the scene longer before the mind's eye, and, as it were, more united. Here is another gem from the same hand:—

WRITTEN UPON ENTERING THE UNIVERSITY.

[Julii 7mo. 18—.]

Lord! I have sworn, and in thy awful sight,
To dedicate my future years to Thee.
Illume my spirit with thy holy light,
So only thy disciple can I be.

Teach me to curb the weaknesses of man;
Teach me to guide the passions of the heart;
Teach me my littleness of mind to scan:
For thou, O God! my soul's Creator art.

Teach me to yield in everything to Thee:—
And when life's shadows do my path o'ercloud,
Do thou, O God! my soul's bright lantern be:
For Thou art light when darkness doth enshroud.

Digitized by Google

Teach me to come to Thee in silent prayer;
Teach me to hope for Thy celestial love:
That when I leave this world of grief and care,
I shall but enter on the realms above!

Aula Magd. H. W. S.

Poetry like this, breathed out in the meek simplicity of humble trust, awakened by religion, and united with it in one beatific union,

"Breathes a calm stillness o'er the secret soul."

Poetry and religion! how sweet their influence, how wonderful their power! The one lays the heart open to the sterner truths of religion; and by religion the heart is taught to appreciate the purity that ought always to accompany the mind. When we look over these emanations from the minds of others, memory, "lightning winged," flies back to the hours when we, too, were sojourning

"Where Isis rolls her unpolluted stream."

Again we are wandering amid that city of palaces; again poring over the deep mysteries of some classic page; again,

"Burning with high hope,"

or urged onward in the race for "honours," with all the ardent impetus of youth. Yes, Oxford! "seat of learning and loyalty," slandered as thou art by the malignant venom of the meanest hinds that ever handled pen, "thy pure and brilliant lamp shall defy the breath of a thousand churls," backed though they be by the basest passions that ever desecrated or defaced humanity. Yes, *Alma Mater!* gentle parent of learning and religion—such was the language of the mighty Wizard of the North, when speaking of thy classic shades;—and bravely wilt thou prove them. Yes, amidst the cloistered repose of those long renowned and venerable retreats, how many a proud spirit is now seeking deeply in the mines of ancient thought! How many a gentle youth, ennobled by intellect, is searching through the godlike language that Homer and Pindar sang—that Plato and Demosthenes spoke!* Yea, truly, many a mind is created there to lead

——"The minds of other men;
The enlightener of nations,"

Let us proceed with our next paper.

---

* We need hardly inform our readers, that sundry articles, under the titles of V——t E——n and P——r P——s, in contemporary magazines, are not much calculated to aid any insight into private life at the university. Of all the characters yet introduced, not one is likely to give the reader the most distant view of the ordinary pursuits and occupations of the Oxonian. We should not have mentioned this, but that we know much misconception prevails in consequence of these injudicious articles. The exception is too often taken for the rule: it is so in this case.

Digitized by Google

A FRESHMAN's FANCIES.

No. I.

THE VOICE OF HOME.

I HEAR it now!—that voice of home,
With other forms and scenes around me:
Far, far from Auburn's vale I roam,
Yet ne'er forget the ties that bound me
To home, dear home!

'Twas but a cottage neat and plain:—
And o'er its front were flowers entwined:
I see it now; I hear the strain
So deeply in the heart enshrined—
That voice of home!

Perchance these eyes again shall see
That village cot, that woodland vale,
And those old friends:—but ah! to me
Hope ever told a flattering tale
Of home, dear home!

Those hours, alas! may never come;
The star of hope may never rise;
Nor childhood's visions ever bloom,
To glad the heart and dim the eyes:
Till from the dark and silent tomb
With those we love again we rise;
And, having passed this earthly gloom,
Beyond the grave, beyond the skies,
We find a home
In HEAVEN!

No. II.

AS DROOPS THE ROSE.

As droops the rose, that only blooms to fade—
Pour forth its cherished sweets, and quickly die;
So pines the heart, when love's fond hopes betrayed,
O'ercloud the youthful maiden's sunlit sky.

But ah! new seasons hasten quickly round;
New roses bloom to glad the expectant eye;
Hope's bright and radiant phantoms smile again,
As soon to fade—alas! as soon to die!

Lady, if ever thy fond youth has known
The pang-rent heart, the anxious, aching brow,
The throb of anguished feeling—why bemoan?
The roses bloom again—and so wilt thou.

Be it, then, thy care, as lustres onward roll,
And bear forth flowers and beauty to the tomb,
That, when life's autumn fills the grave, thy soul
In heaven's eternal spring may brightly bloom.

Digitized by Google

No. III.

Addressed to a Friend whose Lyrics partake too strongly of the sentiments of Anacreon.

O STRIKE not the lyre with a passionate strain!
For my heart has long felt that such follies are vain;
But if ever inspired to awaken its chords,
Take a nobler theme than your transient regards:
For Love wears a wreath that must soon fade away;
Youth, beauty, and pleasure, all quickly decay.

Then strike not the lyre with a passionate strain,
But sing me a song that the heart shall retain;
That shall rest in the soul till long years are gone by,
When memory shall turn to the page with a sigh;
That shall breathe of the friendship that once was our own,
When youth and its pleasures for ever are flown.

O let it for ever in silence remain,
Till the wild fitful fancies of youth are gone by,
And the glimpses of beauty that wakened the strain
Are flown from this world to a brighter on high:
Then, then strike the lyre—to no passionate tone,
But one that affection shall claim as her own.

Strike the harp of your country—a patriot's song,
That the full tide of feeling shall never let die;
That shall waken men's souls as it bears them along,
With noble emotions, like gleams from the sky.
Let this be your theme—no record of love,
But a strain fit for seraphs in regions above.

* * *.

Not much amiss for a freshman—rather in the style of sweet Simonides, whose muse, perchance, the freshman has been wooing.

One cigar more—'tis only our tenth, and we do credit to the Virginian weed. Bah, freshman! how that *Voice of Home* rings in our ears! We have tasted somewhat of the world's ambition—quelled the wildfire of youthful blood, with all that people sigh for; we have trodden the seats of learning, basked in the smiles of beauty, traversed the fairest scenes of nature's earth; and yet, midst all, have sighed for home. Yes, humble as it was, there were faces round that lonely hearth that smiled for *us* as never others smiled; some gentle voices, sweeter in their tones than e'en the flattery of kings; some who loved us with a love

"Surpassing show."

Back, memory, to thy rest! Banish the dreams called into life beneath thy magic spell—the past is "*all* a dream."

Twelve—"witching hour of night"—how sweetly sounds the distant chime when all the world is hushed! Twelve—and here are twelve gems:—

SCRAPS FROM THE EASTERN POETS.

"Orient pearls at random strung."

1. *Hafiz.*

O BANISH thought! or change the theme,
And think of beauty, think of wine;
Think of the flowers that round us bloom,
And look on life as some gay dream,

Digitized by Google

Where love and joy thy thoughts confine;
Nor seek to pierce the hallowed gloom
That veils that future fate of thine.

2. *Saadi.*

One said to a poet entranced in thought,
"From the garden of dreams what wealth have you brought?"
And thus he replied:—"I went to the rose,
And sought to fill my lap with flowers;
But the odour o'er my senses rose,
And thus without *one* I returned from its bowers."

3. *Mihifii.*

Be gay, be gay! the flowers of spring
Are blooming now, and soon must fade;
Be gay, for time is on the wing,
And death will soon our joys invade.

4. *Hafiz.*

"O call for wine, and scatter flowers!"
Thus spoke the bulbul to its mate:
"Be gay, enjoy life's fleeting hours:
Sweet Rose, what more wouldst thou from Fate?"

5. *Saadi.*

Since good and bad alike must die,
And wealth and beauty none can save,
How happy are the few who try
To carry virtue to the grave.

6. *Hafiz.*

In this deceitful age of mine,
The heart for something certain longs:
The truest friends are flasks of wine,
And looks of love compiled in songs.

7. *Saadi.*

As the poet reclined in the bath one day,
He received from a friend some perfumed clay;
And he said, "Art thou musk, or a compound of flowers?—
I am charmed with the odour that over me pours."
And it answered him thus:—"The fragrance flows
Because I dwelt for a time with the rose:
And the virtue acquired remains to this day,
Or else I were still but the worthless clay."

8. *Hafiz.*

Come, bring thy couch to the garden of roses,
And here kiss the cheeks of thy beautiful slave;
Quaff wine midst the odours each blossom discloses,
For pleasures like these are all lost in the grave.

9. *Saadi.*

When death awaits you, why bemoan
The station where your end is found?—
What matters it if on a throne
You meet your end, or on the ground?

Digitized by Google

10. *Hafiz.*

The rose would have told of the beauty and grace
That beamed upon her from my charmer's face;
But the gale it was jealous, and ere she could speak,
Bore the rose's breath to my Leila's cheek.

11. *Saadi.*

He that is only drunk with wine,
  May hope to be himself again;
But he that kneels at beauty's shrine,
And quaffs deep draughts of love divine
  From *her* who bears the cup, in vain
  Will seek his scattered sense to gain:
For death alone can free the heart
From Love's intoxicating smart.

12. *Saadi.*

In sooth, I could not rightly tell
  Whether the fragrant breath I felt
Was dew of roses; for a spell
  Came o'er my senses whilst I knelt.
Perchance, that in the honeyed draught
  She proffered me, she had infused
Some of the bloom from off her cheek;
For when a moment I had quaff'd
  The nectar, I became confused,
And only of my love could speak.

A round dozen, and gems all. According to our poetic theory, a facile clue is afforded for that luxuriance of imagery which is found in oriental works of poetry and fiction: the poets of the east are surrounded by natural objects of a higher description of beauty than those of a colder clime; hence, the *reality* of the one equals the *ideality* of the other. And if poetry be, as we assert it is, "a progression from fact to fiction—from real to ideal—from created to creation"—then eastern poetry must of necessity be more gorgeously luxuriant than that of any other portion of the globe, in the exact proportion that natural beauty in the wildest sublimity of uncontrolled and unregulated grandeur, surpasses the "perpetuos imeres" of the hills of Albion.

Another cigar, and that completes our dozen. But stay—Sappho! Yes, as we live! tearing a piece of Balaam to light our cigar, we unwittingly tore a paper marked with that witching name. Who is there, not absolutely savage, that has not read her lofty burst of elevated passion, that for some five-and-twenty centuries has been imitated and admired? Who has not read, nay, almost learned Sappho? We admire some things in their perfection; others, in their decay. Youth and beauty are examples of one admiration; the Stilton on our sideboard of the other. How few can we regard in fragment?—and yet Sappho blooms amid a few frail relics, which are still read and still admired, endowed, as it were, with some inherent vitality, that, like the zoophyte of the ocean, each severed limb retains the energies and the beauty of the original. The fragments of the Lesbian songstress gleam in every word, and reveal the undying beauty of that ideal perfection whose meanest fragment retains the stamp of immortality. Yes! long

Digitized by Google

as passion animates the human breast, the lyre that erst awoke the echoes of the bluff Ægean will still find worshippers!

In the wild tone of passion our contributor indites a

SAPPHIC SONG.

O TEMPT me not with sparkling wine!
I am already drunk with joy;
And nectar, though it be divine,
Must still the senses cloy.
Then, wouldst thou tempt the soul with bliss,
O, bid me love!

Tempt me no more with glittering state;
'Twere joyless if not shared by thee:
Can pomp or splendour elevate
Like love's enrapt idolatry?
Then, wouldst thou have me hope for bliss,
O, bid me love!

Tempt me no more with hopes of heaven:
In sooth, I would not happier be:
One hour of love alone would leaven
Life's longest spell of misery!
Then, wouldst thou have me think of heaven,
O, bid me love!

What is that love?—Nay, do not ask,
But read thine heart: its lines will prove,
Words are at best an idle task
When love is heaven, and heaven is love!
Then, wouldst thou have me drink of bliss,
O, bid me love!

How weak and nerveless this, compared with the strains of the Mytilenian maid! We ourselves intend before long to perpetrate a series of articles on the *Lady Poets of Ancient Greece*, beginning wfth this Sappho and her strains of love. Love, rash youth! Pause ere thou venture on that fatal stream. One line, too, the sweetest in thy skreed, is stolen from Scott: he hath long told us that

"Love is heaven, and heaven is love!"

Mais n'importe; poetry and prigging were both under the auspices of Mercury.

What is that love? Were we a poet, we would answer thee; but now, visions of nightcaps flit around our twinkling taper, and Phœbus, too, drives his morning ray through the crevice of our curtains. The sun,

"With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shoots parallel to th' earth his dewy ray."

Shall we answer him? Yes. Marion Leslie, thou hast taught us the wild pangs of that delirious passion: at thy shrine, sweet beauty, shall we lay our song. Muse of the North, awake thy silent lyre, and in a strain of Moore-ish melody, let us assume the plectrum, and breathe to listening myriads.

WHAT IS LOVE?

O 'TWERE vain to desire e'en a poet to sing
About passions or feelings inspired from above;
For his heart is the first to be pierced in the wing,
When an arrow is thrown from the quiver of love!

Digitized by Google

Yes, it comes like a lightning-flash hot from the sky,
And at once lays the victim a prey to the blow;
And if ever he wakens, it is but to sigh
That a shaft so divine could have laid him so low!

Then ask not the bard to write verses in vain,
For vain must they be if they seek to disclose
The nature of love; for its nature is plain.
'Tis the source of our sweets, the alloy to our woes:
'Tis the bright gushing fountain of life's dearest joys;
'Tis a sun-illumed mirror, that dazzles the eyes
Like a meteor at night: 'tis a sweetness that cloys,
Like the honey of Hybla, though food for the skies.

'Tis love that, unseen, by its feelings can tell
The presence of one that its passion inspires;
As if on the air some mystical spell
Bore from soul unto soul the perfume of its fires:
Or as if there were breathed from a loved one's heart,
Some ray of enchantment in luminous waves,
Beaming bright and serene on life's holier part,
Yet witnessed alone by the heart it enslaves.

Then wake not the muse from her silence in vain;
For though Venus herself might awaken the lute,
If love could not breathe a more exquisite strain
Than verses like these, the lyre would be mute.
For to speak of love's raptures, its hopes, and its fears,
Its ecstatic illusions, its feelings to scan,
One must borrow from Eden, and chasten with tears,
The lyre of a seraph, the heart of a man.

No, tempt not the bard to write songs about love;
For with themes so impassioned his lyre is unstrung;
And he still would fain cherish those gleams from above,
That, like Judah's old harps, long neglected have hung.
The wings of the muse must be clipt if she fly
To themes of mere passion or sensual delight;
Lest, mothlike, she hovering around the flame, die,
When seeking alone to be bathed in the light.

Many a gem lies buried yet in the far depths of *Our Cigar Box*; yet, with your pleasure, gentles all, good night! ARTHUR WADHAM.

GRANDIER; OR, THE VICTIM OF RICHELIEU.

BY C. DENT.

SUNDAY, the 16th of May, 1640, was as bright a day as ever shone out of heaven. As the different clocks of Loudun struck the hour of one, the Cathedral service being ended, the people poured forth into the streets, which seemed all too small to contain the assembled multitudes. Not only the population of the town itself, but that of many a neighbouring village, seemed to have congregated within the sacred building; the clumsy gaits, broad-leafed hats, and coarse

Digitized by Google

blouses, rendering it easy to distinguish the peasantry from the more refined inhabitants of the city. It was known that Urbain Grandier, who seldom now went beyond the walls of the Ursuline Convent, was to preach; and to this knowledge was owing the unusually large congregation present at the morning's service. All ranks and classes, from the ignorant but conceited lordling, so hard to please, and the studious man of learning, so alive to beauties and defects, down to the unlettered boor; all had looked forward with eagerness to the discourse of Grandier, whose fame, long established in his native town, was spreading rapidly beyond it. The frivolous listened to him because there was a novelty in his style, which served agreeably to wile away one of the many tedious hours that in a dull provincial town weighed so heavy on their hands. The enlightened heard with joy the sentiments of liberal and elevated piety, which, clothed in the richest eloquence, flowed in a pure and generous stream from the lips of the young divine. They hailed his doctrine as the day-star of religious tolerance, whose mild rays would clear away the night of darkness and bigotry that had so long spread itself between the people and truth. The ignorant flocked to hear him, because he addressed them in terms they had never heard before; because he taught them that religion was given us not for a scourge, but for a blessing; and many a rude heart was softened—many an enslaved and degraded mind awoke to a sense of its own dignity, as the priest, with his musical voice and fervid manner, prayed for their enlightenment here and happiness hereafter.

In one of the smaller apartments of the Palais Cardinal, reclining in what was then considered the most luxurious of arm chairs, lay an old man, clad in a sumptuous wrapper of crimson velvet, edged with a costly fur. His countenance was pale, his cheek deeply lined, apparently as much from suffering as age; but bodily anguish had been unable to quench the fire of the dark grey eye, which shone with singular lustre, or to depose the mighty spirit that sat upon the broad high brow as on a throne of sovereignty. His attitude betrayed the languor of illness, and an occasional convulsive movement in the muscles of the face indicated acute pain; but the clear and commanding intellect, the energy and determination evinced in every word and look, showed a mind that no suffering could weaken or cloud for an instant. One jewelled hand, so small and delicate it would have well become a woman, lay on the arm of the chair; the other caressed a superb tortoiseshell cat, that lay ensconced among the velvet and fur of its master's drapery. A beautiful boy, of six years' old, sat on a costly footstool of purple velvet, wrought in gold, employed in rubbing the swollen feet that rested on his knees. A small table stood beside the old man, on which were writing materials, a golden hand-bell, a precious vase, of antique shape, filled with flowers, and an open volume of Machiavelli. The room was lighted by a richly stained window, the brightness of the tints being softened by the shade of the drapery that surrounded it: it was now partially thrown open to admit the summer air. A Persian carpet covered the floor—an article of luxury rare indeed at

Digitized by Google

that period in France. Book-cases, of curious workmanship, lined the walls, separated by noble specimens of the sculptor's art, brought at an enormous expense from Italy. Among the valuable works contained in these splendid cases were to be seen, all the best written political histories of the modern states of Europe. But (apart from its living furniture), what would perhaps detain the observer longer than any thing else in that room, could he see it now precisely as it was at the moment in which we are describing it, was a table in the centre, covered with pamphlets, satires, letters, and dedications; he would sigh to find genius, in order to obtain bread, forced to crouch at the feet of power; smile at the affected magnanimity which pretended to derive pleasure from reading the numerous works, of every description, written against him, which daily saw the light; while the result to the reckless author, or *supposed* author, frequently showed how far from generous were the real feelings of their subjects; and he would derive no small share of amusement from the perusal of many a billet-doux, which found place among matters of a far different nature. The reader needs not to be told that the occupier of this pleasant chamber was no other than the master-spirit of his time—the inscrutible, indomitable Richelieu—the man who, at this time, seldom seen, was every where *felt*—who, though frequently confined to a sick couch for a considerable period of time, regulated, as if by magical influence, the entire machinery of the government—whose spirit seemed so all-pervading, that the oppressed even in the remotest corner of the kingdom, never uttered the fearful name of the Cardinal-Duke but with trembling, casting many a furtive look around, as though they feared he were close at hand to hear the treasonable words that escaped their lips; and which they well knew, if he *did* hear, they would be doomed to expiate by the severest punishment.

"So, Stanislas, you love Madme. de la Meilleraie?"

"Indeed I do; I love her very much. Did I shew you the bouboniere she gave me?" answered the child, his fair face radiant with animation and joy, while, as he spoke, he drew from his blue satin vest an exquisitely-wrought gold box, studded with small but brilliant gems. "A beauteous toy indeed, and chosen with her usual taste!" answered the Cardinal, as he examined the gift; then laying his hand on the boy's silken hair, which hung in long bright curls over his shoulders, he bent forward, and smilingly scanned the fair face before him. He looked as though a map of that young creature's fortunes lay spread before him, which "he who ran might read;" and it required no great stretch of the imagination to fancy him with his lofty brow, and fiery glance, and pallid cheek, and mystic-looking robe—some aged seer, to whom the future was familiar as the past. A strange cold smile, yet full of meaning, parted his firm lips as he said: "Receiving bribes already; have a care for thy honour, boy. Honour"—he repeated in a sarcastic tone, as he resumed his former attitude. "How many interpretations are given to the same word, and each makes war upon the party who gives it another meaning than their own." This was put an end to by the entrance of the well-known Capuchin Joseph de Clere: one

Digitized by Google

of the many base tools employed by the Cardinal; because, to use his own expression, they were so "steeped in crime," they hesitated at performing nothing their revengeful nature or ambitious aims might devise. These agents made but one stipulation—that they should be well paid for their services; and upon this score none had reason to complain of Armaud du Plessis.

Father Joseph advanced with timid step and humble gait to the chair occupied by the Cardinal; and on seeing him the countenance of Richelieu exhibited a look of disgust, as though some loathsome object had met his eye. He had suffered greatly during the morning, and had intended enjoying a few hours of repose undisturbed by business of any kind, Already had the society of the fair child at his feet soothed and shed its purifying influence around him. The caresses of the boy had ever power to awaken his better nature; and he loved him the more for making him feel he possessed other qualities besides selfishness and ambition. At such a moment it was particularly distasteful to see before him one so intimately associated with all that he would just then have willingly dismissed from his remembrance; and therefore it was that he did not even attempt to conceal the annoyance caused him by the monk's presence; for he took care to have his instruments so completely in his power as to be under no dread of their resentment. But Father Joseph, or, as he was deridingly called, "L'Eminence Grise," could play his part as well as his master; and though he well knew how to interpret the countenance before him, he now affected to read it in a meaning very different from that which he knew to be the real one. "Alas! Monseigneur," he said in a doleful voice, "I grieve to find that the assertions of your enemies are not, as I had hoped, void of foundation." The wily monk's speech showed his skill for diplomacy. "What assertions—what is it they say, Joseph?" asked Richelieu, while languor gave place to energy, disgust to irritation. "Now Heaven be praised!" replied the monk, affecting to look on the minister with delight and admiration, "Now Heaven be praised! their boastings are for nought. The Abbé de Gondi has been telling every one that your eminence is at the last extremity; and Monseigneur of Orleans has met the king in the Queen's apartments; since which, as I have heard from one of our own people, Louis has taken upon himself a tone of authority, and again spoken of recalling the Queen-mother." Richelieu had listened with a varying countenance to this recital of his emissary. Contempt and indignation by turns flashed from his eyes, and lurked about his mouth; but when he spoke it was as one who feels his own power to be irresistible whensoever he shall choose to put it forth. All symptoms of debility seemed to have left him, and he prepared to enter with all his energies into the intricate labyrinths of policy he had woven with such exceeding skill. But first he kissed the fair forehead of the child and dismissed him; and as he watched the graceful form of the boy quitting the room, he sighed and looked regretfully, as if he felt that his better and nobler part departed with him. If such was the case, however, the feeling was but momentary, and no sooner had the door closed than

Digitized by Google

the man and his emotions were lost in the politician and his schemes. "With respect to Gaston of Orleans," he said, "one word of mine is enough to settle him. He can talk loud, but dares not act. As to the Queen-mother, she shall *never* put foot in France; large as it is, it contains not space enough for her and Richelieu. And the interest of the country requires that I should not even suffer Louis to choose between his mother and his minister. He must be made to feel without delay that I am his master." "Your eminence could not light upon a more favourable moment for doing so than the present," replied the monk. "The proceedings against Urbain Grandier have been conducted with such negligence hitherto, that he pays no attention to them, and his mother has applied to the king, and interested him in her son's favour." "'Tis well," answered the cardinal, while a look of almost diabolical malice lit up his eye; "So," he continued, "Louis dares to promise support to my enemy —his trial shall be proceeded with immediately. Collect the evidence we want; find the sufficient number of witnesses (you know how to do both); send down Lanbardemont, as president; ere the world be a month older he shall have atoned with his life for the insults he has offered to religion and to me." "He is to die?" asked father Joseph, with as much coolness as if the question had been totally unconnected with human life. "See that he escape not," answered Richelieu, "he is too energetic to be suffered to exist, with such false notions as he has imbibed; he inclines to protestantism too, as is manifest by his writing against the celibacy of the priesthood. Such scandals must be put a stop to." And the minister now spoke as though he would fain persuade himself and his auditor that the interests of religion solely influenced him, and not his vindictiveness. * * * * * * * * * *

The sun was high in the heavens; and as his rays fell on the streets of Loudun, they lit up a scene of bustle and excitement very unusual within that retired and quiet city. The entire population seemed to have quitted their habitations, and were pouring towards the same point, which was a long low building attached to the cathedral, designed for a chapter-house, but occasionally used for other purposes. It was now fitted up as a hall of justice; and never was that sacred quality more deliberately or outrageously profaned. Urbain Grandier was about to be tried for sorcery by judges predetermined to condemn him. Hosts of perjured witnesses were there, well tutored in their respective lessons; and so confident were his enemies of the result, that, by way of impressing the people with the fairness of their proceedings, and, at the same time, to inspire them with awe of their authority, they had proclaimed that the trial should be a public one: and it was to assist at it that the townspeople were all astir. Mingling with the crowd, was many an agent of Lanbardemont, the president of this infamous tribunal; and the sentiments freely spoken on all sides which met their ears, made them doubt the wisdom and policy of throwing open the doors to the public. The hall was filled to suffocation, many who could not find standing room climbing to the tops of

Digitized by Google

the pillars that supported the roof, and making seats for themselves of the projecting ornaments belonging to their florid style of architecture. The very cornice and roof itself were put in requisition, and many a living countenance was to be seen beside the grotesque heads which form so frequent and incongruous embellishments (for such, I suppose, they are intended to be) of buildings destined to religious purposes. Still, crowded as was the hall, hundreds remained on the outside, compelled to be satisfied with what they could see or hear through the windows, which, owing to the heat of the weather, and number of persons, were obliged to be kept open. But interest in the accused formed so strong a bond of sympathy between his townsmen, that those within the building were as anxious to communicate, as those without were eager to hear, how the trial went on. After a time, the noise and commotion attendant on the assembling of such a multitude subsided, and there was something fearful in the death-like silence that succeeded: it seemed like the treacherous calmness of the ocean, while the dark clouds above tell of the coming storm that shall lash the waves into relentless fury. The stillness was so great that even to the extreme verge of the crowd, though the words were indistinct, the voice of the clerk of arraigns was audible as, from the farther extremity of the hall, he read the crimes of which the priest was accused. The perusal of that document makes one ask in astonishment, how it was that the higher and more enlightened classes suffered the continuance of so impious and tyrannical a system as was then pursued under the name of religion? The voice ceased, and a man, seated on the ledge of one of the windows, leant out, and spoke to a group beneath. "He is accused of dealing in the black art," said the speaker, "and of having possessed six of the Ursuline nuns with the devil; which nuns it was most difficult to exorcise, the spirits by which they were possessed being of a particularly malignant and obstinate character. But stay, one of the witnesses is going to give his evidence." And the man turned away, stretching forth his head so as to catch all that was going forward. What they had heard, however, was communicated by those beneath the window to their remoter companions; and the men might each be seen to grasp with a firmer hold the stout stick which none were without, while the women burst into loud and furious invective against the judges.

Again there was a profound silence, while all anxiously waited to know by what evidence the accusations would be supported; and their indignation was increased as the base and lying inventions sworn to by the witnesses were repeated to them by their friend in the window.

After a time, a strange tumult arose within the building. Cries of "It shall not be!" "We will not suffer it!" were heard by those without; while he who had communicated all that passed, as he sprang from his seat brandishing his club, shouted to the crowd in the street, "They are carrying him off to torture; break down the doors!" A scene of confusion ensued impossible to describe. The shrieks of women, who, bruised and trodden on, would not retire;

Digitized by Google

smashing of windows; bursting in of doors, and, loud above all, imprecations on the judges, witnesses, and the minister himself (for they knew him to be the real instigator of the business, and for once they gave vent to their feelings without a thought of the consequences). As if to encourage each other, and with the levity so peculiar to their country, amid other and more fearful expressions, might frequently be heard the cry,

"A bas, a bas!
Les amis du vieux chat,"

in allusion to the name so frequently bestowed upon the cardinal. But those who conducted this odious trial had taken their measures too well to fear defeat from the people; and on the first demonstration of popular feeling, those agents of the judges, of whom, as has been already stated, there were many among the crowd, withdrew to procure what they knew to be efficient means for quelling the disturbance. The people, however, unconscious of the enemy's operations, continued their own; but found, to their great dismay, that the judges and officials had succeeded in conveying Grandier to the small room beyond the hall; in which the question was to be applied, and on the door of which they found it impossible to make any impression. There were no windows; it was lighted from above, probably as a precaution against proceedings like the present; and the side next the street presented one unbroken mass of solid masonry Still the people would not despair. Determined as indignant, they resolved on endeavouring to make a breach in the wall itself; while those who remained battering the door in the hope that it would at length yield to their blows, stimulated the efforts of all by announcing that they already heard the stifled groans of the priest. They might, perhaps, have accomplished their task, (for courage and resolution will achieve wonders); but intent only on what they had undertaken, they heard or heeded not the sound of a hundred hoofs that came clattering down the deserted streets, nor did they cease their fruitless work till the military, clashing in among them, made some prisoners, dispersed the rest, and trampled under foot such as ventured to oppose their passage. They were, indeed, far from nice in the means they adopted to put down the disturbance; but they succeeded in doing so: and what recked Lanbardemont and his crew that their triumph was purchased with the blood of the aged and the honest?

The soldiery now poured into the streets in almost countless numbers, and, drawing up, formed a double line on each side, from the cathedral to the square in the centre of the town. Round this, again, horse soldiers and foot were thickly planted; while carts and waggons of every description formed an outer ring to offer still farther impediment to any attempt at an irruption on the part of the people.

It was late in the day when the cathedral doors were thrown open, and a procession issued forth which, but for the object it involved being one of so great wickedness, might have been termed ludicrous. Numbers of flags were borne by different members of

Digitized by Google

the train; some representing scenes in purgatory; but the favourite device seemed to be the fathers of the inquisition chaining down the evil one, who was represented under the form of a frightful but unknown beast, with horns, tail, and forked tongue, of truly admirable dimensions. Penitents, too, as they were called, formed a large portion of the procession. There were black penitents and grey penitents; penitents with masks, and barefaced penitents; unshod penitents, and penitents who patronised the cordwainer. But these passed unnoticed, or excited only a casual remark not much in favour of their contrition or sincerity, all eyes straining forward to catch a sight of the victim of persecution and injustice. As they beheld him they so loved and venerated, groans and exclamations of the deepest sympathy burst from the people: it was, indeed, fearful to see in how short a time suffering had done far more than the work of years. He was dressed in a long loose robe of sulphur-coloured serge. In his wounded hands he was made to bear the penitential candle; and so mutilated were his limbs, so exhausted was his frame, that he was obliged to be supported by two ecclesiastics, who, in a canting tone sufficiently loud for the people to hear, exhorted him to contrition and confession. But though Urbain Grandier betrayed no impatience, it was evident he heeded them not: resignation and magnanimity were stamped upon his countenance; and though anguish had slightly contracted his noble brow, and the drops of agony and exhaustion coursed over his pallid cheek, he kept his eyes steadily fixed on the ground, unwilling even by a look to seem to appeal to the people, whom he knew to be in his favour, deeming it far better to submit to death than owe his deliverance to a struggle which must have cost the lives of many engaged in it. The sounds of sorrow and sympathy came upon his ear, but he swerved not from his resolution, and continued silently to pray for strength and consolation to that Being who alone can afford it to the object of unjust persecution. But the exclamations of the townspeople had struck other ears than those of the victim; and as the judges heard them, they gave a significant look to the soldiers, who, in their turn, glanced fiercely in among the people; and these, remembering the scene of the morning, and loving existence as all men do, moderated their voices; and the procession moved on its way without interruption. It reached the square, and the soldiers formed an opening to give it passage, but closed up again the moment it had entered. In the centre of the open space was a pile of faggots thickly strewn and intermixed with pitch and other combustible materials. As it drew near the termination of its journey, the procession hurried its movements, fearful, perhaps, of some fresh demonstration on the part of the people. Arrived at the foot of the pile, Lanbardemont, reassured by the security of his position, turning to the accused, said, in a loud voice, "Wilt thou now confess and implore pardon for thy crimes?"

"The crimes of which I, in common with all men, am guilty, I have already confessed to that God who alone can absolve me from their guilt, and who knows my innocence of the foul charges thou

Digitized by Google

and thine have brought against me," replied Grandier in a low but distinct voice.

"Kiss this crucifix, then, and I will believe thee," said his tormentor: "those of whom the evil spirit has possession are unable to do so."

As he spoke, he presented a cross to him, and the condemned man eagerly bent forward to embrace, in those his last moments, the symbol of redemption; but as his lips met the crucifix, which, designed as an emblem of boundless mercy, had been converted by infernal malice into an instrument of torture, the unhappy man fell back with a shriek of agony into the arms of his supporters.

"Had further evidence been wanting, methinks here is more than sufficient," exclaimed Lanbardemont triumphantly. "Bind him to the stake." His orders were complied with; but first his victim raised himself, and, with an energy that astonished those who heard him, said aloud, "Lanbardemont, in three years from this day thou wilt stand before the Judgment-seat of God. Haste thee to prepare for that fearful hour!"

Meanwhile, it got whispered among the people that the crucifix was an iron one, which had been made burning hot in one of the charcoal stoves that stood ready for lighting the brands that were to fire the pile; and even while they were giving vent to their indignation, and debating what was to be done, a masked official proceeded to each corner of the stake, and in the next moment dense clouds of smoke arose, concealing the victim who lay bound upon its summit. The judges looked once more with anxiety towards the people; but these now stood silent and immovable, as if spell-bound by the sight they gazed upon. At length, one solitary voice shouted "Rescue!" and then the multitude, as if astonished at their previous inertness, made so sudden and determined a rush, that they overthrew the waggons, and forced a way through the soldiers. But it was too late. When they reached the pile, and extinguished the fire, he whom they had thought to save was beyond mortal aid: they gazed on the body of a martyr. The military again interfered; more blood was spilled; but the tumult, too late to effect its purpose of rescuing Grandier, enabled the judges to effect their retreat unmolested; and therefore they looked upon it as a very lucky circumstance.

On reaching the Capuchin monastery, Father Joseph came forward to meet them. "Well?" he said eagerly.

"Nothing could terminate more favourably," replied Lanbardemont, answering his anxious looks. "Grandier is dead; and the people, who were perfectly quiet when they *might* have saved him, wisely deferring to do so till it was too late, then made a disturbance, which enabled us to retire unobserved. But what are you going to do with his mother?"

"The most fortunate thing imaginable," replied Father Joseph, with a voice and manner perfectly unmoved. "She kept tormenting me to know what was doing with her son; when, to see if it would make her quiet, I said, 'He is condemned to death.' She

Digitized by Google

gave one loud shriek, and fell lifeless at my feet." And the worthies rejoiced, and congratulated each other on the ruin they had wrought.

And Father Joseph said to himself, "The adder's nest is crushed; I have removed his most hated enemy from Richelieu's path; he cannot but reward me with the long-promised cardinal's hat." But Richelieu made much the same use of the cardinal's hat in respect to the Capuchin, that he did of the bauble he danced before the eyes of his favourite cat: it made her put forth all her powers, and display all her activity; but the higher she sprang to catch it, the farther he removed it from her reach.

It is a singular fact, that precisely three years from the day on which Urbain Grandier was sacrificed, the victim of hatred and injustice, the judge Lanbardemont *did* meet an untimely and dreadful death.

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE MOST MODERN CONTINENTAL AUTHORS (IN A SERIES OF LETTERS).

LETTER I.

FERDINAND FREILIGRATH.

My dear Sir,—You request me from time to time, for our mutual benefit, to forward you the results of my varied and desultory reading. You wish to hear from me the impressions made upon me by the books which fall into my hands, while my mind is yet warm from their reception. In vain do I represent the necessary crudity of all that I utter, while writing under the influence of the most transient circumstances; you say that you would rather hear the result of an immediate feeling, than reap the fruits of a mature deliberation; and would rather listen to the sympathising voice of a fellow-student than hearken to the opinion of a dictator, even though the latter might be much more soundly critical and instructive.

Well, then, without arguing, or resisting, or objecting—to comply with your request. I have just received from Germany a neat little parcel, enclosing a copy of German poems, by Ferdinand Freiligrath. You know that Teutonic lyrics are to me as caviare, or any other delicacy, and will easily conjecture that I devoured the volume with due rapidity. "Ferdinand Freiligrath"—a new name! No one has heard of him on our side the herring-pond in all human probability; and, most likely, the copy I ordered is the only one in her Majesty's dominions. O the luxury of selfishness! the pleasure of knowing that one's knowledge is not diffused; the delight of being a pedant, at the easy rate of reading some 300 loosely printed pages. But no, no, no; I am not selfish, but willing ever, my dear sir, to make you the participator of the eccentricities on which I have so lately feasted.

And now, to begin with the philosophy of the thing—to put you in the right state of mind—to set you at the right point of view to receive my stores of information: just remember the distinction which has been

Digitized by Google

drawn between poets, themselves observers of nature, from whom alone they draw their treasures, and the other class of poets, who imbibe their information from books. It is useless to remind you, how the first are in immediate contact with the world, and are the oracles to tell its secrets in their own way, while the others learn the secrets at second-hand, and are hammering their brains to give their work this or that form—to torture it into a ghazel—to toss it loosely through a Spanish metre—or to rumble it through hexameters, thinking much less how they shall tell their thoughts themselves than how they shall imitate other people's manner of telling, or feeling. It is useless, I say, to remind you of all this—and besides all this—that our friends the German poets are more addicted to the bookish school of poetry than any other nation in the world. But now imagine a third case—a man who has not studied for the sake of studying, or for the sake of cultivating a literary style—or, indeed, for the sake of writing at all; imagine this man, with little in the actual world to occupy his thoughts, amusing himself with a course of reading after his own heart—just as children read fairy tales—and then constructing a world suitable to himself, into which he can peep and feel himself quite at home. Suppose this man shall build a volume of poetry out of the objects he shall find in this region of his own creation—suppose all this, and you have Ferdinand Freiligrath.

Freiligrath is now about nine-and-twenty years old; and his poems, which were not collected till last year, have made a surprising stir among the German critics; each endeavouring to discover and explain the psychological causes of poems so eccentric and extraordinary. He was born in a little German village, where nothing of interest was going on, and as a boy he amused himself with books of travels. These not only opened a new world to him, but literally took him into a new world: and from that period, he stooped under Simooms, listened to the roaring of lions, marked the track of the hyena, admired skull-garnished palaces, and probably without having stirred an inch further than Holland, dashed boldly into a wild Asiatic or African life. Amsterdam,—strange place for inspiration—received him; the sight of the shipping gave a visibility and substantiality to the visions he had drawn from his books, and the material for the poet was at hand; he had not to look to the right or the left, or to wander or reflect; his head was so full of outlandish scenery, customs, and persons, that he had merely to take his pencil and hit off in glowing colours what his mental eye beheld; and this he did with a vigour, and a colouring, and a fulness which struck great wonderment into all who read his novel effusions.

"Oh!" I hear you say,—"another Rückert." Not a bit of it, my dear sir; not a morsel like Rückert. That glorious man travels about gathering wisdom as he goes, culling oriental tradition, listening to the *spirit* of the East. Not so Freiligrath; it is the *body* of the east that he delighteth in: he cares not for its wisdom, or its tradition, or the parables of its dervises, or the oriental style of allegory; no,—he loves the tigers, and lions, and the Bedouins, and the yellow sands; the scenes that are before him are not matters for reflection, but for description.

Now, to open his book. On the first page we find a poem entitled "Moss-tea" *(Moos-thee)*; that is, "tea made of Iceland moss," which is given to the author in a state of sickness. What can he make of it?

Digitized by Google

Does he sentimentalise on the shortness of life, and so on? No; but hear him.

Sechzehn Jahr—und wie ein greiser
Alter sitz' ich matt und krank.
Sieh, da senden mir der Geiser
Und der Hecla diesen Trank.

Sixteen years—and as a gray old man, I sit weak and ill. See the Geiser and Hecla send me this beverage.

Auf der Insel, die von Schlacken
Harter Lava und von Eise
Starrt und den beschneiten Nacken
Zeigt des arkt'schen Poles Kreise;

On the island which is stiffened by the deposit of hard lava and ice, and which shows its snowy crag to the circle of the arctic pole,

Ueber unterird'schen Feuern,
In Nordlichterhellen Nächten,
Bei den Gluth und Wasserspeiern
Wuchsen diese bittern Flechten.

Over subterraneous fires, in nights bright with the northern lights, by the vomiters of flame and water, grew these bitter lichens.

Aus den dampfumrollten Kegeln,
Aus der Berge schwarzem Tiegel,
Gleich blutrothen Sagenvögeln—
Flammenzungen ihre Flügel.—

From the smoke-encompassed cones, from the black crucible of the mountains, like blood-red Saga-birds, with tongues of flame for wings—

Sahn sie feurig auf zum schwarzen
Himmel mächt'ge Steine sprühen,
Und ein Meer von heissen Harzen
Durch das Schneegefilde ziehen.

They saw mighty stones dart fierily up to the black sky, and a sea of burning resin flow through the field of snow.

* * * *

* * * *

Wolken, Rauch und Asche wallen,
Und am Strand die Robben winseln,
Und die rothen Steine fallen
Nieder auf entfernten Inseln;

Clouds, smoke, and ashes are in commotion, and the seal moans on the strand, and the red stones fall down on the distant islands;

Die zerrissnen Berge zittern,
Und das Eismeer schaümt und braut.
Dorten wuchsen diese bittern
Flechten, wuchs dies herbe Kraut.

The torn mountains tremble, and the ice-sea foams and *brews*. There grew these bitter lichens, grew this harsh* herb.

After describing his quaffing the "dark-green juice," and the "fire darting through his nerves," he concludes thus powerfully:—

Lavaschein und Nordlicht röthen
Mein Gericht; die Pulse schlagen
Schneller; Edda, lass mich treten
Vor die Helden deiner Sagen.

The lava-glow and the northern-lights give a red hue to my face, and my pulse beats quicker. Edda, let me approach the heroes of the Sagas.

Ha! wenn dieser Insel Pflanzen
Mir den Lebensbecher reichen,
Mög' ich dann in meinem ganzen
Leben dieser Insel gleichen!

Ha! if the plants of this Island offer me the cup of life, may I then, in my whole life, be like this island.

Feuer lodre, Feuer zucke
Durch mich hin mit wildem Kochen,
Selbst der Schnee, in dessen Schmucke
Einst mein Haupt prangt, sei durchbrochen

Let fire glow, fire dart through me, wildly boiling; let even the snow, which shall once adorn my head, be broken through—

Von der Flamme, die von innen
Mich verzehrt; wie roth und heiss
Hecla Steine von den Zinnen
Wirft nach der Faaröer Eis:

by the flame, which consumes me from within;—as Hecla, red and hot, casts stones from its battlements on the ice of the Faaro Isles;

So aus meinem Haupt, ihr Kerzen
Wilder Lieder, sprühn und wallen
Sollt ihr, und in fernen Herzen
Siedend zischend niederfallen!

So from my head, ye torches of wild songs, should you sprout forth and wave about, and boiling in distant hearts, fall down hissing.

---

* Or, "astringent."

Digitized by Google

This is a very wonderful poem for a boy of sixteen (the age of the poet, according to the first verse); but the sagacious have suspected that the last part was written some time after the first, as it is evidently intended as a preface to the whole book; and the probability is, that Freiligrath had got a large heap of these fiery stones, before he began to pray that they might hiss in other people's hearts.

The next poem I shall take is, perhaps, his *chef-d'œuvre*, and a most characteristic specimen. Now we shall find him full of enthusiasm for his own wild world; we shall find that his feelings are wrapped up in the results of his juvenile studies—and how vividly the pictures of his imagination stand before him. The "Moos-thee" was rather an introduction—a telling us what he was going to do—a showman's cloth, hung before his collection of natural curiosities. Now, we have entered,—and behold

DER SCHLITTSCHUH-LAUFENDE NEGER.

Du, von Gestalt athletisch,
Der oft am Gambia
Den wunderlichen Fetisch
Von Golde blitzen sah,

Oft unter dem Aequator
Des Panther's Blut vergoss,
Und nach dem Alligator
Mit gift'gem Pfeile schoss;

Dort, wo auf Pallastpforten
Gebleichte Schädel stehn,
An jenen fremden Orten
Mag ich dich gerne sehn.

Wo aus geborstnen Bäumen
Das gelbe Gummi quillt,
Stehst du in meinen Träumen
Ein ernstes, schwarzes Bild.

Ein Wächter und ein Hüter
Mit Perl' und Gold geziert,
Der mittäglichen Güter,
Die da dein Land gebiert.

Dort seh' ich gern dich treiben
Das Nashorn in die Flucht;
Doch fremd wirst du mir bleiben
Auf dieser nord'schen Bucht.

Was fliegst du auf dem Eise,
Und sprichst der Kälte Hohn,
O du, der Wendekreise,
Des Südens heisser Sohn?

Du, der, bis an den Nabel
Entblösst, zu Rosse sprang,
Und in den Kettengabel
Den Hals der Sklaven zwang?

Aus diesem bunten Schwarme
Im rauhen Pelzgewand,
Ragst du, verschränkt die Arme
Gleichwie ein Nekromant,—

Der mit geweihtem Ringe
Der Geister Trotz besiegt,
Und auf des Greifen Schwinge
Durch die Sahara fliegt.

THE SKATING NEGRO.

Thou, athletic in form, who often by the Gambia, saw the strange Fetisch of gold glitter,

Who oft beneath the equator shed the Panther's blood, and shot at the Alligator with a poisoned arrow;

There, where on palace-gates stand bleached skulls, in those foreign places would I readily see thee.

Where from the burst trees, flows the yellow gum, thou standest in my dreams, a solemn black image;

Adorned with pearls and gold, a guard and a protector of the southern wealth, which thy land there produces.

There I love to see thee put the Rhinoceros to flight; yet in this northern bay wilt thou remain a stranger to me.

Why dost thou fly on the ice, and defy the cold,—thou the glowing son of the tropic—of the south?

Thou who, bared below the waist, sprung upon thy horse, and forced the neck of the slaves into the forked yoke.

From this motley throng, in thy rough garb of skin—thou appearest, with thy confined arms, like a necromancer,—

Who, with consecrated ring, overcomes the defiance of the spirits, and flies on the wings of a griffin through the Sahara.

Digitized by Google

O segle, wenn im Lenze,
Kein Eis dein Schiff mehr hält!
Nach deines Landes Grenze
Zieh' heim in dein Gezelt.—

When, in the spring, no more ice restrains thy ship,—O sail to the border of thy land, return home to thy tent.

Goldstaub auf deiner Locke
Streut dort das Land Dar Fur;
Hier schmückt sie Reif und Flocke
Mit Silberstaube nur.

There the land Dar Fur sprinkles gold dust on thy hair;—here the hoar frost and flakes of snow deck it but with silver dust.

Do you not now see what I mean by Freiligrath being merely descriptive, not reflective? Observe there are no comparisons between civilisation and non-civilisation; no symbols of things immaterial; his African scenery does not remind him of this or that; he is rejoicing in the sight of the great Sahara, and the gold-dust of Darfur—feasting on the spectacle of the negro-palace, adorned with skulls—and joining in the chase of the panther. Delighted with the scene he has raised, he calls your attention to the various imaginary objects around him, with the eagerness of a child who travels for the first time; and the warmth of his feeling causes a reciprocal glow in your own.

You may see what a new field Freiligrath has taken, as the unreflective poet of uncivilized life; and into whatever country he travels it is the wild and adventurous which strikes him. At sea, he loves to think of the wonders of the deep, and the corsairs; if he remains in Europe, it is to behold the death of a robber-chief; in short, the whole tenour of his works may be most accurately traced to his boyish Robinson-Crusoe-school of reading; and, however his subjects may vary, they are generally similar in kind. It is a remarkable circumstance, that not a single love-poem is to be found in his collection (I should say not an original love-poem, for there are several, which are translations); and it has been conjectured that love—at least as a subject for poetical expression, forms no part of Freiligrath's composition—that his nature requires to be stirred by the wild and the wonderful, before he can produce a line, and that he has no sympathy for any life, but that of the regions he has made so peculiarly his own. It is also worthy of remark, that with all his love for the wonderful, he rarely strays into the supernatural—rarely creates beings merely imaginary. Nature, in her wildest state, contains enough to satisfy him; and his imagination is employed rather in bringing home to himself distant realities, than in building edifices entirely without a natural foundation. Hence his substantiality and distinctness; he begins to work with good solid materials, and his graphic imagination must needs produce a vivid and highly-coloured picture. Doubtless many will object to the field Freiligrath has taken, as a sign of bad and depraved taste: but that is no question to discuss here. I have done enough if I establish the fact, that Freiligrath has excelled in a new region, without caring whether his soaring, or rather sailing, into that region be in good taste or not. There must be a good deal of personal taste in these matters; and I can only, for my own part, say, that I have rarely read a volume with greater delight, and should look forward to another with a very pleasant anticipation.

But what to turn to next? It is no hard matter to criticise a well-known author, when all your readers are in possession of the subject, and you have only to go on doling out your opinion; there is no great difficulty with a tragedy or an epic—where you can go on detailing the

Digitized by Google

story, and fling in a passage here or there by way of embellishment; but with lyric poetry, where a page or two usually contains an entire work, and where a description of the poem would be as long as the poem itself, the case is different. If you occupy yourself too much with criticism, you are giving your reader your opinions on a subject of which he knows nothing—and which may be right or not—but certainly not entertaining; while, in avoiding this, you probably run into the other extreme, of giving nothing but a number of extracts, and end in being a mere copier of the book. Of two bad positions, the last is the best; as extracts from the author must give some idea of him—while your own powers of description may be inadequate to the work. So to look for another specimen:

Plague on the fellow! His poems are nearly all so good that it is hard to pick and choose. Here's an excellent one: "*Leben des Negers*" (Negro-life). No, no. I have shown the feeling already, the sympathy with man in his savage state. Well, here's "The Löwenritt" (the Lion's Ride). Ah, that will do! We have not yet seen our friend rejoicing in the brute creation alone—gloating on the wild sports of tigers and hyænas. Listen to him.

Wüstenkönig ist der Löwe; will er sein Gebiet durchfliegen.
Wandelt er nach der Lagune, in dem hohen Schilf zu liegen.
Wo Gazellen und Giraffen trinken, lauert er im Rohre;
Zitternd über dem Gewalt'gen rauscht das Laub der Sycomore.

The Lion is the king of deserts; if he will traverse his domain, he wanders to the marsh to lie among the tall reeds. He cowers among the reeds, where Gazelles and Giraffes drink; the leaves of the sycamore rustle, trembling, over the mighty one.

Abends, wenn die hellen Feuer glühn im Hottentottenkraale,
Wenn des jähen Tafelberges bunte, wechselnde Signale
Nicht mehr glänzen, wenn der Kaffer einsam schweift durch die Karroo,
Wenn im Busch die Antilope schlummert und am Strom das Gnu:

In the evening, when bright fires glow in the Hottentot-Kraal, when the varied, changing signals of the Table-mountain shine no more, when the Caffer glides alone through the Karroo, when the Antelope slumbers in the bush, and the Gnu by the stream;

Sieh' dann schreitet majestätisch durch die Wüste die Giraffe,
Dass mit der Lagune trüben Fluthen sie die heisse, schlaffe
Zunge kühle; lechzend eilt sie durch der Wüste nackte Strecken,
Knieend schlürft sie langen Halses aus dem schlammgefüllten Becken.

See, then does the Giraffe stalk majestically through the desert, that with the troubled waters of the marsh it may cool its hot, hanging tongue; panting, it hastes through the bare tracts of the deserts, kneeling, with its long neck, it quaffs from the mud-filled basin.

Plötzlich regt es sich im Rohre; mit Gebrüll auf ihren Nacken
Springt der Löwe; welch ein Reitpferd! sah man reichere Schabracken
In den Marstallkammern einer königlichen Hofburg liegen,
Als das bunte Fell des Renners, den der Thiere Fürst bestiegen?

Suddenly, there is a motion in the reeds; the Lion springs on its neck with a roar. What a courser! Were ever seen richer caparisons lying in the stables of a royal palace, than the spotted hide of the courser, which the prince of beasts has mounted?

In die Muscheln des Genickes schlägt er gierig seine Zähne;
Um den Bug des Riesenpferdes weht des Reiters gelbe Mähne,
Mit dem dumpfen Schrei des Schmerzes springt es auf und fliegt gepeinigt;
Sieh', wie Schnelle des Kameeles es mit Pardelhaut vereinigt.

Eagerly he fixes his teeth in the muscles of its neck; the rider's yellow mane waves over the shoulder of the gigantic courser. With the dull cry of pain it springs up and flies in agony; see, how it unites the speed of the Camel with the skin of the leopard.

Digitized by Google

Sieh', die mondbestrahlte Fläche schlägt
es mit den leichten Füssen!
Starr aus ihrer Höhlung treten seine Augen; rieselnd fliessen
An dem braungefleckten Halse nieder schwarzen Blutes Tropfen,
Und das Herz des flüchtigen Thieres hör't die stille Wüste klopfen.

See, with its light feet it beats the moon-lit plain! Its eyes start, stiffened, from their sockets; drops of black blood flow down trickling on the brown-spotted neck, and the silent desert hears the heart beat of the flying animal.

Gleich der Wolke, deren Leuchten Israel im Lande Yemen
Führte, wie ein Geist der Wüste, wie ein fahler, luft'ger Schemen,
Eine sandgeformte Trombe in der Wüste sand'gem Meer,
Wirbelt eine gelbe Saüle Sandes hinter ihnen her.

As the cloud, whose light led Israel in the land of Yemen, as a spirit of the desert, as a dusky aerial form, a sand-formed *Trombe** in the sandy sea of the desert, a yellow pillar of sand is whirling up behind them.

Ihrem Zuge folgt der Geier; krächzend schwirrt er durch die Lüfte,
Ihrer Spur folgt die Hyäne, die Entweiherin der Grüfte;
Folgt der Panther, der des Caplands Hürden räuberisch verheerte;
Blut und Schweiss bezeichnen ihres Königs grausenvolle Fährte.

The vulture follows their course, and, croaking, whirrs through the air; the Hyena, despoiler of graves, follows their track; the Panther follows, who, robber-like, depopulated the sheep-folds of the Cape.—Blood and sweat mark the fearful course of their king.

Zagend auf lebendig'm Throne sehn sie den Gebieter sitzen,
Und mit scharfer Klaue seines Sitzes bunte Polster ritzen,
Rastlos, bis die Kraft ihr schwindet, muss ihn die Giraffe tragen;
Gegen einen solchen Reiter hilft kein Bäümen und kein Schlagen.

Trembling on his living throne, they see their ruler sit and tear with sharp claw the soft cushion of his seat.—Restless, the Giraffe must bear him till its strength fails; no rearing or beating about are of avail against such a rider.

Taumelnd an der Wüste Saume stürzt sie hin, und röchelt leise.
Todt, bedeckt mit Staub und Schaume wird das Ross des Reiters Speise,
Ueber Madagaskar, fern im Osten, sieht man Frühlicht glänzen;—
So durchsprengt der Thiere König nächtlich seines Reiches Grenzen.

Staggering, she falls at the border of the desert, and rattles lightly in her throat. Dead, covered with dust and foam, the horse becomes the rider's meal. Over Madagascar far in the east, dawn is seen to shine.—Thus nightly does the king of the beasts rush over the borders of his realm.

Freiligrath is greatly commended for his metres, for the close conformity of his verse with his subject—as if both came from one inspiration. Who, in the preceding poem, cannot hear the Giraffe rushing through the rapid trochees; who cannot feel the breathless eagerness of the poet, uttering his long, yet hurried and exhausted lines? Occasionally, however, whether from a love of eccentricity, or from carelessness (I suspect the former), he allows himself to be betrayed into a singular inelegance in his rhymes—closing them with all sorts of outlandish words, so as to startle and even shock the ear. I may instance, in the poem above, "Giraffe," and "Schlaffe," "Gnu," and "Karroo;" and in another, "Fandango," and "Hoango," where, not satisfied with the introduction of his words, he puts them in the most conspicuous part of his line, and comes bounce upon them with a barbarous gusto. Understand, I suspect that Freiligrath indulges in these eccentricities of rhyme purposely; because there is no doubt that although inspired by

* A waterspout; but I have retained the French word, to avoid the Irishism of a "sand-water-spout."

Digitized by Google

his subject he fags hard at his metre, and the seeming ease with which it is written is the result of considerable labour. He has given a whole collection of poems in Alexandrian metre, with the title of "*Alexandriner*," and the introductory one of them shews sufficiently how much his mind was bent on his verse, as that alone has served as the subject of a poem. Here you have it.

DER ALEXANDRINER.

Spring an, mein Wüstenross aus Alexandria!
Mein Wildling! solch ein Thier bewältiget kein Schah,
Kein Emir und was sonst in jenen
Oestlichen Ländern sich in Fürstensatteln wiegt;
Wo donnert durch den Sand ein solcher Huf? wo fliegt
Ein solcher Schweif? Wo solche Mähnen?

Wie es geschrieben steht so ist dein Wiehern: Ha!
Ausschlagend, das Gebiss verachtend, stehst du da;
Mit deinem losen Stirnhaar buhlet
Der Wind; dein Auge blitzt und deine Flanke schäumt;
Das ist der Renner nicht, den Boileau gezäumt,
Und mit Franzosenwitz geschulet!

Der trabt bedächtig durch die Bahn am Leitzaum nur;
Ein Heerstrassgraben ist die leidige Cäsur
Für diesen feinen, saubern Alten.
Er weiss, dass eitler Muth ihm weder ziemt noch frommt:
So schnäufelt er, und hebt die Hüflein, springt, und kommt
Ans and're Ufer wohlbehalten.

Doch dir, mein flammend Thier, ist sie ein Felsenriss
Des Sinai; zerbrecht, Springriemen und Gebiss!
Du jagst hinan; da klafft die Ritze!
Ein Wiehern und ein Sprung! dein Hufhaar blutet, du
Schwebst ob der Kluft; dem Fels entlockt dein Eisenschuh
Des Echos Donner und des Kiesels Blitze!

Und wieder nun hinab! wühl' auf den heissen Sand!
Vorwärts! lass tummeln dich von meiner sichern Hand,
Ich bringe wieder dich in Ehren,
Nicht achte du den Schweiss! Sieh' wenn es dämmert, lenk'
Ich langsam seitwärts dich, und streichle dich, und tränk'
Dich lässig in den grossen Meeren.

THE ALEXANDRIAN VERSE.

Spring on, my desert-steed from Alexandria! My wild one! Such a horse is managed by no Schah, no Emir, whoever else may, in those Eastern lands, rock in princes' saddles. Where does such a hoof thunder through the sand? Where flies such a tail? such a mane?

As it stands written, thy neighing is: Ha! Kicking out, despising the bit, thou standest there; the wind sports with the wanton hair of thy forehead; thine eye glistens, and thy flank foams:—that is not the courser which Boileau bridled, and schooled with French wit.

He only trots cautiously along the path by his leading-rein,—the pitiful cæsura is a highway-ditch for this nice, delicate old steed. He knows that vain courage neither becomes nor avails him; so he snuffles, and lifts his hoof, leaps, and comes safe to the other bank.

Yet to thee, my flaming beast, is the cæsura a rocky chink of Sinai; shiver reins and bit! Thou huntest on—there yawns the crevice.—A neigh and a leap! The hair of thy hoof bleeds, thou soarest over the cleft; thy iron shoe charms from the rock thunder, and the lightning of the flint!

Now down again! Dash on the hot sand! Forwards! reel under my sure hand, I bring you again to honour! Heed not the sweat! See at twilight will I lead you aside, and pat you, and water you in the great seas.

It is not everybody who could sing such a spirited song on the subject of twelve syllables and a cæsura! Did you ever read the "Orientales" of Victor Hugo?—if you have, the dash of the metre with the short third

Digitized by Google

and sixth lines may remind you a little of that poet; but we'll talk about Hugo another time.

However, in the preface to these very "Orientales," there is a passage which exactly jumps with what I remarked some two or three pages back, and which I ought to have quoted long before; but you must know that these letters are sometimes interrupted for a week or so in their progress—and that in one of these intervals I read the passage in question. What matter, said I, about the subject chosen by Freiligrath, so long as he has treated it well; that is enough for us. "Now," quoth Hugo, "let us examine *how* you have worked, not about *what* and *why*." Criticism has no right to ask more; and the poet need not answer to more. Wander freely in the garden of poesy, where there is no forbidden fruit. Space and time belong to the poet, and he may go where he pleases, and do what he pleases, and need own no other law. Let him write in verse or prose; chisel marble or cast bronze; set his foot in this age, or that climate; belong to east, west, north, or south; let his muse be a veritable muse, or a fairy—the poet himself is free, and all we have to do is to stand at his point of view, and look accordingly.

Now, my dear sir, pray do not throw open your big Hugo in two volumes royal octavo, to compare the passage. Take it for granted that I give you the spirit of that great writer—(aye, "*great*," I repeat it; and a *fico* for the venom which a host of twaddlers delight to spit at his name)—and don't trouble yourself about the words—for if you do, you'll find lines hopped over, and sentences cut, and give yourself unnecessary trouble, and do me no honour.

But the spirit, my boy—the spirit; that's the thing! If people had but considered that the *how*, rather than the *what*, constituted the poet, what a world of discussion would have been saved! How often are we edified with queries whether Pope was or was not a poet, I would answer most distinctly that he was—while admiring poems of as opposite a character to those of the Twickenham bard—as a hill of the termites is to a loaf of refined sugar. Pope seized on the poetical side of the civilized life of his period, as friend Freiligrath has caught the poetical aspect of savage Asia. Poetry is no conventional language of a period or a spot—to discourse of the events of confined localities, or a few chosen *lustra*—her sway is extended over the universe; and her subjects are as infinite in number as herself is universal.

Some wiseacres had annoyed Hugo about his choice of subjects; and some kindred souls had, it seems, plagued poor Freiligrath, because he alway sung of the east, and could never find a stray stanza in honour of his native land. He felt the reproach, and wrote a poem by way of answer. I won't describe—description would be as long as the poem itself, and not near so good. Therefore, here you have it:—

MEINE STOFFE.	MY SUBJECTS.
Ihr sagt: "Was drückst du wiederum Den Turban auf die schwarzen Haare? Was hängst du wieder ernst und stumm, Im weidnen Korb am Dromedare?	You ask me: "Why dost thou again press the Turban on thy black hair? Why dost thou again hang serious and silent in thy willow basket on the Dromedary?
Du hast so manchmal schon dein Zelt In Ammon's Flächen aufgeschlagen, Dass es uns länger nicht gefällt, Dir seine Pfähle nachzutragen.	Already thou hast so often pitched thy tent on Ammon's plains, that we feel pleasure no longer in carrying the posts after thee.

Digitized by Google

Du wandelst, wie ein Mann, der träumt!
Sieh', weh'nder Sand füllt deinen Köcher;
Der Taumelmohn des Ostens schäumt
In deines Liedes güldnem Becher!

Thou wanderest like a man that dreams,
—see, thy quiver is filled by the waving sand,—the drowsy poppy of the east foams in the golden cup of thy song.

O, geuss ihn aus! Dann aber späh'
Und lechz' umher mit regen Sinnen,
Ob keine Bronnen in der Näh',
Daraus du schöpfen mögest, rinnen!

Oh, pour it out! Then spy, look around with eager sense,—see whether no springs are flowing near, from which thou might'st draw!

Sei wach den Stimmen deiner Zeit!
Horch auf in deines Volkes Grenzen!
Die eigne Lust, das eigne Leid
Woll' uns in deinem Kelch kredenzen!

Be awake to the voices of thy own time, —listen to what presses within the limits of thy own nation. Thy own joy, thy own sorrow, pledge us in thy cup.

Lass tönend deiner Zähren Nass
An die metall'ne Wölbung klopfen,
Und über ihr verbluten lass
Dein Herz sich bis zum letzten Tropfen.

Let the moisture of thy tears fall sounding on the metal concave, and over it let thy heart bleed away even to the last drop.

Wovon dein Kelch auch schäumt mit Gier
Woll'n seine Gaben wir empfangen!
Mit durst'gen Lippen wollen wir
An seinen blut'gen Ränden hangen!

With whatever thy cup may eagerly flow, we will receive its gifts! With thirsty lips we will hang to its bloody rim!

Nur heute noch den Orient
Vertausche mit des Abends Landen;
Die Sonne sticht, die Wüste brennt!
Oh, lasse nicht dein Lied versanden!"

Only to-day change the east for the lands of the west; the sun pierces, the west burns! O let not thy song be covered with sand!"

O, könnt' ich folgen eurem Rath!
Doch düster durch versengte Halme
Wall' ich der Wüste dürren Pfad;
Wächst in der Wüste nicht die Palme?

O would I could follow your counsel! yet gloomily through scorched stems I wander along the dry path of the desert. But does not the palm grow even in the desert?

I could quote you another poem "On a fresh-painted Picture, which reflected the Author's Face,"—and which, moreover, made him reflect on himself; for the picture representing a storm, he fancied himself the spirit of that storm. But Freiligrath does not often sing about himself. Indeed that's his great point; though his world is his own, and the subjects of his song, his "*Stoffe*," are such as he never actually met, he rarely treats us with his own feelings, but is objective in the extreme. But is there not a melancholy in the last song—a gloomy consciousness of the poet that he is a mere nothing out of his own path—a sad acknowledgment that the circle which surrounds him cannot awaken his sympathies, but that his heart is in the desert? And those who have seen him describe him as quiet in his discourse, and presenting no remarkable appearance, rather seeming oppressed by the circle around him. He is, as it were, driven into himself; and lives in the silent contemplation of his own fantasies.

I feel I have not done justice to this extraordinary young man. I feel that, to those who may have read his works, my selection of extracts will seem arbitrary. But one must select something—and where much is excellent, much good must be omitted. Have I given you an idea—even a faint one—of an author hitherto unknown here? If not, have I awakened a curiosity to read him? For have I even done this, I feel my labour has not been thrown away.

JOHN OXENFORD.

Digitized by Google

QUAKERISM AND QUAKERS.

HURRAH for our friends the Quakers! Friends, you delight to be ycleped, and by the manes of Fox and Barclay you shall share the privileges of friendship. I am going to sketch you *con amore* artist-fashion. I shall depict the breadth of your brims, the sleekness of your cheeks, the cut of your coats, &c. But all shall be done in the best natured manner in the world; I will endeavour to view you through the drab-coloured medium of Mr. Clarkson's "Portraiture of Quakerism"—what more can you desire? You shall be exhibited, but not shown up. You shall trace your exact physes, with the precise elongation of jaw that is the badge of all your tribe. I will "nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice." The *laus et vituperium*, the vermilion and Indian ink, the flattery and sarcasm, shall be most impartially intermingled. I will be as careful in selecting and sorting your ingredients as a Cornish cook in manufacturing a squab pie—the component elements of pepper, onions, apples, mutton, &c. shall be regulated with a degree of equity that might astonish the Chancellor himself. This is the more indispensable as too many of your eulogisers have made you absolutely isangelic, or equal to the angels, bating the difference between wings and no wings—while others, rogueish wags that they were, have accused you of being egregious Cantwells, magicians, imps of the black prince, and other unutterable abominations. Such detractors of innocent simplicity deserve to suffer purgatory, at least, if not to go further, and fare worse.

Hurrah for the Quakers! Where shall we begin this magnificent and unparalleled critique. "Faith, I'll begin at the beginning," as the Irishman said when he ringed his pig. I don't half like the plan of the epic poets, who plunge heads and tails in *medias res*. Grave historians, like myself, scorn to follow such extravagant vagaries.

To begin, then, with the beginning. Where shall we look for the beginning of the Quakers? By the powers, I don't know; and not knowing, can't say. I don't give much credit to those who trace them up to the angels, and the loves of the angels, or even to the *angelici* and *angelitæ*. This implies a degree of poetic sublimation to which all Quakers plead not guilty.

They appear historically to have been more akin to the spiritualists and mystics that have prevailed, time immemorial, in the Jewish and Christian churches. It is, I conceive, in the history of the mystics, during all ages, that we discover the true rise and progress of Quakerism.

It may be asserted that the spiritual or mystical divinity, so patronised by Philo, Origen, Pseudo Dionysius, Erigena, and their followers, was always the highest and most orthodox of religious doctrines in the church. This is true enough; yet it cannot be denied that the mystical divinity extended itself in impurer manifestations through several sects, that were considered as very low in eccle-

Digitized by Google

siastical precedence, and decidedly heterodox in many of their tenets and practices.

A very large portion of these spiritualists, or mystics, assumed various names of Theosophists, Paulicians, Catharists, &c., and connected themselves with the secret societies of Freemasonic initiation that had come down from remote antiquity. In this great systems of initiations, subsisting under diverse name and forms, they extended all over Europe as early as the tenth century. Those who wish to see an exhibition of the views and operations of these theosophic societies, may read Rosetti's admirable work on the "Rise and Progress of the Antipapal Spirit previous to the Reformation." In fact, by various processes, direct and indirect, the theosophists helped on the reformations of all churches and states to which their influence penetrated.

Let it not seem an unfair presumption, when we thus exhibit the mystics, as at once the highest and the most multiform of religious sects—in truth they have ever been so. Agreeing in a certain grand principle of spiritualism, the mystics have, to do them justice, taken loftier and larger views of things than any of the scholastic or formalistic sects. Mysticism possesses something of the genius of Proteus: being a thing essentially divine, it can change and variegate its forms to infinity:—

> For by the attribute of Deity,
> Which it has won from heaven, self-multiplied;
> The complex one appears on every side,
> At the same indivisible point of time.

If mysticism, therefore, has existed among the Origenists, in that sublime and celestial orthodoxy which has placed their names at the summit of theological science,—Mysticism, likewise, has evolved its subtle emanations among many inferior and semi-ridiculous sects that have sprung up along the course of time. In this subordinate class of mystics we may place the Familists, Anabaptists, the Camisars, Quietists, Behmenites, Swedenborgians, Labadists, Guionists, Irvingites, &c. &c.

Such appears to me to be the great order of mystics in which the Quakers are to be collocated. These mystics, while on the whole they rank as ecclesiastical sects, will be found in all times, to have been closely connected with the theosophical and free-masonic lodges of initiation, both in their doctrine and their discipline. We shall have plenty of opportunities of proving this, with relation to the Quakers. Little as they may be inclined to acknowledge the fact, they will be found to resemble the initiates of theosophy, the Rosicrucians, and Illuminati, who have become a proverb among nations.

Jacob Behmen, and the Behmenites, who flourished to an amazing extent in Germany and France during the 16th century, have generally been considered as the immediate precursors of those English mystics entitled Quakers. Behmen was, in the opinion of all who have studied his works, a man of high spirituality and strong original genius. His mind was of that heaven-scaling and

Digitized by Google

earth-defying heroism which dares all things and bears all things, in the search of wisdom. By the stern contentions of faith and prayer, by the struggling energies of unflinching reason, and the logical analysis of a few theosophic books, he attained many of the loftiest visions of truth, and compiled a system of transcendentalism more brilliant than any which had appeared for ages. He was one of the few cobblers who have proved themselves capable of judging above the last. From his dingy stall and work-shop issued the aurora of a theosophic doctrine which set Europe in a blaze. None but those who are personally acquainted with the works of Behmen, and the history of the Behmenites, can justly estimate the influence his doctrine has had on the world. It was not without some reason that such men as Poiret, Fenelon, Ramsay, and Law have eulogised this extraordinary man. It is astonishing to me that his solitary genius should have worked out so many philosophemes, resplendent as those of the Cabalists, the Brahmins, and the Pythagoreans, whom he had never read. It is a proof, if any were wanted, of the essential unity and sympathy of true genius in all times and nations. What would not Behmen have executed had he enjoyed the learning of Mirandola, Reuchlin, and Agrippa. How many of his ideas that now loom large in the mist of rhapsody, shadowy and obscure, yet vast and astounding as the ghosts of the mighty dead, would then have worn the keen edge and refulgent configuration of positive science. But, in spite of his disadvantages, Behmen is the Plato of Germany; and to him her greatest philosophers, and especially the Kantists, owe the brightest of their theories.

Such was Behmen. His life, example, and writings, I have no doubt whatever, had an extensive share in forming the disposition of George Fox, the father of the Quakers. I wish not here to draw an extensive parallel between the characters of Behmen and Fox; but it might easily be done—so many saliant points of analogy and contrast do their biographies present.

The leading facts of Fox's life are thus briefly stated by Watkins: "George Fox, father of the Quakers, was born at Drayton, in Leicestershire, in 1624. He was apprenticed to a grazier, who employed him in keeping sheep; a situation very favorable to a mind naturally enthusiastic. After experiencing much trouble, he resolved to forsake all forms of religion, and to attend to the teaching of the Spirit. He next felt himself called on to propagate his opinions; and, accordingly, commenced preacher at Manchester, insisting on the necessity of receiving Christ in the heart, and of avoiding all ceremonies in religion. At Derby his adherents were called Quakers, on account of the trembling accent used in their exhortations, and, perhaps, from the vehemence of their gestures. About 1669, Fox married Margaret, the widow of Judge Fell, one of his converts in Lancashire; after which he went to America, and on his return, visited the continent. He lived to see his society in a flourishing condition, and died in 1690. His journals and tracts were printed in folio, in 1706."—(*Life by Clarkson.*)

The mind of Fox had not the same degree of spiritualism, or genius, which distinguished his German predecessor. It possessed,

Digitized by Google

however, enough of both to urge him into celebrity. He had the wit to discover that enthusiasm was the secret of influence and power; he therefore courted it as vigorously as his antagonists scouted it, and it energised him to attempt and achieve those victories of sectarian ambition which seemed at first altogether beyond his compass. This is not the place to relate the curious details of his itinerant life, his adventures, and successes, but they will well reward the perusal of the literary curioso.

One of Fox's tenets was that of his own *inspiration*. He believed that inspiration was by no means confined to the writers of the Bible; but he maintained that it was the common property of all saints, in successive degrees of quantity. While he supposed the inspired writers to enjoy the gifts of inspiration in full measure, he conceived that even the meanest pietist participated in the blessing and the promise, however insignificant his share might be.

When a man fairly persuades himself that he is thus inspired, he will necessarily assume a position in society otherwise inaccessible. He will proceed with a resolution, and speak with a decisiveness which are sure to advance his cause, however preposterous. The enthusiasm of Fox spread like wild-fire among a certain order of minds, with which he entered *en rapport*. The fascination of his zeal past with the rapidity of lightning to all spirits of the same fiery temperament, which were predisposed to catch the infection—and the number of such spirits, in those times of hot-headed puritanity, was by no means inconsiderable.

But if Fox had a great zeal towards God, it was not according to knowledge. Neither his talents nor opportunities enabled him to bestow anything like scientific investigation on the great master-science of theology. He attempted, by a capricious flight of imagination, to reach an altitude in the mountain of truth only attainable by patient labour. The consequence was, that the doctrine of Fox and the Quakers presented an extraordinary jumble, an undefinable mingle-mangle of noble verities and ridiculous errors. The sublimest spiritualities, and the most grotesque formalisms were tossed higglety pigglety into the sack, and then extracted promiscuously for the admiration of the world.

One thing is particularly observable with relation to Fox and his followers: I mean the blending of enthusiasm with calmness. I have observed in many of the mystics, especially in the Swedenborgians and the Irvingites, the same phenomenon, not to call it anomaly. As if they mistrusted the vehemence of their internal impulses, they have kept them as much as possible incarcerated in their bosoms; and, as if to atone for certain indiscreet and disastrous outbursts of phantasy and passion, they have laid them under the heaviest fetters of discipline. I have known cases wherein individuals of this class have thus waged a dreadful and exterminating war within, when the calmness of the eye, and the paleness of the cheek, and the indifference of the manner, completely deceived a spectator. It is by this habit of self-restraint, that Quakers and Quietists appear to possess such supernatural suavity and placidity. And it is by this habit that men whose enthusiasm is often too in-

Digitized by Google

tense for words, will go through all the minutiæ of secular business, and make ample fortunes, under a veil of impenetrable mystery. I am not sure, however, whether this peculiar and unnatural self-discipline does not tend to promote a morbid idiosyncrasy, if not something worse. Certainly the returns of the asylums for mental imbecility strike a large average against the Quakers. This, however, may partly arise from other causes, such as their marrying in and in, &c.

There is one grand doctrine in the Bible, as held by the orthodox Church, which the Quakers never seem to have apprehended—I allude to the revealed association and harmony subsisting between spirit and matter and form. Scripture represents Deity himself as Spirit, comprehending the germinal principle of what we call matter and form—as the all in all—the protoplast of all existences, the first-born of every creature. It represents all spirits as associated with some degrees of matter, and all matters as associated with some degrees of spirit; it sets forth the universe as a whole, a macrocosm of microcosms—a sympathy of sympathies. In accordance with this doctrine, it assures us that man is a compound being, composed of soul and body, answering the two grand spheres of metaphysics and physics. It assures us that to live justly, we must preserve a proper harmony with both these spheres; and as the future hope of immortality, it sets before us the period when both parts of our nature shall receive a celestial renovation; when, not only the resurrection of the spirit, but a resurrection of the body may be anticipated. Such is the catholicity of Scripture—such is the harmony of creation. One benignant Providence extends an equal loving-kindness to spirit, matter, and form. But what God hath joined together, vain man hath striven to put asunder. Hence, in all ages, the sectarian disputes between spiritualists, materialists, and formalists, each forgetting the canon of catholicity, and arguing exclusively, partially, and one-sidedly. I should not have brought this consideration forward at present, had not this doctrine been the very crux and stumbling-block of the Quakers, time immemorial. In their zeal for spiritualities, they forgot the proprieties of form. These ought they to have done, and not left the other undone; for, as man is a compound being, the forms and ceremonials of right discipline, enjoined by the apostles and the fathers, rise into a serious and eternal importance; and the inevitable consequence of neglecting or despising them is to mutilate, halve and quarter our being, in violation of the whole symmetry of nature.

Here lies the primary hallucination, which is the source of all the errors of Quakerism. The disciples of Fox and Barclay have lost the art of harmonising those spiritual, moral, historical, and literal senses of Scripture, which are all of them true, and each of them indispensable. The grand secret of biblical hermeneutics among orthodox expositors, consists in this system of universal harmony. The clear current of their interpretation involves and evolves all the elements of revelation, without exaggerating or violating any. In Quakerism, on the other hand, the partial theory of spiritual and mystical exposition is carried so far that the literal, the practical,

Digitized by Google

and the formal are completely overlaid. Far from reconciling every count in the divine document, *ut res magis valeat quam pereat*, they exclude all the intendments but those which correspond with their sectarian idiosyncrasy. Hence, while boasting of inward particular revelations, they have often done violence to the catholic signification of Scripture; and by preposterously attempting to soar beyond it, have fallen infinitely below it. Hence has arisen a degree of practical neglect as to the reading of God's Word, with that prayerfulness, attentiveness, and humility which it so frequently enjoins; and hence the proclivity of many of them into those heresies which have been so deeply lamented by their ablest instructors.

By their eccentricities and tortuosities, the Quakers have at different times greatly excited the spleen of more orthodox writers. Among their severer flagellators we may cite Alexander Ross. This Rosicrucian professor was highly popular in his day, and contributed in no small degree to reform the system of occult sciences. Butler, in his "Hudibras," says of his hero—

> "He was an ancient sage philosopher,
> Who had read Alexander Ross over."

A still higher compliment was paid him by Henry Oxenden, of Barham, in the following quaint effusion, prefixed to the "Mystagogus Poeticus:"

> "Great Alexander conquered only men,
> With swords and cruel weapons used then;
> But thou the monsters which Parnassus hill
> Brought forth, hast vanquished only with thy quill.
> He in his conquests sometimes suffered loss;
> Thou none, my friend, great Alexander Ross."

It is to amuse your curiosity, most benignant reader, that we will here quote Alexander's opinion of the Quakers, or as some people name them, "Shakers," extracted from the "Pansebeia," published two centuries ago:—"These fanatical spirits," says Ross, "are called Quakers, because they use to quake and tremble when they prophesy. So did the heathen soothsayers of old, *non vultus, non color unus; non comptæ mansere comæ, sed pectus anhelum et rabie fera corda tument.* But the spirit of God is a spirit of peace, quietness, and tranquillity; he is not in fire, earthquakes, whirlwinds, but in the soft and still voice. It is not the quaking of the body, but humility of mind that he requires. These sectaries deny all ministerial ordinances and knowledge got by study and industry, pretending an inward light from the Spirit, and that all our learning got by preaching, hearing, reading, or catechising, is but notional and carnal, hanging on the tree of knowledge. They blasphemously prate, also, that Christ had his failings, and that he distrusted God on the cross, when he cried, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' by which they overthrow the work of our redemption, which none could perform but he that knew no sin, in whose lips was found no guile, whom his enemies could not accuse of sin. They will not have ministers to preach for tithes, which they call wages; and yet our Saviour saith that the labourer is worthy of his wages; and the Apostle,

Digitized by Google

that they who serve the altar should live by the altar; and if they communicate of their spiritual things why should they not participate in the people's temporal things. They will not have particular houses for preaching or prayer; and yet among the Jews were the temples and synagogues; and after Christianity were settled, churches were erected. They cannot abide studied or methodical sermons, nor expounding, nor learning in matters of divinity; by which we see how ignorant these people are who despise such helps as God hath given for propagating the gospel. Is it not better to study and premeditate than to utter *quicquid in buccam venerit* undigested unmethodical trash? Christ and his apostles expounded and opened the Scriptures, and yet these men reject expounding. These men are also against singing of psalms; a duty practised by Christ, and urged by St. Paul and St. James. They reject infant baptism; and yet to infants belongs the kingdom of heaven. They will have no set days for divine worship; and, consequently, the Lord's-day must be of no account with them. They will have no prayer before and after sermon; and yet the apostles joined prayer with their doctrine and breaking of bread: neither did they undertake any weighty business without prayer. They condemn set hours of prayers; and yet we read in the Acts of the Apostles that the third and ninth hours were set apart for prayers. By these wild fancies we may see how cross-grained these people are in contradicting every thing, even God's word itself if it be not consonant to their shallow reason, which they call the Spirit; but it is indeed the spirit of giddiness with which they are troubled, and trouble others. For the rejecting of all outward forms and decent ceremonies in religion, is the overthrow of religion itself; which, though it consist not in ceremonies, yet without them is like a man stript naked of his garments; and so, for want of them, exposed to all the injuries of weather, and danger of death. The leaves of the tree are not the fruit thereof; yet, without them, the fruit will not prosper." So much for Alexander Ross's animadversions upon the Quakers.

We shall now endeavour to sketch off a few of their leading tenets a little more accurately. As far as we understand their conception of Deity, they appear to be pretty orthodox: they suppose that one eternal God was manifested in three *developements* or expansions. According to Barclay, they own a distinction in the Godhead, between the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, but except against the word person, as too gross to express it. Of the second person of the Trinity, Barclay says, "having been with God from all eternity, being himself God, and also in time partaking of the nature of man, through him is the goodness and love of God conveyed to mankind, and by him again man receiveth and partaketh of these mercies." As to the distinct operations and inspirations of the Spirit, the Quakers maintain a higher degree of orthodoxy than Christians in general (see Wyeth's "Switch for the Snake").

It cannot be denied, however, that well-known Quaker writers, like Penn, have stated these doctrines very indistinctly, especially in regard to the atonement and sacrifice of Christ, and have thus betrayed a great number of Quakers, especially in America, into

Digitized by Google

the dangerous errors of Socinianism. The truth of this fact is evident from the multitudinous publications which have appeared on the charge, pro and con.

A very pervading theory of *theocratic government*, both ecclesiastical and civil, runs through the system of Quakerism. The Quakers seem to have supposed that God and Christ were the true essential rulers, and that it was their authority alone which armed patriarchs and kings with just domination. The number of theocratists during the dynasty of the Stuarts was very considerable. They maintained that Christ was the true king of kings, and that all earthly kings were merely his temporary vicegerents. Thus Milton, who was one of these Theocrats, or Millennarians, alluding to our Saviour's advent, exclaims, "When thou, the eternal and shortly-expected King, shalt open the clouds of heaven and extend thy universal and mild monarchy over the entire world!" Goodwyn and others entered largely into the same views. Some of these Theocratists or Millennarians, however, took a most disastrous bias to democracy and radicalism. Under the name of Fifth Monarchy men, using the scriptural doctrine of fifth or universal monarchy under Christ, as a cloak of malice, they sought to upset all governments, whether that of the king or the protector. These rascals were smitten hip and thigh, as they richly deserved to be, and thus ceased to disturb society.

The theocratic Quakers played their cards with more skill. Though they especially insisted on the texts "It is better to obey God rather than man," and "Call no man on earth Master," yet, partly by discreet flattery, and partly by practical services, they managed to win the good graces of the kings under terms of extraordinary familiarity. They were considered as innocent enthusiasts, likely to do mischief in the state, and their rights of conscience were respected beyond those of any other sect in the country. The favour of the Stuarts was especially extended to Penn and the American colonists of his persuasion; for what mischief could be apprehended from a party, one of whose tenets was submission to injury and renunciation of self-defence. All of them had not, however, the same Christian piety, or the same political prudence. Some went to excesses of democratism, of which even the anabaptists and Fifth-Monarchy-men were innocent. We cannot wonder, therefore, that such individuals were treated with much severity, both in Europe and America; many were imprisoned and some even executed. The history of James Naylor and his associates affords a striking commentary on these remarks.

"No persecution (says the *Christian Reformer*) has fallen more heavily in modern times on the people, than that endured by the Society of Friends. Their sufferings lasted 30 years, and the simple matter-of-fact relation of them fills two large folio volumes of more than 1400 closely printed pages. In the prisons, which were pestilential dungeons of which we can now hardly credit the description, were confined at one time 4200 Quakers. The majority of the first preachers of Quakerism died in prison. According to Besse, the historian, the total number of Friends that perished in

Digitized by Google

prison during this period was 396. Their meeting-houses were frequently pulled down and the materials sold. Throughout the severe winter of 1688 this steadfast people collected in the streets to worship in spite of all pains and penalties. The dead were disinterred from their graves; women and children were dragged by the hair along the streets; some were pricked with needles and bodkins, and others were sold to the sugar plantations; meanwhile their property was at the mercy of constables and informers, who wrenched open the doors with sledge hammers and screws, and carried off everything. There was levied at one time on the Friends of Bristol, for fines, £16,400, and from a careful examination of the records of the society, it clearly appears that property was taken or destroyed at that period to the amount of upwards of one million sterling.

This state of persecution, more or less fierce, lasted until William Penn opened an asylum for his friends in Pennsylvania. James the Second permitted the Friends to substitute an affirmation for oaths, and the passing of the Toleration Act of William the Third increased their privileges.

On the whole, it will be found that the Quakers are mainly right in spiritual doctrines; but that they have continually sacrificed the spirit to the form and the form to the spirit, and thus introduced the strangest contradictions to be found in the history of sects.

First and foremost, their doctrine of private inspiration and immediate revelation seems to be just in a considerable measure, and it is borne out by the weightiest authority of the fathers. This kind of enthusiasm and Divine afflatus the mystics have always cherished, and it does them great honour. In many of their views on this subject they are amply confirmed by a remarkable work, entitled, "The General Delusion of Christians, touching the ways of God revealing himself," &c., published 1713, and republished last year by Seeley. It is confirmed likewise by Boys's "Proofs of the Miraculous Faith and Experience of the Church of Christ in all Ages;" and by a multitude of books of the same character.

The Quakers, however, carry this doctrine too far. If, according to their own shewing, there may be all degrees of inspiration from the highest to the lowest, they are bound, in common decency, to suppose that the inspiration of the apostles was infinitely superior to their own. Consequently, as Mr. Relley has observed, in his "Trial of Spirits," they should hold their own inspirations in complete subjection to those mightier ones which animated the inspired writers properly so called. If this were done no mischief could occur, but by forgetting this wholesome gradation and subordination —forgetting likewise that the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets—they not only incur the reproaches that St. Paul pronounced against certain energumens in his own day, but too often presume to set their minuter inspirations in a kind of antagonism to those of the Evangelists and the Fathers.

But with all its defects, the doctrine of the Quakers on this topic is far more orthodox than that prevalent in the Papistical and Protestant churches in general; which, in their eagerness to avoid

Digitized by Google

the enthusiasm without which a church is but a *caput mortuum*, have fallen into that unspiritual materialism, so generally abominated and lamented.

A still higher and nobler doctrine, steadfastly maintained by the mystics in general, and especially the Quakers, is the universality of God's grace and Christ's redemption, or, to use their own term, "The doctrine of universal saving Light." They believe that Christ is literally the true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. They believe that his secret inspirations have, in all ages and nations, enlightened men's consciences, by infusing just ideas respecting a God and a Mediator. Not Justin Martyr, Origen, or any of the great fathers of the three first centuries, can be more orthodox than the Quakers in this respect. They cherish nearly the same benevolent view of God their Saviour and human destinies in general, as that maintained by the Universalists. For this we commend the Quakers with the warmest eulogy. They have, in all times, stood manfully against that Manichean heresy, which, having tinctured the spirit of Augustin, extended from his pages to the Thomists, the Jansenists, and the Calvinists; men whose individual worth I estimate right generously, but whose peculiar dogmas I hold to be most grossly heterodox and mischievous.

But while these sublime speculations respecting the internal divinity, the inward Christ, the inward illumination, and similar theories, give the Quakers a certain advantage, they appear very absurdly to forfeit that advantage by running counter to the whole system of rights, ceremonies, forms, and ordinances, received by the great body of the church. Thus the inward light, which should be a divine lustre to irradiate every external propriety of form, becomes in them a burning fire which consumes and exterminates the visible machinery of our faith. Now, I trust that I soar as high as any Quaker under the sun, in the august and resplendent spiritualism which envelopes the throne of the Invisible; but this is no reason why I should venture on the thrice hazardous experiment of abrogating the ceremonials of christianity. If to take away from the words of the Apocalypse be so perilous, doth not he incur a yet deadlier denunciation, who, in the pride and vanity of ignorance, blots out the hierarchical and sacramental institutions of the Church? It appears to me no trifling misprision thus, in the insolence of private judgement, to give the lie to those august rites and ceremonies consecrated and hallowed by the Catholic and all embracing ecclesia. For aught we know, to man, as a compound being, composed of soul and body, formal ordinances may be of very great importance, as the established initiations by which his physical nature is matriculated in the physical universe.

But so it is. Cherishing a religious democratism beyond all precedent, and relying on a species of inspiration which levels all distinctions, they have upset the ecclesiastical orders in the Church, confounded the priorities of age, sex, rank, and learning, and abolished all the established formalities of worship, as painful excrescences and incumbrances.

I have said that Quakerism, for the causes above mentioned,

Digitized by Google

exhibits the most extraordinary jumble of contradictions in the history of sects. The early Friends, like true democrats, at once the proudest and most subservient of men, threw their discordant opinions and desires into the lottery of committeeships; and by the accident of an accident, they came out again in the form of prizes and blanks. What could be expected from this chaos, this chance-medley, this pell-mell of propositions? Exactly the result we find: a systematic antithesis, a disorder regularly organised. Here, for instance, we find them insisting on the most literal observance of individual texts, at the desperate expense of the context; as in the case of their objection to oaths, and the right of self-defence. A little further on we find they have turned to the right-about, and claim an unlimited privilege of spiritual interpretation; in which, by a single Jack-the-Giant-killing blow, they annihilate the express injunctions of sacramental forms, and the entire discipline of Christian ministers. In this way they readily dispose of St. Paul, who prohibits men from wearing hats in churches, and women from speaking therein. They accordingly enlarge St. Paul's meaning till it signifies directly the reverse in its application to themselves. In short, their exposition resembles the famous parasol in the Arabian Nights; you may now wrap it up in the palm of your hand, and a moment afterwards shelter an entire army under its refreshing shade!

This hotch-potism, this contradictionism, pervades the whole machinery of Quakerhood. The Quakers, with all their personal merits, which no man values more highly than myself, are the very automata of antagonism; and you must understand them by the same rule as Rory O'More's dreams—the rule of contraries. At once the most liberal and the most contracted, the most generous and the most secular, the most simple and the most complicated, the most downright and the most finessing, the most humble and the most conceited of men, how shall I define them? Cherishing the deep rhapsodies of imagination, poetry, music, and the fine arts, which they pretend to despise; fostering the luxurious appetites amid the seeming mortifications of the Catharists and Quietists; and pampering the pride of life under the *simplex munditiis*, sobrieties of drab, they absolutely defy all human powers of delineation.

In past periods, when the inward light burned with intenser radiance, the Quakers worked hard to make proselytes, and succeeded to admiration. In the first flushings of their devout enthusiasm, they captivated a multitude of zealous disciples, who spread their doctrines far and wide. Of late years, since they have become rich, they seem less anxious to send abroad missionaries, or increase their proselytes; yet many of them are extremely generous to the missionary societies of other Christian churches; and they take a warm interest in the promotion of all truly philanthropical designs. Yes, to the eternal honour of the Quakers be it spoken, that their religion, so far as it goes, is the religion of practical philanthropy—the religion of Him who went about doing good. Their unremitting exertions in promoting the cause of peace, eman-

Digitized by Google

cipation, temporance, and industry, entitle them to our veneration and our love. They have not disdained to visit outcasts and prisoners that have been forsaken by other sects; they relieve the fatherless and widows in affliction, and extend the most liberal charity to the necessities of the poor and needy.

Such is the charm of well-assorted contrasts, that I have known the ripe maturity of piety, wisdom, and virtue rather adorned than impaired by their studied plainness of externals. I have known the loftiest philosophy, and keenest science of the age, rendered more brilliant and fascinating by their heroic contempt of the fashion. I have known the loveliest lips in the country made still more seducing by their resolute defiance of Lindley Murray, and the grammarians.

The Quakers, in the earlier periods of their rise and progress, were, as before stated, intimately associated with the theosophic lodges of initiation, at that time so widely diffused. So much was this the case, that I have sometimes hesitated whether to consider them most as mystics or most as theosophists. Their scheme of spiritualism, their theory of illuminatism, and several of their peculiar formalities, would lead us to suppose a stronger degree of fellowship with the lodges of initiation than any noticed by their professed historians. If they possess less of ecclesiastical formalities than Christians in general, they certainly observe more of the formalities of theosophic lodges than any men I know who have not been expressly initiated. Hence, while deriding forms, the Quakers are, in many respects, as conspicuously formalists as the Rosicrucians themselves.

During the high and palmy days of Quakerism, when its professors were boasting the brightest gifts of inspiration, prophecy, and thaumaturgy, and compassed sea and land to make proselytes, who flocked in multitudes to their standards, this idea of the theosophic character of Quakerism was very prevalent. There are several books, published at that period, which affect to consider them as theosophists and freemasons, connected with the lodges of initiation, adepts in the occult arts and sciences. We find this idea elaborated in a book published in 1656, entitled "Witchcraft Cast Out; or, the Black Art discovered in the name of Quakers." It prevails, likewise, in the writings of Keith, who having been a Quaker, was displeased with the order, and became a clergyman of the English Church. An extraordinary book of Keith's composition lies before me, dated 1700; I will transcribe the title page:—"*The Magic of Quakerism*; or, the Chief Mysteries of Quakerism laid open." To which are added a preface and postscript, relating to the Camisars, in answer to Mr. Lacy's preface to the "Cry from the Desert." Keith, after drawing some distinctions between the spirit of Christianity and that of Quakerism, enters on two chapters treating on these points verbatim, "Of the Quakers' pretended spiritual discerning of what they call the power, life, and spirit, both in themselves and others,—that it is not divine, but natural and animal at most.—How this power is excited, and conveyed from them to others, by some natural magic fascination, or magnetism,

Digitized by Google

whereby they proselyte many to their way.—That the said natural magic fascination, or magnetism, is by the emission, or efflux of certain animal subtle effluviums, by the force of exalted imagination, and strong passions of love, joy, &c.—How the effluvia that comes from strong hatred and malice are poisonous and deadly.—What the most effectual antidote is against such.—Quotations from learned authors, that confirm the emission of such spirits," &c.

Keith's book is one of the many examples that may be brought forward of the early recognition of the system of animal magnetism, now called Mesmerism, with which theosophists have been acquainted time immemorial. The veritable existence and operation of this mysterious element, under certain conditions, we fully believe from our own experience—which, when we please, we can impress on others. But the best joke is Keith's supposition that the Quakers, as a body, are Mesmerists, and make their proselytes and converts by animal magnetism.

There is perhaps no religious sect, excepting the Jews, so *self-absorbed* as the Quakers. In one sense they are eminently exclusive; they almost idolize their own clique and party, and seek little fellowship and no amalgamation with those who are without their pale. Thus the Quakers, being especially fond of marrying in and in, and being withal considerably prolific, have established about a dozen grand clans or tribes throughout the world. These form, in fact, one huge family, the branches of which are all related and connected. The names of these tribes are sufficiently well known; for instance, the Foxes, the Barclays, the Reynoldses, the Prideauxes, the Frys, the Gurneys, &c. &c.

In politics the Quakers do far more good than harm. They do what they can to promote peace, which is the primary condition of all national prosperity; and they advance the various interests of political economy, in a method that must be eminently satisfactory to the ghost of Adam Smith. If some of their political tenets smell of the republicanism of the age that brought them forth—their saving doctrine of submission to the powers that be, deprives them of their sting. On the whole, they lead "quiet and peaceable lives in all godliness and honesty," and meddle not with those that are given to change. Though the children of light are not so wise in their generation as the children of the world, the Quakers so far manage to unite the innocence of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent as fairly to overreach Messrs. Mammon and Co., and get wealth without losing reputation. They are eminently kind to their own poor; and though they may deal with them rather reprimandingly on account of their imprudence, they manage to keep them from the scandal of mendicity. Would that all sects would do the same by their poorer members.

In mental cultivation, the Quakers of old times have been much surpassed by those of more recent date. Among our contemporaries we can mention several, still associated with this sect, who decidedly excel in the different sciences and professions to which they have addicted themselves.

Nothing can be more evident to the cool spectator, than the fact

Digitized by Google

that the Quakers are an improving sect. The old school of formalising prigs is gradually opening and expanding into a society of Christian gentlemen and ladies, worthy of the name. Retaining the better ingredients of Quakerism, its spirituality, its equanimity, and self-discipline, they are throwing off the corrupted skin of puritanism, coarseness, and vulgarity. Their intelligence and sentiment are awakening to all that is sublime and beautiful in literature, poetry, and the fine arts. They have caught a glimpse of the resplendent series of developments of which human nature is susceptible, and they are dropping the puny prejudices and eccentricities that have so long disguised their real merits. The time is rapidly approaching when the last traces of narrow-mindedness, cant, and humbug, will be left off with the foppery of their habiliments and the slang of their language.

We have throughout these remarks endeavoured to do the Quakers real justice. He who takes his stand as a veritable Catholic, high and dry above all sects and parties, can afford to treat them with generosity, or, at least, with impartiality. He can praise their excellences without flattery, and censure their defects without malice. We delight to behold the gradual progress of that literary fairness, which especially characterises those who advocate truth rather than sectarianism. We rejoice that the age is gone by when the adversaries of Quakerism could publish books under titles of aspersion and opprobrium. To what extent this detestable abusiveness has prevailed with regard to the subject of our sketch, is too plainly evident from such books as the following:—John Deacon's "Public Discovery of the Secret Deceits of the Quakers," 1654; Weld's "Perfect Pharisee under Monkish Holiness; against the Blasphemous Delusions of the Quakers," 1654; Lupton's "Quaking Mountebank; or, Jesuit turned Quaker," 1655; Clapham's "Full Discovery and Confutation of the Wicked and Damnable Doctrines of the Quakers," 1656; Faldo's "Quakerism no Christianity;" Brown's "Quakerism the Pathway to Paganism; in Answer to Barclay's 'Apology,'" 1678; Bugg's "Seasonable Caveat against the Prevalence of Quakerism, with Spectacles for the Deluded Quakers;" Bugg's "Mystery of the Little Whore; or, Quakerism Unfolded," 1705. There are many similar works, the titles of which may be found in the *Watts' Bibliotheca Britannica* and the bibliographical dictionaries.

If we were asked to prophesy respecting the future fate and prospects of Quakerism, we should say, that as a system and a sect it will probably grow less and less distinguishable. Already has it lost that high-mantling and exuberant enthusiasm which ensures augmentation. It has renounced the stirring vitality of motive, and the aggressive character of action, which marked its earlier history. Many of its leading members have of late years been drafted off to other sections or regiments of the militant Church on earth. Some have left its conventicles because they conceived them to be heterodox or dull, not sufficiently exciting, or over strict. Some, complaining that Scripture and the doctrines of Scripture were not sufficiently recognised, have started new sects in England

Digitized by Google

and America, either better or worse. As new brooms sweep clean, most of these new sects have been exhibiting surprising energy: heaven only knows whether for good or evil. If they tend to augment the unity of the Church of Christ, they will be entitled to commendation; if they aggravate its deplorable divisions, they will not escape from punishment.

Among the sects that have recently sprung out of Quakerism, we may notice the Crewdsonites, who have appointed Mr Crewdson, author of the *Beacon*, to be a kind of bishop among them. There is another sect rejoicing in the diversified titles of Plymouth Brethren, Newtonites, Hallites, Darbyites, &c. &c. Another race of Yankee Quakers has arisen under the designation of Hicksites, a kind of familists who seem pretty frequently to dispense with Scripture and morality; and a large surplus of them has gradually gone over to the Socinian Rationalists.

ABSENCE.

O ABSENCE paints in brighter hues
  Each scene where once our footsteps strayed!
And through *its* glass the spirit views
  All in a dearer garb arrayed.
We heed not then each trifling stain
  Which *present* to our eyes appeared;
We have no feeling but the pain
  Of separation from th' endeared.

The spot where once our boyhood's age
  Pored o'er the pedant's musty book,
While tears were dropped on learning's page,
  And youthful forms with terror shook;
Ever in absence doth become
  A thing to which affection clings:
Its pains forgot, we miss our home,
  Its trees, its flowers, its pleasant things.

The friend whose counsels (though we loved
  The giver) galled our youth's hot pride,
Let *him* by absence be removed,
  How soon we miss him from our side!
True, he might frown, but ah! it is
  The *friend* we want in our exile:
We valued more a frown of *his*,
  Than any stranger's worldly smile.

And dearer far than home and friends,
  The mistress whom our heart adores;
When o'er *her* image memory bends
  In absence, and its loss deplores.

Digitized by Google

O who would then recal each slight
And fleeting cloud which once had passed
O'er Love's horizon, now that night
Its darkness o'er that sky has cast?

It is not then the heart will stoop,
On petty, fancied wrongs to dwell,
Not while the spirit's pinions droop
'Neath separation's deadly spell.
Love and Regret their dazzling glow
Cast o'er the absent day by day:
This only feel we, only know
That we are here, and *she* away.

O absence paints in brighter hues
Each scene where once our footsteps strayed!
And through *its* glass the spirit views
All in a dearer garb arrayed.
We heed not then each trifling stain
Which *present* to our eyes appeared;
We have no feeling but the pain
Of separation from th' endeared. D. G. O.

BIOGRAPHY.

I.—Charles Fourier.

[In the July Number of our Magazine, we gave some sketch of Fourier's system. Our readers well know that the Laureate Southey approved of Owen's plan of co-operation, apart from the absurd dogmas with which he has always connected his practical schemes. Some plan of Foreign and *Domestic* Colonisation, for the outlying and surplus population of all countries is needed. It is well, therefore, to investigate the subject: we do not recommend the plan of Fourier, we only propose it for examination. Some brief abstract of his Life may not be out of place here. It is written by a disciple—but is none the worse for that; the intelligent reader will be able to make the necessary abatements.]

Charles Fourier, was born at Besançon, in Franche Comté, on the 7th of April, 1772: he died at Paris, on the 10th of October, 1837. His father was a woollen-draper at Besançon, where he occupied the premises now held by Messieurs Ballanche, woollen-drapers, in that part of the Grand Rue which forms one of the angles of the Rue Baron. In that house Fourier was born; he breathed his last in his apartments, at No. 9, Rue St. Pierre, Montmartre, Paris. He was an only son, and the youngest of four children. One of his sisters, Madame Clerc, is still living at Besançon; another sister, Madame Parrat Brillat, is living at Belley, in the department of the Ain. The

Digitized by Google

third sister died a few years before her brother. Two of these sisters have children, and they are the only immediate branches of Fourier's family.

His maternal uncle, Francis Muguet, was a rich merchant at Besançon. In 1780, this uncle purchased the title of nobility, and when he died, he left a fortune of two millions of francs.

From his earliest infancy, Fourier manifested an indomitable tenacity of opinion when he believed himself right, notwithstanding the opposition he might meet with on the part of prejudiced authority. We have heard him state, that he was first induced to conceive an implacable hatred against falsehood, on being punished for telling the truth in his father's shop, when he was only five years of age. This act of injustice weighed so heavily on his mind that he never forgot it, and it is a remarkable fact, that he was speculating on the possibility of introducing practical truth and honesty in commercial operations, when he discovered the universal laws of harmony; the means of substituting truth and equity, instead of falsehood and oppression in all the branches of social intercourse. He was first led to perceive that agricultural association, and wholesale dealing was the only means of neutralising fraud and falsehood in commercial operations, and the difficulties of association, led him on till he discovered the theory of human instincts and desires, whence he progressed to the discovery of human destiny and the universal laws of attraction.

His sisters say that he was always very studious and very obstinate, even from infancy. In one of the old records of Besançon, for the year 1786, the only one in which the prizes gained in the college of that city are mentioned, it is stated that the two first prizes for French themes and Latin verses, in the third class, were gained the preceding year, 1785, by Charles Fourier. But we have heard him say that his earliest favourite study was geography; and that, when he was very young, his mother refusing to give him more than an ordinary allowance of pocket money, he used to have a secret understanding with his father to obtain extra money for buying large geographical charts and globes. He had an exquisite taste for cultivating flowers; and his sister relates that when he was a boy, he had one room so completely filled with flowers, that a narrow passage from the door to one of the windows, was the only space left unoccupied. His great pleasure consisted in cultivating all the different varieties of any favourite species of flower. He was also passionately fond of music, the theory of which he understood perfectly, though he was but an amateur in practice. Amongst other indications of reform in arbitrary methods, he has given a plan of musical notation, by which all the different voices and instruments may give the same name to the same note, instead of employing seven or eight different keys or particular scales. According to the present system, the same note occupies every position in the scale, so that eight different keys are required to explain eight different modes of notation, the function of the key being to shew the particular position of the fundamental note, on which the respective positions of all the other notes depend. But, musical dissertation would lead us from our story, to which we must return.

Fourier was as remarkable for his kindness and generosity, as for his

Digitized by Google

unflinching adherence to truth and justice; from his earliest youth to his last breathing, he was one and the same consistent character. A particular instance of his charity was revealed to his family when he left school to enter on his commercial career: as the college was not far from his father's house at Besançon, he slept at home, returning every morning to his class, and as he was always eccentric in his habits, it was not deemed extraordinary that he should breakfast earlier than every body else, or that he should take his meals irregularly, rather than conform to the regular hours of the rest of the family: after breakfasting alone, he was in the habit of putting in a paper, for lunch, whatever he thought fit in the way of bread, fruit, viands, &c. and as he was a growing boy, the quantity he took was not remarked, though sometimes it might have appeared considerable: but the whole secret was disclosed soon after he had left his father's house for Lyons. About a week after his departure, a poor old cripple came to the door and asked if the young gentleman was ill, and on being informed that he had left Besançon, the poor man burst into tears, and said he had lost his guardian angel, who used every morning to feed and comfort him. The first time Fourier wrote home, he begged of them to protect the old man, whom he had forgotten in the hurry of departure, and his request was complied with, but the helpless creature lost his all when he lost his comforter, and though still protected by his absent benefactor, he pined away and died, as much from grief it is supposed, as from infirmity.

On leaving school, Fourier was sent to Lyons, where he entered as clerk in a commercial house. He was then about eighteen years of age, and after remaining some time as clerk, he became particularly desirous of travelling. It was not long before he was able to indulge his taste, by obtaining the confidence of a very respectable house, whose business extended over a great part of the continent, and for whom Fourier travelled through Germany, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, and France. Two circumstances favoured his views in this respect: in the first place, commercial travellers were not so numerous then as they are now, and rapid circulation was deemed less essential; secondly, the death of his father had left him perfectly at ease in money matters, so that, in travelling for his commercial patrons, he was able to remain as long as he thought proper in each city, by paying the extra-expences incurred on his own account. An insatiable thirst for knowledge caused him to change frequently from one firm to another, and from one branch of commerce to another, notwithstanding the many advantageous offers which were made to retain him on account of his well known probity and sagacity. Sometimes he was employed at Rouen, sometimes at Bordeaux, Marseilles, or Lyons; but the last of these cities was his favourite resting-place: there he passed more than twenty years of his life. From 1822 to 1837 he resided chiefly in Paris.

Nothing that was remarkable escaped his observation in the course of his travels, nor was his memory less retentive than his other intellectual faculties were powerful and methodical. The climate, the soil, the rivers, hills, forests, &c.; the peculiarities of every province in every kingdom which he had visited, were regularly classed in his memory,

Digitized by Google

and critically compared one with another. The number of inhabitants of each city, and their respective pursuits of industry, the principal buildings, both public and private, their respective dimensions, beauties and defects, the width and direction of streets, the heights of houses, the nature of building materials, promenades, fountains, vistas, every thing notable, in fact, was seen by his observing eye, wherever he passed; and, when once he had properly observed, he never forgot even the most trifling details. It often happened that those who visited him were astonished to hear him explain the defects of public buildings, the insalubrious distribution of streets, and the particular improvements which might be made in their native cities, through which he had only passed once or twice in his life, and then remained, perhaps, not more than a few hours. They had passed a great part of their whole lives in their native cities, without ever noticing those details which he pointed out to them. We remember an instance of this nature concerning Metz. One of his friends, a military engineer, who had been long stationed in that city, and who, from his profession, was well acquainted with it, on hearing him comment learnedly and familiarly on its beauties and defects, the deformities of certain buildings, and the nature of the improvements which might easily be made, was led to suppose that Fourier had not only resided there many years, but that he had been employed as an edile of the city; on inquiring how long it was since Fourier had resided there, the answer was, that he had never resided there at all; that he had only been there once in his life, about thirty years before that time; and that he then only remained one day in that city: he was either going to, or returning from Germany; arriving in Metz early in the morning, he was obliged to wait for an evening coach, and, not knowing what to do with his time, he passed it in his usual recreation, that of observing the buildings and the neighbouring country. His prodigious facility for geographical and architectural studies, excites almost a superstitious belief in his providential mission for discovering the natural destiny of humanity upon earth. He never walked in the streets, or entered a public building, nor even a private house, without remarking the peculiarities of distribution, with their beauties, defects, conveniences, &c., as well as the improvements which might be made in them. His walking-stick was regularly marked off in feet and inches, and every thing remarkable which met his eye, was instantly reduced to measurement and calculation.

He studied almost every branch of science, so as to acquire, at least, a general knowledge of each, and their relative degrees of importance in a universal point of view. The mathematical, physical, chemical, and natural sciences were those which he cultivated most: the metaphysical, political, moral, and economical sciences he abandoned as soon as he found their doctrines were based on arbitrary and uncertain principles. He discarded every thing which was not rigorously derived from the laws of nature, deeming it absolute loss of time to study arbitrary rules, even where they are more or less indispensable, as in languages; he paid little or no attention to rules of grammar and logical sophistry. He had a correct knowledge of Latin, but he gave himself no trouble to learn modern languages; he

Digitized by Google

even neglected to acquire a critical knowledge of his native idiom, the French. This neglect of languages, was caused more by a positive knowledge of their imperfections, than by a natural distaste for the acquisition of words: one of his earliest discoveries revealed to him the natural scale of variety in the sounds of the human voice, and, as the most simple sounds were forty eight in number, he saw the confusion which must necessarily arise, from the fragmentary attempts to represent a compound multiplicity of these distinct sounds, by means of twenty or thirty simple letters. Having also discovered the natural laws by which names should be given to things, he was aware of the inconveniences which must arise from an arbitrary system of forming words: that different persons would attach different meanings to the same word, appeared to him a natural consequence of the arbitrary formation of languages, and, as it is impossible for one man, or one generation to remedy evils of this nature, he contented himself by indicating the natural process of reform, when society should be sufficiently advanced to think of undertaking such an operation. One of his principal rules of study was, "to observe nature as she reveals her laws, rather than delude himself by imagining or learning arbitrary principles."

In 1793, Fourier received about four thousand pounds (one hundred thousand francs), as his share of the property left by his father, after a suitable provision had been made for his mother. With this sum he commenced business in Lyons. He embarked the whole of his capital in colonial produce, but his little fortune was destined to perish in the revolutionary tempest which at that time desolated his unhappy country. The raw materials and spices which he had purchased at Marseilles, had not been long in his possession, when Lyons was besieged by the troops of the convention; the town was taken, ransacked, and partially destroyed, and Fourier lost all his property. To complete his ruin, a vessel laden with goods which he had purchased at Leghorn, was wrecked on its way to Marseilles; so that, in less than one year, he lost every thing he possessed in the world. Not only did he lose all his property, but he was in constant danger of losing his life.

Exasperated at the bloodthirsty conduct of the convention which then ruled the destiny of France, the city of Lyons rose up in arms against the tyranny of the government, and a desperate struggle was made to free themselves from the yoke of terror, but all efforts were vain. The city was regularly besieged; and during sixty days the inhabitants made an obstinate and courageous defence. Fourier's bales of cotton were taken, with thousands of others, to erect temporary barriers; his rice, sugar, coffee, &c., were sacrificed in a general seizure for the support of the hospitals, and the nourishment of those who were engaged in repelling the enemy. All the able-bodied men were obliged to take arms in defence of the city, and on one occasion during the siege, Fourier escaped narrowly with his life: he was one of a body of men ordered to sally out and attack the besiegers, and he was almost the only one who ever returned: the greater part of them being undisciplined militia, were cut to pieces by the cavalry of the conventionalists.

Digitized by Google

On the 9th of October, 1793, the city was obliged to surrender, and thousands of the inhabitants were slaughtered on a wholesale scale, for having rebelled against government. A great part of the city was demolished, and the whole of it was doomed to destruction, if a sudden change had not taken place in the National Assembly. Fourier was thrown into prison, where he remained five days, for having taken arms in defence of the city; he was destined to perish either on the scaffold, or in one of the divisions which were butchered on a wholesale plan. The fact of his having escaped may be deemed a miracle. This method of dispatching whole bodies of unfortunate citizens, by firing grape shot amongst them, was invented by the blood-thirsty Proconsuls, sent by the Convention to punish the population of Lyons; and the infernal massacre was called "*national justice.*"

We have heard Fourier say that he saved his life by telling lies three different times in one day; and that notwithstanding his horror of falsehood and lying, he had never felt the slightest remorse for having made that exception to the heavenly laws of truth. If we remember right, the erroneous statements he had to make, as an excuse for having taken arms against the Conventionalists, were, that he was not a merchant, but merely an agent, and that he had been forced to enter the *city militia* against his will: that he had no alternative but that of entering the city ranks, or being sacrificed to the fury of the inhabitants.

After being released from prison he was several times visited by the agents of government, and only escaped the rigours of incarceration by abandoning to their cupidity all the money and articles of value which had escaped from the general wreck. When he had neither money nor clothes to satisfy their avarice, they took from him the only thing remaining in his possession, a beautiful collection of geographical maps and charts.

In this state of destitution, with his health declining from anxiety, privation, and fatigue, he escaped from Lyons and returned to his home at Besançon. Here, again, he was incarcerated as a suspicious person, because he did not join the revolutionists, and he only saved his life by conforming to the general requisition, which forced all ranks, sexes, and ages into the national service. This decree of the National Convention of France is one of the most extraordinary features in modern history. It commences thus:—

"23rd of August, 1793.

"*Art.* 1*st.*—From this day until the enemy shall be driven from the territories of the Republic, every French subject is under permanent requisition for the service of the army.

"All single men shall proceed to the field of battle. All married men shall forge arms and carry provisions for the army. All women shall be occupied in the service of the hospitals, in making clothes for the military, awning for tents, &c. &c. All children shall be made useful in preparing lint for the wounded; and all the aged, who are unfit for active service, shall be carried into the public places, to animate the courage of the youthful, excite an eternal hatred against kings, and inculcate the principles of unity in the Republic.

Art. 2*nd.*—All public buildings shall be used as barracks; all

Digitized by Google

public places and squares shall be converted into workshops for forging arms; the earth of cellars shall be washed to extract salt-petre, for making powder.

"*Art. 7th.*—The rise shall be general. All single men, from 18 to 25 years of age, and widowers who have no children, will march immediately to the head-quarters of their district, where they shall be regularly drilled to the use of arms until they are called upon to join the army.

"*Art. 18th.*—The present decree shall be circulated throughout France by means of special couriers."

To this peremptory requisition, Fourier, then about 22 years of age, was obliged to conform; and, being a light active man, he was drafted into the eighth regiment of "*Chasseurs à cheval,*" a sort of light dragoons. He joined the army of the Rhine-and-Moselle, in which he remained about two years. He obtained his discharge on account of ill-health, at Vesoul, on the 24th of January, 1795. His discharge from the army was found amongst his papers after his death, and with it was found a letter from CARNOT, the celebrated Minister of War during the time of the French Republic. In this letter CARNOT acknowledges the receipt of a letter from Fourier, containing "*important observations*" relative to a plan for facilitating the march of the French troops in their passage across the Alps to the Rhine.

It is probable that his discharge was obtained through the influence of Colonel Brincour, who had married a Miss Pion, one of Fourier's cousins. He was incorporated in Colonel Brincour's regiment during his service in the army.

On obtaining his liberty, he entered again as clerk in a commercial house, pursuing his studies with perseverance whenever he had leisure. In 1799 he was employed at Marseilles, in a wholesale warehouse, and in the early part of the year was charged with a commission which gave a powerful stimulus to his favourite speculation, of introducing the practice of truth and honesty in commercial dealings. He was chosen to superintend a body of men while they secretly cast an immense quantity of rice into the sea. (*In the hope of realising a great profit, this rice had been kept till it was completely spoiled*). France had been suffering from exceeding scarcity during the past year; and notwithstanding the risk of famine amongst the people, these secret monopolisers of corn had allowed their stores to rot, rather than sell them at a reasonable profit. These abuses of monopoly, and many other fraudulent operations of commerce, with which Fourier was well acquainted, appeared to him in the light of real crimes against humanity, and he thenceforth resolved upon studying incessantly until he had discovered, not the means of detecting and punishing, but of permanently and effectually preventing them. This *holy* resolution, if we may be allowed the expression, was crowned with success before the end of the year.

In 1799, Fourier discovered the universal laws of attraction, and the essential destiny of humanity upon earth.

From his earliest youth, the great object of his ambition had been to discover the means of introducing truth, honesty, and economy in commercial operations. Being himself engaged in mercantile pursuits,

Digitized by Google

his natural love of truth, and obstinate adherence to equity, were daily and hourly thwarted by the common practices of his profession. His predominant passion being constantly irritated, left him no respite from the task he had undertaken, notwithstanding the endless difficulties he encountered. Something or other constantly occurred to give him new courage in continuing the pursuit of inquiry, which had been several times well nigh abandoned, in the despondency of impossibility. Besides the every-day practice of lying and cheating in trade, there were certain anomalies which made an indelible impression on his memory. We have already mentioned the impression left on his mind by the injustice of being punished for speaking the truth in his father's shop, when he was only an infant; another fact which had a powerful influence in directing his thoughts, happened when he was about eighteen years of age: shortly after leaving school, he was allowed to visit Paris: it was in the year 1790, and his first visit to the capital. The things which attracted his attention most were the Boulevards, the public monuments, the general styles of building, and excessive dearness of all the necessaries of life. One circumstance in particular seemed a most revolting instance of mercantile extortion: being exceedingly fond of fruit, he was obliged to pay *seven-pence* for *one apple*, of a particular sort, which he had often purchased at the rate of three-farthings a dozen in the country. This instance of a simple commodity like fruit, being augmented to one hundred and twelve times its original value, seemed to him an almost incredible anomaly. It is true that the year 1790 was an exceptional period in France; but the circumstance of the apple was not the less remarkable for its influence on Fourier's mind. From that period to 1799, a lapse of nine years, he laboured incessantly to accomplish his favorite project, but all his efforts were inadequate to the task:—the more he advanced in science and a true knowledge of the world, the more his hopes were chilled by the deep shadow of impossibility. Despair of success, however, did not quench his thirst for science in general; and, as we have already stated, he was again induced to resume his favorite meditation, by the painful idea of monopoly forcing the people to starve while an abundance of provision was exposed to rot in the secret clutch of guilty speculation.

Those who take an interest in oddities, may find a subject of curious remark in the history of four apples: a striking contrast between the influence of two apples in antiquity, and two in modern history. According to tradition, the two first were the causes of original sin, and the celebrated Trojan War; the other two have been instrumental in causing the discovery of the universal laws of attraction: the material branch by Newton, and the spiritual branch by Fourier; those of antiquity were the causes of discord and suffering; those of modern date, highly influential in effecting harmony and happiness.

His first inquiries concerning commerce, led him to discover the evils of incoherence and jarring individual interests. He perceived that the only possible means of introducing truth, equity, and economy in productive and distributive industry, was by means of agricultural association and wholesale trade. This discovery only increased the difficulty of realising his favorite project—commercial honesty. He

Digitized by Google

was under the necessity of discovering the practical means of associating human beings, with their natural instincts and tastes, diversity of character and conflicting opinions, before he could proceed; but he was encouraged in his task, by a firm conviction of such a practical science existing in principle, and only remaining to be discovered in order to be applied. The immense advantages of economy, rapidity, equity, education, and science, which he saw might be realised by association, thoroughly convinced him that Providence had pre-ordained society as the natural destiny of man, and he believed that these pre-ordained laws of association were permanently revealed in the general laws of nature. He found that attraction and repulsion were the two principal laws by which the Creator governs the world, and in order to obtain a complete knowledge of these laws, he resolved to study simultaneously the highest and lowest orders of creation in the universe. He considered the stars as the highest order of creation, mankind as the middle term, and the inferior orders of creation as the lowest step in the scale. He supposed that there must be certain general laws of unity common to these three orders of existence, or it would be impossible for them to compose one harmonious whole; and he hoped that by studying all that was known in the positive sciences concerning them, he might discover the natural laws of correlativeness, which bind them together in unity and eternity. His principal lever in the work of discovery was a sort of algebraical calculation, by which he supposed every law that was common to any two of these general terms, must be common to the third; and he never abandoned any branch of study until he had discovered those principles of nature which were common to the medium and the two extremes.

His first discovery was the universality of distribution, according to a law of ascending and descending progression, in every order of the creation from the highest to the lowest degree of animate and inanimate beings. This law of progressive distribution he termed SERIES: accordingly, the first grand axiom which he established was this—"*All the harmonies of the universe are distributed in progressive series.*"

Having observed perfect analogy in the different orders of creation in the universe, he was led to infer, that, as the Creator was one and the same being, infinite and eternal, in his attributes, there must necessarily be a principle of unity and analogy in all his creations: that the CREATION must necessarily be a reflection of the attributes of the CREATOR; that the Creator being all in all, it was impossible for him to paint or represent any thing but himself in the creation. If he had represented anything foreign to his own attributes, that something must exist independently; and, in that case, the Deity would not be infinite. Such an hypothesis being perfectly absurd, we must admit that the Creator is infinite, and that it would be impossible for him to create any thing which was not analagous to some of his own attributes. From these considerations, Fourier derived his second axiom—"*The Creator being one infinite harmonious being, every thing in nature must be an imitation of his own attributes, and therefore there exists a universal analogy in every order of creation.*"

Considering attraction and repulsion as the universal laws of nature, and God as the original distributor of all sorts of attraction, it is perfectly rational to infer, that the respective faculties or impulses of

Digitized by Google

attraction and repulsion in all orders of beings, are distributed exactly in proportion to their respective functions in the general harmony of the universe: the *affinity* which binds the atom to the atom, the attractive power which governs the harmony of the planets, the *affections* which bind human beings to each other in society, are only so many different modes of the one universal law of attraction and repulsion; and from this self-evident induction, Fourier derived his third general axiom: "*The permanent attractions and repulsions of every being in the creation, are exactly in proportion to their respective functions and real destinies in the universe.*

With these three axioms for his guides, he set out in quest of the grand principle of association and unity. The first thing to be discovered was, an exact knowledge of the nature of man; his natural impulses, attractions, and repulsions. The second object for consideration was, the progressive distribution of these faculties according to the general laws of *series*, which regulate the harmony of the universe: the third fact to be ascertained was, the analogy between the newly discovered principles, and the other known laws of nature, as a confirmation or refutation of the discovery.

It would be superfluous to enter further into these details at present; they will be fully developed in the following treatise.

About the time of his discovery, Fourier returned to Lyons, and as he was not able to devote the whole of his time to study, he endeavoured to combine his favourite pursuits with a slight occupation, which would procure him the common necessaries of life. To be constantly confined in a warehouse or counting-house, would have occupied too much of his time; he preferred being free, and gaining less: he became what, in France, is termed "*Courtier-Marron*" a sort of unlicensed commercial agent. This function, occupying very little of his time, formed a valuable link between practical application to business, and theoretical speculations concerning society. It is probable, that this every-day recurrence to the actual practices of the world, formed a very wholesome check to the illusions of theory; for no philosopher ever wandered so little from the confines of reality, or progressed so far in the intricate mazes of actuality, as Fourier: his most transcendent speculations are traced through analogy, down to the lowest orders of creation, the insect, and the atom; his critical analysis of history and existing society proceeds from the most minute details of every-day life, to the highest considerations of national policy. His favourite method of demonstration, consisted in contrasting the infinitely small, with the infinitely great, according to that universal law of nature, *the contact of extremes*, in every branch of the creation, in every series of natural classification.

While occupied in elaborating the principles of his discovery, he sometimes wrote political articles in the public journals. On the 17th of December, 1803, he published a short article in the "*Bulletin de Lyon*," heading it thus:—"*A Continental Triumvirate and Permanent Peace in less than Thirty Years.*" He supposes that Europe is approaching to a crisis which will put an end to war, and commence an era of universal peace. Amongst the great continental powers, he supposes Prussia will fall a victim to the ravages of war, and that Russia, France, and Austria, will form a triumvirate which will predominate in Europe; and

Digitized by Google

as all triumvirates are composed of two rivals and one dupe, he supposes Austria the probable prey of the other two powers, who would fight for supremacy on the fallen remains of their prey. The conqueror he supposes would become master of the universe, for England would not be able to resist the overgrown power of such a rival. Her Indian possessions would be seized, her maritime monopoly abolished, and general peace secured under the influence of a superior power. These were the probable results which he foresaw in European policy, and the general tenor of the article was, advice to France concerning the policy which she ought to pursue in such circumstances. "Instead of wasting her resources in fighting for colonial and mercantile freedom," said he, "she ought to be prepared for the final struggle with Russia, which will be inevitable. If she neglects these precautions, and continues her chimerical policy with regard to commercial regulations, she will be outwitted by the Russians, who will not be long before they realise the predictions of Montesquieu concerning their supremacy."

The humiliation of Prussia and Austria, and the final rivalry between France and Russia, took place exactly as he had predicted, but fortunately for Europe, the Russians were ignorant of the advantages of their position, and lost the opportunity of seizing their prey: they may not, however, always remain as ignorant as they were then; and, as we shall elsewhere shew, they are still to be either disarmed by the other European powers, or become the destroyers of civilisation in Europe. It is vain to suppose that the Russians are becoming more civilised by their commerce with other nations: they are becoming more powerful barbarians by taking advantage of modern inventions. Their apparent interest and natural policy are different from the policy and interest of every other power in Europe. In 1808, Fourier, speaking of incoherent civilisation in general, expressed the following opinion concerning Russian policy:—"In our own times, civilisation has been within a hair's breadth of destruction. The wars of the revolution might have ended in the invasion of France, and the political dissolution of the kingdom; after which, Russia and Austria would have divided Europe between them; and, in their final struggle for supremacy, Russia would probably remain victorious, and give the death-blow to civilisation in Europe."

The emperor Napoleon instructed the secretary of police at Lyons, to inquire who was the author of the article on the probability of a Continental Triumvirate, and when the printer of the Journal informed him that it was a commercial agent who wrote it, no further inquiry was made. It is a remarkable fact, that the printer alluded to, has since become the celebrated philosopher, M. Ballanche, and it is not improbable that Fourier's writings and conversations were the original ground-work of Ballanche's philosophical speculations.

In 1808, Fourier published his first work, under the title of "*Théorie des quatre Mouvemens*,"—the theory of universal attraction and repulsion. The first volume was merely a prospectus of the work, intended to procure the means of publishing the rest by subscription; but little or no notice being taken of the prospectus, the publication was suspended. He had bestowed eight years' labour in working out the principles of his discovery, before he attempted to publish them, and having discovered that certain parts of his theory were still incomplete when he published

Digitized by Google

the first volume, he resolved to withdraw it from circulation, and continue his studies. After seven years' additional elaboration, he was preparing to go to press, when Napoleon returned from the island of Elba, in 1815, and France was again thrown into a state of agitation. During the short reign from the time of his return from Elba until the Battle of Waterloo, the Emperor Napoleon named the Count Fourier Prefect of the department of the Rhone, and the Count placed his name-sake, Charles Fourier, at the head of the statistical department of that provincial government. On the return of the Bourbons, Fourier retired to his sister's, at Tallissien, that he might quietly continue the preparation of his manuscripts. This sister was a widow, living in a country village near Belley, where her husband had been sub-prefect, a function similar to that of county-sheriff in England. Fourier had another sister living at Belley, where he resided chiefly from 1816 to 1821. Several of his nephews are now residing in that neighbourhood. One of them is a barrister, another a notary (a conveyancing attorney).

As he always led a very quiet and studious life, little is known of his particular habits and private transactions during his residence at Lyons from 1799 to 1816, but it is probable that they were in every way similar to his general bearing from that time to his death. He was thoughtful and reserved; more studious of comforting and assisting the poor, who surrounded him, than desirous of flattering the rich, or courting their acquaintance. Indeed, he had an absolute dislike to them; because they are generally hypocritical in proportion to their pretensions to politeness and good breeding. In the present state of society, falsehood and dissimulation are the very essence of politeness. Morality, justice, and the love of truth were the principal features of his private character. He was very moderate in his eating and drinking; but particularly desirous of obtaining the best quality of every thing, free from adulteration. He used to say that half the things we eat and drink are poisoned by adulteration, which is only one of the many evils of individual competition and *incoherent* civilisation. From a continual habit of study, he had acquired the habits and manners of a hermit, lived almost entirely alone, and appeared to avoid long conversations with strangers. He lived and died a bachelor; almost as great a stranger to his own family as to the rest of society. This taciturnity increased as he advanced in years; for those who knew him when young say that he was very lively and witty. General Pajol relates that he was in the habit of dining with him every day for several years, at a table d'hôte in Lyons, while Fourier resided in that city; and that his wit and gaiety rendered him the admiration of all who knew him. Even in later years, particularly during the two last years of his life, he was cheerful and communicative with those persons whom he knew intimately, and who had the good fortune to possess his confidence. About four months before he died, on asking him for an explanation of certain parts of his theory, as we were wont to do whenever we met with a difficult point, he was more than usually gay, and in order to give a clear idea of one of the words which he used, he declaimed, with appropriate action, several verses from Molière, in which his meaning was happily expressed. Though we had been in the habit of conversing with him frequently, this was the first time we ever saw him laugh heartily. We had often seen him good-humoured, communi-

Digitized by Google

cative, and wittily sarcastic; but the slightest indication of a smile was rarely seen on his lips.

Having withdrawn his first work from circulation, a few copies only were in the hands of the public, and no notice had been taken publicly either of him or his system. In 1814, however, one of those copies which were in circulation fell by chance in the way of an inquiring mind at Besançon, Fourier's native city; and the gentleman, M. Just Muiron, who had accidentally come in possession of the book, was so much struck with its originality, the sublime simplicity of the theory it announced, the immense importance of the discovery, if it were practicable, that he immediately resolved to find out the author, and learn more of the subject. This was no easy matter, as the book had been printed at Leipsic without indicating either the name or address of the author: the only clue to his residence was contained in a paragraph relative to the subscription for publishing the rest of the work. Those who were desirous of subscribing were referred to M. Charles, at Lyons. It was not until the beginning of the year 1816, that Muiron succeeded in discovering the retreat of Fourier at Belley. When informed of his real residence, he wrote to Fourier to inquire about the rest of the publication, and received a very simple, polite, and friendly answer. The correspondence was continued for some time; and Muiron, more and more convinced of the truth and importance of the discovery, became the intimate friend and the first disciple of Fourier.

Muiron soon became more anxious than Fourier himself concerning the publication of the system, now almost complete in every detail, and he offered to advance money for the necessary expenses. As Fourier had saved a little money, and had inherited about forty pounds a-year from his mother, he lived very economically, and laboured incessantly to prepare his manuscript for the press; but the materials were so immense, that nearly four years were occupied in the laborious undertaking. The publication was again purposely delayed by a new discovery which Fourier made in 1819; and though this discovery related principally to cosmogony, he deemed it prudent to delay publishing until he had thoroughly verified the unity and universality of his whole discovery. Having fully satisfied himself of the correctness of every part, he removed to Besançon in 1821, where the two first volumes of his great work were printed. In 1822, they were published, under the modest title of *A Treatise on Domestic and Agricultural Association*; and he went to Paris in the hope of having them favourably reviewed, as a means of obtaining the necessary funds for realising the practical part of his system. After remaining more than twelve months in vain, he found that money was the only means of obtaining notice in journals and reviews; and his funds being exhausted, his book was left unnoticed. In this position he had no resource but that of patience. Not being able to live on forty pounds a-year in Paris, he was obliged to employ a part of his time in procuring the necessary means of subsistence. He returned to Lyons, where he remained about a year; but finding it inconvenient to be absent from the capital, he became corresponding clerk to a commercial house in the Rue du Mail in Paris, and remained five years without obtaining any serious review of his work, or making himself known to any influential person. At the end of that time, his friends

Digitized by Google

in the country advised him to publish an abridgement of his work, which would be cheaper and less scientific. In accordance with this advice, he published a methodical elementary treatise in 1829. This volume met with the same reception as the others—absolute silence on the part of journalists and reviewers. Fourier still remained in Paris, sending his book to everybody he thought likely to understand it, and take an interest in the realisation of his theory. Silence and indifference, however, were still the only result of his efforts to obtain publicity, until a lucky occurrence brought him into notice in 1832.

In the beginning of that year, a new mystico-religious sect of economists, calling themselves St. Simonians, made a great noise in Paris by their preachings and writings. Fourier had sent his works to the teachers of these new doctrines as early as the year 1830, informing them of the possibility of realising immediately that social regeneration for which they appeared so anxious in their predications. Instead of listening to the simplicity of Fourier's advice, they deemed themselves vastly superior to everybody else, and gave him to understand they were perfectly competent to the task which they had undertaken. They did not, however, neglect to read his works privately, adopting many of his principles without acknowledging the source from which they had drawn them, until, at length, several of their proselytes, who were really serious in their convictions, abandoned the illusive theories of St. Simonism, and publicly professed the principles of Fourier. It may not be improper to observe here, that these principles are directly opposed to all systems of community, and that it is quite erroneous to confound Fourier with Owen. Soon after the desertion of Transon, Le Chevalier, Paget, Lemoyne, and several other learned and influential men, the St. Simonians were dispersed, and a weekly journal was commenced for the diffusion of Fourier's principles of association and progressive policy. This journal, called *La Reforme Industrielle*, was conducted with spirit, and obtained many adherents to its principles. A joint-stock company was formed to realise the new theory of association; and one gentleman, M. Baudet Dulary, member of parliament for the county of Seine and Oise, bought an estate which cost him five hundred thousand francs (twenty thousand pounds sterling) for the express purpose of putting the theory in practice. Operations were actually commenced, but for want of sufficient capital to erect buildings and stock the farm, the whole operation was paralysed; and notwithstanding the natural cause of cessation, the simple fact of stopping short after having commenced operations, made a very unfavourable impression upon the public mind. Success is the only criterion with the indolent and indifferent, who do not take the trouble to reason on circumstances and accidental difficulties.

Fourier was very much vexed at the precipitation of his partisans, who were too impatient to wait until sufficient means had been obtained. They argued, that the fact of having commenced operations would attract the attention of capitalists, and ensure the necessary funds: he begged them to beware of illusion; told them how he had been deceived himself in having to wait more than twenty years for a simple hearing, which, from the importance of his discovery, he had fully expected to obtain immediately. All his entreaties were in vain. They told him he

Digitized by Google

had not obtained a hearing sooner because he was not accustomed to the duplicity of intrigue; and, confident in their own judgement, commenced without hesitation, and were taught, at the expense of their own imprudence, to appreciate more correctly the sluggish indifference of an ignorant public.

Since that time, numerous partisans have been recruited amongst the learned and influential classes in France; many elementary works have been written on social science, and the epoch of a successful realisation is probably near at hand; but Fourier himself has descended into the tomb, as a martyr to the sceptical indifference of the age in which he lived. Sent by Providence to deliver humanity from the bondage of incoherence, to discover the promised land of peace and happiness, and bid the suffering multitude to enter and be glad, his body, worn with years, and exhausted with fatigue, yielded the spirit on the eve of success, that his soul might be crowned with a glory in heaven worthy of its more than terrestrial perseverance in the cause of truth and justice upon earth.

More than once he was deluded by the apparent probability of realising his theory before he left this world, but some unfortunate accident always stepped in to bar his hopes. In the beginning of the year 1830, Fourier was introduced to the Baron Capella, then minister of the Crown for the department of Public Works; and that gentleman was studying the theory with a view to put it in practice, when the Revolution of July broke out, and dethroned the elder branch of the Bourbons. On the 24th of July, the baron wrote to Fourier, saying that he was obliged to suspend for a while his examination of the system, on account of an extraordinary press of state business. The next day, the 25th of July, Charles X. issued the celebrated "*ordonnances;*" and three days later, the monarch was dethroned and his ministers dispersed. Fourier's best founded hopes were dissipated in a moment, and he was again reduced to the necessity of seeking for the means of realisation amongst sceptical, indifferent, and ignorant strangers.

In 1835, he published the first part of another volume, entitled *False Industry*. There is little in this work which had not been given in his earlier publications, if we except the spirited criticisms which it contains on incoherence generally. He was on the eve of publishing the second part, when he was cut short in his career by the unsparing hand of death. There remained but one chapter to write, which he was obliged to defer on account of the rapidly declining state of his health. As those chapters which were written had been printed, he was asked, as an especial favour, to have a copy stitched before the work was complete. In compliance with this request, four copies were prepared in an incomplete state; and, as he did not live to finish the work, it is worthy of remark that the last words he wrote were,

"*Exegi monumentum ære perennius.*"

In the early part of 1837, he met with a very serious accident, from which he never thoroughly recovered. On returning home rather later than usual one dark night, he missed his footing on the staircase, and in falling down two pair of stairs, his skull was fractured in a dreadful manner. The wound was healed in the course of a few months, but he never recovered his health. His strength failed him, his features be-

Digitized by Google

came totally changed by swelling, his stomach refused the functions of digestion, and his whole frame was evidently hurrying on to dissolution.

Having no confidence in medical science, he constantly refused all medical aid. Though two of his intimate friends were physicians, he neglected their prescriptions, and confided in his own judgement. He had a particular dislike to being surrounded by servants and friends during his illness: accustomed to being alone, he preferred solitude to the tiresome assiduities of officious persons. He would not allow any one to attend him during his illness but the old woman who was in the habit of serving him on ordinary occasions. Many of his friends offered to sit up with him, and remain in the adjoining room that he might not be disturbed by their presence, but he refused peremptorily. He would not even allow the old woman to remain with him after midnight. He was perfectly sensible to the last moment. On the eve of his death, he sent the servant to bed about twelve o'clock, requesting her to be up at five the next morning. When she went to see how he was at the appointed hour, she found him out of bed. He had had the energy to get up, and go to the night table; and as he was making an effort to return, his spirit fled, and the dead body was left kneeling at the bedside. He could not have been long dead, as his corpse was warm two hours afterwards.

His body was embalmed, his head and bust were moulded, and the conformation of his brain was minutely analysed. He was buried on the 11th of October, in the cemetery of Montmartre; and on his tomb are engraved the three fundamental axioms of his doctrine:—

1. "La Serie distribue les Harmonies.
2. "Les attractions sont proportionnelles aux Destinées.
3. Analogie Universelle.

The third axiom is represented by mathematical symbols, instead of being expressed in words. Hugh Doherty.

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED TO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(*Concluded from page* 343.)

Great Forecourt of the Palace.

Torches.

Mephistopheles (*leading the way as Overseer*).

Come on, come on! come in, come in!
Ye Lemures, ye loose ones;
Composed of sinews, nerves, and bone,
Ye patched up demi-natures.

Chorus of Lemures.

At once we hasten to thy beck,
As we half understood it;

Digitized by Google

A piece of wide and marshy land
It is that we should rescue.
The pointed stakes, they all are there,
The lengthy chains for measuring;
But why the call was made on us,
We have it quite forgotten.

Mephistopheles.

There needs no artist-trouble here;
Only proceed by your own measure;
The longest here lie lengthways down,
Ye others lift the sod up round about him;
As they for our fathers did.
Here deepen ye a lengthy square!
From palace to the narrow house,
So foolishly at last the end runs out.

Lemures (*digging with bantering gestures*).

How young I was, and lived and loved,
Meseems that was so pleasant;
In joyful sound and pleasing path,
There were my feet still moving.

But now, alas! hath with his crutch
Old age malicious hit me;
I stumbled over the grave's door,
Why was it just then open!

Faust (*stepping out of the Palace feels his way by the door-posts*).

How much the clang of spades doth me delight!
It is the crowd which doth me socage,
And with itself earth reconcileth,
And places boundary to the waves,
And ocean with strong bond surrounds.

Mephistopheles (*aside*).

For us alone thou workest now,
Both with your damms and with your scaffolds;
For thou for Neptune, the sea-devil,
A mighty feast art now preparing.
In every way there's nought but ruin;—
The elements with us are all united,
And onward to destruction all proceeds.

Faust. Overseer!

Mephistopheles.

Here!

Faust. As many as you can,
Bring crowds, and still fresh crowds of workmen.
Cheer them by strictness or enjoyment,
Pay and entice and force them in!
Each day I must have proper information,
How much is lengthened the ditch undertaken.

Digitized by Google

Mephistopheles (aloud).

They speak, as if they gave me an account
Not of a ditch indeed, but of a grave.*

Faust. A marsh lies by the mountain there,
And poisons all we 've gained already;
To drain away that foul pool too,
The last would be the highest conquest.
I should then open space for many millions,
Not safe indeed, but yet quite free to dwell in.
Green are the fields, and fruitful; men and cattle
Upon the newest soil would dwell contented,
Quick settled down upon the firm strong hill,
Which my bold busy people up have raised.
Within there 'd be a Paradisian land,
Outside might rage the flood, e'en to the brink,
And as with power in to rush they nibble,
The people haste to stop the hole together.
Yes! to this feeling I have quite surrendered,
Wisdom's last resolution 'tis;
For he alone deserves his life as freedom
Who daily for it conquer must.
And thus will pass, with danger compassed round,
Youth, man, and agèd, all their active life.
I willingly would such a throng behold,
Upon free ground with a free people stand;
Then might I say unto the moment,
Remain awhile, thou art so fair!
The traces of my earthly course shall never—
No! not with ages pass away.
Anticipating such vast, lofty joy,
I now enjoy the highest moment here.

(He sinks back, the Lemures lay hold of him and lay him on the ground).

Mephistopheles.

No pleasure satiates him, no joy contents,
Thus e'er he wooeth forms for ever changing;
The final, bad, poor empty moment still,
The wretch still wishes fast to hold it.
Who me so powerfully withstood
Time conquers him, the old man lies on earth.
The clock stands still—

Chorus.

Stands still! 'tis as the midnight still.

The index falls.

Mephistopheles. It falls, 'tis finished all.

Chorus.

Now is it past.

---

* Another pun occurs here, I am afraid not translatable. The German for ditch and grave is respectively *Graben* and *Grab*.

Digitized by Google

Mephistopheles.

Past! 'tis a stupid word,
And why is 't past?
Past and pure nothing are at last the same!
What profits then eternal making!
To sweep away what is created!
"There; it is past!" From that what can you gather?
It is as good as had it ne'er existed,
And yet, as if it had, moves in the circle.
I should prefer the emptiness eternal.

BURIAL.

Lemur. (*Solo*).

Who has his house so badly built,
With spades and eke with shovels?

Lemures. (*Chorus*).

For thee sad guest in thy hempen robe
'Tis builded much too finely.

Lemur. (*Solo*).

Who has decked out the hall so ill?
Where are the chairs and table?

Lemures. (*Chorus*).

It was borrowed for a short, short time,
The creditors are so many.

Mephistopheles.

The body 's there, and if the soul would fly,
I 'd quickly show the blood-inscribèd paper;
So many ways they 've now, the more 's the pity,
Souls from the Devil's grasp to drag.
One knocks upon the ancient way,
Upon the new we 're not commended:
Or else I should have done alone,
But now I must procure assistants.

In all things badly we get on!
Established custom, ancient right,
One can on nothing certain reckon.
Erst fled the soul with the departing breath,
I watched for it, and like the swiftest mouse,
Snap! in my fast shut claws at once I had it.
Now it delays and will not leave the house
Filthy of the vile corpse, its gloomy station;
Until the elements who hate it
Drive it at last dishonourably forth.
And when for days and hours myself I 've troubled,
When? How? And where? Is still the horrid question.
Old death has lost his rapid strength,

Digitized by Google

The " whether ?" is long doubtful now ;
Oft have I well pleased gazed upon stiff members ;
It was but sham, it moved again arising.

(*Fantastic fuglemanlike gestures of conjuration*).

Come swiftly onward ! double now your pace,
You gentlemen of horns both straight and crooked,
Of the old devil-stamp and kidney,
Bring here the jaws of hell at once with you.
Hell has indeed jaws in profusion ! many !
According to man's rank and worth it gapes ;
Yet will he also in this last diversion
Not so particular for the future be.

(*The horrible hell jaws open to the left*).

The teeth at the corner gnash ; from the abyss's
Vaulting, streams angry forth the fiery stream,
While in the back-ground-smoke that there is seething
I see the town of fire eternal glow.
E'en to the teeth bursts the red conflagration,
The damned, salvation hoping, swim now forth ;
Gnashes before them yet the vast hyena :
In anguish their hot passage they renew.
Still is there much in corners to discover,
So much of frightful in the narrowest space !
Full well indeed the sinners do ye frighten,—
They think it yet a lie, deceit and dream.

(*To the thick devils with short straight horns*).

Ye paunchy villains with the cheeks of fire !
That with hell's brimstone glow so richly fat ;
With necks all clumsy, short, and never moved !
Below here watch ye for a phosphor gleam :
That is the soul-kin, that the winged Psyche,
That pluck ye out, as 'twere a horrid worm,
Then with my stamp at once I 'll take and seal it,
Then off with it in fire-whirlwind-storm.
Go, wait ye at the lower regions,
Ye bladders, *that* your duty is.
Whether down there to dwell she pleaseth
One does not accurately know.
She willing in the navel dwells
And take you care she does not you escape.

(*To the dry devils with long crooked horns*).

You scarecrows you ! you fuglemannish giants !
Grasp at the air and strive without repose ;
Stretch out your arms, your claws extending sharply,
That they may seize the fluttering flighty thing.
In the old house it is not sure at home,
And then the genius always up will strive.

Digitized by Google

Glory from above, on the right.

Heavenly host. Follow ye envoys,
To heaven related,
With easiest flight:
Sinners to pardon,
Dust to enliven;
And to all natures
Friendliest traces
Work in the hovering
Of lingering flight.

Mephistopheles.

Discord I hear and disagreeable jingling,
From high they come with an unwelcome day;
It is a boyish, girlish sort of jumble,
Howe'er a canting taste may it approve.
You know how we in deep accursed hours,
Thought to annihilate the human race:
The direst thing that we invented,
To their devotion suited well.

See they come fawningly, the loobies!
Thus have they many from us snapped away,
With our own weapons they make war upon us;
They too are devils, though with masks.
Here to be beaten would be shame eternal;
On to the grave, and hold firm at the margin!

Chorus of Angels (strewing roses).

Roses, ye dazzling ones,
Balsam downpouring ones,
Hovering, fluttering,
Secret enlivening,
Branches winged tinily,
Buds, ye unsealed ones,
Hasten to blow.
Spring, do thou blossom!
Purple and green;
Bear to the resting one,
Bear Paradise.

Mephistopheles (to the Devils).

Why do ye duck and stoop? Is that hell's wont;
Come, keep your places, let them scatter.
Back to his place each fellow fly!
Perhaps they think with such like flowery fancies,
To cover us with snow, the glowing devils;
They'll melt and shrivel up before your breath.
Now puff, ye puffing ones! Enough enough!
Before your blowing pales the swarm entire.
No! not so fiercely! shut your mouth and noses;
In truth, ye now have blown too strongly.

Digitized by Google

O that ye never know the medium right!
Not only shrivels it, 'twill brown and burn!
Already hovers it with flames both clear and poisonous,
Stand you against it, press you firm together!
Their strength's extinguished, all their courage gone!
The devils scent a strange and soothing glow.

Angels.

Blossoms, the happy ones,—
Fires, the joyful ones,—
Love they will spread around,
Pleasure prepare, be the
Heart as it may.
Words are protectors here
In the clear ether:
To the eternal bands
Everywhere day!

Mephistopheles.

O curse! O shame upon such noodles!
Satans upon their heads are standing,
The fat ones, throwing summersets,
And into hell tail-foremost plunging.
Joy to ye of your well-earned glowing bath!
But I'll retain my situation.

(*He strikes about the hovering roses*).

Off, will-o'the-wisps! Thou! howe'er bright thou gleam,
When seized thou art a nasty jelly curd.
Why flutter 'st? Wilt thou not pack off!—
It sticks like pitch and brimstone on my shoulders.

Angel (chorus).

What belongs not to you
You must surrender;
And what your soul disturbs
Ye may not suffer.
Strongly it presses in,
Now must we active be;
Love only loving ones
Onward can lead.

Mephistopheles.

My head burns, and my heart, my liver too,
—An over devilish element!
More sharp than even hellish fire!
For this cause then so mightily ye sorrow,
Unlucky lovers! who disdained
With necks all strained after your sweethearts spy.

Me too! What draws my head toward that corner?
And yet I am with them in sworn contention!
Once was the sight to me so full of hate.
Has something stronger piercèd through and through me?
I love so well these darling children;

Digitized by Google

What now restrains me, that I dare not curse?
And if I let myself be fooled,
Who for the future will be called the fool?
Those whom I hate, those odious rascals,
Are now quite pleasing to my mind.

Come, let me know, ye lovely children,
Are ye not Lucifer's begetting too?
Ye are so fair, I 'd like to kiss ye.
Meseems as if you came in season fit.
It is to me so pleasant and so natural,
As if I 'd seen you all a thousand times;
So secret kitten-like alluring;
Fair and still fairer with each look becoming,
O come, approach, and, gaze but on me once!

Angels. We 're coming now, why dost thou back retreat?
We now approach, and if thou cans't, remain.
(*The angels hover around, and fill up the whole space.*)

Mephistopheles (*who is pressed into the proscenium*).

Us you reproach as damnèd spirits,
Yourselves are sorcerers veritable;
Both man and woman ye mislead.
O what an accursed adventure!
Is this indeed love's element?
My frame entire in flames is standing,
I scarcely feel how in my neck it burns.
Ye hover here and there; come, downward sink ye.
A little worldlier move your gentle members.
That serious look, in truth, becomes you well!
Yet I should like to see you smile at least;
For that would be to me delight eternal.
I mean, a look like to the looks of lovers:
A little turn of the mouth, and then 'tis done.
Thee, thou tall fellow, thee I most admire;
You don't look well at all with that priest visage:
Come, look at me a little longingly.
You might with decency, too, be more naked;
That long and folding garb is much too modest.
They turn them—from behind, O look upon them;
Too loveable by far are the rascallions.

Chorus of Angels. Change into clearness,
Ye fires loving!
Those who condemn themselves
Truth may recover;
That they, from the evil one
Joyfully loosèd,
In the all-union
Happy may be.

Digitized by Google

Mephistopheles (*collecting himself*).

How is it? Boil on boil, like Job, I'm feeling
For the whole man, who shudders at himself,
And yet doth triumph, himself seeing through,
If in himself he and his race confide.
The noble devil-parts are rescued;
The sorcery of love upon the skin is cast:
Already are the cursèd flames extinguished,
And, as is right, I curse ye all together.

Chorus of Angels. Holiest glowings!
Whom they o'er hover
Feels himself happy
In life with the good.
All now united,
Rising up, praise:
The air is all pure now;
Breathe, spirit, breathe!

(*They rise, carrying with them the immortal part of Faust.*)

Mephistopheles (*looking around*).

Yet how? Whither have they departed?
Young though ye be, ye have deceivèd me;
Therefore have they been nibbling at this grave.
A great, peculiar treasure 's taken from me;
The lofty spirit which was pledged unto me,
This have they slily smuggled quite away.
To whom shall I go pour out my complaining?
Who 'll give to me my well-earned right?
In thy old days, alas, alas, thou 'rt cheated!
Thou hast deserved it: all for thee goes bad.
I have mismanaged scandalously,
And a great outlay 's vilely thrown away:
A common lust, a love absurd has wandered
Over the well-experienced devil's mind;
And with this childish, foolish thing,
The wise, experienced one was busied:
So is, indeed, the foolishness not small
Which at the last him overmasterèd.

Mountain Defiles, Wood, Rock, Wilderness.

Holy Hermits, scattered among the Hills, dwelling among the Clefts.

Chorus and Echo. Forests are waving on,
Mountains are weighing on,
Roots, too, are clinging on,
Stem on stem thickly lies;
Wave spouteth after wave,
And deepest caves protect;

Digitized by Google

Lions are creeping mute
Friendly around us here:
Honour the sacred spot
Of holy love-refuge.

Pater Ecstaticus (*waving up and down*).

Joy's everlasting flame,
Love's everburning bond,
Boiling pain of the breast,
God's overfoaming joy.
Arrows pierce through me here,
Lances destroy me here,
Clubs, too, O crush me here!
Lightnings storm through me here;
That all the noughtworthy
May vanish far away:
And shine the eternal star,
Love's everlasting germ.

Pater Profundus (*from the depths*).

As at my feet the rock abysses
Rest weighing on the deep abysm,
As to dire fall of foaming river
A thousand sparkling streamlets flow,
As straight by its own powerful impulse
The tree high rises in the air.
'Tis thus, 'tis thus is love almighty,
Which all things forms and cherishes.

Round me sounds a savage roaring,
As the wood shook and the abyss!
Yet still falls, lovely in its plashing,
The water-fulness to the depths,
Immediate called the vale to water;
The lightnings which rushed downward flaming,
The atmosphere for purifying,
Which poisonous vapour in it held,
Are messengers of love, announcing
Whatever working us surrounds.
May it, too, burn within my bosom,
Where, coldly and confused, my soul,
Tortured by the dull senses' bound'ry,
Is sharp enclosed by fetter-pain.
O God! my feelings do thou lighten;
Shed light upon my needy heart.

Pater Seraphicus (*from the middle regions*).

What a morning cloudlet hovers
Through the pine trees' waving hair!
I forbode what lives within it;
'Tis the youthful spirit-choir.

Digitized by Google

Choir of blessed boys.

Tell us, father, where we 're moving,
Tell us, kind one, who we are?
Happy are we, and existence
Is so gentle to us all.

Pater Seraphicus.

Boys! brought forth at midnight hour,
With a soul and sense half shut,
Lost immediate to the parents,
By the angels straightway gained.
That a loving one is near you
Well ye feel, approach me now;
Yet of earth's steep path, ye blessed ones,
Not a trace on you is found.
Down descending in the organ
Worldly—earthly of mine eyes,
As your own ye may employ them,
And upon this region gaze.

(*He takes them into himself*).

Those are trees, and those are mountains,
That a stream, which rusheth down,
And with its enormous rolling
Makes for itself the steep way short.

Blessed boys (*from within*).

That is mighty to look on it;
Yet too gloomy is the place,
Shakes us with dismay and horror;
Noble, good one, let us go!

Pater Seraphicus.

Higher rise to higher circle,
Grow for ever unremarked,
As, in ever purest manner,
God's great presence strengtheneth.
That's the nourishment of spirits
Which in freest ether moveth:
Love eternal's revelation,
Which to blessedness unfoldeth.

Choir of blessed boys (*circling round the highest summits*).

Hands, come, entwine ye
Joyful in union
Move ye and sing ye
Holy feelings between;
By God instructed
Ye may confide,
Him whom ye honour
Ye shall behold.

Angels (*hovering in the higher atmosphere, bearing the immortal part of Faust*).

Rescued is the noble limb

Digitized by Google

Of the spirit-world from the bad one:
For he who toils and ever strives
Him can we aye deliver:
And if indeed with him a part
Love from above hath taken,
The blessèd armies him will meet
With heartiest of welcomes.

The younger Angels.

From the hands of holy women,
Loving, penitent, those roses
Helped us much to gain the victory,
And the high work to accomplish,
And to steal this spirit treasure.
Shrank the bad ones as we strewed them,
Fled the devils as we struck them.
'Stead of the hell-pains accustomed
Lovers' torments felt the spirits;
Even the old Satan's master
Was by sharpest pain through piercèd.
Shout for joy! we have succeeded.

The more perfect Angels.

Us wait the earth-remains
Sadly to carry,
And were he of asbest
He is not pure yet.
If the strong spirit-power
Hath to itself swept
The elements, no
Angel can sunder
The double nature joined
Of the internal twain,
Only can separate
Them love eternal.

The younger Angels.

Clouding round rocky heights
Now I am tracing
Spirit-life moving forth
There near unto us.
Clear do the clouds become.
I see of blessed boys
A moving chorus,
From the earth's pressure free,
Joined in a circle,
Who themselves in new spring
And sheen of higher worlds
Now are refreshing.
Let him commencing then
Gain fuller rising still
To these be joined!

Digitized by Google

The blessed Boys.

Gladly in infant state
Him we 're receiving;
Thus then do we obtain
Pledges angelic.
Loosen the flakes around
Which him encompass,
Now is he fair and great
By holy living.

Doctor Marianus (*in the highest, purest cell*).

Here is the prospect free,
Upraised the spirit.
There women passing by
Hover to heaven;
Midst them the lofty one,
In starry garland,
Queen of the heavens, by
Her brightness I see it.

(*Enraptured*).

Highest empress of the world
Let me, in the azure
Spread pavilion of the sky
See thy mystic meaning.
Justify what in man's breast
Earnest moves and tender,
And with holy joy of love
Bears itself towards thee.
Vanquished ne'er our courage is
If thou, high, commandest,
Sudden milder is the flame
When thou us becalmest.
Maiden, pure in fairest thought,
Mother, honour worthy,
Chosen queen art thou for us,
Equal to the godhead.
Round her light cloudlets
Gently are winding;
Penitents are they, girls,
A tender people;
Round at her knee are they,
Sipping the æther,
Asking for mercy.
From thee, though without emotion,
Hath it not been taken,
That those easily seduced
May thee seek confiding.

Into weakness snatched away,
To save them 'tis not easy;
Who from his own strength can burst

Digitized by Google

Joy's and pleasure's fetters?
O how quickly slips the foot
On a soil shelf-slippery!
Whom befools not glance and hail,
And the breath of flattery?

Mater Gloriosa (*hovers on*).

Chorus of Female Penitents.

To heights thou hoverest
Of kingdoms eternal;
O hear our praying,
Thou never equalled!
Thou rich in mercy!

Magna Peccatrix (St. Luke vii. 36).

By the love which at the feet of
Thy great Son, the God exalted,
Let the tears flow down for balsam,
Spite of Pharisaic mocking:
By the vessel which so richly
Downward dropped its pleasant odour;
By the tresses which so gently
Wiped it from the holy members.

Mulier Samaritana (St. John iv).

By the fountain, to which whilome
Abram drove his thirsting cattle;
By the bucket cool which ventured
Touch the lips of the Redeemer;
By the pure and plenteous fountain
Which now thence itself forth poureth,
Ever bright and overflowing,
Round through every world is running.

Maria Ægyptiaca (Acts).

By the place high consecrated.
Where the Lord they buriéd;
By the arm which from the entrance,
With a warning, pushed me back;
By the forty years' repentance,
Faithful in the wild I kept;
By the blessed farewell greeting
Which upon the sand I wrote.

The Three. Thou who unto greatest sinners
Thy sweet presence ne'er deniest,
And for everlasting raisest
Up the profit of repentance,
Grant thou, too, to this good spirit,
Which hath but once itself forgotten,
Which its sin was not suspecting—
Duly grant, O grant thy pardon!

Digitized by Google

Una Pœnitentium (*once named Margaret, moving near to her*).
Bow, O bow! thou
Never equalled,
Rich in radiance,
Thy countenance favouring to my joy!
The early loved one,
No longer troubled one,
He cometh back.

Blessed Boys (*approaching with a circular motion*),
He is outgrowing us
In mighty members,
Will richly bring again
Pay for true tending.
Early were we withdrawn
From bands of existence;
Yet this one he hath learned,
And he will teach us.

A Penitent formerly called Margaret.
By noble spirit-choir surrounded,
The new one scarcely knows himself,
The existence fresh he scarcely feeleth,
So like is he the holy band.
See how from all the earthly bondage
Of the old coil himself he 's torn,
And out of the ethereal garments
Steps forward the first youthful strength!
Allow me, that I may instruct him;
Still blindeth him the newborn day.

Mater Gloriosa.
Come, raise thyself to higher regions;
Feels he thy influence he will come.

Doctor Marianus (*worshipping on his face*).
Look up to the tender glance,
Gentle penitents all;
Thankful to your blessed fate,
Strive yourselves to fashion.
And each better thought shall be
To thy service given.
Maiden, mother, and our queen,
Goddess, still have mercy!

Chorus Mysticus. All that doth pass away
Is but a symbol;
The insufficient here
Grows to existence;
The indescribable
Here is it done;
The ever feminine
Draweth us on!

Digitized by Google

RAMBLES IN THE ISLE OF MAN.

"Some travel to analyse earths, some to dissect morals; I love the grand."
Hartford Bridge.

On Thursday the 13th December, 1838, at eight o'clock at night, I left Liverpool, in the "Queen of the Isle" steamer, for the Isle of Man. It was not a rough night, but there was a great swell in the sea, and all the horrors of sea sickness were endured by nearly all the passengers. They tell me that the homœopathic doctors prescribe an infinitesimal for the prevention of this cruelty of the sea; but for my own part I like not to check these natural outgoings, for fear of a worse plague arising from the enemy pent within. But, as the great English moralist has said, "a ship, at the best, is a prison;" and what to you are the glad waters of the dark blue sea, when you cannot walk from one side of a cage to the other? When the Vich Ian Vohr was led out to execution, he cast a longing look to the crimson heather of his native hills, but alas! the iron chain that bound him, and the remembrance of freedom and vigorous life but aggravated the pressure of the few moments between the prisoner and death. At five o'clock in the morning we anchored in the bay of Douglas; and never can I forget the scene. Immediately I clambered up the narrow steps, and was glad (as far as a sickened soul can be glad) to walk upon the deck. The wind blew very fresh—the lights at Douglas burned in the distance—it was a misty and dreary morning—and the outline of the hills could first be discerned—and I was told that as the tide was out we should not get into the harbour for a few hours; but perhaps some boats would put off for us. This was soon the case, and slipping down the ship's side, we were glad to stow ourselves and luggage in a wet boat, and solace our drooped spirits with the speedy prospect of a cup of warm tea in a quiet and comfortable hotel. Such an hotel was the "York;" and we were ushered into a room lightened by the blaze of a fire which had long been burning, and the apparatus of the tea-kettle at once brightened our sea-sick eyes, and proclaimed to us that we were in the earthly haven where we would be. Visions of a cold room—fire to be lighted—chamber-maid to be awakened—kettle to be set on—burnt-out candles to be removed—smell of tobacco poisoning—we shivering and they grumbling—were all dissipated in a twinkling, and we at once met with the reception of long-expected, and right-welcome guests. I trust that innkeepers sometimes travel themselves, and know the comforts of these things.

I took a walk round Douglas, and thought it a very dirty ill-conditioned looking place; for I did not see the "Castle Mona Hotel" and its beautiful gardens, and the fine beach, all of which must in due time be described; for here is the focus of attraction to the ordinary visitor. For several nights before Christmas, it is customary for boys, dressed in white, and serenaded by an old fiddle and drum, to perambulate the streets, after the manner of

Digitized by Google

the mummers in England, and solicit contributions at the various dwellings; and this was acted to weariness on the night that I slept at Douglas. I thought that the cracked fiddle would never have got out of the street; and then the rude laugh does not amalgamate with preparations for repose. "Good morning to you, Mr. and Mrs. M'Kenzie," sounded at two o'clock in the morning; "and all the family that is so small, good morning to you, and luck to you," and then a dance, and mock fight, and strains that would have murdered all the cows on the island, and this repeated with little variation down an entire street. I like to see these old customs kept up, and willingly pay for them as long as they are kept within due bounds; for in England, revelling, and Morris-dancing, and even carol singing, are too often accompanied with much evil; and in lieu of country lads and lasses, the mere scum of provincial towns perambulate the country, and drunkenness and thieving are the order of the day. Well, I soon left for Ramsey, wondering in myself what kind of place it would be; for indeed I did not much like what I saw of Douglas. I had left Liverpool under the influence of strong reverential feelings for Bishop Wilson's Isle, and I expected to find every thing and every body, more or less savour of that holy man. I had heard that persons in debt did formerly seek an asylum in the Isle of Man; but these persons might be very good and moral, and still be unfortunately not very abundant in this world's gear; and, besides, since the laws had been altered, the island was no longer a city of refuge, other than by holding out to all honest men of small incomes a cheaper rate of living than could be provided in taxed and rated England: so that my reverence for the ancient isle of saints did not meet with a check until I had consumed some twelve or fourteen hours thereon, notwithstanding a pecuniary imposition on landing. But in Douglas I beheld what would have drawn tears out of the compassionate eyes of Bishop Wilson; and I met the drunkard's vacant and glassy stare, and the gambler's look of cunning, and saw the things that call themselves young men, as though the emblem of manliness was to be exhibited in abject effeminacy, puffing at a cigar, and looking as though an English fist, about the fifth button-hole, would send the things to that place where good divines in the time of Sir Walter Ralegh used to say, that all tobacco-smokers and chewers would go to without benefit of clergy.

More of the above island-metropolis anon, for to Ramsey, in the northern part of the island, I set out; and O what a queer vehicle is an Isle of Man coach! It most nearly resembles a London omnibus; but then there is as much difference between the appearance of the two vehicles as between that of a half-drowned rat and a sleek and comely race-horse. In the first place, it is little more than half the length of an omnibus; then it is on lower wheels, on far worse springs (indeed the London omnibusses are admirably hung); and then it is miserably horsed, and altogether a shabby affair when compared at all with Shillibeer and Chancellor. Whether the London vehicle owes its origin to the Isle of Man conveyances, I know not; or whether the two have existed independently of each

Digitized by Google

other, like Bishop Patrick's parable of the "Pilgrim," and John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," I know not; but I believe that Mona lays claim to the originality of the affair. I must, however, say, that since the summer months have set in, and opposition coaches have been started, and loads of strangers are making the grand tour of the island, (*id. est.* from Douglas, by Loxey, to Ramsey, and onwards from Ramsey *vid* Kirk Michael to Douglas), that a great and visible improvement has taken place; and that rival coaches, with bugles, &c., *à l' Anglaise*, regularly leave the "Mitre" and "Heelis's Hotel," in Ramsey, and they do not care to meet the fare which the flourish of trumpets attracts in St. Paul's Square. Well, in one of these crazy vehicles with broken windows, I set out for Ramsey, by the Kirk Michael road, on a cold and showery day. The scenery was so wholly new to me that it could not but attract my especial attention. After I had gained some distance from General Goldier's, of the Nunnery, and which was once the holy residence of the pious sister St. Bridget, the country assumed a very Irish aspect. For a vast extent a tree was not to be seen; bogs were apparent: the hovels by the road-side were formed of clay or mud, and the adult inmates were generally barefooted, and the children always lacking shoe, stocking, or sandal. But the people did not seem to resemble the Scotian generations in the north of Ireland, or the Spanish tall figures and dark countenances of the south, but appeared to be more Dutch-built in their persons, and more phlegmatic in their countenances than the Irish. In accent and style of language they partly resemble the sons of Erin, and always make the grammatical mistakes of "would" for "could," and "will" for "shall." I think that a Manxman may be best described as partaking of a mixture between the Irish and the Welsh, but they certainly lack the open look, and the slowness of speech of an Englishman. I have often watched Manxmen at their labours, and have particularly noticed the constant jabbering they keep up, as though all would suggest some plan of expediting the work; while English labourers would have set to it without a word, and looked with contempt on the man who would have spent one minute in chatting. I shall have much to say on the peasantry of the island, for I have been placed in contact with many of them on different occasions.

Well, we left Peel to the left, and proceeded on through Kirk Michael village. There I perceived an excellent new church, and was told that a very good clergyman officiated; but I little heeded that the mortal remains of Bishop Wilson were in that churchyard deposited. Soon we passed the residence of the present bishop, which is called Bishop's Court, a place which had much the appearance of an ancient priory, and in it fires were blazing when we were almost perishing with cold. We met his lordship walking through the rain on the road: he was a tall man, and seemed to have an intellectual and benevolent cast of countenance, and not coming up to the *em-bon-point* appearance that I had associated with the name of Bowstead. It is singular how our minds are led to connect particular appearances with particular names, and even with

Digitized by Google

actions; but such is the fact, although we often come to very different conclusions in our fancies. There is no leading speaker in the Lords or Commons whose form and features I do not fancy according to the matter of their speeches and their situation in the country; and am often totally taken aback when I happen to see the real persons. Not long ago, I particularly noticed an M. P. in the lobby of the House of Commons. He was tall, and an uncommonly large and portly man; his countenance was full and rubicund, and his corporation, "with good capon lined," certainly required something more than the "boundlessness of realm" which it could obtain in the lobby, although it might have been satisfied with somewhat less than Lord Byron's whale. He was dressed in a plain blue coat with metal buttons, an expansive buff waistcoat, kerseymere knee breeches, and gaiters which intimated that his calves were not out at grass. He at once looked like a true John Bull—like a broad Herefordshire farmer, whose cheeks are reddened with "potations pottle deep" of cider—or like one of the Earl of Leicester's fine specimens of yeomanry, who drive into the market-towns in their curricles, and discuss many a bottle of port that lacketh not the bee's wing. I was accordingly anxious to learn what agricultural constituency he might represent, and to whose opinions he added his preponderating weight, when (will you believe it?) *he turned out to be a cockney!* Yes, reader, if you reside within the hearing of Bow bell, and have never been in the country to hear a *cock neigh*, you may have the best chance of beholding that son of Anak, Mr. Pattison, of the Bank of England, a man whom, you may rest assured, is worth a Grote!

We drove by the blazing fires of Bishop's Court, not altogether envying the good bishop's approximation to them, but looking forward with some degree of pleasure to the good things that might await us at Ramsey. It now became dusk, and therefore the very beautiful road through the parish of Lerayer, with the romantic view from the bridge at Salby, were lost upon us, and we beheld nothing specially grateful to the eye previous to our arrival at the hotel at Ramsey. Right glad we were to jingle over the streets of that town, and to behold the lights in the chemists' shops, and to hear the town-clock strike; but most glad to be welcomed by the kind and motherly countenance of mine hostess, Mrs. Heelis. A blazing fire, warm tea, peppered mutton chop, dry toast, and tea-cake, were soon before us; and, like Washington Irving, I felt as absolute as an emperor, with the room for my kingdom, the poker for my sceptre, and the waiters for my subjects; and I only wished that every king and queen in Europe might feel half as independent, and half as contented, and half as comfortable and happy; and our joy was akin to that of the mariner who exclaims, as though he knew he could not be confuted,

> "When the shore is won at last,
> Who will count the billows past?"

RAMSEY IN THE NORTH.

Beautiful and romantic Ramsey, how can words describe thee! Thy town is clean and neat, and will be neater still as strangers

Digitized by Google

draw toward thee. And O, if the pent-up inmates of London and of Liverpool, of Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, &c., could only know how refreshing are thy breezes, how invigorating thy scenes, how kind thy inhabitants, and how spacious and comfortable is thy hotel, surely there would be a contest to reach thee foremost, and the advent of strangers would expel thy well-wishing aborigines from thy dwellings on the sea!—in other words, they would benignly retreat for a while, until thy new squares, thy beautiful crescents, and thy parades, and thy suburban villas, were arising in plenitude around thee. Delightful and dear Ramsey! propitious was that star that guided me to thee, and that even led me from Siluria's richer lands, and laughing vales, and hanging woods, and the banks of Vaga, to wander among the grander scenery in the isle of mountain and of flood. And now I imagine myself under the honour of introducing a stranger to thee, a son of England, on whose cheek the rose has ceased to bloom, and whose mind must be lifted from the difficult book awhile; and methinks he will be filled with new ideas and new affections, and return to his beloved country with renovated body and renovated heart, and sure I am, with renovated soul.

And now we have breakfasted heartily at Heelis's hotel, and are stepping out upon the beach; and we have a long day before us, and thy beauties are to be ransacked, and revelled in, and remembered, O Ramsey! First, we will walk along the shore—and let me pause, and contemplate the position in which I have placed the blue-eyed stranger of Britain. The tide is far out; not a sea-weed or tanglement of any kind is to be seen. He is walking upon a broad strip of dry and firm sand, within hearing of the softest dalliance of the murmuring wave: on his left hand, is the broad and open bay, with its good anchorage in the marl bottom; on his right hand is the town, which cannot intercept the larch-covered Ballure, and the high Barrule, which seems to tell you that there is strength in the hills; and before him is Maughold Head, with its isolated rock in the extreme distance of the bay. Here he must pause, and here he must walk awhile, and allow his feelings to be impressed with that religious peace which the serenity of the scene cannot fail to implant and duly increase. And here he will see the children at their gambols, laving their little feet in the cooling tide, or building houses on the sand, or aiding their fathers in drawing forth the sand-eels from their narrow recesses. And the sea gulls will be sailing obliquely over his head, and the gannet, too, may be dashing upon her prey in the glassy water, and the black divers will be busy in their victualling department—for they are cormorants in name and deed. The bark from Liverpool or Whitehaven will be anchored hard by, and mayhap a gallant steamer will come in, and hoist her signal; and the boats will put off, and bring the voyager in safety to the yellow sands of Ramsey, where often is beheld the parting of friends. Sometimes, two noble Scotch steamers will be alongside each other in the bay; and one is taking passengers away, while the other is landing; and busy is the scene of the plying boats. Here it is that, when Mona's

Digitized by Google

northern daughter is wedded, in the soft evening the happy pair are conducted by the bridal guests to the beach; and the honoured vessel appears, and away they sail for the lakes in Cumberland, or for the Ayrshire hills, or loftier mountains of Argyle, so warmed by the western sun when beheld from the tranquil bosom of the Clyde. Lucky is the wight that then may take his passage hence; for how could old Ocean dare be so ungallant, so envious, and so treacherous, as to lift itself unmannerly beneath the precious burden of the confiding pair? Our stranger may behold this pigmy pageant; for although the spinsters and the *baccalaurei* of Ramsey are numerous enough to please Malthusian minds, yet the unselfish question is popped sometimes; and the stranger, too, is oft accepted, with or without his worldly goods, by ancient Mona's young and dark-eyed daughters. And there are others will depart, and others will land, and the stranger may remind himself of the simple description of Southey's master-hand, so simple because so masterly:—

> "There stood an old man on the beach, to wait
> The comers from the ocean: and he asked,
> 'Is it the prince?' And Madoc knew his voice,
> And turned to him, and fell upon his neck;
> For it was Urien, who had fostered him,
> Had loved him like a child: and Madoc loved,
> Even as a father, loved he that old man."

And how might he dwell upon that poem of Madoc, and recall many a lengthy passage which would now be appropriate, for it deals as he is now dealing with nature, but he must pass on, or other Ramsey scenes will be jealous of his lingering amid the rapturous caresses of one spot. And now he arrives at a little valley on his right hand, and he perceives an elegant cottage ornée, and although he knows not the kind and hospitable inmates, yet he is in love with it's very appearance, and instead of longing with Burns for a cave on some wild distant shore, he would rather gaze on the blue smoke curling up from this sweet cottage in the valley, and from its pleasant window, gaze along the rugged and broken rocks that line the shore to Port League, or look up in awe to Barrule, the high the barren, yet still beautiful Barrule. But come, he shall not linger here, although Mrs. Brew and Miss Trivett will play the Syren, but like Ulysses, he must stuff up his ears, and remember that other Penelopes are awaiting the approval of his charmed senses. And now we take the book for our guide, and in the depth of a shady retreat, we sit upon the trunk of a tree that is recumbent o'er the stream, and the sun cannot see us, but a dove has just alighted on the ivied bough near us, and we are drawing in our breath lest we should scare it away, we so love its placid form, and the ring around its neck; and we listen to the blackbird, and mark the little chirping wren, and we should love to see a brilliant kingfisher, and perhaps a swallow penetrates the shades, and young birds, to their parents' infinite anxiety, are chirruping about, and many flowers and other beautiful things meet our eyes; and as we are in the humour to be charmed by what are impiously and

Digitized by Google

thoughtlessly called trifles, we are charmed accordingly. And then we pass on up the channel of the brook under Ballure bridge, and are soon behind the old ruined mill of Ballure, and have seen the good waterman filling his cask at the stream which is so pure, and next are rambling up the thicket of Ballure glen. Strange! that the owner of this does not cut out a winding walk up to the beloved little waterfall, and that the waterfall itself is not greatly improved. Nature here seems to call aloud to the sons of art, but alas! they are deaf to the voice of this charmer. O private taste! O public spirit! wherefore do ye slumber? Does not Aristotle tell us, that a statue is hid in every block of marble, and that the art of the statuary only clears away the extraneous matter, and removes the rubbish? And sure I am that exquisite beauty is to be found in this glen, if a little of nature's rubbish were pruned away, although I would be especially careful not to reduce her ladyship to such a process of tonsure as might subject her to the scorn and marvel of her wilder and admiring children. O lucid waterfall, let the stranger part from his heating vestments, and place himself under thy cooling influence, and if his nerves have ever indulged in an imbecile tone, they will be right well invigorated, and henceforth bear manfully, if not superhumanly, the rude and hideous noises of the world. To the left of the waterfall we recline awhile, and then we clamber up above the chasm in the rock through which it wends it's way, and we soon turn to the right and ascend the steep bank, and here we also sit awhile by the side of the gorze, and we pluck the little yellow pimpernel with its sunny eye of gladness, and we place the rounded trefoil in our button-hole, and we list to the cooing of the dove, and we still behold the proud Barrule to our right. Here I would place every half-smothered cockney—here I would conduct the poor metal-worker of Birmingham, or Leeds, or Sheffield, here I would like to hail the world's tired denizen, those minions of splendour from the pavé of Milsom-street in Bath, and the High-street of the artificial and mushroom Cheltenham. O ye wearied people of the world, you who cannot battle with that enemy which you discover to be in time, you know not how lovely the world can be to those who will seek with unflattened hearts its natural beauties, and its solemn grandeur! Here is omnipotence and benevolent design: here is to be seen harmony and consummate art. In every creature, and in every vegetable, and in the smallest wild flower, are materials for our highest admiration. It is in the innermost and hidden recesses also of nature, that we behold wisdom and power. Yet these are not to be seen by the fitful glances of the indolent and the ignorant, but require the most attentive inspection of the wise and good; and of this temple we may exclaim with the elder minstrel, "Here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein." And here is health, and, what is more absolutely necessary to all, tranquil enjoyment of life! Let a man lie here awhile with open eyes, and the blue devils must depart. Abernethy's prescription for a fat and gouty alderman was attic indeed—"Live on sixpence a day, *and earn it.*" In other words, leave the green and floating fat of thy turtle dish, leave thy luscious venison, and thy rich wines,

Digitized by Google

and it shall be well with thee: and in like manner my prescription, my universal remedy would be, "Leave thy engrossing cares in thy splendid city awhile, and set off for Ramsey in the Isle of Man—whatever thy malady may be, in Ramsey thou wilt find thy cure." There thy physicians will charge thee nothing, but will certainly make thee an ample receiver; nor will thy appetite long disdain, or be shyly-coy with her bounteous gifts. She will introduce thee to the fisherman, and the butcher, and the baker, whom thou hast long since loathed, and really thou wilt feed and be fed if thou wilt come and dwell in her land.

But a truce to this strain, for we are descending by a winding road on the hill-side. And now we follow not the beaten road to Ramsey, but turn short round along a shady way on our left hand, and we ascend an inclined plane, and reach a gate through which we might walk on for Cloughbane, but we must turn to the left and wind our way up to the point, from whence, overlooking Ramsey, we have a glorious view of the bay from the point of Ayr to Maughold Head, and the Cumberland hills are before us, and we must needs talk of Wordsworth and Southey, and the benevolent Arnold, who has a summer retreat there. And here, too, I must cry out to Holmes, or Qualtrough, or any other dear brother in our wanderings to the hill tops,

> "Come let us sit upon the ground,
> And tell strange stories of the death of kings:"

and then we soar up to the King of all kings; and we cannot but feel that our Maker dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and there, in common with the wilder Ayayaca,

> "We know
> And worship the Great Spirit, who in clouds,
> And storms, and mountain caves, and by the fall
> Of waters in the woodland solitude,
> And in the night and silence of the sky,
> Doth make his being felt."

The Welsh word for death (*angau*) signifies *enlargement;* and I know nothing that tempts us more to bring to our minds the time when we may spread our wings and flee away from the tenements which enshrine our souls, than an expanded view of the creation, for then we truly feel our littleness, then we feel that we are in the hands of some vast external power, then we begin to entertain palpable ideas of immensity, and from immensity we glide on, as far as our senses can convey us, into eternity. From that point there is a noble view, and we gain at once a knowledge of the general aspect of the Island, in looking over the wide tract of Kirk Andreas, Kirk Bride, and leftward to Turby. And here we may wander about these higher regions, and as we neighbour nearer to the sun, we shall make fresh discoveries, and feel fresh delights. The stranger in Ramsey must positively pass days and evenings upon these hills. He must ramble in all directions upon their summits, and hardly rest contented, short of the herbless granite of Bar-

Digitized by Google

rule. But now our stranger must descend the way by which he ascended, and turn through the gate which he had refused before, and wend right onwards to Cloughbane, through an avenue of lime-trees, and here too he will be refreshed by the sound of a water-fall. He may then pass nigh to the house of William Christian, Esq., an M.P. on the island, or he may continue a pathless way to Milntown, and return to Ramsey by the Lerayre-road. But in these rambles he must not forget to pay a visit to the Chapel in ruins underneath Ballure-hill, where the church-yard is still used to bury strangers in. From whatever point the ruin is seen, it forms a truly romantic object in the view, and puts us strongly in mind of a Swiss scene, and perhaps the *tout ensemble* of a Ban de la Roche in miniature. The roofless chapel reminds us also of those roofless houses of prayer among the mountains, or by the sea-side, in which our blessed Lord passed a whole night in prayer. A church-yard is a solemn place, and what can add more reality to our devotions, than to think that we are assembled in the midst of the dead; and could we but take off some five or six feet of earth, and see every corpse as it was freshly laid in the grave: O what a sight it would be! and then no infidel can deny this truth—that as they are, he must soon be. This chapel was consecrated in the year 1753, by Bishop Wilson, and the consecration-sermon was preached by his son. This fact should consecrate it in our affections. For some time after it fell into decay; the people were afraid to take any part of the timber away—some through feelings of veneration, others through superstition. The better feelings soon died away when a generation arose that knew not our patriarch. I am not superstitious in the smallest degree; but surely, if a man's household can be visited with any plague or sundry kinds of death for touching imprudently the holy ark of the Lord, certainly punishment, in some way or other, must settle upon him, who for a small temporal emolument should steal away any portion, however neglected it may be, of the consecrated temple of Jehovah. There is no display of architecture within or without these walls; but they were consecrated by Bishop Wilson, and might, at a small expence, be preserved by a roof, and thence the beautiful service for the burial of the dead might be read within the chapel. A good lady from Stourbridge, in Worcestershire, has offered a sum of money towards such an object, and also offered an annual subscription towards an endowment. The fact is, that in the town of Ramsey there is more room for religious worship than is needed. First of all, there is St. Paul's Chapel (Kirk Maughold, more than two miles off, being the mother church), in which a most respectable congregation assembles, indeed very nearly all the respectable (temporally speaking) gentry and tradesmen of the town; and the church is highly indebted to Mr. Carran, of Ramsey, for the organisation of an excellent choir of singers and instrumental performers. It is very edifying to hear them sing that noble composition of St. Ambrose the "*Te Deum;*" but I must say that I love congregational singing best of all, and if the congregation would but join, the singing would be as near perfection as in any other provincial town. There is a small organ

Digitized by Google

but it is seldom used. The church is a very convenient one, and it has an ample vestry; but it is not built from east to west, through some inadvertence in the persons who planned the foundation. Formerly the sea encroached nearly to its walls, but now there is a fine open square before it, and the vessels in the harbour opposite, with their Sunday streamers flying, present a smart appearance. There is no burial ground around it, for strangers are buried in the ground of the ruined chapel, and parishioners are laid in the large burial-ground sloping upward from Kirk Maughold Church. There is a clock in front of the church on the outside, next the square, which is very useful to the town. The Rev. Archibald Holmes is the chaplain of Ramsey, and he has served for many years, content with being "passing rich with forty pounds a-year." His whole salary is not more than the above sum, and he has no house affixed to the chaplaincy. He is far worse paid than the Methodist minister of the place, who in fact has a handsome income allowed him. Surely, before one penny of money is sent abroad, we should look to our own people at home. He is a strong evangelical preacher, but his delivery is not prepossessing. This little signifies, so long as he preaches practical home-truths, and indeed is far preferable to a smoother and more eloquent mode, He is highly esteemed by all, both churchmen and dissenters; and his character, like the Chevalier Bayard's, is *sans reproche*. In truth, I have found him to be an amiable and estimable man, and one of exceedingly equal temper; and surely his contentment on the small allowance allotted to him proves that he has made up his mind to the Apostolic resolution—*I am resolved in whatsoever state I am therewith to live content*. All strangers will, to their comfort, find a tried and conciliating friend in the Rev. Archibald Holmes; and he is not insensible to the scenes of beauty around Ramsey.

The next place of worship connected with the Church, is St. Peter's Chapel. This is now closed; and if it were opened it would only interfere with St. Paul's. The last clergyman who served in this chapel was the Rev. Mr. Maunsell, of Fintona, in the county of Tyrone, and very many persons still entertain an affectionate regard towards him. He was a man devoted to the cause of the Cross: and every man who would pursue an honest and unflinching path here, must take up his cross; because he will meet with as much opposition from pert and flippant, but most lamentably ignorant and uncharitable religionists, as from open enemies in the ranks of the unbelieving and the immoral. Maunsell has left a sweet savour of remembrance behind him, and many still rejoice in his shining track.

There is a Scotch chapel also here, which, I believe, is frequented by the seceders from the kirk, or presbyterian church, of Scotland. It is not attended by many; but I understand that there is nothing offensive in the manner of conducting the service, and indeed, the fact of its being in the hands of Scotchmen is almost, of itself, a guarantee that all things shall be done decently and in order, although episcopal arrangement may be lacking. I have never attended there; because I get a full heart and stomach of

Digitized by Google

religion in the church, and I never feel the slightest wavering or wandering in my mind; but I hope and trust that the true and sober spirit of Christ's religion is there.

A methodist chapel, and a primitive methodist chapel are also in the town. The former is frequented by followers of that eminent clergyman, the Rev. John Wesley, and thus a new sect; and the other by those who are vulgarly called ranters, and, I believe, inclined to the doctrines of that other clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Whitfield. I believe that a good many people frequent the former, but I know nothing of the latter. Neither of them, perhaps, are greatly needed in Ramsey, for it is a small town, and if they were absent, there would be two clergymen, at least, appointed, and two commodious chapels open on Sunday and week days—but so it is, that sectarians will act in opposition to that command of our Lord's *to preach the gospel to every creature:* for they choose rather to preach among those to whom it is already preached, and for the instruction of whose souls ample provision is made. We certainly do vast harm by building on other men's foundations, and by keeping them from a ministry, which any modest man must confess to be superior to his own. I should not like the responsibility of such a proceeding, and therefore have I refused offers from the Home Mission in Ireland, and made a resolution never to preach without episcopal leave. May God overrule all for good! and doubtless many an injudicious thing is done under good intentions, but with short-sightedness as to final results. Formerly, I have been told, there were awfully irreligious scenes enacted in chapels of the methodists; here but I have no reason to think that now the services are otherwise conducted, than with a regard to decency and the rational dictates of religion; and certainly in England religious eccentricities and ravings are dying away, or are strictly confined to the lowest order of religionists. I have always felt especial interest in the doings of the strict followers of Wesley; and I always look upon any departure from that holy man's counsel, with much pain and regret. There is already a vast split among them, but those who separate from the church, must expect to behold their own bond of peace severed. However, strangers need not be frightened from coming to Ramsey on this account, for they will find the church in excellent order, and they are fools indeed who meddle in controversies from which they may steer clear. Churchmen and Methodists live in much harmony here, perhaps, more so than Methodists with Methodists. I love all who are open and sincere in their religion.

NEW SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY IN GERMANY.

A NEW school of speculative philosophy has arisen in Germany, headed by Professor J. H. Fichte, of Bonn. The Heglians had imagined that their master had reached the summit of thought, and that his system, as it was the last, was also necessarily the most perfect. In their haughty self-sufficiency, they looked with contempt

Digitized by Google

on every other method of solving the problems of Being and its phenomena; and as Hegel was thought by the Prussian court the strenuous defender of Conservatism, no other philosophy succeeded in rising against, or even beside his; and he and his followers remained complete masters of the field of speculation. Since the appearance, however, of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, things seem to be altered. Strauss, a Heglian, resolves the whole history of Our Saviour into myths: it is true, into such as veil the sublimest truths ever offered to human reason, but still only myths. Accordingly, a thousand voices were raised from the clergy and laity, philosophers and historians, against this daring attempt to deprive Christianity of its realistic basis, and to refine the faith of Christendom into a system of speculative conceptions. Had Strauss stood alone, his work would perhaps have proved harmless to his school; but it was soon found that nearly all those his defenders were also Heglians, many of them, too, theologians of high repute, holding preferments in the Prussian church, or occupying professorial chairs.

This discovery has led to serious attacks on the system. It has been asserted (and, in our humble judgment, proved), that Hegel and his followers, under the shelter of glittering language, and an artful terminology, have taught a lifeless pantheism, if not absolute atheism. Their God is a nonentity, inasmuch as he has no self-existing objective consciousness, but becomes only conscious subjectively in the mind of every man, in proportion to his individual gifts. Nor could they come to a different conclusion, since they, differing from Kant, denied all objective reality to phenomena, and identified them with the subjective intellectual conception: that is to say, they held that they necessarily are what they appear to be to *pure reason;* or, we should say, what could be talked of them in the jargon of their sect. Be this, however, as it may, the attacks made on them by Professor Leo and others have so attracted public attention, even of those who generally take no cognizance of philosophical disputes, that many of the school, especially of the younger branches of it, have taken the alarm; and hence, probably, the great accession of power, Fichte has found in the outset of his endeavours to start a system which "should go beyond" that of their master. For he does not, as nearly all the founders of new schools have done before him, commence his career by himself, uncertain whether his theory will be received or not; but, having agreed with twenty-six or twenty-seven other philosophical minds on their leading principles, he has commenced, conjointly with them, a periodical, in which these principles are to be gradually unfolded, applied to all the departments of human knowledge, and, if possible, established. This work, which was commenced in 1837, and of which two volumes and a half are already published, is entitled, *Zeitschrift für Philosophie und Speculative Theologie.* The authors call their philosophy sometimes the *System of Liberty*, in contradistinction to Hegel's "absolute necessity:" or the *System of Individuality*, in as far as it aims at the knowledge of the truth, or the objective (personal) reality of God

Digitized by Google

and His creation. Its harmony with the true spirit of Christianity, is to be the criterion of its truthfulness. The members of the school receive as a fact, that "there has been, at all times and in all places, a belief in *a positive revelation* [i. e., in an essentially divine annunciation] *to* the free spirit of man, besides the revelation of God in nature and reason, with distinct instructions for the knowledge, and commandment for the will, of man; and that it is the task of philosophy to make it clear to itself, how it may understand and explain this fact."

It remains to be seen what progress this Christian *a priori* philosophy will make in our sceptical and letter-worshipping age. We say, "God speed!" A. B.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

PHYSIC AND PHYSICANS.—THE MEDICAL CHARACTER.*

If there were among all the regular professions a dispute for pre-eminence, the contest would finally rest between the physician and the divine. The soldier, heroic though he has been held in all ages, is rapidly falling in public estimation. Hitherto soldiers only have been the witnesses of carnage. The more revolting features of the occupation of man-butchering have been hidden in the blaze of glory attending the conqueror, or forgotten in the gaping wonderment at the revolutions of mighty empires. But the philosophy of civilisation is now beginning to be better understood; and, though armies are not yet dispensed with, they are looked upon as necessary evils. A threat goes as far now as a blow, among nations; and kings have learned better manners. Soldiership, therefore, seems likely to be ere long at a discount; and, should those principles prevail, sailors also bid fair to dwindle down into a mere sea-police for the prevention of piracy. Neither soldiership nor sailorship has any claims to high consideration as a profession, except when acting on the defensive. In the aggression they degenerate, even when the authorised agents of nations, into mere robbers and murderers. If we turn to the legal profession, we shall unhappily find that, as at present constituted, it has but few claims to the praise of the moralist. In every legal contest there must be a right and a wrong. The lawyer must therefore eternally risk being engaged in the defence of injustice; for there is no line of demarcation between advocates of the right and advocates of the wrong. The lawyer must undertake the cause upon the facts put before him, and of course no litigant is such an ass as to submit to his advocate a case which is on its very surface fraudulent. Therefore all the lawyer can do is to run the risk of acting as the paid agent of injustice, and apply the salvo to his conscience, that he forsooth does not know that the facts are false—he takes them on the statement of his client. Another feature of the practice of that profession must also occasionally prick the conscience of the lawyer—more especially of the practitioner in the inferior branch;—it is that the expense of litigation is such, as that even if justice be ultimately attained (and how many are the risks of injustice being suffered?) its good effects are neutralised, and the profit arising from the judgement goes, not to the successful plaintiff, but for the most part into that of his attorney. Far are we from joining in the vulgar cry against that most respectable body, the attornies.

---

* Physic and Physicians, A Medical Sketch Book, exhibiting the public and private life of the most celebrated Medical Men of former days, with Memoirs of eminent living London Physicians and Surgeons. 2 vols. Longman & Co. 1839.

Digitized by Google

They have too large a sprinkling of black sheep among them no doubt, but there is a great majority of high-minded men composing the profession on whom we would be loth indeed to cast a reflection as regards their motives. Still, he who touches pitch will be defiled; and even the most moderate bill of costs lengthens a man's visage when sent in. In this source of disquiet to the legal conscience (you see we are liberal, reader; we admit the existence of what has been said by divers grave authorities to be an impossibility), the barristers do not so much participate. The long and wearying study required to qualify the really learned counsel, the vast outlay of money necessary to prepare him for his profession, the sacrifices of health, pleasure, and private feeling,—for the barrister is eminently one of those who must

"Scorn delights and live laborious days;"

or, as an ingenious friend of ours reads the passage—

"Scorn delays and live laborious nights,"—

all these circumstances combine to entitle him without dispute to the not high scale of fees by which he is remunerated. Looking, however, to all that can be said in favour of the law as a profession—admitting that sometimes laws are interpreted according to their obvious spirit, and not according to their letter—admitting that judges are sometimes high-minded independent men, promoted for Baconian properties of intellect, rather than peripatetic digests of judge-made law—admitting that barristers may be found insane enough not to avail themselves of a fraud, or a suppressed fact, or a false testimony, in aid of their client's case—admitting that there may be attornies who will not grind their opponents for costs, or their own clients, when they find them rapidly approaching that state when they will be no longer squeezable—admitting that a species of study, whose basis is a slavish deference to precedents, even where such precedents may be but the crude conclusions of the comparatively uninstructed in an uninformed age, is likely to lead to enlargement of mind, and independence of judgement—admitting all these favourable arguments for the moral integrity of the law as a profession, still it must be conceded, that to foment or profit by the wrangles and strifes between man and man is not the most consistent occupation of a christian. But we forget—there is a day specially set apart for the contemplation (perhaps the practice) of *their* christianity: on other days they are like other men.

The contest, then, lies between the divine and the physician. Their object is undoubtedly to do good, not evil. No divine comes to the altar prepared to disseminate doctrines which he believes to be pernicious. No physician attends the bed-side of his patient with the intention of killing him. Each desires to heal, to the best of his power,—the one the body, the other the soul. To attempt to decide between them involves considerations that go to the very root of religion and morals; as, for instance, Which is the higher utility—that which consists in saving the soul in the next world, or that which prolongs its existence in this? Perhaps the doctor of medicine might carry the day as against the doctor of divinity, on the ground that the longer a poor sinner has to live, the longer time has he for repentance. "Ah, but," cries the divine, "it is in sickness, when physical debility subdues the pride of man, that the lessons of the Gospel sink the deepest into the repentant soul. You come in—work your nostrums and specifics—you promise health—you authorise indulgence—you induce the patient to rely rather upon man than upon God—and in the end, by restoring him to the world, you rekindle his passion for its vanities, and drive me from the vantage-ground I held in his conscience!" Half a century ago, the wig and the cane of the M. D. might have vanquished the D. D., but (alas for the picturesque!) doctors of all sorts now dress in a decent dulness, like other English gentlemen. The virtues and humble glories of the Divine have had many affectionate painters: indeed, the portrait is one to dwell upon *con amore*:—

Digitized by Google

"The christian priest, devout, and pure, and meek,
Whose solace sinners in affliction seek;
A pastor wise, just, affable, and mild,
Who loves and rules his flock, as parent should his child,
A friend,—revered by low and high degree—
At once the stay and charm of true society;
A blameless man, who scarce suspecteth ill,
And bears to each and all a sweet good will."

Not less amiable in its moral features is the character of the really high-minded physician. Accustomed from early youth to devote himself exclusively to meditating on the sources of human suffering and devising the means of cure; cut off by the nature of his studies from the petty and degrading strifes which neutralise the moral qualities of worldly men; with a mind elevated by the constant contemplation of the mysterious workings of the Creator, from the grandeur of design manifested in the structure of man, down to those minutest details of the animal and vegetable world, which are still more wondrous as marking the infinite benevolence of the Deity; now prostrate in humility before a power whose utmost wisdom he is led to revere, the more hope he has of penetrating the portals of the divine workshop, and now, elated with a noble pride, because trusting that in him is lodged the ability to restore to harmony that grand machine when disarranged by accident or blind indulgence;—the physician combines within himself all the properties of the highly intellectual and the moral. At all events, he has the most favourable opportunities for acquiring that knowledge, refinement of feeling, and those principles of honour, which when combined in one person, go to form that beau-ideal of all our vain longing—the gentleman.

With these feelings towards that honourable profession, we were pleased to receive a work whose title promised a rich fund of amusement and interest. Nor have we been disappointed. The author of the book, with a becoming modesty, has preferred on all occasions, to give us the thoughts and feelings of eminent bygone writers on the subject of medicine and medical men, rather than to substitute for them his own. Yet the judicious remarks which are interspersed throughout the volumes show that this abstinence has not proceeded from any lack of power to do justice to his views. He has collected from innumerable sources, a vast body of the most interesting facts, and most amusing anecdotes, so that the work is one of the most amusing to the general reader, that has for a long time appeared. Every page teems with amusement, and though most of the anecdotes of bygone Physicians are necessarily not new, yet to the great majority of readers they will be so, and even to those who may have met with them individually, before, they will be interesting, as taken in connection, and affording illustrations of the medical character—a character on the whole, more brilliant, eccentric, amusing and instructive, than any other.

In the opening chapter, after an able review of the antiquity and dignity of physic, the author thus enthusiastically alludes to the claims of his profession:—

"Medical men have in all ages been held in high estimation, when the understanding of mankind was not clouded by superstition. The ancients deified their celebrated medical men, and dedicated temples to their honour. Plato, the great heathen philosopher, says, that a good physician is only second to God himself. The Athenians must have had an elevated notion of the science of medicine, for there was a law among them that no slave or woman should study physic. The inhabitants of Smyrna associated, upon the coins of that city, the names of their celebrated physicians with the effigies of their gods. The Romans, in the early period of their history, did not hold the art in very high estimation; but in the time of Julius Cæsar, when physicians came from Greece (the country whence the Romans derived all their polite learning, and knowledge of the fine arts), they were complimented with the freedom of the 'Eternal City;' a privilege of which that proud people was extremely jealous.

Digitized by Google

Their great orator, Cicero, says, 'that nothing brings men nearer the gods, than giving health to their fellow-creatures.'

"'How the tender springs of life,' says an eminent physician, 'that elevate a man to move but a little below angels, vibrate and ravish the mind with pleasure, when our art snatches a victim friend from the jaws of death! And shall we then prefer inglorious ease to the divine energy of raising the dead? No, verily: if the soldier, who burns cities and desolates the land by human sacrifices, is worthy of marble or brass, what adequate monument can human art effect for him who burns no cities, but saves their inhabitants, who desolates no country, but peoples it not with stones, as fabled of old, but with his friends, his relations, doomed to the grave.' The medical man is indeed a guardian angel of a family, a deity of health. If the profession be not a lucrative one, it is a divine one. It is above money, and is 'not to be dealt in by attorneyship,' as Shakspere says of love.

It is, indeed, a high gratification to be the humble administrator of relief to our fellow-creatures; but there are drawbacks to every enjoyment life. Dr. Cuming, in writing to his friend Lettsom, alluding to this subject, addresses him in the following strain: 'Have you not sometimes felt the hurried clay-cold grasp of a respected friend's hand? have you not seen the lack-lustre eye, the wan, perhaps distorted, features, and the convulsive pangs of an expiring husband and father—his bed encircled by an affectionate wife, and a group of weeping infants, whose comfort in this world—nay, perhaps, whose subsistence—depended upon the life of their parent?—these rend the very heart-strings, and make us deplore the *impuissance* of our art.'

"The balance of account between satisfaction and remorse was jocosely stated by Dr. Warren to Lady Spencer, who had said, she thought the frequent reflection, that a different treatment might have saved their patients, must embitter the lives of medical men: he told her, that the balance was greatly in favour of satisfaction, for he hoped to cure her forty times before he killed her once.

"It is in the time of such scenes as Dr. Cuming delineates, that when, in the physician, the friend and the divine are combined, his affection, his good sense, and his sympathy, pour into the afflicted the oil of comfort; he soothes the pangs of woe; he mitigates the distress; he finds out something in the wise dispensations of Providence that he carries home to the bosom of affliction. Hence it is that he is truly a guardian angel, his assiduity makes him appear as a sufferer with the family; they view him as one of themselves—sympathy unites him to them; he acquires new ties, new affections; he mourns with them; and his philosophy points out new sources of consolation—he is beloved—he is become the father of the family—he is everything that Heaven in kindness deputes, to soften and dissipate misery.

"But how often is the medical man treated with base ingratitude, when his services are not required. How often is he exposed to the neglect, contempt, and contumely of those who are the first, when ill, to demand his services!

> "'God and the Doctor we alike adore,
> But only when in danger, not before;
> The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
> God is forgotten, and the Doctor slighted.'"

The eccentricity so constantly displayed by medical men, is a subject worthy to be enquired into. One would imagine, that the constant investigation of natural facts, and intimacy with scenes of woe and suffering, would secure, in the physician, a steadiness of mind, and an unvarying dignity of manner. Yet in no profession have there been so many instances of extravagant eccentricity. Many of the learned luminaries who figure in the present record, would, according to the ordinary operations of mankind, have been more fitted for confinement than the patients whom their fiat so often condemned to the asylum. Several natural causes may have conspred to bring about this result. Intense study, for instance, will produce in the mind, a disposition to fly off at

Digitized by Google

a tangent, as it were, and to seek relief in the most ridiculous relaxations Another predisposing cause of this disregard of forms, may be the extreme deference paid to the physician, from the very commencement of his career, by his patients. This necessarily begets a neglect of the habit of self control, and a consciousness of irresponsibility to public opinion, both which are such powerful repressions in ordinary minds. The hubbub and outcry, too, which these oddities excite among the old ladies, and the fond credulity with which they are looked on as evidences of superior genius, all help, in the mind of the young physician, a temptation we all more or less feel, but which the fear of ridicule generally prevents us from giving way to. The present work is rich in instances of the most amusing eccentricities of medical men, many of which one is delighted to trace, in connection with the prevalent characteristics of their mind. One most valuable feature in the character of the really great physician is his bold, uncompromising, independent spirit—his contempt for the fanciful ailments of the rich, as contrasted with the real sufferings of the poor—and his determined estimation of every man according to his intellectual calibre, or honesty of heart, and not according to his position in society. On the other hand, this spirit often degenerated into harshness and rudeness. Of Dr. Radcliffe, a singular specimen of the eccentric class, our author says:—

"In the year 1650, was born the celebrated eccentric Dr. Radcliffe. His munificent acts of bounty pointed him out as one of the most celebrated of a profession that has always been distinguished for its liberality, and fully explain to us the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries, to whom, in spite of his infirmities of temper, the generosity of his disposition, and the sprightliness of his conversation, rendered him at all times a most agreeable companion.

"Dr. R. was sent for to see the king, who had been seized with symptoms resembling the dropsy. Dr. R. found the king reading Sir R. L'Estrange's new version of 'Æsop's Fables.' After a little preliminary conversation, the doctor requested his majesty to allow him to look at the book he was reading. Upon opening the volume, the doctor read to the king the following fable, in these words.—

"'Pray, sir, how do you find yourself?' says the doctor to his patient. 'Why, truly,' says the patient, 'I have had a most violent sweat.' 'Oh! the best sign in the world,' quoth the doctor. And then, a little while after, he is at it again; with a 'Pray, how do you find your body?' 'Alas!' says the other, 'I have, just now, such a terrible fit of horror and shaking upon me!' 'Why, this is all as it should be,' says the physician, 'it shows a mighty strength of nature.' And then he asks him, a third time, the same question. 'Why,' says the patient, 'I am all swelled, as if I had the dropsy.' 'Best of all,' quoth the doctor, and goes his way. Soon after this, comes one of the sick man's friends to him, with the same question, 'How he felt himself?' 'Why, truly, so well,' says he, 'that I am e'en ready to die, of I know not how many *good signs and tokens*.' 'May it please your majesty,' says Radcliffe, 'your's and the sick man's case are the very same.' He advised the king to go abroad, and upon his return, Dr. R. was sent for again. In reply to some questions put by the doctor, the king, showing his swollen ancles, which formed a striking contrast with the rest of his emaciated body, exclaimed, 'And what think you of these?' 'Why, truly,' said he, 'I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms.'

"Dr. Radcliffe had a great objection to paying his bills. A paviour, after long and fruitless attempts to get his account settled, caught Dr. R. just getting out of his chariot, at his own door in Bloomsbury Square, and demanded the liquidation of his debt. 'Why,' you rascal,' said the doctor, 'do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have spoiled my pavement, and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work.' 'Doctor,' said the paviour, 'mine is not the only bad work that the earth hides.' 'You dog, you,' said Radcliffe, 'are you a wit? You must be poor—come in, and you shall be paid.'

Digitized by Google

"Among the many *facetiæ* related of this physician, it has been noticed, that when he was in a convivial party, he was very unwilling to leave it, even though sent for by persons of the highest distinction. Whilst he was thus deeply engaged at a tavern, a person called in order to induce the doctor to visit his wife, who was dangerously ill; but no entreaties could prevail on the disciple of Esculapius to postpone his sacrifice to the jolly god. Enraged at the doctor's obstinacy, the man, who was very strong, took him up in his arms, and carried him off triumphantly. The doctor was at first greatly enraged, particularly as the circumstance excited much laughter amongst the spectators. Having cooled a little, however, before he was set down, he listened to the apology of the husband, who excused himself for his rudeness, by the extreme illness of his wife. The doctor then exclaimed, with an oath, 'Now, you impudent dog, I'll be revenged of you; for I'll cure your wife.'

"Dr. R., who was attending the lady of Lord Chief Justice Holt, with a diligence remarkable for one of his standing as a physician, was asked by one of his intimate friends, the cause of it. 'Why,' said the doctor, 'to be sure, I have brought her through a very obstinate disorder, though I have no particular regard for the woman; but I know that her husband hates her, and therefore I wish to plague him.'"

But in no man were all the singular elements of the medical character more jumbled together than in JOHN ABERNETHY. Yet an analysis of his eccentricities would serve as a key to their general causes in others, and at the same time lead to a contemplation of the admirable qualities of heart and mind, which in almost all cases they have concealed from all but the discriminating eye. Learned in the more valuable knowledge appertaining to his profession, skilful to a degree which ensured the willing assent of the surgeons of the day, with a simplicity of heart uncontaminated by contact with the world, it was not surprising that he should have felt that contempt for the vulgarities of the ignorant and conceited rich, which induced him so frequently to indulge his good humoured sarcasm, in a kind of practical joking, which appeared almost brutal to those who had been accustomed to the obsequiousness and fiddle faddle attentions of the mere old women of the profession. But Abernethy's oddities had their origin in goodness of heart, fortified and encouraged to expand itself by conscious intellectual superiority. The same remark applies with equal truth to such men as Mounsey, Radcliffe, and Jebb; but Abernethy combined the two so prominently, as to make him the more fit illustration of medical eccentricity. The following account of Abernethy's courtship, while it strongly illustrates his independence on mere forms, at the same time exhibits his manliness and delicacy in an amiable light.

"While attending a lady for several weeks, he observed those admirable qualifications in her daughter, which he truly esteemed to be calculated to make the married state happy. Accordingly on Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport:—'You are now so well, that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come and pay you my last farewell visit. But, in the mean time, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time by my professional duties, affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the mere ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to £——, and I can settle £—— on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and lady-like member of your family; such a person must be all that a husband could covet, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination; for I really have not time for the routine of courtship." In this way, however, the lady was wooed and won, and the union proved a happy one in every respect."

Could anything exhibit the essential benevolence of this man—who has been

Digitized by Google

branded as a mere brute by those who knew him not—more beautifully than the following?—

"In the year 1818, Lieutenant D—— fell from his horse on a paved street in London, and fractured his skull and arm, while his horse trod on his thigh and grievously injured his limb. Mr. A. was the nearest surgeon, and he was sent for; he came, and attended daily. After the lapse of months, convalescence took place, leaving great debility, when Abernethy enjoined the adoption of shell-fish diet, at Margate. His grateful patient requested information as to the amount of his pecuniary debt, for professional aid and care. Abernethy smiled, and said, 'Who is that young woman?' 'She is my wife.'—'What is your rank in the army?'—'I am a half-pay lieutenant.'—'Oh, wait till you are a general; then come and see me, and we'll talk about it.'"

The habit of thinking aloud, vulgarly called talking to one's self, is common to men of this class. Abernethy had it; and on one occasion it led him into a ludicrous escapade, which, however, betrayed the feelings of his heart.

"On the day of one of his introductory lectures, when the theatre of St. Bartholomew was as full as it could possibly be, and the cheering on his entrance had subsided, he was observed to cast his eyes around, seemingly insensible to the applause with which he had been greeted; and he exclaimed with great feeling and pathos, 'God help you all! what is to become of you?' evidently much moved by the appearance of so great a number of medical students, seeking for information to be fitted for practice."

With anecdotes of his odd replies to affected patients;—of his contempt for the mere rich, and his congenial sympathy for intellect and moral worth,—and alas! of his occasional rudeness when annoyed by the frivolous, and too often the young and lovely, though perchance not the less to be despised,—this book abounds. Many of them have already appeared; but many also are new, and, as exhibiting in a striking point of view the character of this extraordinary man, who, with all his faults, was an honour to human nature, the whole will repay perusal.

It is, however, in the struggle for advancement in life, that the medical character is the more strikingly displayed. Fretted and restrained by the want of the means necessary for making a good appearance, often possessed of that untameable incorruptible spirit which disdains to pander to the prejudices of a self-absorbed unintellectual world, yet spurred on by the gnawing consciousness that youth and youth's powers are flying fast away without a name having been achieved, or the foundation of an independence laid, to what temptations, be his honour what it may, is the moral nature of the young and aspiring physician exposed to! Fame and fortune the goal of his youthful hopes, the constant spur of his flagging energies,—his reinvigorator in moments of self-depreciating despondency, he sees in the possession of men some of whom his internal reverence for learning and worth leads him to honour, while from others his soul turns with sickening contempt, at the same time that his sense of the paramount duty of worldly prudence demands from him lip-praise; and he is forced to enquire what are the means by which those elevations are to be attained. He refers to the lives of bygone or cotemporary physicians, and he perceives that even the most skilful of them—those whom not to have known would have been a positive loss to mankind—have been indebted for their success to some accidental turn of good fortune, to the blind yet heaven-guided caprice of some silly old woman, clogged-up gastronome, or worn-out man of pleasure. Others, he perceives, have owed their rise to arts of positive deception, planned inroads upon the credulity and weakness of the great mass of mankind—men, who while desecrating a holy and an honourable profession, were the admired of the fair, and the associates of the great, and who while rolling through courtly regions in their luxurious equipages, were fearless enough to laugh at the world whom they were duping, and could, shielded by that ready friend of fashionable vice, "respectability," pocket with an untroubled conscience, the wages of dishonour. What is the aspirant to do?

Digitized by Google

Is he to study, qualify himself for any emergency that may arise, and trust to Providence, or chance, or whatever is the presiding spirit of our fortune, for a lucky opportunity to drive in his wedge, and make his entrance good into the high road to fortune? Honour says, Yes. But what does experience say? That for every single man of honest worth brought from obscurity by a fortunate accident, there are hundreds doomed to pine away a life in neglect, or barely to subsist by the mere drudgeries of the profession, and thousands who have forced their way up to wealth by the baser modes of acquiring a practice. The physician is peculiarly situated in this respect; and, when we reflect upon the enormous influence, for good or evil exercised by medical men over mankind, the subject of the arts they are compelled to resort to in order to obtain a practice, becomes one of great social importance. The soldier and the sailor depend for preferment upon their family interest, and the decease of their seniors, and not upon the caprice of individuals. The barrister, though dependant on the attornies for his briefs, is nevertheless protected from total neglect by a species of public opinion, which exists in the intelligent body of which he forms a part, as well as by the circumstance, that whenever the opportunity for display presents itself, it is in public, and brings with it all the favoring chances attending publicity. But the physician when once settled in his house., with his brass plate on the door, must in verity be a waiter on Providence. A heaven-directed tile, on a windy day, cracking the crown of some wealthy or titled peripatetic, is to him at once fame and fortune; but how many years may he spend ere such luck falls in his way! Suppose his practice lies among the poor, he may perform the most wonderful cures, yet they may never reach the ears of the wealthy; and our young Esculapius may meanwhile be getting over head and ears in debt, pining in neglect, and losing the elasticity of his mind in the vain longing for fame. It has been well observed that the only real judges of the merits of a physician are those whose interest it is conceal it. Take the following instance of the difficulty of rising in medicine; and of the value of accidents.

"A very eminent general practitioner of the present day, relates the following circumstances as connected with his early career. After graduating at the College of Surgeons and Apothecaries' Hall, he took a small house in a neighbourhood where he thought it was likely he should succeed in obtaining a practice. His property amounted to a little furniture, which his mother had left him, a few bottles for his surgery, and a hundred pounds in cash. Having fixed upon a locality, he took possession of his habitation, sat down, and waited anxiously for patients. Six months passed away, and not one patient had he seen! He was always at his post—dressed well—and was by no means deficient in his attainments as a scholar and as a medical man. He was advised to change his residence; but he refused to do so, being determined to establish himself where he had first commenced, or abandon the profession altogether. His money, although he lived very economically, was nearly expended, and he had no other resources whatever. Having some talent for composition, he wrote an article for a newspaper; and was mortified to find next day, among the notices to correspondents, the following:—"Medicus;—the communication is unsuited to our pages." A friend suggested that he would write a small pamphlet on a disease which was then prevailing epidemically. The pamphlet was written: but alas! after having walked his shoes nearly off his feet, he could not succeed in inducing any bookseller to print it. Many offered to publish the pamphlet at the author's risk, but he declined this arrangement, and the unfortunate MS. was thrown upon the shelf. The surgeon was recommended to look out for a wife with a little money, as the only way to relieve him from his present situation; but he found this to be impracticable, owing to his not being able to dress like a gentleman, and his tailor hesitated to trust him with more clothes. Distress followed distress in rapid succession, until the poor man was a miserable, heart-wearied, and nearly heart-broken wretch. How truly has Spenser delineated his situation:

Digitized by Google

" 'Full little knowest thou that hast not tried
What hell it is, in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent.
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow:
To fret the soul with crosses and with cares,
To eat the bread thro' comfortless despairs.'

"Having thus been brought nearly to the verge of ruin, he was seated one evening before his surgery fire, cogitating what step to take to relieve him from his pecuniary difficulties, when he heard the surgery bell ring most violently. To the door he immediately hastened, when he saw a crowd in the street, and two men carrying a gentleman, who appeared to be much injured. Admission was directly given to the parties, when, upon enquiring what had occurred, he ascertained that the patient had been thrown out of a cab, and it was supposed that he was nearly killed. Upon examining the gentleman, it was found that he had received a severe concussion of the brain, in addition to the shoulder-joint being dislocated. Having reduced the luxation, the gentleman was placed in bed, and when reaction had taken place he was bled. By this time the surgeon ascertained from a policeman who had emptied the gentleman's pockets, that he was a man of title, and at that time of eminence as a politician. A dispatch was forwarded to his house at the west end, to acquaint his family of the accident that had occurred. His brother immediately came to see him, bringing with him a physician of great celebrity. A consultation took place; and as the physician highly approved of all that had been done, and it was not thought advisable to move the patient in his present condition, he was accordingly left under the care of the surgeon into whose house he was first brought. The general practitioner was unremitting in his attention to his distinguished patient, watching him by day and night. In the course of a week, the physician suggested the propriety of removing him to his own house, which was accordingly accomplished. The apothecary was desired to continue his visits, which he did until his patient was completely restored to health. As a reward for his services, a cheque for £100 was forwarded to the apothecary, and he was enrolled as surgeon to the family. So grateful were the friends of the patient, that they succeeded in introducing the general practitioner into many highly respectable families. Once being known, his practice rapidly increased; and he is at the present day one of our first general practitioners.

"The pamphlet, to which allusion has been made, has been published, and it demonstrates that the writer is a man of great powers of observation, and possesses an intimate knowledge of the subject which he has illustrated."

The very interesting memoirs of Dr. Denman, father of the present Lord Chief Justice,—of John Hunter, Dr. Faraday, and many others in these volumes, fully corroborate all that we have said as to the difficulties of this profession. A less agreeable, though more amusing task, is to refer to the arts used by some of even the most eminent physicians, in order to force themselves into notice. Dr. Mead, one of the most famous of bygone physicians, has exposed the whole of these arts, in a production from which we extract the following:—

"The old and the simple, the riotous, the whimsical, and the fearful, are your most proper company, and who will provide you with most business: there being far less to be got by the wise and sober, who are much more rarely ailing. But then you will, perhaps, tell me that such-like physicians will be the most proper to please and keep company with such, since *similis simili gaudet*. If so, then I can only say, that those probably will stand the fairest for business; and if you are so wise or unwise, as not to ply, bend, and truckle to their humours, I doubt you will be in danger of having less business; or otherwise, if you would still continue, and be esteemed very wise, sober, and grave, you should then learn most obsequiously to fawn and soothe man, woman, and

Digitized by Google

child, since few else will thrive well, unless blessed with wit, in which case, they may be allowed a little more liberty. To make yourself known, the making friends for some public lectureship is not amiss, which serves for a feather in your cap, by which you become known, and so taken notice of as a fine fellow; and then you have an opportunity of haranguing your auditory, by which, though it should be mobbish or trifling, you gain your point. As to what you read or say, it matters not much; if from the more musty and ancient authors the better; if from the more modern, the more fashionable it will be: and thus consequently you will either be esteemed a very learned, or at least a very ingenious man. If you can be introduced to an hospital, your business is done for life, be your success what it will. If your wife should happen to mind business in her way, it will certainly also increase yours, for many good reasons, as increasing your friends and acquaintances. It will not be amiss to set up an equipage, to purchase a mountain of books, and add anything by which you will acquire the reputation of being a learned and ingenious gentleman. Let your religious and political opinions swim with the tide, especially when fashionable. Let not your fingers be sacrilegiously defiled; but be very gentle in taking fees of the clergy, &c.—People are generally employed in proportion to the manner they live in, especially if once a little known; for the employing of many artificers and tradesmen, &c. you may not only become more known, but they also support and employ you. Thus, if you get much, you must spend much; and if you spend much, you will readily get much; particularly if spent in a proper way, and once a little known. *Don Quevedo* is of opinion, that the best way to run into business, is to run into debt, because your creditors will employ you, to get paid:—as to putting this experiment in practice, I shall rather choose to leave it to your own natural genius to direct you therein, than much to persuade you thereto, since there may be danger, should it not succeed.

"'To add to these hints, I must observe to you, that dancing and dressing well are not such slight accomplishments to introduce a young physician into practice, as you may imagine, because it makes him acceptable to the ladies and *beau monde:* his fashionable gesture, and gentle manner of feeling a pulse agreeably, is half the business.

"'The last thing I advise you to do, is to get acquainted, and cheerfully to keep company with all old women, midwives, nurses, and apothecaries, since these will still be entertaining you in the way of your business, and as the old ladies, &c. are most subject to ailings, so they will still be acquainting you with the same; and consequently, you are to make the most of it, and never to neglect or make slight of the least complaint; and thus you will gain the reputation of being both careful and skilful; whereas, otherwise your care and skill may be suspected, as well as your affection.'"

The perusal of the multitudinous records and anecdotes contained in these volumes has tended to one conclusion in our minds—that medicine is the study which, taking it on its own merits, and not merely with reference to the chances of fortune afforded by it, one would be disposed to choose, had one to begin the world anew. It in a manner embraces all the pursuits which a liberal-minded man delights to have an excuse for flying to; but which are for the most part incompatible with other professions. No branch of knowledge comes amiss to the medical man; and the studies proper to the profession are themselves delightful. Physical science, the chemical sciences, the structure of man, the philosophy of mind, both physiologically and metaphysically considered, the philosophy of social life in former ages as well as the present, the affections and the passions in connexion with their influence on health—all these are not merely objects of thought in which the physician is licensed to indulge—they are actually necessaries in the formation of that enlarged understanding and nice discernment which enable him to appropriate specific remedies in novel cases, which qualify him, under providence, to be the friend and helper, and not the less the practical monitor of man. The very presence of the physician at

Digitized by Google

one's bed-side, is in nine cases out of ten, an admonition—a remembrance of past follies, or obstinate vices, of impious frustrations of our Maker's work, in blind reliance upon that health, and power of physical endurance which His benevolence has given us. For if it were enough only to possess this finely tempered frame, with the consciousness of death as the penalty of the slightest over-tension of the chords of the lyre; but how far more divine is that goodness which gives us a kind of license, as it were, from forethought of the likely weaknesses of so delicate a machine, which allows us to tamper with health, in the indulgence of slight follies, and wins us back again to reason and virtue, by the gentlest warnings—warnings so skilfully adapted to the extent of the error! To enforce these mild lessons of the divine wisdom—to become the expounder of the great texts written in the Book of Nature for the governance of body, as the pastor expounds the moralities of the soul—is the happy province of the physician who ennobles and renders holy his high calling. And when, to the consciousness that he is educating the passions of his fellow-creatures, by enforcing the lessons of prudence through the experience of suffering, he adds this other,—that he is also alleviating that suffering, and restoring to health and active life, his patient—for whom, because he has witnessed him in his humbled state, when the virtues emerge from under the now untinselled vanities which had weighed them down, he feels a regard something higher than mere human love—great and glorious is indeed his consolation! And if there be a state of things to justify in man a noble pride, surely his must be that justification, whose appointed task it is to walk through the world beside the minister of religion, his fellow in the holiest occupation in which Christian men can be engaged; and who is entitled to say, "You, the other ministrants to human wants, are but the agents of man's evil passions, or at least are doomed to the endurance of partial wrongs in your efforts to attain to partial wrongs in your efforts to attain to partial rights; but it is our glorious province to fulfil the great behests of God, to become man's guardians upon earth,—to aim at the attainment of good alone without one baser alloy!" Such may be the elevated hope of the physician: such, undoubtedly, is the advanced claim of the divine. In the present imperfect state of society, neither is able to fulfil their creditable intentions. But let us at least give them credit for the endeavour, and claim for them this admission:—that whatever may, in the gradual perfectuating of human affairs, be the fate of the other professions, they at least must advance. And should the day ever arrive, when the physician shall be no longer required,—a dream almost too flattering for even human perceptibility—he at least can look back to an unblemished past of good intentions, and can at last merge into the great universe of happy human beings, with the consciousness that his duty has never called upon him to "do evil, that good might come of it."

Dodd's Church History of England, from the Commencement of the 16th Century, to the Revolution, in 1688; with Notes, Additions, and a Continuation, by the Rev. M. A. Tierney, F.S.A. Vol. I. London. 1839.

In the spirit of that impartiality which gives the law to our labours, we take up this book. A history of the Catholic church, by a Catholic clergyman! *Anathema maranatha* would be the outcry, first, of many of our literary brethren; then a contemptuous silence, or a fierce and unchristian tirade, in which the charity would be in an inverse proportion to the bigotry and virulence displayed. Such shall not be our course; "for now abideth these three, faith, hope, and charity." We have faith in immortal Truth, and the spiritual capabilities of our kind; hope that a divine guidance will lead to their full manifestation; and charity, that bids us love all, under whatever light they may be striving to apprehend and realise the eternal. No interest or device, no passion, prejudice, or political watchwords shall close or harden our hearts to our fellow-men, their sayings or their doings. Man's actions in their thousandfold varieties, are as the chords of some sacred instrument, strung by an

Digitized by Google

Almighty hand, that from "the beginning" have been ringing forth their mighty and mysterious melodies. To the profane and undisciplined ear, they are harsh, discordant, and perplexed. To the wise, they are the sweet, sad music of humanity; "of ample power to chasten and subdue." All would do well to heed them, and seek to comprehend their divine harmony and meaning.

Charles Dodd, the original author of the work before us, was a catholic priest, who, about a century since, wrote the history of his church in England, in 3 vols., folio, with sketches of the lives of its most distinguished members, the fortunes of its numerous writers, a description of their works, and a detail of the sufferings of many professors of his faith, who for it encountered misery, persecution and death, under a form of government which we blush to call English, and dare not proclaim to have been Christian. His real name was Hugh Tootell, which, from the severe penalties and disqualifications threatening his class, he was obliged to suppress. His work evinces considerable ability and industry, an acute and vigorous mind, and a calm, honest, and independent spirit. He had, among other sources of information, been permitted to inspect many valuable records, the journals of the English college at Douai, and other seminaries and monasteries, as well as the original letters of many eminent catholics, who opposed the reformation in the beginning of Elizabeth's reign. But there was a complex and inconvenient arrangement of the materials of his history, and a demand for a continuation of it to the present time, which rendered a new edition extremely desirable. This has been undertaken by the Rev. Mr. Tierney, well known as the author of *The History and Antiquities of Arundel*, a gentleman whose talents, industry, character, and position, render him every way qualified for the performance. Many sources of information not accessible to Dodd, are now available in the vast additions made to our stores of historical knowledge; our public libraries, records, state papers, and private collections of documents so liberally thrown open to literary men. Mr. Tierney has had recourse to all these. Much valuable matter has been obtained, many deficiencies supplied, many obscurities illustrated, and a series of important notes added, as an accompaniment to the text, that display great research, vigour, and tact. A new arrangement of the work has been made, which is a considerable improvement, by dividing it into two portions, the historical and biographical, with an appendix to each volume, embodying the principal documents referred to.

This first volume, giving us part of the historical section only, contains the narrative of the condition of the Catholic church from the establishment of Christianity in our country to the Reformation; and the important period it has now reached, the great ability, the industry, and the impartial spirit manifested make us look forward with anxiety for the continuation. Among the papers in the appendix, are the letters from Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, the originals of which are preserved in the Vatican, and many valuable inedited documents copied from the MSS. in Mr. Tierney's possession.

The contest between the Catholic and the Reformed Church, has now endured for some time. By the latter, in this country, proceedings have been adopted towards the other, that have exhibited but little charity, justice or humanity. Opprobrium, insult, penalties, persecution, the lusts of the heart and the pride of life enlisted, the sacred charities of human life poisoned—these have been among the weapons employed and yet the ancient faith is uneradicated—nay, as the Protestant alarmists declare, is increasing in England. Some other mode of determining the point at issue between the contending parties must therefore be looked for, and now, as a more enlightened policy, and a more christian bearing is diffused among us, although still leavened with much of the old bigotry and intolerance, it may be expected. "Come, let us reason together," it may be hoped will be the declaration that will govern the opponents. As far as a full and interesting record of the fortunes and proceedings of the opposite party can assist, the Protestant reader, in the above work, will

Digitized by Google

have an opportunity of comparing their statements with his own; an advantage and a necessity to every *impartial* enquirer, and a means of forming a just judgment. Of the result we shall not venture to prophesy; but, firm in our conviction that Truth is one, immutable, and all-prevailing, we look with calmness to the end, satisfied that the Divine Spirit will make manifest to the conscience of every earnest and faithful seeker, the rock on which he has founded his church, and that, however assaulted, tempted, or environed, the powers of hell shall not prevail against it.

As the history of a momentous period, we recommend this book to the perusal of our readers. As a mere chronicle of bygone time, it is of high value, for the past is always venerable, as in it, man has ever realised some truth, goodness, or greatness. That these should be preserved, and ever live and work, is one of the noblest objects of history. It has been well said by one worthy of being quoted, "that the special, sole, and profoundest subject of the world's and man's history, to which in fact all others are subordinated, is the conflict of *belief and unbelief*. All epochs wherein belief prevails, under whatever form, are splendid, heart-elevating, fruitful for contemporaries and posterity. All epochs, on the contrary, wherein unbelief maintains its sorry victory, whatsoever form it may assume, though they glitter for a moment with false splendour, vanish from the eyes of posterity, because no one is willing to trouble himself with the study of the unfruitful."

The Faust of Goethe; Part the First. Translated into English Rhyme by the Honorable Robert Talbot. Second Edition, revised and much corrected, with the German Text on alternate pages, and additional Notes. London: J. Wacey, 4, Old Broad street, 1839.

The Honorable Robert Talbot deserves credit for the fidelity and spirit of his translation. At pp. 210 and 212 he has a note concerning the Macrocosm and Microcosm—in which he says, "I do not know where I picked up the following passage from Crollius, a mystical physician of Germany, who flourished about the end of the sixteenth Century, on the subject of the two worlds, Macros and Micros." We can tell him: it was from an article of our's in Fraser's Magazine, on Hayward's translation. Crollius' book was entirely unknown to the commentators and translators of *Faust*, until we extracted in that article, the passage in question with some others. Had Mr. Talbot preserved his references, he might have made more and beneficial use of the *information* rendered in the same paper. We wish that the notes had been delivered for the most part in a less sneering manner. Their peculiar style is a drawback on our pleasure in reading the translation. Besides we are so indebted to Mr. Hayward for the first correct, though prose version of Faust, that we desire to see his labours mentioned with respect.

Outlines of Pathological Semeiology, translated from the German, with copious Notes. By D. Spillan, M.D. London: Renshaw.

Dr. Spillan, the translator of this work, is already favorably known to the Medical Public by his condensed translation of Andral's Clinique Medicale, and by several other works on Practical Medicine. Until the appearance of the present volume, we did not possess in our language any work specially devoted to Pathological Semeiology. We had, it is true, the works of Drs. Buchan and Marshall Hall on Symptomatology; but the rapid advances which have been made within the last few years in Pathology, imperatively called for some work which might enable the medical tyro to extend his views of disease beyond mere symptoms, something in fact which might enable him to translate these symptoms into signs, and thereby to connect them with the morbid organic changes of which they are the effect. Every well-educated Pathologist now feels and acknowledges the insufficiency of mere symptoms for the detection of the seat and nature of a disease, and that their importance is but relative, and that in order to render

Digitized by Google

them available in establishing a diagnosis, it is necessary to refer them to some seat or organ. Dr. Spillan, in a very judicious and well-written preface which he has prefixed to this work, very happily illustrates the inadequacy of mere symptoms in directing the treatment of disease—he instances in the case of Ascites or Abdominal Dropsy; here the watery effusion is not the disease; it is but a symptom, and the organic change of which it is a symptom, may be seated in the heart or liver, or peritoneum, or in the kidneys; hence the necessity of diligently examining all these organs. With respect to the style of the translation it is smooth and elegant, and altogether free from the stiffness and Germanisms with which translations from the German so frequently abound. Dr. S. has annexed very copious and valuable Notes to his translation. We are not singular in stating that the profession stands deeply indebted to Dr. S., for presenting them with this excellent work in an English dress.

Hannibal in Bithynia, a Dramatic Poem, by Henry Gally Knight, Esq., M.P. Second Edition. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1839.

There is something very pleasing in this little drama. We call it little; because, though in five acts, and four times as many scenes, they are so brief, as to bring the whole piece within the limits of a Grecian tragedy as to length. Space hereby is only afforded to the simple announcement of a few incidents, and to some poetical diction in the treatment; but to no minute developement of character, or enlarged evolution of circumstance.

King Prusias is the delight of the Bithynian cooks, and his courtiers share the luxury of their prince, careless of the foreign warfare in which the country is engaged. In this state of the Bithynian court, the celebrated Hannibal having been sent adrift by Antiochus, king of Syria, arrives. He is kept waiting without by the insolent swarm; but on Zeno, the philosopher, desiring to see a man so famous, that he may observe his mind and dissect its properties, he is admitted. The Carthaginian warrior and exile, with a few followers enters, high in rage.—

"Kept in the sun! but I forget myself—
Nobles! for such I judge ye by your guise
And station here,—be friendly to a crew
Of wandering exiles, hunted through the world.
I would confer with Prusias, with your king.

CLEON. Great Prusias sleeps—He 's bold enough, methinks.
(*Aside to* PAMPHILO.)

HANNIBAL. Sleeps he? then wake him.

PAMPHILO. Wake Bithynia's king!

HANNIBAL. My name is Hannibal,—the Carthagenian—

CLEON. Thou must await till Prusias likes to wake.
We do as much ourselves.

HANNIBAL. All-seeing Gods!
Who make me thus your sport, at least be pleased
To grant me patience.

PAMPHILO. Cleon! only remark
How worn his garment is—

CLEON. And how ill-fashioned!
This a great man!"

King Prusias looks on him with other eyes, and the renowned exile accordingly finds a temporary home in the Bithynian court, wherein at length, he exerts such an influence, that Antenor, the whilom *premier* becomes jealous, as well he may, for he is a man of crooked policy, and contracts with the Romans, and other powers, for his own advantage; procuring the defeat of the Bithynian troops, that the enemies of his country may offer peace on their own terms. The demand made is the cession of a province. Hannibal glows with indignation at such a monstrous proposition. We wish we had space for the scene,

Digitized by Google

but we have not. At length, by the stratagems of Antenor, notwithstanding his services to Bithynia, Hannibal is shuffled out of the king's favour. Finding himself about to be delivered into the hands of the Romans, he takes poison. There are parts of this play that would act effectively; but on the whole, it wants weight and extent. The writing is too elegant for the stage, where concision and energy are the two chief requisites. The style of Addison's *Cato* is the very worst for dramatic purposes. This is however, a pleasing book for the boudoir.

THE GREEN ROOM.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Miss Ellen Tree and Mr. Macready have divided the honours between them at this theatre. The former has appeared in *As You Like It*; *Twelfth Night*; and some minor pieces, with sufficient *eclat*. We cannot avoid bestowing the greatest praise on Mr. Webster's management, however much we might be disposed to measure its amount; for the attraction of his house is entirely due to the legitimate drama and legitimate acting. His success reads to all managers a great moral lesson. It is not *spectacle*—nor expensive scenery that the public require: but good plays and good performers in small theatres will do the business. Mr. Macready's *Iago*, and Mr. Phelps' *Othello*, presented a treat on one of the Mondays, which we regret was not repeated. The latter gentleman's performance in *Jaques* was also very chaste. The part of *Shylock*, by Mr. Macready, announced for the last night of this month, will be a novelty from which we anticipate much gratification.

So far so good. But more is yet required. Encouragement is yet wanted for dramatic authorship. There is genius of this kind in abundance; and we will not cease crying aloud, until it is brought out of the hiding-place in which it lies buried. We recommend Mr. Webster to take this seriously to heart. That manager who would sincerely set about doing justice to the latent talent just indicated, would secure both fortune and honour. We are sure of it; it is as yet an untried path—but on which might be not only successfully but triumphantly trod. The prize at the goal is worthy—press forward to it, all candidates for theatrical renown!

STRAND THEATRE.

This theatre has certainly been conducted with remarkable tact and talent through the last campaign. A perpetual succession of the most *piquant* and amusing pieces has been presented to the toil-harassed, money-getting, money-spending cockneys. In good faith, the wear and tear of life in London during the day demands something remarkably sparkling in evening theatricals by way of *amende*. The manager seems to have been thoroughly aware of this; and his dramatic bill of fare has been sufficiently spicy to raise the brightest expectations of increased success in a nobler field of action, and one more worthy of him.

Digitized by Google

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

VOL. II.] NOVEMBER, 1839. [No. 11.

MRS. HEMANS' LIFE AND POETRY.*

"THE Beautiful has vanished, and returns not." Let the Muse of Hemans be called the Beautiful, for such was the nature of her Genius, and may well therefore be the name. The Beautiful! And what if we were to add another to the thousand essays on the Beautiful and Sublime, or on either? The world would laugh—and yet, after all, perhaps, unwisely—seeing that we *have* something to say concerning the Beautiful, but *not now*. No! For Sorrow now makes Beauty still more beautiful, because of that which has departed; and fair eyes are looking at yonder bright Star, and ladye-lips are asking—Is that the Soul of Hemans?

And well they may—her "soul was like a star, and dwelt apart!" Indeed, for many years, the life of Felicia Hemans was spent in uninterrupted domestic privacy, deprived almost of all intercourse with the world, and employed in composition, reading, and the study of languages. She had no personal acquaintance until very lately, with contemporary poets or poetlings, critics or criticasters, or with *literateurs* of high or low degree. Her poems were for the most part produced in solitude, and distant from the exciting influences of society. "She," says one of her biographers, "experienced nothing of the fostering partiality of coteries;" and he rightly rejoices in the circumstance, that the degree of attention with which her productions were received owed nothing to undue or empirical means—"none such were employed in her favour to influence popular suffrage." Her verses were simply published in some periodical, or along with some musical accompaniment, and the world found them after many days, having selected them from the mass of similar compositions by inferior writers. A friendly critic tells us, that the whole structure of her mind was poetical, and the most trifling occurrence of the moment,—a word spoken—a tone heard—a circumstance of daily life—frequently formed a germ of what, in her active imagination, was woven into a beautiful and perfect composition. "Yet," he rightly adds, and the fact is of great importance in estimating her merits, "it should be remembered, that, instead of trusting to her natural powers of thought and fancy, she was, through the whole period of her literary career, an ardent and unwearied student. From a course of extensive reading, she enlarged her comprehension with much that was soul-stirring and noble—with much that was gentle and refined: and if

* The Works of Mrs. Hemans; with a Memoir of her Life, by her Sister. In six vols. WM. BLACKWOOD and SONS, Edinburgh. 1839.

Digitized by Google

she has not often ventured,—as Wordsworth, Crabbe, and Wilson have so powerfully done—to descend to the delineation of what is homely in life and manners, it evidently arose from no arrogance of intellect, but simply from such themes being incompatible with the system which she formed for herself, and resolved to follow out in her writings."

These sentences express in many words what the poet laureate stated in few, when in an article in the *Quarterly*, he parenthetically mentioned "*the acquired power* of Mrs. Hemans." Her talent was indeed of gradual growth—her mind was not originative, but reflective. She was circled with glory, indeed, but it resembled that of the moon. An "Orb of Song" she was, but not a mighty original, like the divine Milton, on whom Wordsworth's "Wanderer" gazed among the hills. Enough for her, that

> "She walked in beauty, like the night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
> And all that 's best of dark and bright
> Met in her aspect and her eyes:
> Thus mellowed to that tender light,
> Which heaven to gaudy day denies."

There were, accordingly, stages of developement, arising from the progress of her studies, in the mental character of the Poetess; and it is, therefore, into certain correspondent epochs that both her life and poetry became divided.

We have already expressed our opinion of the life prefixed to the volumes before us. Mr. Chorley's "Memorials of Mrs. Hemans," which were published three years ago, have also been sufficiently noticed for praise or blame by critics, both Romanist and Protestant. We are glad to be relieved from dwelling on the faults, affectations, or partialities of either biographer, as we wish to proceed purely in the pursuit of excellences, and not of defects; the latter may be well left to the *acumen* of inferior reviewers, and suit now neither the occasion, nor our inclination. Praise is comely; and only those critics have come down to posterity with the poets they loved who had eye and heart for their beauties, and generosity to vindicate what seemed blemishes to all but them. Praise is comely: and is still more fitting when offered as incense not merely to Poet but to Poetess—not simply to Song but to Beauty. With Woman began all that is poetical in the world, or at any rate with that creative Love, whence Adam conceived the fair form of Eve, and to which, in the trance of desire, he gave wondrous birth. Therefore it became that Woman was love-like, resembling the Affection which was indeed but objectively expressed in her.

> "Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like"—

And Eve, tending her flowers in the garden of Eden, saw with peculiar joy, how

> "they at her coming sprung,
> And touched by her fair tendance gladlier grew."
> "Veiled in a cloud of fragrance, where she stood,
> Half-spy'd, so thick the roses bushing round
> About her glow'd; oft stooping to support
> Each flower of slender stalk, whose head though gay
> Carnation, purple, azure, or speck'd with gold,

Digitized by Google

Hung drooping unsustained: them she upstays
Gently with myrtle band; mindless the while
Herself, though fairest unsupported flower,
From her best prop so far, and storm so nigh."

Such a Flower, thus solitary and unpropped, though wandering in the Paradise of her own imaginings, was Mrs. Hemans for a long period of her existence. As Felicia Dorothea Browne,* Mr. Chorley would fain have us believe that she at least might repose on ancestral memories, and was visited with influences from such in childhood, whence that infant instinct in her for the Beautiful which, in the summer of her days, ripened into imagination, and reason, and art. Nay, he tells us that she herself attested the reality of certain mysterious feelings and aspirations, of which she meditated the analysis in a work to be called "Recollections of a Poet's Childhood," at the time when her labours were bidden to cease for ever. Thus completing the circle: and making Death acquainted with springtide hopes—hopes blighted ere the tree that bore them—blighted even when they seemed to prosper most. For if we want to know what disappointment is, in its bitterest form, we must know what the world calls success—then it is we learn how much the utmost point of performance falls short of early promise.

Early indications of the poetic temperament the girl must have shewn, since at the age of eleven years she had produced a volume of verses, which in the course of four years was followed by two others. In her nineteenth year, she was married to Captain Hemans, of the Fourth Regiment; but this union was of brief duration. Shortly before the birth of a fifth son, a protracted separation commenced. Captain Hemans' health had been undermined by the vicissitudes of a military life; more particularly by the hardships he had endured in the disastrous retreat upon Corunna, and by the fever which proved fatal to many of our troops in the Walcheren expedition. Indeed to such an extent was this breaking up, as to render it necessary for him, a few years after his marriage, to exchange his native climate for the milder sky of Italy. Mrs. Hemans, whose literary pursuits rendered it advisable for her not to leave England, remained with her family, now removed to Bronwylfa, near St. Asaph, in North Wales. Thus was she left "— fairest unsupported flower," with no "prop" but the heavenly Muse, by whose aid she sung in no mean numbers the *Restoration of the Works of Art to Italy;* in the success of which poem we recollect that William Gifford was much interested, and took care that a favorable review should appear in the *Quarterly*. Another poem, *Modern Greece*, was also produced in this seclusion. These efforts, we are told, "were favoraby noticed by Lord Byron; and attracted the admiration of Shelley. Bishop Heber, and other judicious and intelligent counsellers, cheered her on by their approbation: the reputation, which, through years of silent study and exertion, she had, no doubt, sometimes with brightened and sometimes with doubtful hopes, looked forward to as a sufficient great reward, was at length unequivocally and unreluctantly accorded to her by the world; and probably this was the happiest period of her life."

That these essays were deserving of high encouragement cannot be

* She was born in Duke-street, Liverpool, 25 Sept. 1794.

Digitized by Google

disputed; and the degree of excellence actually attained indicated a mind capable of self-developement. The infant poetess had indeed laid a good basis in her "childish readings of Shakspeare," for her future education—she had further "enriched her mind with treasures gathered from the old classic authors, and the more modern writers of Italy and the Peninsula." She also became familiar with the German language. "Her versions from Horace and Camoens," says Mr. Chorley, "an ode or two, translated from 'Herrera,' and some fragments from the Italian poets, remain to attest her familiarity with the several languages in question. Those who are interested in comparative criticism, may find amusement in contrasting Mrs. Hemans's versions from Horace with Miss Seward's paraphrases, in which the elder poetess complacently labours to give as much Darwinian embroidery as possible to the thoughts of the graceful Roman, and smiles upon her work, when complete, with the air of one who has accomplished notable improvements. Mrs. Hemans' success in translation, though sufficient to prove her familiarity not only with the peculiar productions of the writer she undertook to render, but also with the general spirit of his language and time—is not remarkable. It was during this period, too, that she contributed a series of papers on Foreign Literature to the *Edinburgh Magazine*; these, with some very few exceptions, *being the only prose compositions* ever produced by her."

Whatever may be said of prose written by poets, certain it is that long habits of prose writing have a tendency to deteriorate an author's poetical *style*. The Muse of poetry still demands exclusive worship, and undivided allegiance. In return for such absolute attention, she permits to her votary a wide empire. "In poetry," writes Sir William Temple, "are to be assembled all the powers of eloquence, of music, and of picture. The true art of poetry is, that such contraries must meet to compose it—a genius both penetrating and solid; in expression both delicacy and force; and the frame and fabric of a true poem must have something both sublime and just—amazing and agreeable. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, a great calm to judge and correct; there must be upon the same tree both flowers and fruit. There must be a general knowledge both of nature and of art; and, to go the lowest that can be, there are required genius, judgement, and application; for without this last, all the rest will not serve him, and *none ever was a great poet that applied himself much to anything else.*"

The translations from Camoens; the prize poem of "Wallace;" as also that of "Dartmoor;" the "Tales and Historic Scenes;" the "Sceptic;" the "Welsh Melodies;" the "Siege of Valencia;" and the "Vespers of Palermo," are all referable to the same period of her literary career. They speak of much application and of much skill, attained in the mechanism of verse; but they speak also of a mind yet resting on the common-places of poetry, and seeking support in the artifices of poetic diction. In all poetry composed upon this principle, you will find, most merciful Lector! that the effect is produced by the combination of epithets which are to be found singly scattered up and down the original poets; and it will often happen that, in consequence, two works *composed* by such means, though by different authors, will bear a close resemblance in particular passages. In such cases, dear reader, trouble not yourself to award the claim of originality to either, but refer them, in your own mind, to some source or sources common to

Digitized by Google

both. Byron's diction in his early writings, was a *mosaic* of this kind; and it was peculiarly the thing in which poor Maturin delighted. By the bye, the matter may be conveniently illustrated by a passage from his "Manuel," and Mrs. Hemans's "Vespers of Palermo."

One of the *finest* passages in the latter drama, is where Raimond di Procida, in prison, feels the soldier's and patriot's spirit rise within him, on receiving information that his countrymen are without, defending the city against the enemy at the gates.

> "They are gone forth! my father leads them on!
> All, all Palermo's youth! No! *one* is left,
> Shut out from glory's race! They are gone forth!
> — Ay! now the soul of battle is abroad,
> It burns upon the air! The joyous winds
> Are tossing warrior-plumes; *the proud white foam*
> *Of battle's roaring billows!* On my sight
> The vision bursts—it maddens! *'tis the flash,*
> *The lightning shock of lances, and the cloud*
> *Of rushing arrows, and the broad full blaze*
> *Of helmets in the sun!* The very steed
> With his majestic rider glorying shares
> The hour's stern joy, *and waves his floating mane*
> *As a triumphant banner!* Such things are
> Even now—and I am here!

Now take the following lines from *Manuel.*

> "Osma, thy field
> (When the pale moon broke on the battle's verge)
> Seemed as an ocean, *where the Moorish turbans*
> *Toss'd like the white sea-foam!* Amid that ocean
> We were to plunge—and perish!
> We charged beneath their javelin's iron shower,
> *Clashed cymbal, sabre-gleam, and banner's float,*
> *That hid the light between!*
> Then waved the troubled Crescent, while aloft,
> *Bannered in chivalrous display, the Cross*
> *Like meteor flew and blazed!*"

The *making-up* of both these passages is too evident to need further remark. In what has been said, nothing need be inferred injurious to the reputation of Mrs. Hemans. The poems to which our observations relate, must be considered (in even her memorialist's deliberate opinion) "as the exercises rather than the effusions, of a mind, as distrustful of its own power, as it was filled almost to overflowing." Filled, her mind was indeed—but it was more knowing than wise. The "vision and the faculty divine" was not yet manifested in her, she knew nothing of Wordsworth's poetry, and anticipated nothing of its spirit; and though she knew something of Shelley, yet, as was to be expected, she mistook his philosophy and disrelished his verses. In a word, her taste was yet vulgar; for it was yet that of the world, and, though living in seclusion, she had not even conceived the idea of purifying it from whatever was factitious and artificial. She looked but with the eyes of the profane on antiquity and art, and idolised where she should have rivalled. She was yet in the school of imitation. She had not begun to create—to idealise—to embody! She merely remembered and reproduced. She was not yet a poet, but only an excellent versifier.

Of Bishop Heber's acquaintance with her, her biographers have pre-

Digitized by Google

served some interesting memorials. She had designed a poem on *Superstition*, intended to display its poetry, by tracing out "the symbolical meaning, by which the popular faiths of every land are linked together, and which tend so impressively to their coincidence." Heber undertook to assist her in this, and suggested additions and interpolations in such parts of it as she had succeeded in completing.

In performing this duty, her reverend adviser directs her after stanza 7, "a slow receding star," to introduce "something about Astræa, or Righteousness, whom the heathen poets described as a celestial virgin, who abode on earth till the commencement of the iron age, and then withdrew to the heavens and the constellation of the Balance. Like her, Religion left the world, and was only to be traced in the grand features of nature, which testified to their Maker's existence and power &c. &c?"

In connection with this view, also, he recommends allusion to the Tower of Babel, and Nimrod its supposed founder. He then proceeds to maintain "the doubt which naturally arose in the mind of the savage, whether the blended prospects of good and evil in nature, might not arise from the struggle of a good and an evil principle. Thus they saw poison opposed to nourishment, deformity to beauty, disease to vigour, death to life, evil to good; and were ready to conclude that there must be two opposing gods, the authors of such phenomena. Hence as loftier or lower feelings prevailed in the mind, men wanted either to address their hopes and thankfulness to the Fountain of all Good, or to turn in fear or in malice, to deprecate the severity or invoke the aid of the Fountain of Mischief. Hence, in all rude countries the sorcerer divides the respect of mankind with the priest. Hence the wizards of Egypt who contended with Moses,—the woman of Endor possessed with a familiar spirit. Hence in Greece the Furies had their sacred groves, which none might enter and live; into one of which Œdipus entered when an exile, and pursued by his guilty conscience. Hence the Thessalian witches, who smeared themselves with human gore, and made philtres of the hearts of famished children; hence the hags whose incantations were supposed by the Romans to have consumed, by instigation of Piso, the youth and life of Germanicus. Hence the witches of the middle ages, who invoked the arch-fiend, and solicited power from him to do works of evil. In like manner the Laplanders, even now, sell the wind and the storm. The negroes deal in the horrible mysteries of Obi; and the Calabrians have their cursing well; while in the villages of Scotland, the Devil has a plot of land set apart to him, which is never flowered, sown or grassed, but devoted to cursing and barrenness. So deeply laid in the human heart is that principle which the Magi embodied into a system."

It was at Bishop Heber's suggestion that Mrs. Hemans wrote *The Vespers of Palermo*, and by the Rev. H. H. Milman's assistance, that it was produced at Covent Garden Theatre, from which it was soon withdrawn. It had better success in Edinburgh, where it was followed by an epilogue from the pen of Sir Walter Scott—a circumstance which led to the subsequent acquaintance of the two authors.

Mrs. Hemans' preference for the German language led her to models of imitation, which were calculated to emancipate her mind from the conventionalities of her native poetry. Schiller, Goethe, Tieck, and

Digitized by Google

Körner, presented to her new paths of invention, and new veins of sentiment and reflection. In the forms of expression she was already accomplished; new trains of thought and feeling she however wanted. Shelley's admiration, which was communicated to her by himself in some letters which she does not seem to have acknowledged gratefully, had failed to inspire her. Her prominent notion of him was, that he was a deluded character; and she was prevented by this from appreciating the excellences of the poet, and separating them from the eccentricities of the theorist. That, however, she could be charmed with simplicity, is shewn by her translation from La Motte Fouqué's German of *The Brandenburgh Harvest Song*, on the subject of the Queen of Prussia's death.

"The corn in golden light,
Waves o'er the plain;
The sickle's gleam is bright;
Full swells the grain.

Now send we far around
Our harvest lay!
—Alas! a heavier sound
Comes o'er the day!

On every breeze a knell
The hamlets pour,—
—We know its cause too well,
She is no more!

Earth shrouds with burial sod
Her soft eye's blue,—
—Now o'er the gifts of God
Fall tears like dew!"

Her dislike, also, of mere glitter is shewn in her condemnation of Moore's *Loves of the Angels* (at least, we suppose that her remarks refer to that poem). "This poetry," she writes a correspondent, "has to me, such a sickly exotic scent; if I may use such an expression, it *smells of musk*—and what butterfly-winged angels! Compare them with Milton's, the same in youthful beauty; and do not they remind one of the gaudy cupids with opera-looking festoons of roses, on a Parisian fan?"

Notwithstanding these indications of improved taste, she was yet far from that tone of composition, to correct which, the study of Wordsworth was expedient. There is the same monotony of treatment in *The Siege of Valencia*, and *The last Constantine* which had marked her previous drama and poems, and to tell the truth, which was never altogether dispensed with even in her best pieces. Marked improvement however was manifested in the *Voice of the Spring*, which became immediately popular. The *Songs of the Cid* too are chivalresque and vigorous. And well would it have been now for the poetess, had not popular admiration made her but too welcome to the periodical press. Magazine literature is the hot-bed of talent, but the death-bed of genius. Henceforth she had to season high, that the palled taste might be re-excited. She wrote not for herself, but for the public—not to relieve a full-charged mind of its emotions, but to produce effect on a jaded audience. She was an actress, though on a stage of her own, and her natural complexion was assisted by rouge and cosmetics.

Beautiful, nevertheless, in this state of her mind, were its effusions—

Digitized by Google

spirit-stirring, too, some of them; for her own spirit had been awakened. We may select, in proof of our assertion, the lyric called *The Treasures of the Deep*, in which also the reader will perceive a glow and a flush of consciousness, which could not have qualified a purely natural effusion. It is however a very exquisite thing.

"What hid'st thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!
—Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
Bright things which gleam unreck'd-of, and in vain!
—Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies!
—Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main!
Earth claims not these again.

Yet more, the depths have more!—Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
—Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest.
—Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave;
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried Isles, thy towers o'erthrown—
But all is not thine own.

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowing crown,
—Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!
—Restore the dead, thou Sea!"

As our design admits not of quotations, we are desirous in the few specimens that we can give, to exhibit in the best light the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. Else should we be tempted to transfer to our pages *The Hour of Death—The Graves of a Household—The Cross in the Wilderness—The Hebrew Mother—The Farewell to the Dead—Korner and his Sister*, and a score others. But we must pass on to the most prized of all her productions—that which she best loved herself—*The Forest Sanctuary*. She was, we are told, and we think rightly, of opinion, that in proportion to the praise which had been bestowed upon other of her less carefully meditated and shorter compositions, *The Forest Sanctuary* had hardly met with its fair share of success; for it was the first continuous effort in which she dared to write from the fulness of her own heart,—to listen to the promptings of her genius

Digitized by Google

freely and fearlessly. The subject was suggested by a passage in one of the letters of Don Leucadio Doblado, and was wrought upon by her with eagerness and fervour. It describes the mental counflicts, as well as outward sufferings of a Spaniard, who, flying from the religious persecutions of his country in the 16th century, finds refuge with his child in a North American forest. The story is supposed to be related by himself amidst the wilderness which has afforded him an asylum.

There is much delicacy in the whole tone and texture of this piece. With all the pomp of a diction too ornate, which had distinguished her former pieces, there was in them not only a deficiency of thought, but of feeling,—(extraordinary in a woman). But here the theme required both, and both are supplied—from a fountain out of which confessedly she had never drawn before—her own heart and mind! In *The Records of Woman*, she proceeded on the same line of endeavour, and boasted indeed that in them "there is more of herself to be found," than in any preceding composition. From her biographer's account, it is clear that she now began to feel the "life of mind" in her—that she was now creating—not reproducing. The fervour of genius was now consuming her, and the framework of her soul began to yield under the electric shocks. *Mozart's Requiem* in particular, affected her health greatly, and assuredly there are some pathetic stanzas in it, worthy of the name it bears. She identified herself with the musician, when she exclaims—

"Swift thoughts that came and went,
Like torrents o'er me sent,
Have shaken as a reed my thrilling frame.
Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,
The beautiful comes floating through my soul;
I strive with yearnings vain,
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll!
Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams,
And founts of music that o'erflow my breast;
Something far more divine
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my own heart, and will not let it rest."

Mrs. Hemans could enter into the feelings of Mozart, for she was herself skilful in music, preferring, we are told, the national and melancholy. "How successfully," says one of her biographers, "wed to the magic of sweet sound many of her verses have been by her sister, no lover of music need to be reminded. *The Roman Girl's Song* is full of solemn classic beauty; and in one of her letters it is said, that of the *Captive Knight* Sir Walter Scott never was weary. Indeed, it seems in his mind to have been the song of chivalry, representative of the English, as the "Flowers of the Forest" was of the Scottish; the "Cancionella Espanola" of the Spanish; and the "Rhine Song" of the German."

Traces of her appreciation of Wordsworth and Scott are to be detected in the poems which we have thus rapidly glanced at; the time was now arriving when, by a more intimate acquaintance with those

Digitized by Google

two great poets, Mrs. Hemans was to acquire and apply new perceptions of their spirit and manner. The death of her mother inducing her to leave Wales for Wavertree near Liverpool; and opportunities for visiting Scotland and the lakes having occurred, she was enabled to make a personal acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, Lord Jeffrey, Wordsworth, the author of "Cyril Thornton" and others. While in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, her principal sojourn was at Milburn Tower, the seat of the venerable Sir Robert Liston.

These journeys are, in fact, the great incidents of Mrs. Hemans' life, and here it is that Mr. Chorley's memorials become indeed valuable. Mrs. Hemans had now exchanged Love for Fame, and since she regretted the loss of the former, it was but fitting that the feeling of the latter should be rendered more intense by associating her for a while, in daily commerce, with the famous. Her best company at Liverpool had been Miss Jewsbury, Mary Howitt, and Dr. Bowring, good enough in their way, especially the two first, but still learners rather than teachers. She had now to encounter the masters of song! We will endeavour to condense the details of their intercourse.

Mrs. Hemans saw Scott before Wordsworth, and had with the "Border Bard" a long delightful walk through the Rhymer's Glen, having got wet above her ancles in the haunted burn, torn her gown in making her way through thickets of wild roses, stained her gloves with wood-strawberries, and scratched her face with a *rowan* branch. "But what of all this?" she demands. "Had I not been walking with Sir Walter Scott, and listening to tales of elves and bogles and brownies, and hearing him recite some of the Spanish ballads till they 'stirred the heart like the sound of a trumpet?'" This was all very well; but there came out, in the course of this interview, a trait of weakness in Mrs. Hemans' conduct, characteristic of her both as an individual and an author. She would be nothing if not *poetical*. Unlike Wordsworth, Mrs. Hemans' *themes* are poetical as well as the treatment, and in the handling of them she is afraid of permitting intervals of comparative prose, though nothing can be clearer than the propriety of the connecting links being of humbler texture than the gems which they unite. But to proceed with the story. She would sit on the grass. "Would it not be more *prudent* for you, Mrs. Hemans," said Sir Walter, "to take the seat?" "I have no doubt that it would, Sir Walter; but, somehow or other, I always prefer the grass." "'And so do I,' replied the dear old gentleman, coming to sit there beside me; 'and I really believe that I do it chiefly out of a *wicked wilfulness*, because all my *good advisers say that it will give me the rheumatism.*'"

Poor Mrs. Hemans interpreted this rebuke into approbation: she could not believe for a moment that Sir Walter Scott could ever cease being poetical, and act with ordinary prudence. She was self-deluded—no man's poetry was ever more varied with vale as well as hill than that of Sir Walter Scott. The personal appearance of the man might have taught her better. "I was," she says, "rather agreeably surprised by his appearance, after all I had heard of its homeliness; the predominant expression of countenance is, I think, a sort of arch good-nature, conveying a mingled impression of penetration and benevolence."

We have no space to describe her visit, in the same company, to

Digitized by Google

Yarrow, and we omit other particulars, leaving Abbotsford for Rydal Mount. Her journey to Scotland was in the summer of 1829; that to the lakes in 1830. It was in the "leafy month of June" of that year that she first saw face to face the poet of the *Excursion*. Her nervous fear at the idea of presenting herself alone to Mr. Wordsworth grew upon her so rapidly, that it was long before she took courage to leave the inn. "I had," she proceeds, "little cause for such trepidation. I was driven to a lovely cottage-like building, almost hidden by a profusion of roses and ivy; and a most benignant-looking old man greeted me in the porch. This was Mr. Wordsworth himself; and when I tell you that, having rather a large party of visitors in the house, he led me to a room apart from them, and brought in his family by degrees, I am sure that little trait will give you an idea of considerate kindness which you will both like and appreciate. In half an hour I felt myself as much at ease with him as I had been with Sir Walter Scott in half a day." Subsequently she remarks, that about Wordsworth's manner and conversation there was more of impulse than she had expected, but, in other respects, she saw much that she should have looked for in the poet of meditative life: frequently his head droops, his eyes half close, and he seems buried in quiet depths of thought. "I have passed," she adds, "a delightful morning to-day, in walking with him about his own richly shaded grounds, and hearing him speak of the old English writers, particularly Spenser, whom he loves, as he himself expresses it, for his earnestness and devotedness."

In another letter she writes:—

"I am charmed with Mr. Wordsworth himself; his manners are distinguished by that frank simplicity which I believe to be ever the characteristic of *real* genius; his conversation perfectly free and unaffected, yet remarkable for power of expression and vivid imagery: when the subject calls forth anything like enthusiasm, the poet breaks out frequently and delightfully; and his gentle and affectionate playfulness in his intercourse with all the members of his family, would of itself sufficiently refute Moore's theory in the *Life of Byron*, with regard to the unfitness of genius for domestic happiness. I have much of his society, as he walks by me while I ride to explore the mountain glens and waterfalls, and he occasionally repeats passages of his own poems in a deep and thinking tone, which harmonises well with the spirit of these scenes."

Again:—

"He gives me a good deal of his society, reads to me, walks with me, leads my pony when I ride, and I begin to talk with him as with a sort of *paternal* friend. The whole of this morning he kindly passed in reading to me a great deal from Spenser, and afterwards his own *Laodamia*, my favourite *Tintern Abbey*, and many of those noble sonnets which you, like myself, enjoy so much. His reading is very peculiar, but to my ear, delightful; slow, solemn, earnest in expression more than any I ever heard. When he reads or recites in the open air, his deep rich tones seem to proceed from a spirit-voice, and belong to the religion of the place, they harmonise so fitly with the thrilling tones of woods and waterfalls. His expressions are often strikingly poetical. I would not give up the mists that *spiritualise* our mountains for all the blue skies of Italy. Yesterday evening he walked beside me as I rode on a long and lovely mountain-path high above Grasmere Lake. I was much interested by his shewing me, carved deep in the rock, as we passed, the initials of his wife's name, inscribed there many years ago by himself; and the dear old man,

Digitized by Google

like Old Mortality, renews them from time to time. I could scarcely help exclaiming, '*Esto perpetua!*'"

Between the periods of the two journeys, Mrs. Hemans had published the *Lays of the Affections*, a volume, which, though it contains the chivalresque ballad of *The Lady of Provence*, was rendered heavy by the initial poem of *A Spirit's Return*, with the subject of which few readers in these days can be found to sympathise. The poet herself, however, had in its composition, as she says, "sounded the deep places of her soul." Many influences had already modified her genius, and henceforth continued to work out in her now thoroughly enkindled mind. Both Wordsworth and Shelley she now thoroughly understood, and appreciated for what is eternal in both. Sickness and sorrow now, too, threw their own magic over her soul, and the virtues of patience and resignation grew from suffering, and made her a heroine in her own despite. A deeper, higher, more solemn and truthful thinking and feeling were thus evolved from the recesses, as it were, of her being; and some of them are, with no mean skill and with increasing power, displayed in her *Scenes and Hymns of Life*. Cruel necessity restrains us from quoting—cruel, since now her poetry had found its meet employment, the sacred service of religion. With religion all poetry commenced; in religion the poetry of Felicia Hemans found its result and climax. Her course was pyramidal. The foundations of her mind were laid—in earth, grossly and broadly, but the superstructure gradually refined as it rose, becoming more and more purified, until at last it attained an apex etherial if not spiritual. Her tendencies were upward; and her last ambition was to emulate Coleridge's *Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni*. Her *Easter Day* in a *Mountain Churchyard*, and her *Despondency and Aspiration*, are challenged by her admirers as approaching it in excellence. They are certainly very beautiful both of them in their way—but *that* is divine.

It was in the volume containing her *Scenes and Hymns of Life*, that she first shewed any aptitude for the sonnet; and in the specimens there given she avoids, instead of subduing the difficulties of its construction, by preferring the illegitimate form. As recording her passing thoughts and reminiscences, these short poems are precious: one that she dictated on her death-bed, a few days before her departure, is touching and memorable. She had, indeed, previous to this time, acquired the habit of dictating her poems. It is recorded of her, that she would sometimes compose and perfect long passages, or even entire lyrics, and retain them in her memory many days before they were committed to paper. In this trait Mrs. Hemans is not singular; scarcely any versemonger but has this habit; and it is, indeed, one with many facilities of which the circumstance of the rhyme assisting the memory is not the least.

It has been said of the classic statues, that the shadow of Death blends dimly with the expression of them all: in classic studies, also, there is a tendency to acquaint the mind with melancholy. The taste of Mrs. Hemans was naturally of a classic character from the first; and how deeply imbued she was with the corresponding feelings, her Greek laments and other similar pieces abundantly testify. With the moral expansion of her genius, and the religious developement into which it ultimately blossomed, her sense of the nothingness of the temporal life, and her conviction of the treasures to be revealed by death, increased and

Digitized by Google

deepened—to such a degree, indeed, as to issue in a continuous aspiration towards the eternal—a perpetual desire for that more excellent state of being which is the solace of the pious. Mr. Chorley calls this feeling, "a morbid impatience of life;" we do not. It is the longing of hope yet unquenched; a foretaste of the world to come, quickening still as the spirit approaches the crown for which it has waited. Where does her biographer find anything morbid in her *Poet's Dying Hymn?* Why the stanzas end, "I bless thee, O my God!" Neither does she relieve her heart of bitterness as hating the world she is about to quit. O, no! It is in this affectionate style that she speaks of it:—

"And if this earth, with all its choral streams,
And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies,
And mountain sanctuaries for poets' dreams,
Be lovely still in my departing eyes,
'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,
But that thy footprints in its dust appear—
I bless thee, O my God!"

She rejoiced now in dying, that "life's last roses to her thoughts could bring rich visions of imperishable spring." On her very deathbed she sought to reconcile both worlds; and while aiming at heaven, was planning to erect a "Christian temple" on earth. We allude to an undertaking under that name, which had been suggested to her by a recent perusal of Schiller's *Die Gotten Griechenlands*, and in which her purpose was to trace out the workings of passion, the struggles of human affection, through various climes and ages and conditions of life; and thereby to illustrate the insufficiency of any dispensation, save that of an all-embracing Christianity, to soothe the sorrows, or sustain the hopes, or fulfil the desires, of an immortal being whose lot is cast in a world of which the cares and bereavements are many. The *Antique Greek Lament* was intended to form part of this work. It was the only one of the designed series.*

And now what remains, fair reader, but that we bring this tribute to an end by gazing back awhile over the lovely landscape which, in passing through, haply we prized too lightly? We have done so, and as we trace the retrospect involuntarily exclaim, "Beautiful!" Yes, beauty, we repeat, was the presiding spirit of the genius of Mrs. Hemans. Beauty, not sublimity. The beautiful poetry of Greece might be supposed to have directed her earliest inspirations, as it clearly influenced some of her later efforts. It was this sense of the beautiful which prevented her diction, ornate and artificial as it was, from exploding in bombast. Restrained within the limits of the beautiful, she was equally preserved from the obscure as from the sublime. She shewed at one period, indeed, a tendency to German mysticism; but from this she was happily delivered by her instinct for the beautiful. Subsequently directed to the study of Wordsworth, by the same instinct, while she drank of the fountain of his living spirit, she nevertheless avoided the mean forms by which he was but too proud, in the audacity of genius, to communicate to the world its wonder-working influences. She learned to look at

* Mrs. Hemans died on Saturday, the 16th of May, 1835.

Digitized by Google

nature and man indeed with his eyes, but she preferred the noblest and most graceful types of both as the vehicles of her ideas.

The association of the names of Wordsworth and Hemans cannot fail to bring to our recollection the lamented Miss Jewsbury, by whom our poetess was first introduced to a love, if not to a knowledge of Wordsworth's works. This young lady, in one of her *Three Histories*, has left a portrait of Mrs. Hemans, under the name of Egeria, so exquisitely drawn that it would be a want of taste not to extract it here:—

"Egeria was totally different from any other woman I had ever seen, either in Italy or England. She did not dazzle, she subdued me. Other women might be more commanding, more versatile, more acute, but I never saw one so exquisitely feminine. She was lovely without being beautiful; her movements were features; and if a blind man had been privileged to pass his hand over the silken length of hair that, when unbraided, flowed round her like a veil, he would have been justified in expecting softness and a love of softness, beauty and a perception of beauty, to be distinctive traits of her mind. Nor would he have been deceived. Her birth, her education, but, above all, the genius with which she was gifted, combined to inspire a passion for the etherial, the tender, the imaginative, the heroic—in one word, the beautiful. It was in her a faculty divine, and yet of daily life; it touched all things, but, like a sunbeam, touched them with 'a golden finger.' Anything abstract or scientific was unintelligible and distasteful to her; her knowledge was extensive and various, but, true to the first principle of her nature, it was poetry that she sought in history, scenery, character, and religious belief—poetry that guided all her studies, governed all her thoughts, coloured all her conversation. Her nature was at once simple and profound: there was no *room* in her mind for philosophy, or in her heart for ambition; one was filled by imagination, the other engrossed by tenderness. Her strength and her weakness alike lay in her affections: these would sometimes make her weep at a word; at others, imbue her with courage; so that she was alternately a 'falcon-hearted dove,' and 'a reed shaken with the wind!' Her voice was a sad, sweet melody; her spirits reminded me of an old poet's description of the orange tree, with its

'Golden lamps hid in a night of green;'

or of those Spanish gardens where the pomegranate grows beside the cypress. Her gladness was like a burst of sunlight; and if, in her depression, she resembled night, it was night wearing her stars. I might describe and describe for ever, but I should never exceed in portraying Egeria: she was a muse, a grace, a variable child, a dependent woman—the Italy of human beings."

Nothing much can be added to these delightful sentences, and the little that may be ventured must be in the way of corroboration, not of controversy. The character of Mrs. Hemans *was* exclusively poetical; and in recompence for her undivided devotion, the muse enabled her to become more than the Sappho of England. That she is our greatest lyric poetess can no more be doubted than that Joanna Baillie is our greatest dramatic one. The result is owing to the same cause in both cases—exclusive pursuit of the one art and branch of art. Nay, this exclusion goes further than the mere abstraction from other studies; it demands a retirement from the world. "Retire! The world shut out, thy thoughts call home" is its grand precept. There is a popular but a false notion too prevalent, that to persons of genius a knowledge of the world, as it is called, is, in these times particularly, essential. Publishers have been taught to look with distrust on any aspirant who is not osten-

Digitized by Google

sibly mingling in society. The candidates for authorship accordingly haste to London, seek with avidity its dissipations, and engage in feverish competition for introduction to conductors of periodicals and bibliopoles of all degrees. And this, as Miss Jewsbury, who herself fell a victim to the mode, observes, is done at an age in which experience is deficient. "It is the ruin," she exclaims, "of all young talent of the day, that reading and writing are simultaneous. We do not educate ourselves for literary enterprise. Some never awake to the consciousness of the better things neglected; and if one, like myself, is at last seized upon by a blinded passion for knowledge and for truth, he has probably committed himself by a series of jejune efforts—the standard of inferiority is erected, and the curse of mere cleverness clings to his name. I would gladly burn *almost* everything I ever wrote, if so be that I might start now with a mind that has seen, read, thought, and suffered something at least approaching to a preparation. Alas! alas! we all sacrifice the palm tree to obtain the temporary draught of wine! We slay the camel that would bear us through the desert, because we will not endure a momentary thirst."

This point of view is of such great importance that we must dwell upon it a little longer. Genius is essentially of an unworldly character, and can, indeed, only manifest itself by coming into contrast with convention. It must either disobey the laws proper for the multitude, or announce higher rules of conduct, else how can it distinguish itself from the crowd? These elements of character, which produce the intense individuality that marks every person of genius with some trait of egotism, are only to be nurtured in seclusion. Collision with the world rubs away peculiarities, and brings the candidate for honour into conformity with the common custom. He becomes one of a class; his soul is no longer like a star, and dwells apart, but is lost in the equal radiance which he shares with others. This was not the case with Mrs. Hemans. The seclusion in which she always lived enabled her to indulge those little eccentricities which made her seem so strange to the Liverpool coteries, and for which the Dublin critics seem to have no allowance. She retained thus the freedom of her mind, and the privilege of acting as she would. And though condemned for the greater part of her life to write for magazines, still, happily, she was saved from the bitterness of contention, and the evil of prescribed tasks. Her subjects were chosen by herself, and her mode of treatment was at her own option. As a matter of prudence, she conformed to the laws of exhibition, and endeavoured to outbid her competitors in the academy; but if, for her, another mode of publication could have been found, and this expediency avoided, it would have been better for her fame, and increased the value of her works.

LORD BROUGHAM AND EDUCATION.

THE enunciation of some *divine principle* of truth (says Coleridge) is the necessary *propositum* of all disquisitions of a philosophical order. That divine principle, then, becomes the text of a commentary, whose arguments and illustrations perpetually receive and

Digitized by Google

impart vigour and impressiveness from their relation to the eternal verity from which they sprung. The fountain-heads and well-springs of truth are thus aggrandized and enriched by the majestic streams that issue from them, and the streams acquire no less of dignity from their celestial sources. The parental and the filial elements of nature are thus connected in imperishable harmony, each rejoicing in the other's developement, and glorying in the other's effulgence.

It may not, therefore, be unreasonable, if we somewhat elaborate a divine principle even at the commencement of a secular essay like the present. It is not unimportant to consider something of the true nature of *greatness* in character and conduct, ere we enter on the subject of education, whose purpose is to make all beings as *great* as they can become. Such is the natural ambition of the human soul—such is the unquenchable desire after the augmentation and expansion of all we are and have, that it intensely concerns us to know wherein true greatness consists, for after *greatness*, of some form or other, the longings of all hearts are culminating, and any mistake on the point is fraught with immeasurable mischiefs.

Where, then, shall we find the test of that species of greatness—the only real and proper greatness, indeed—of which sound education is no more than the nurse and handmaiden. That best, sincerest greatness is, doubtless, in *divinitude*, and nothing less. It subsists in what is *divine*, and nothing less than divine. It is that which approximates man to God, and makes him a god himself; and therefore has Scripture entitled them gods to whom the Word of God came in the omnipotence of its energy. It makes them godlike, by developing all that is divinest in their natures, and dissipating all that is inconsistent with absolute perfection. A vast and ennobling doctrine is this; the doctrine which all the theologic initiations of the church, all the theosophic initiations of the lodge, have been for ages striving to teach mankind. They would, indeed, unfold to his conscience the first axiom of transcendental science—"that God was, is, and shall be the all in all." They would shew him that man was created for union with God; that Deity is the only fixed centre and home towards which intelligible natures can converge, and that if this should fail, "the pillared firmament is rottenness, and earth's base built on stubble."

This divine theory, which the æsthetic school of philosophers has been of late years so sedulously cultivating, gives rise to an axiom the most practically valuable, namely, that *the only true goodness is the only true greatness*, and *vice versâ*, the terms being correlative and the ideas inseparable. If there is any truth more conspicuous than another in the volume of inspiration, it is this. It is the truth which the character of the Divine Saviour of mankind perpetually enforces. The unparalleled greatness of Christ's character consists in his unparalleled goodness. There is an *infinite virtue* in the character of him who went about doing good, which, to our idea, gives him an *infinite greatness*, before which angels themselves may bow down in adoration. And it must needs be that the highest goodness is the highest greatness, just because goodness implies that

Digitized by Google

conscience and our noblest faculties are strenuous and dominative, that they support their just superintendence over all inferior passions and establish a triumphant harmony through the entire system of our being. When a man has passed through such experiences he is divinely and catholically great; he has known and conquered himself, and he is stronger who conquers himself than he who takes a city. Such a man is great, even like Socrates, though in the humblest walks of life, amidst poverty, contempt, and persecution. The man who has not passed through such experiences, is inevitably little, miserably puny, despicably insignificant, though he be an Alexander or a Bonaparte. He is insignificant, because his loftier moral faculties have been sacrificed to his lower appetites; he is a slave to the meanest part of himself; he despises himself most cordially, amidst the splendours of external prosperity; he is not the less conscious that he is the paltry puppet of accident, while he sits on the throne of the world.

The more society rises in the moral and intellectual estimation of *greatness*, the more will it unlearn the false notions still prevalent on the subject: more earnestly will men strive to direct their ambition to the eternal and immutable morality which distinguishes all sterling greatness from all counterfeit greatness. For the sake of the former, which is essential, immortal, and invisible, will they reject the latter, which is little better than the gorgeous disguising of a midnight masquerade.

It is precisely thus with that kind of greatness called *power*. The highest power is the highest goodness, and the highest goodness is the highest power. Exactly in proportion as power becomes evil it becomes weak, and ceases to be power, properly so called. This will appear more forcibly if we test it by the character of the Divine Being. God is the strongest just because he is the best. Goodness is essentially stronger than evil, and truth than falsehood. Here lies the delusion of the fallen archangel and those souls that follow his centrifugal attractions. In their ambition for power they forget that power and goodness are intrinsically homogeneous. By seeking to disconnect them, every imaginary accession of power IS a real accession of weakness.

An old divine has well expressed the most important rule and solved the apparent paradox. We allude to Jeremy White, the chaplain of Cromwell. In his admirable work on the restoration of all things, he says, "The power and goodness of God are inseparable, and one in all. Those mighty acts of his power are, indeed, but so many expressions of his love and goodness; whereas all wickedness is weakness. The root of all power is goodness, the terms of all power are the same goodness; whereas all wickedness is weakness. It is no expression of health and strength, but the height of distemper and weakness, for a man to overpower all that are about him and to offer violence to himself and them. 'Tis a rule *posse malum est non posse*, power to evil is imbecility, it is not properly power but impotency. We may think sin an act of power and freedom, but it is indeed weakness, servitude, bondage, and slavery; for God who is omnipotent—the mightiest and truest

Digitized by Google

agent—cannot sin. It is like the paralytic's motion, it pretends to nimbleness and agility, but it is a weak, crazy, and sickly thing.

The same refulgent verity has been re-echoed by Channing across the Atlantic. In his unrivalled essay on the Moral Character of Napoleon, he enunciates precisely the same sentiment. "The time is coming (says he), its signs are visible, when this long-mistaken attribute of *greatness* will be seen to belong eminently, if not exclusively, to those, who, by their characters, deeds, sufferings, and writings, have left imperishable and ennobling traces of themselves on the human mind. Among these will be ranked, perhaps, on the highest throne, the *moral and religious reformer*, who truly merits that name, who rises above the spirit of his times, who is moved by holy impulse to assail vicious establishments, sustained by fierce passions and inveterate prejudices; who rescues great truths from the corruption of ages; who, joining calm and deep thought to profound feelings, secures to religion at once enlightened and earnest conviction; who unfolds to men higher forms of virtue than they have yet attained or conceived; who gives brighter and more thrilling views of the perfection for which they were framed, and inspires a virtuous faith in the perpetual progress of our nature. Among these legitimate sovereigns of the world will be ranked, the *philosopher*, who penetrates the secrets of the universe, and opens new fields to the intellect, who spreads enlarged and liberal habits of thought, and who helps men to understand that an ever growing knowledge is the patrimony destined for them by the Father of Spirits. Among them will be ranked the *statesman*, who, escaping a vulgar policy, rises to the discovery of the true interests of a state; who understands that a nation's mind is more valuable than its soil; who inspirits a people's enterprise, without making them the slaves of wealth; who looks for his glory to posterity, and is mainly anxious to originate and give stability to institutions, by which society may be carried forward."

We have stated this rule of *greatness* the more definitely and pointedly, because it affords an invaluable test of the characters and conduct of men. It is, indeed, eternal and abstract; but it is not the less temporal and practical. It serves us as an infallible criterion, whereby to measure men and measures. Though no man during his earthly life can ever quite come up to so august a standard; yet many men of noble spirits have risen to a considerable height in the scale, and just in proportion as they have risen they have become great.

By such a test, adjudicating, aye, even by such a test, loftily as it soars above all vulgar estimates, shall we venture to declare Lord Brougham a *great man*? We speak not of mere political or literary notoriety; but is he a great man in the better sense of the word? Without hesitation we answer *he is*; and take him for all in all, perhaps the greatest man left of his age. We assert this rather with reference to the entire course of his past life, than any particular portion or section of it. Men must be judged rather by the total scope and bearing of their character and conduct, than from the particular phases and modifications they may happen to present

Digitized by Google

at some brief period of time and transitory concatenations of circumstance.

We believe that the key to Lord Brougham's character and conduct, during the successive stages of his dazzling career, will be found in the habit of generalisation, which seeks to embrace all the developement of truth. In this respect we think Lord Brougham has especially resembled Cicero, who was that to Rome which his Lordship is to Britain: indeed, so close has been the general analogy between these illustrious men, that it would be no difficult thing to draw a parallel between them, more exact than any on the page of Plutarch. His Lordship's life has been but a brilliant illustration of that syncretism which Middleton declares to have been the favourite system of the Roman orator. He evinces, beyond all contradiction, the fact that Cicero preferred the eclectic philosophy of the academic Platonists, to that sectarian dogmatism which prevailed among the Stoics, Peripatetics, Epicureans, and other partisans. "Thus (says Cicero, Acad. 2, 3), we preserve our judgment free and unprejudiced, and are under no necessity of defending what is prescribed and enjoined to us. Whereas all the other sects of men are tied down to certain doctrines before they are capable of judging what is best, and in the most infirm part of life, drawn either by the authority of a friend, or charmed by the first master they may happen to hear, they form a judgment of things unknown to them, and to whatever school they chance to be driven by the tide, cleave to it as fast as the oyster to the rock."

It is the very nature of all truly generous spirits to culminate towards this divine doctrine of union. They rise through sect after sect, proving all things and holding fast that which is good. In each of those sects and parties with which they may awhile co-operate, they find we know not what of narrow-mindedness and bigotry that astonishes and disgusts them. And thus, by the strong necessities of their nature, they are raised to sublimer spheres of syncretism and coalition, in which all that is finest and purest may flourish without molestation.

We regard this as a divine and irreversible law, which binds all consciences and influences all souls. It operates like a vast centripetal attraction on the metaphysical world. It draws free-born spirits upwards from the divisional to the unitive, from the partial to the universal. We have seen all the noblest genii of our age, acting in obedience to this law, approaching, in their several orders and degrees, to the doctrine of syncretism, and gradually weaning themselves from the hallucinations of the sects and parties that sometimes entangled them. We have called this inevitable experience,—inevitable because all minds must, sooner or later, learn this lesson in the progress of their eternal developement. We have seen it working, and that with no feeble agency, on Coleridge, Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Wellington, Canning, Peel, Mackintosh, Sidney Smith, and Robert Hall, men with talents no less various than refulgent, yet all with admirable consent bearing testimony against the excessive sectarianism and partisanship which hurries our institutions into ruin.

We think that Lord Brougham has been, according to his own

Digitized by Google

declaration, consistent to the great cause of philanthropy and patriotism, when he has been most inconsistent to the cut and dried prescriptions and formalisms of party. Had he been consistent to party we should not write of him thus, for he would not then have been a great man, but a little one. His greatness lies in that very independence of thought and conduct, whereby he has distressed and disappointed all the parties who wished to make him their exclusive property. Had he humoured and truckled, fawned and cajoled, and lied through thick and thin, after the fashion of a staunch partisan, he would have been simply despicable and unworthy a philosophic notice.

If we understand Lord Brougham's theory of the British Government and constitution (for he has not always expressed himself very distinctly), it resembles Guizot's. If we are not mistaken, he conceives the British monarch to be rather a syncretic than a sectarian character—the common parent of all sects and parties, rather than the devotee of either exclusively. He would probably be glad to see a syncretic government, or a ministry of a representative character, composed of our best statesmen without that detestable reference to party, which has spoilt so many administrations. He has sometimes appeared to favour the theory of those who would restore, under a Lord High Chancellor, the syncretic convocation, or ecclesiastical parliament, composed of the leading representatives of the Jewish, Papalist, and Protestant Churches within the land. In such an assembly, perhaps, the lords spiritual would be more fitly collocated than in the secular house of lords. But whether these changes are ever carried or not, certain it is, that the eclectic theory of the constitution is very rapidly gaining ground among us. There is no doubt whatever that the angel of catholicity is rising, and the demon of sectarianism falling. Men are in all directions becoming convinced that the only philosophical form of government which can permanently suit a vast and complicated empire, is that which extends equal patronage to the various sects and parties of the population. The accumulated and pent-up tide of public opinion is bearing down with the momentum of an avalanche, on all kinds of monopolies, however dignified be their names and titles. The old cosmopolitan liberality is reviving, like a phœnix from its ashes, and all exclusive establishments will be stript of their exclusiveness, and be reverenced for their intrinsic merits, as parts of one illimitable whole.

So strongly is this spirit urging us forward, that divers of the clergy themselves are beginning to assume more and more of the Catholic character, which will gradually produce a pure International Church.

In proportion as any given church or chapel becomes syncretic does it become a centre of divine light for sectarians of all descriptions. But if it be sectarian itself, it lies in so degraded and painful a condition, that it is compelled to flatter the few at the certainty of disgusting the many.

But it is especially with relation to Lord Brougham's educational schemes that we here write. We believe that his lordship is entitled to a degree of national gratitude for his exertions in this cause.

Digitized by Google

which he has not yet received, nor, indeed, ever will receive, till the rabid animosities of sect and party are mitigated. We conceive that his lordship very early took a noble and lofty view of the importance of extending education among all classes of the people. He did so because he knew that in proportion as sacred and secular literature became familiar to the people, in that proportion would they improve.

Lord Brougham's scheme of Education, which has been in some measure adopted by the government, carries out the principle of syncretism, being of a coalitionary or mixed order. It is the duty of every paternal government, says his lordship, to provide biblical and secular instruction for all the people. Let that Government confer degrees, institute colleges, and private professors of biblical divinity;—let the examination of such candidates for theological orders of this kind be purely biblicistic;—let the examiners be satisfied that they are well instructed in scripture, and let their ordinations be simply scriptural. In this way you may gradually raise an invaluable body of theological instructors, free from the trammels of sects. This is Blackburn's plea, in his celebrated "Confessional." "By adopting any lower ritual than the Bible itself," says he, "you do not make professors of theology as a Catholic and universal science, but you merely make professors of sectarianism." If you ordain a man by the ordination-services of Jews, Papalists, or Protestants, you make him a priest of one particular sect: and the mischief is, that such a sectarian priest will never satisfy any other sect than that he happens to belong to, the sects being essentially antagonistical, and always suspicious of each other.

Here, doubtless lies the very nucleus of the desideratum. It is, gradually to establish a sufficient number of professors of biblical theology,—a theology which includes all that is true in Judaism, Papalism, and Protestantism, without partaking of the errors of either. The intense difficulty of this question arises from the simple fact, that we have thrown the science of theology into a false position. We have no professors of theology as a Catholic science, but only professors of particular sections and phases of it. How would it fare with the science of medicine, if thus treated, if, instead of professors of medicine, considered as a Catholic science, our M.D's. were all to be classed into rival hostile partisans, under the names of antagonist leaders. The consequences would be disagreeable in the extreme; and in their zeal for their clique, our lives would be sacrificed.

Such is the degraded and mutilated state in which theology exists among us. If we could raise a few such men as Grotius, Selden, and Coleridge, as professors of a biblical theology infinitely superior to anything merely sectarian; to such professors and teachers would all men flock, and send their children without fear or partiality.

Our Government has given of late some indications of approximating to this syncretic theory. It has been more than once elo-

Digitized by Google

quently pleaded in that admirable work, entitled "The Educator," just published by the Central Society of Education, consisting of Prize Essays, by Messrs. Lalor, Heraud, Higginson, Simpson, and Mrs. Porter. But though the syncretic theory of education, which would tend to harmonise sects and parties, has been rapidly spreading over the continent, we fear society is scarcely illumined enough at home to admit of much being done. The philanthropic and patriotic designs of the Queen and her Ministers have hitherto been frustrated, by the excessive virulence of sects, all of whom demand monopoly for themselves, and deny it to others.

It appears, therefore, to us, that Government must take its time, and introduce such improved forms of education as the age will bear. If it find that its efforts to patronise coalitionary schools, in which the Bible should be recognised as the great bond of union, without reference to sectarian commentaries, are rejected, let it extend that patronage to the subsisting schools of the different sects considered apart and make the best of them. By such patronage the Government will infuse a more enlightened, a kindlier spirit among Roman Catholics. It is infinitely better they should be well instructed in the Douay version of the Bible, notwithstanding its indefensible notes, than in no Bible at all; for, in proportion as the knowledge of the scripture prevails among the Papalists, will all their delusion and bigotry disappear. Let the Government likewise, by all means, patronise the established clergy, but at the same time do all it can to disabuse them of their favourite notion of exclusive monopoly; nor let it be less generally disposed to favour many of those dissenting establishments, which are of eminent service in the state, so long as they keep within the bounds of peace, charity, and submission.

Such have been a few of the ideas that have arisen in our minds, while perusing a pamphlet which his lordship has just written, entitled "A Letter on National Education, addressed to the Duke of Bedford." The eloquent author protests that he still remains unshaken in his principles. In fact, the vast deal that he has already done in raising great educational institutions in the face of vehement opposition, has rather invigorated than exhausted his unconquerable energies. We are glad to find that his lordship has granted the point that Henry Melvill has been so magnificently pleading from the pulpit, namely, the vast superiority of Biblical education to secular instruction. The only question, therefore, is, how far it is best for government to extend Biblical education in coalitionary schools, or in sectarian schools. Now, much as we value the principle of the coalitionary schools, and confidently as we expect a period when such schools will become prevalent, it appears to us that the people are not yet prepared to appreciate them. The interest of the Government is, therefore, not to give the people the best system of schools, *in natura rerum*, but the best that the prejudices of the people will bear. We therefore conceive that much of the patronage which might be bestowed on coalitionary schools (by which we mean those that embrace Papalists, Pro-

Digitized by Google

testants, and Dissenters), will be usefully employed in augmenting and improving the sectarian schools belonging to these several religious parties, giving them all equal favour and no monopoly.

Such we conceive to be the practical bearing of Lord Brougham's arguments, in the tract under notice, which we will illustrate by a few quotations.

"My plan (says his Lordship) embraces Religious Instruction; the Bible is ordered to be taught in every school of every description, founded, or extended, or visited, or in any way holpen under the proposed Act. But if the scriptural teaching were objected to, rather than the people should not be taught, I should infinitely prefer a merely Secular Education to none at all; and prefer it with a view to Religious Instruction itself; nay, even if no religious instruction were to follow; because who can doubt that it is far better the people should be taught something good than not taught at all? Therefore I am clearly of opinion, that the Church is altogether wrong, even with a view to the attainment of its own objects, the bringing up children in Church principles; and that she is far more likely to spread her own doctrines and discipline, by encouraging mere secular instruction, without any intermixture of spiritual, than by leaving children wholly untaught."

"Such is my confidence in our principles. I will not allow what I am so far from believing, that there exists any doubt upon the sovereign virtue—the supreme efficacy, of the great remedy—the universal medicine—which we would administer to cure all the worst ills under which the politic body labours. They who are so apprehensive of a sect they disapprove interfering with the Education of the people, confess by their fears that knowledge has not those qualities which their mouth-praises ascribe to it. They shrink from a trial of their principles, after professing they will stand any test. They would have their pupils shun the combat, after pretending that they had trained them to fight. They treat knowledge as monks do virtue, when they are so fearful of going wrong that they avoid all chance of doing right,—have but one way of avoiding defeat, which is by not combating,—and, burying themselves in the cloister, confess that they are unable to resist and overcome the temptations of the world. Such narrow, such selfish virtue in them is not more preposterous than the timid conduct of some educators. Why will they not trust in the power of knowledge to destroy all fetters,—its elastic resistance to all compression,—its essential incompatibility with all undue submission,—its resistless force to raise up the prostrate understanding, and keep it alive and erect? Let the priests of the sect I most widely differ from,—let the Romish zealots,—let the Jesuits themselves,—but teach secular learning on a large, as they once did ably on a small scale, and I will defy them for any length of time to bow down the human intellect, either to the glaring absurdities of their faith, or to the slavish submission which in temporal matters they too often would inculcate. You can no more nourish the mind with 'the food that is convenient for it,' and stunt its powers of self-liberation, than you can feed the body and prevent it from waxing strong."

Digitized by Google

"But if certain individuals have not discharged that duty, if they have planted no schools where the habits of virtue may be induced, stretched forth no hand to extirpate the germs of vice—they have kept open other schools where vice is taught with never-failing success—used both hands incessantly to stifle the seeds of virtue ere yet they had time to sprout—laid down many a hot-bed where the growth of crime in all its rank luxuriance is assiduously forced. *The Infant School languishes*, which a paternal government would have cherished; but Newgate flourishes—Newgate, with her thousand cells to corrupt their youthful inmates; seducing the guiltless, confirming the depraved. *The Infant School is closed*, which a paternal government would have opened wide to all its children. But the Penitentiary day and night yawns to engulph the victims of our step-mother system; the Penitentiary where repentance and penance should rather be performed by the real authors of their fall. *The Infant School receives no innocents* whom it might train or hold fast to natural virtue; but the utterly execrable, the altogether abominable Hulk, lies moored in the face of the day which it darkens, within sight of the land which it insults, riding on the waters which it stains with every unnatural excess of infernal pollution, triumphant over all morals! And shall civilised, shall free, shall Christian rulers, any longer pause, any more hesitate, before they amend their ways, and attempt, though late yet seriously, to discharge the first of their duties? Or shall we, calling ourselves the friends to human improvement balance any longer, upon some party interest, some sectarian punctilio, or even some refined scruple, when the means are within our reach to redeem the time, and to do that which is most blessed in the sight of God, most beneficial to man? Or shall it be said, that between the claims of contending factions in Church or in State, the Legislature stands paralysed, and puts not forth its hand to save the people placed by Providence under its care, lest offence be given to some of the knots of theologians who bewilder its ears with their noise, as they have bewildered their own brains with their controversies? Lawgivers of England! I charge ye, have a care! Be well assured, that the contempt lavished for centuries upon the cabals of Constantinople, where the Council disputed on a text, while the enemy, the derider of all their texts, was thundering at the gate, will be as a token of respect compared with the loud shout of universal scorn which all mankind in all ages will send up against you, if you stand still and suffer a far deadlier foe than the Turcoman; suffer the parent of all evil, all falsehood, all hypocrisy, all discharity, all self-seeking, him who covers over with pretexts of conscience the pitfalls that he digs for the souls on which he preys, to stalk about the fold and lay waste its inmates—stand still and make no head against him, upon the vain pretext, to soothe your indolence, that your action is obstructed by religious cabals—upon the far more guilty speculation, that, by playing a party-game, you can turn the hatred of conflicting professors to your selfish purposes!

"Let us hope for better things. Let us hope it through His

Digitized by Google

might and under his blessing, who commanded the little children to be brought unto Him, and that none of any family of mankind should be forbidden: of Him who has promised the choicest gifts of His Father's kingdom to those who, in good earnest, love their neighbours as themselves!"

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

SECOND SERIES.

No. VIII.—CECILIA ALFORD.

I AM not over-fond of love-stories—they have a sickly and unwholesome flavour, so it seems to me, except indeed to very young ladies, who are also, no doubt, partial to every sort of sweet and luscious thing, from barley-sugar, French bons-bons, and English macaroons, up to French romances, Moore's "Love-songs," and Pope's "Epistle from Heloise to Abelard;" yet have there some few simple and affecting details fallen in my path, under my own eye, of sincere and constant affection—one that has stood the ordeal of time, change, and circumstance, and has come out of all these so pure and holy a thing—that I cannot resist the pleasure of copying, and giving them a place amongst my "Remembrances," believing them to be of so sacred and salutary a character, that they are fit for the perusal of both young and old.

I was requested by Lady Pelham, a most sincere friend and well-wisher of mine, to give my services to a young and fair creature, for whom she was much interested, who shortly expected to become a mother, though only in her eighteenth year; but who had unfortunately married a man totally devoid of principle—a professed rake—a notorious gambler—and a cold heartless spendthrift.

I found the youthful Mrs. Alford in a very small, elegant cottage, at Richmond, provided for her accommodation by her distant relative, the aforesaid humane Lady Pelham; who had furnished me with the abstract of her protegée's history, and had taken upon herself all the expenses of her accouchement, including the amount to be paid to myself, for my attendance on her.

The carriage of this kind, considerate lady, was actually crammed with necessaries and comforts from her own infants' wardrobe, and her store closet, as she took me herself, and left me with her friend—every thing she could think of for her use, was put in—every pocket in the carriage was full. "Poor Cecil!" said this excellent lady, when we reached Richmond—"So young! so indulged by an idolising father! so accustomed to every luxury! to be abandoned thus in her hour of trial, by the cruel profligate for whom she has sacrificed every thing valuable to her in life; even the sanity and very existence of her doting father! Be careful of this dear, unfortunate, but misguided girl, I beseech you," added my conductress, "and do not let her feel, if you can help it, the sting of dependence—let her want for nothing; and pray try to keep up her spirits: let her hope for better days. I shall soon pay you both a

Digitized by Google

visit; but I do not mean to alight from the carriage to-day." I saw the motive for this omission: she was too delicate to go into the presence of Mrs. Alford, accompanied by such a host of presents as she had brought her, fearing it might wound her feelings. She left me to make use of them when they were needed, without the parade and ostentation of mentioning them at all to herself.

Inexpressibly touching was the melancholy look, not to say anguish, imprinted on the pale beautiful features of the young forsaken one. There was a hopeless dejection about her clear hazel eyes, which went straight to the heart and caused the tenderest pity. Blighted in her very earliest bloom! abandoned by him she had trusted, at the hour when she needed every support and sympathy—left destitute by the father of her unborn child; by him who only a twelve-month back, had, all ardour and full of protestations, stolen her from her parent's protection, hurried her to Scotland, and become, to all appearance, her most affectionate husband. From my very heart I pitied her!

There is not room enough in a small cottage for much ceremony, so I sat entirely with Mrs. Alford, in her little parlour, whilst the only servant (one hired by Lady Pelham) waited on us. The young lady saw no doubt the deep interest I felt for her, and she told me herself the story of her ill-fated marriage with Captain Alford; who, hearing that she was an only child and an heiress, had, without any previous introduction, obtruded himself upon her notice in her walks about her father's house; had bribed the servants to convey letters to her; and had, by means of a fine person, and a most insinuating tongue, at length, child as she was, prevailed upon her to elope with him; assuring her "that her father was certain to pardon them both when once the knot was tied."

"I do assure you," said the lovely penitent, "that I never should have taken this most imprudent step, so contrary to woman's delicacy (although I confess my girlish fancy was then set upon Captain Alford), never could I have consented to have abandoned my beloved father so ungratefully, and throw myself into the arms of a handsome stranger, had it not been out of contradiction, and a kind of spite to my cousin Walter, who lived with us, and haunted Capt. Alford and myself in all our clandestine interviews. He had the hardihood to warn me against the man I thought was becoming attached to me, and he even threatened, that he should disclose to his uncle and guardian, my father, our secret meetings."

"'Do so, sir;' I answered with ineffable scorn, 'and incur my everlasting hatred! Yet think not to profit by your treachery! Hope not that I will take you, a shapeless *hunch-back*, for my husband—much as my father wishes it—should you dare to interfere between me and my adored Alford! No! sooner would I wed the grave.' These were the words I used, and I blush to own them.

"'O Cecil!' cried my poor cousin, who had loved me from a boy, 'be not so cruel and unjust! I am not a selfish being: you know I am not. I am conscious of my own imperfections, and your (he was pleased to say) dazzling beauty! It is not for myself I plead; but let me conjure you, Cecil, by our relationship, and your father's grey hairs, throw not your precious self away upon a cold-blooded libertine! a fortune-hunter—an adventurer! I know his character.'

Digitized by Google

"Anger sparkled in my eyes, as Walter named the man I imagined that I loved, "a libertine and fortune-hunter. 'Detractor!" Cowardly asperser!' I exclaimed, 'I will inform Captain Alford of your attack upon his character. He shall chastise you as you merit.'

"'And I will confront him, Cecil,' answered poor Walter, with a courage I knew not before that he possessed. 'This form of mine is warped by the caprice of nature; but I have a heart—O that you knew its worth! Be not offended my sweet cousin; but if your lover had its counterpart, I would not thus oppose your union with him. Cecil, I DO and will oppose your union with that man; you may *hate* me, but I will interpose myself, feeble as I am, between you; I will be a constant spy upon all your clandestine meetings; I will watch all your steps; steal like a feline animal upon your private haunts; break in upon your stolen interviews, and upbraid this dishonorable adventurer with the base part he is acting! Why does he not openly come forward? Why not bring his pretensions, whatever they may be, before your natural protector; and not, like a cowardly dastard as he is, seek to steal away an old man's darling child!'

"Mrs. Griffiths," continued the unhappy lady, "this resolution of his, spirited, kind, and convincing as it was, sealed my fate. The more assured I felt of the truth and nobleness displayed by my cousin; though in my secret soul, I could not refuse him this justice, so by far the more my anger was kindled against him; the more I was resolved to outwit his avowed watchfulness, and brotherly care of me; and, wayward fool as I was! try to out-general him also, although the stake was my own happiness!

"My cousin Walter had promised me, some ti me after, from a false notion of honor, that he would not betray me to his uncle; therefore the fearful game was confined between himself and me. We had many skirmishes, and a long battle; repeatedly he burst in upon our assignations, and insisted on it that Captain Alford should instantly depart; nor did Walter seem in the least moved by my bitter reproaches and cruel taunts, as he led me home, after these interruptions: congratulating both himself and me, that, for this time at least, he had saved me from my insidious enemy.

"What infatuated beings are we, Mrs. Griffiths, when we allow the worst part of our nature to have the ascendancy over us! I actually roused every faculty within me to action, as if I had been engaged in a work of the purest heroism; yet did the inward voice of conscience constantly remind me, that the course in which I acted, was totally unworthy of the energies I brought into the field against my kind-hearted and most candid opponent. When I had actually achieved my purpose, and in the dead of night (for his vigilance throughout the day was not to be evaded), when I found myself seated in a post-chariot, drawn by four horses, by the side of Captain Alford, on our route to Scotland, my first and keenest delight was, that I had out-manœuvred my poor cousin Walter, and proved to him that he was no match for me in stratagems and schemes. Well has Dr. Uwins written, 'That insanity prompts more than half of our words and actions! That it requires one half of our lives, to repair the follies and entanglements committed by us in the other half;'—but mine, alas! are irreparable."

Digitized by Google

"And did the delight you speak of, Madam, last long?" I enquired of Mrs. Alford. "Did you not think of your father?"

"Most bitterly," answered the lady, weeping: "before I had proceeded many miles, I found that *guilt* (and guilty surely was I), although '*sweet in the mouth*,' is like gall when swallowed. All my poor father's doting fondness for me, came like the shadows of death over my mind! I pictured his agony when he should be informed of my flight with an utter stranger; his desolation at losing thus suddenly, and with such base ingratitude, his only child! I forgot my momentary triumph over poor Walter, in my pangs of remorse for my father's misery, and with streaming eyes, implored Captain Alford to restore me again, a penitent, to the arms of my only parent. His answer shocked both my delicacy and my tenderness: he only laughed at my 'change of humour,' as he called my awakening sense of duty; and by bribes to the postillions, caused them to drive the faster, jocosely saying, 'that the increased velocity of travelling would drive such *nonsense* out of my head.' At that moment I had an insight into his real character, and I revolted at the view.

"After we had been married by the functionary blacksmith, who in reality *rivetted* the fetters that bound us together, as he would have manacled a felon, and with a coarse and begrimed hand; we proceeded at a slower rate to London, where the forms of a second and more legalised union were gone through; when Captain Alford immediately demanded, as my husband, the £20,000 left me without restriction by my maternal grandmother; half of which went at once to pay some debts of honor of his, as they are called, and other claims on him that, alas! shocked me still more; for I heard, not a fortnight after my ill-starred marriage, that my husband had a mistress whom he doted on, and three children her offspring. Then it was that I awoke to the full sense of my imprudence and shameful conduct to the best of fathers, and to the warnings of Walter Deerhurst, my most affectionate cousin.

"Overwhelmed with miserable convictions, I wrote a penitential letter to my wronged father; but it came too late. The knowledge of his child's elopement broke that tender heart; and although he still lived, he was sunk, they wrote me word, into a helpless state of fatuity, for ever calling on 'his Cecil,' and without any memory left of her cruel abandonment of his old age. In the first agony of his bereavement, and before this utter childishness came to blunt the edge of it, he had sent for his solicitor, and as a matter of precaution, to save his property from the hands of the harpy with whom I had connected myself, had settled every shilling of his wealth upon his nephew Walter; the estates he knew must go to him, as the next heir-male. And it is well he did so, for the fortune of Crœsus would not have been sufficient to supply the ever-craving wants of a professed gambler; for such is Captain Alford."

"I am glad to hear," said I, "that at any rate Mr. Walter Deerhurst is in possession of such vast property; for Lady Pelham told me, your father died very rich. He will never suffer his beloved cousin to want any portion of that wealth, which would have been her own but for the unfortunate step she took when little better than a child."

"No;" said Mrs. Alford, "never! my spirit cannot brook, after what has passed, being under obligations to my cousin Walter. I have

Digitized by Google

already rejected his repeated offers to assist me with haughty disdain. I may perish, and so may my unborn infant, when it sees the light; but to receive assistance from him: never; no, never!"

"And yet," I ventured to observe, after a lengthened pause, "Mr. Deerhurst acted towards you, even by your own account, Madam, with tenderness and nobleness. He saw you on the extreme verge of a precipice, and he tried to save you. Can you construe this to his disadvantage? Why not give him the melancholy satisfaction—all now that you can do—to contribute to your comfort."

"I would sooner plunge myself into yonder river, and lose the consciousness of all my misery at once, than afford Walter Deerhust the triumph of conferring on me any benefit," exclaimed the perverse young lady, highly excited, with a flashing eye and burning cheek: "I intend, when I have got over this affair of mine, not to remain long a pensioner on the bounty of my relative, Lady Pelham. I shall put my child out to nurse, and go myself as a private governess."

I argued no longer with the beautiful, but still wayward Mrs. Alford; but I could not help thinking how totally unfit she was, in her ungovernable state of mind, so full of pride and obstinacy, to have anything to do with the sacred task of education. What principles of love and wisdom could she instil into the mind of a young child, from so baneful a source? All was turbid and unhealthy within the fountain of her own; how could she impart clear and living waters, or be the medium of communication between the Divine source of all good, and the little ones that might be entrusted to her care?

"I forgot to tell you, Mrs. Griffiths," said Mrs. Alford to me, with a pensive smile, and as if in atonement for the warmth of her late manner towards me; "I forgot to tell you, that after Captain Alford was informed that he would get no further portion with myself, now I was entirely disinherited, he threw off the mask at once, and dared to tell me 'That my twenty thousand pounds were but a small compensation for his having thrown himself away upon a little forward chit, who had run away with him, and proposed the scheme herself for her night elopement, which he like an idiot had acceded to.' The next day he had the the audacity to invite his bold, painted, but handsome mistress to dinner, and to give her, in my presence, a beautiful pair of diamond bracelets,—a heir-loom in my family,—clasping them himself upon, as he said, 'the loveliest pair of arms that ever were encompassed by gems.'"

"And how did you act, Madam!" inquired I, looking up from my work into those dove-like eyes of hers, that boasted of two such opposite expressions; so soft, so tender, whilst in repose; so vivid, so indignant, so flashing, when under strong excitement. Never did I witness the *double* character, that so often, nay, so constantly dwells within us—the good and evil one—as in this lady, young and delicate as she was.

"*Act!*" replied Mrs. Alford, kindling again, as she spoke. "Why, as every *insulted* woman should act; I walked out of the room, with an appearance *of* calmness quite foreign to my bosom, went up into my chamber, *packed* up a few necessaries, and, as I had become, you know, now familiar *with* elopements, I went out, my parcel in my hand, unperceived, *at the* **back** of the house, wandered about amongst many streets, of which *I* ***knew*** not the name, and, at length, without any further design

Digitized by Google

than getting at some distance from the man I both despised and hated, threw myself into the Staines coach, by mere chance, and hired a little room in that town, in which to hide my aching head, my almost breaking heart."

"I rather think I must have been very ill, indeed," continued the lady, "whilst I was the resident of Mrs. Thompson's back room at Staines; but I have no recollection of it, nor am I quite clear as to how Lady Pelham found me out there: I rather think through the laundress, who had mentioned to the servants of that benevolent lady, who lives, you know, at Englefield Green, 'that some high personage or other was lying sick at her married daughter's at Staines, and they all thought she must have escaped from her friends, for she talked very wildly, and no one took any account of her; that her linen was of the very finest description, and her watch was set round with real diamonds.'

"To hear of distress and to seek its relief, is immediate cause and effect, you know, to Lady Pelham. She visited me; recognised me immediately as a relative, and took me home with her.—You know all the rest."

We were sitting on a garden chair, the next day after this conversation, close to the river Thames, and enjoying the evening breezes that were gently rippling the water, and agitating the branches of the trees around us, when a boat attracted our attention, returning from Twickenham, filled with a gay party, who had evidently been out pleasuring for the day, and had taken quite enough of wine, or spirits, to make them what is generally termed "*mad-merry*," or in a state bordering upon intoxication; when the wildest sallies are mistaken for wit, and the boisterous laugh is echoed from mouth to mouth, without any apparent cause for one. A flashy woman, with a plume of blue and white feathers, seemed to be the presiding deity of that party, and all the gentlemen were rendering her homage: one in particular exclaimed, convulsed almost with merriment, as the boat neared us, "Upon my soul, Bess, you will make us all die with laughter!—a capital joke that last of yours, by all that's jovial!"

Mrs. Alford laid her hand upon my arm, and turned exceedingly pale; in another moment the eyes of the gentleman who had thus spoken met hers, and in the succeeding one the boat was steered towards us, and the profligate Captain Alford and his dissolute company were actually "capering on shore;" the husband giving a stentorian "*whoop-halloo*," on recognising his lady, just as if he had unkennelled a fox, and, inviting them all in, to share in the hospitality of his "pretty little Richmond retreat," as he called the cottage, "just fit for a pair of turtles like himself and his tender mate," whom he caressed with a mixture of insult and mock gallantry, much to the annoyance of the buxom lady with the plume of feathers, who called out to him repeatedly, "Not to make a fool of himself; did he not see Mrs. Alford was not in a condition to be made fun of, and that the sooner they embarked again the better?"

Mrs. Alford was *not*, indeed, in a condition, as the rough pity of the woman asserted, to bear a part in such a scene as this. She was taken ill immediately, and, strange to say, so great is the mixture of good and evil within us all, the painted, bold-tongued, demirep, who was the mistress of the poor lady's husband, and had helped him to spend the last thousand of her money, shed real tears of compassion and regret, at wit-

Digitized by Google

nessing her sufferings; calling out to the unprincipled and unfeeling man, who was her protector, with a peremptory tone, which sobered him at once, "That he ought to be ashamed of himself, and not be making such a scandalous noise, when the poor injured young creature, his own true wife, might be dying, for what he cared, and his own legitimate offspring lost."

Whenever a demonstration of good feeling comes from the lips of those, whose habits and general character are bad, they strike one with uncommon force, and make, I think, a stronger impression than when uttered by the mouth of benevolence and practical virtue. If a blighted and lightning-struck tree, a ruin amidst its verdant neighbours, puts forth a single green bough, or even leaf, we speculate immediately on its appearance, and look on it with the highest interest, as a proof that *some vitality* is left within the scathed and blasted trunk. May not the merciful Father of the Universe, behold with pitying eyes, such signs of celestial growth; such solitary out-shoots of genuine feeling as this woman displayed, on witnessing the hapless situation of her she had ever considered as a rival?

By her agency the medical gentleman from Richmond was summoned to attend on Mrs. Alford:—by her influence the whole party were sent away, with the exception of the husband, who, awed and kept in check by the woman who had gained such complete ascendancy over him, sat himself down in the little parlour quietly and decently, awaiting the result of his wife's illness, whilst the woman made herself useful in a hundred ways, assisted the young servant to make some chicken-broth, and when the poor infant came, still-born, into the world, seeing that I could not leave the mother, who appeared expiring, she placed it herself in a warm bath, and saved its life; for it soon breathed there, and afterwards fell into a sound sleep.

The next morning, with a delicacy which perfectly astonished me, Mrs. Webster, as she called herself, finding that my poor patient was now likely to do well, would not disturb her with her own presence, but stole off privately to Richmond, without awakening even her paramour, who, she said, as she bade me adieu, "ought to stay some hours longer, and then, if he liked it, bring her word (and he knew where to find her) how the poor dear lady was, and her babe, who," she added, and she spoke again from the higher and better feelings of her nature, "I shall always love, poor thing! for I believe if I had not been here after Alford had frightened her so much, it never would have been a living soul."

The next morning Lady Pelham called upon us; and the conscience-struck husband shrunk away from her sight: he could not endure to face any relation of Mrs. Alford's, after his usage of her. Thus were we clear of all our unwelcome intruders, and everything went on well in our little cottage, considering what had passed, when a letter was addressed to me in an unknown hand, a few days after: it was from the aforesaid Mrs. Webster, and ran as follows:—

DEAR MADAM,

Do not tell the poor ill-used lady what I now write to you; but that villain Alford, her husband, has taken from me and his four poor children, every shilling he could lay his hands on, to carry to the gaming-

Digitized by Google

table; plundered us of all, and even has dared to stake *my person*, the mother of his children, for a hundred guineas, with one of his gambling associates, and has, he coolly tells me, lost his throw. But, faulty as I have been, and seduced from my honest home by the plausible tongue of this bad man, I am not so lost to shame, as to suffer myself to be *thrown for* with a box and dice! I leave England to-morrow for Ireland, taking all my children with me, and will cast myself at the feet of my father, and implore his pardon, which will not be denied me. May Heaven protect poor Mrs. Alford and the child, which I love as much as if it were my own. The captain of an Irish trading vessel gives me a passage, for I am his country woman, and never will I see England any more.

Your most sincere well-wisher,
JUDITH MAC CARTHY,
My real name.

A few days after, Captain Alford, or rather, Mr. Alford (for he no longer held a commission in his late Majesty's service, having lost it at hazard), came down again to our little retreat, claiming an asylum there for the night. He told us a most melancholy story of the depravity and ingratitude of Mrs. Webster, as he still called her; and swore she had decamped from him with an old major, after having stripped the house of every valuable, and sold the furniture to a broker. "So you see," cried he, with a heartless smile, "I am clear of her and her four brats at any rate; and mean now, for the remainder of my life, to devote myself, dear Cecil, to you. Pray order your little maid" (and he cast a disgusting leer towards her as she entered the room) "to lay out for me below-stairs, some of the contents of your larder; for I am, I assure you, devilishly hungry."

What could a poor young creature do, situated as Mrs. Alford was, in delicate health, and only a week after her confinement? Her depraved husband therefore installed himself into her pretty little home, devouring all the delicacies provided by the considerate Lady Pelham for his wife; whistling and singing about the house, notwithstanding my repeated rebukes for the noise he made; and at length I detected him trying to turn the head of our simple young servant Nelly, by the most absurd compliments on her beauty and her "sweet pretty ancle." Provoked at observing to what lengths this profligate libertine was going, when I caught him giving this same silly girl a kiss, as she brought in his boots after cleaning them, I very gravely took out of my pocket the letter of his late mistress, Judith M'Carthy, and assured him I would lay the whole contents of it before his wife, and her protectress Lady Pelham, if he dared to corrupt the innocence of the young servant, that lady had hired for the use of his cruelly treated wife.

"It would be a pity to do that," said the cool-blooded wretch, quite unmoved by the perusal of the letter, which I would not, however, trust in his own hands; "Cecil would by that means lose this little tidy box here, for her to roost in; and I, all the tid-bits I get here—What are we going to have for dinner to-day, Mrs. Griffiths? I thought I heard something about a roast pheasant; if so, I should like very much to have some *Reading sauce* in the gravy."

I muttered something about *impudence*, and *incorrigible*, and "rope

Digitized by Google

sauce;" as I left the room. On my way to the kitchen, to give some orders to the bewildered Nelly about this said pheasant, as well as some matronly cautions to her "to beware of Captain Alford," I had a note put into my hand by a waterman belonging to the river, who told me "a real gentleman, though rather a small one—but an undoubted gentleman, for he was as liberal as an emperor—had just given him half-a-crown, for promising to put that note into the hands of the tall, portly-looking lady, dressed in black silk, who was residing then at the cottage, and to take care not to suffer any one to see it so delivered."

"What can it mean?" said I, standing with the note in my hand, and gazing at the superscription, which was plainly enough to be read, and written in a very "genteel hand," as the footmen say of the cards that they sometimes take in. There was "Mrs. Griffiths, Chase-Cottage, Richmond," quite legible.

"I know nothing of the hand," continued I. "What sort of a gentleman was it who gave you this billet?"

"He gave me no *billet* at all ma'am," answered the man respectfully, "only that bit of three-cornered paper."

"Was he an old gentleman or a young one?" I asked smilingly, and still I turned the note over in my hand. I might have opened it at once, and solved the mystery; but somehow or other, people never do this simple and sensible act, until they have puzzled and racked their brains for some time to no purpose. What can occasion this stupidity? This is a problem I throw out *en passant* to metaphysicians and philosophers, for I cannot account for it.

"Was it an old gentleman or a young one?" I repeated, looking at the peculiar formation of the capital G at the commencement of my name, as if it had been an Egyptian hieroglyphic—it was certainly equally as unintelligible.

"A young one, I believe," answered the waterman; "that is, to judge by his features; but he had a sort of look about him, too, as if he had lived a hundred years; a look of pain and grief about his eyes; and then his shape was not over good, for all his clothes were the finest and the best. He was a little on one side I think, and his face was as pale as a *stattee*."

"Thank you," said I; "I know no one of that description; but I suppose I shall learn something about it in the inside of this"—and the waterman jumped into his boat at the bottom of our little lawn, and shot down the river.

I did not open this note immediately, for Mrs. Alford had need of my assistance just then, and the infant seemed uneasy: but when the mother was composed, and the child asleep, I took from my pocket the "three-cornered" note, and read as follows:—

"Madam,—Lady Pelham has given me leave to address you, so I will not apologise. Although personally I am a stranger to you, I know your character from her. My name is Walter Deerhurst, and I am the nearest relation living of the unfortunate lady you at present serve. Madam, you know her history, but you are a stranger to my feelings; perhaps you may judge of them when I tell you, that I have the most unappeasable desire to hold in my arms for one brief moment—to press to my heart—*her* child!

Digitized by Google

"I ask nothing dishonourable of you; but by that love you bear, and ever will bear, for *one now no more*, bring to me this precious infant of hers, carefully wrapped up however, so that it sustain no injury, the first evening that you think it advisable to take it into the open air. You will be sure to know me, *for there are very few, alas! that resemble me in outward form*, and no doubt you have heard a description of my unfortunate person from Cecil herself; but if I know anything of my own feelings, I have somewhat within this rough casket of mine that 'surpasseth show.' I am residing at Twickenham, and shall be constantly wandering, with a book in my hand, about your residence."

"Here is a pretty romance I am got into!" thought I, beginning to read the note over again, and becoming every moment more interested in the writer of it. "Poor fellow!" murmured I, "he loves his cousin, then, as intensely as ever, and by the simple, the almost poetic account of the waterman, must have suffered *an age* of sorrow in his youth by her imprudent conduct. What knows he, I wonder, of '*one now no more?*' Lady Pelham must have taught him to use that gentle artifice with me, knowing it must be a successful one. Yes, poor Walter Deerhurst! you shall see and embrace the child of your first and only love; and may the poor little unconscious girl, as she is pressed to your heart, take one pang from your faithful bosom!"

Although I had made up my mind to indulge Mr. Deerhurst thus far, yet I did not think it prudent to say one word about it to the lady. I fancied there would have been some indelicacy in naming it to her: perhaps, if the truth were known (for we very seldom fully understand the *entire* motive of what we do, so complicated is the spring of action within our minds); perhaps, if the truth were known, I was *afraid* to acquaint her of his application, and my intention of complying with his request, lest she should forbid me to indulge him; for Mrs. Alford was, as I well knew by her own account of herself, although one of the sweetest and most captivating young creatures in the world, as wilful, wayward, and intractable as it was possible for any woman to be, when she liked: so I would not, as they say, *risk it*, but resolved I would gratify the poor young gentleman as early as I prudently could.

Captain Alford that evening asked me if I thought his lady had "any cash in the house? I have not a single *rap* left," said he; "and I want to go to town on particular business—your pheasant was dressed excellently, but I hate the flavour of your sweet mountain wine—only fit for ladies; and you keep the brandy I observe, always upstairs. Just step up, Mrs. Griffiths, there's a good creature, and ask Mrs. Alford to send me down a sovereign."

"Mrs. Alford has not a single shilling but what she receives from Lady Pelham," I answered very gravely; "and I think her ladyship would object to——"

"My spending her money, you would say," interrupted he. "I dare say she would; but when she *has* given it to my wife, it becomes mine, you know. So I only civilly ask for one sovereign, when I might, if I chose, take all!"

"Monster!" I muttered between my teeth; but the man heard me not, for he was picking his teeth at full length upon the sofa, and laying

Digitized by Google

his odious head upon a very pretty white casimere cloak and hood, trimmed with swan's-down, which Lady Pelham had sent down for the infant Cecil.

"Allow me to remove these things, sir," said I, with no very gentle tone; "you are *crushing* all the lace of the child's hood."

"What a fool that Lady Pelham must be," growled out the recumbent brute, "to lay out so much money for such trumpery! What matters it what a squalling infant wears? She had better have sent us the money that it cost."

"For you to spend," I could have said, but contented myself with taking up the things, and laying them carefully in the table-drawer of the room. I meant to use them that very evening, if circumstances would permit; so wished to have them ready.

"Mrs. Alford has but ten shillings in the house," said I, returning from her chamber: "she has desired me to bring them to you."

"Only ten shillings! I believe that to be a confounded lie," exclaimed the wretch, jumping up and pocketing them, however; "but this gewgaw here, which is quite unfit for our circumstances, will fetch something;" and he rolled up the pretty cloak and hood, grinned maliciously at me, thrust them into his coat-pocket, and nodding insolently, stalked out of the cottage.

"Something must be done to protect this poor lady from such outrage," cried I vehemently to myself; "she shall reside with me at Kensington, and I will see whether he dare to enter *my* doors." With this consolatory thought, I went up stairs, carefully concealing from Mrs. Alford the last brutal act of her husband.

With much agreeable feeling, tinctured I will allow with somewhat of romance, I folded one of my large shawls round the infant form of the little Cecil, and saying, "that I would take a little air that delicious evening on the banks of the Thames, towards Twickenham, if Mrs. Alford could spare me for an hour," I sallied forth with the sleeping babe in my arms, looking like a bit of wax-work, she was so delicately fair: and in lieu of the plundered hood, with its rich trimming of lace and swan's-down, I contented myself with putting on the infant, the prettiest lace cap I could find—one intended for its christening. I wished the child to look well.

I had not long to throw my searching eyes around for Mr. Deerhurst; I quickly recognised him sitting beneath a weeping willow, reading: whether by design he had chosen that mournful tree or not, I am unable to say. He perceived me in an instant, and his pale features became suffused in a moment with a crimson dye, which left them as soon, paler than before: he sprung from the ground, and exclaiming in a fine, low, musical voice, melancholy as the note of the nightingale, "This is most kind of you, Mrs. Griffiths! I thought I could have sustained this interview, so longed for, better than now I feel I shall do; but I am a nervous man, and a little out of health besides; you will not I hope, think the worse of me, for the violent emotion I am now betraying."

"Worse of you," repeated I, thinking of the brute who had just run off with his own child's little finery, for a throw at some game of chance, and of the great contrast between my present companion and him;

Digitized by Google

"Worse of you, Mr. Deerhurst! I honor, and I compassionate the feeling you now shew."

"I cannot look at *her* child this moment;" said the young gentleman, with a choked voice; "allow me an instant or two to collect my firmness."

"There is a seat yonder, beneath that elm," I answered, "I will sit down there and await your pleasure." As I proceeded I turned and beheld Mr. Walter Deerhurst take his cambric handkerchief from his pocket, and apply it to his eyes. In a very short time he rejoined me.

"Now for a sight of my poor cousin's offspring," said Mr. Deerhurst, with affected cheerfulness: "will you entrust her to my arms a moment?"

I handed to him the sleeping infant, and as the setting sun shone upon the place where we were sitting, and made it very warm, I opened the shawl a little, so that he might have a full view of its diminutive features, set off by the handsome lace which bordered its cap.

"Is it not a pretty little creature?" said I, "and see how exquisitely fair!"

"The complexion of its mother!" groaned out the agitated young man. "And is this Cecil Deerhurst's child! Part and parcel of her, who from a little lisping girl, I ever called 'my own;' and was promised she should be so, by her father, and my own ambitious hopes! God of infinite mercy! if this precious little one, had been *mine*, as well as her's! If thou had'st permitted me to be the husband of the one, the father to the other, it seems to me, that my happiness would have been too exquisite for my impassioned being. It would have been too much bliss for humanity!"

He seemed not now to be conscious of my presence, but gave way to a flood of long-repressed feeling, borne along by its own violence, over every obstacle.

"My Cecil's child! My Cecil's child!" he repeated many times, until exhausted with such extreme emotion; his head drooped upon his breast, over the infant, which I offered to take from him.

"Let me feel its little weight *here*—close to my heart another moment," said he, "*it does me good!*"

I acquiesced, and fully understood what comfort he derived, isolated as he was, and morbidly sensitive by nature, thus feeling the offspring of one so long and ardently beloved, lying on his breast—it was a portion of herself!

At length, rousing himself from the ecstatic state, in which he had been for full five minutes bound, with a touching and melancholy smile, he restored to me the infant, who opened her dark hazel eyes full upon him, just as he was parting with her.

"Thank God! she has her *mother's* eyes too!" exclaimed Mr. Deerhurst; "not those black, audacious ones, of — of — Captain Alford." He could not say the words '*her father.*' "You must indulge me sometimes again," he said; "indeed you must. Let me gaze upon those little orbs again; to me two worlds of speculation."

"I will see what I can do;" said I, "but now Captain Alford is down here; if ———"

"Here!" exclaimed poor Mr. Deerhurst, his fine eyes kindling with indignation—"Has the villain dared to profane with *his presence* the

Digitized by Google

sanctuary I—Lady Pelham I mean—has provided for her shelter? By Heaven!" and the whole man was changed—his nostrils became dilated; his bosom heaved; he clenched his hands in agony; and imprecations were no doubt in his heart, if not upon his tongue. "By Heaven!" he uttered convulsively, "that man shall give to me (now her nearest relative) an account for all his villany towards her. He shall perish by my hand."

"And thus you will cut yourself off for ever," argued I, laying one of my hands upon his arm, "of all possibility or chance of ever calling this beloved cousin of yours, your own. Destroy her husband with your hand, and you will place a barrier indeed between you! Leave him alone; his career cannot be long. Providence may have many happy years yet in store for you, if you bend in submission to his present will. Mr. Deerhurst, he cannot long live."

"Blessings on you for that hope;" cried Mr. Deerhurst, "if hope I may dare to call it; but Mrs. —— I mean my cousin Cecil, is so severe towards me! She will receive no obligation; hold no communication with me!"

"And, for that reason," said I, "you may gather hope. Anger cannot exist without some interest, some latent spring far wide of indifference! That she respects you I well know; does you justice to the full extent; for I have heard her story from her own lips. Have patience Mr. Deerhurst, and leave your cause in the hands of Him, who planneth all things right."

"*Respects* me! Does me justice!" repeated the enthusiastic young man, his countenance brightening until it became really handsome; pressing one of my hands within his own,—and very delicate, gentlemanly hands they were—"My dear Madam, you have given a thrill within my heart, which before felt palsied and cold. I will abide by your advice! Repress my indignation; encourage submission, patience; nay, even hope!"

"Do so, my dear sir;" I added, getting up to return to the cottage, "and I voluntarily promise to you, I will be your friend in this business; and I firmly believe that this wretched man, Captain Alford, will soon destroy himself by drinking. I mean to propose to Lady Pelham, that Mrs. Alford should reside with me at Kensington; so keep up your spirits, and be as tranquil as you can. In the mean time, I promise you another assignation soon with this young lady."

"How is it possible," I said to myself on my return home, "that the young, fair, and high-spirited Cecil Deerhurst, should have preferred the coarse-minded, vulgarly-handsome Captain Alford, whose conversation is full of equivoque and low punning, interlarded with unmeaning compliments, to this interesting cousin of hers, who is all intelligence, sensibility, and delicacy! who, although he has a little warp in his person, has such fine eloquent eyes, good teeth, and hair; besides, hands worthy of an Emperor. I shall never feel quite contented until he is made happy, and she partakes his felicity."

"I have found out one secret by this interview," I also thought; it slipped unawares from Mr. Deerhurst himself, although he tried all he could to draw it back. It seems that *he* then has provided all these comforts for his cousin, through the agency of Lady Pelham; seeing she

Digitized by Google

would not accept anything direct from himself—*Tant mieux*; when she is made acquainted with all this hereafter, it will serve to melt down a little her proud rebellious spirit."

We saw nothing of Captain Alford for more than a couple of days; and then he returned in a beastly state of intoxication, bringing with him some low fellow or other, one of his boon companions. He called out loudly for liquor, and actually bore off in triumph my last bottle of brandy, which I thought I had completely hid away from him. No remonstrances, or anger, could suppress the noise he was pleased to make, calling about him, with a Stentorian voice, for the very best the house afforded, and giving the details of his last night's adventures to me, at a certain public-house in Drury-Lane, where met a club I had never heard of until then. It is more than a hundred chances to one, that the reader knows as little of its existence, as I did up to that evening; so, for curiosity's sake, I will relate what then by snatches I gathered, as I went in and out of the room.

It seems there is near Drury-Lane a public-house entitled *The Harp*, (not far from a larger one called the Antelope), where a certain set of men meet every night, who have been duly elected of the fraternity, named *par excellence*, *The Broken*. No one is eligible to be of that club, who has not once been in good circumstances, and moved in respectable society; besides this, he must make oath on his admission, "That he is not worth a shilling in the world; but that he is ready to beg, borrow, or steal from those who have one." I heard with astonishment that there were many lawyers, merchants, officers in both the army and navy; and what shocked me more still, several decayed clergymen, who belonged to the order of *The Broken*, and spent their nights at the "Harp," drinking, when they could afford to pay for their liquor, as no trust is allowed them; and sleeping upon the settles, chairs, and ground itself, when they have no bed to go to.

In this sink of infamy and wretchedness, all sorts of plans are formed amongst the members to cheat, and, as they call it, *humbug* the public. Every thing that can be spared from their dirty, unwashed persons, is sent to the pawnbrokers, that they may have "one jolly night at least," they say, "before their final exit."

Captain Alford and his present guest seemed highly delighted at some circumstance that had occurred the night before at *The Broken*, respecting a pair of boots; and, as I was taking some sugar from the closet in the room where these two worthies were sitting, I lingered a little to understand something of the nature of it.

It seemed that a young man of good family but of most dissolute habits, had just joined this most respectable society, and had been induced by the club, to write a letter to a certain nobleman, his distant relation, asking for a sum of money, and declaring himself to be now "*reformed*."

The old lord, remembering well his kinsman's former tricks, and how often he had obtained cash by pleading *reformation*, yet willing to give him every chance for it, returned an answer, "that he would be happy to see him at dinner the next day, when they would talk over some plans for his advantage."

"What the devil am I to do now?" exclaimed the young profligate,

Digitized by Google

reading aloud this letter at "*The Harp.*" "Dine with Lord C——! why I have not had a clean shirt these six weeks!"

"Pshaw!" cried Captain Alford, "I will lend you this I have on, which I only put on yesterday; but then you must give me a portion of your earnings."

"O certainly; but you must let me have your coat and waistcoat also," answered the hopeful youth.

"I am a better judge than that, Ned," cried the noble captain; "why we should never see your face again at 'The Broken' if I trusted you so far as that!"

"Look at my shoes!" said Ned K——, despondingly; "they are quite out upon the ground, taking lunar observations: I must decline the invitation."

"Write to his lordship," urged another worthy member, "and tell him you cannot accept his kind offer, unless you have a new pair of boots; that you will not disgrace *his* relation before the servants."

"So, I will, by Jove!" cried he; "landlord! pen, ink, and paper."

The landlord demurred about the last article, so the pot-boy was sent to purchase a sheet of best "Bath-wove," and the note was dispatched, it seems.

"I fear this scapegrace is at his tricks again," said the worthy old nobleman, as he read this note, fumigated with tobacco and beer, and sealed with a button; "but I will try him; I will send him no *money*, for he is not to be trusted with it; but he shall have an order on Hoby for a pair of boots;" and a superb pair, did Master Ned of the Royal Club of "The Broken" get, which he put on in the shop, to the wonderment of the men in it, and strutted away in them to his favourite place of rendezvous, so that his brother "*Brokens*" might see and admire them.

All beasts of prey, when pressed by hunger, feed on each other; the wolves do it, at any rate, constantly; now, Captain Alford had but a few halfpence left in the world, so he coveted this handsome pair of boots, and began to toss for them with the possessor, but he lost every copper that he had, and gave them up as a bad job, which Ned, warming a little with the gin and water he had drank, paid for by Alford's money, began to wish for more, and, looking down at his *exchequer*, his splendid boots to wit, asked, in a swaggering tone, "Who would buy them of him?"

No one answered, for there was not cash enough amongst them all, but Alford called out at length, "I'll give *five shillings*, ready money, if they'll fit me."

"Try them on," said Ned, and he pulled them off his stockingless feet. "Give me five shillings down, and you shall have them. Landlord! a pint of whiskey on the strength of our bargain."

"Yes, a pint of whiskey," called out Captain Alford, also, and, seizing the boots, he seemed as if he meant to draw them on.

"Who has any bootholders?" exclaimed Captain Alford, running to the door with them in his hand. In one moment he was out of the house, over the way, and in another had pawned them for *fifteen* shillings, and returning immediately, threw down five of them upon the table, saying, "There, Ned K——, pick up your money; I have *sent*

Digitized by Google

the boots to be stretched;" and then followed the loud exulting laugh, at his own dexterity—and I left the room disgusted.

"Have you any *flats* in the house?" enquired this wretch, putting his head into his wife's apartment.

"*Flats?*" answered I, for she either did not, or would not hear him; "I know not what you mean, Captain Alford."

"Not know that *flats* are cards?" said he; "why I thought every fool knew that. Why then, we must content ourselves with *flying the mags* [tossing up halfpence, I afterwards found out], until old *Oliver* is up [the moon], when we mean to try for a *pitman* [a pocket-book], or at least a few *dibs* [cash]."

"That man will come to the gallows," thought I. "In another week, if she can bear removing, she shall away with me to Kensington."

And I contrived to do it with much dexterity. The carriage of Lady Pelham conveyed her and the child safe and secretly to my residence, when I sent for a broker, and sold off in the name of that lady, all the furniture; the servant maid I ordered to go to London next day, (fearing to trust her), and stop at a certain house in Piccadilly, where she would be informed what she should do. Thus we were all off, and not a trace of us left; but we heard, a few days after, that it had been the intention of the unprincipled vagabond, one who once held a commission in his sovereign's army, to "*sell us up*," as he called it, having actually bargained with a London broker to buy all *his* furniture "in a lump," at a cottage he had taken at Richmond. The man went down to look at it, and was in a pretty passion when he found the house shut up, and a board nailed to the shutters, intimating that it was "*To let.*"

Mrs. Alford lived in my house very comfortably: she had the society of her little girl, and an excellent nursery-maid—mine also, when I happened to be at home. She never went out except late in the evening, and then thickly veiled, fearful of falling in again with her profligate husband. She subscribed at a good library, and amused herself with reading and painting: the latter she excelled in; and, on the whole, she was as composed and happy, as any one so situated could possibly be. Every kind of luxury was sent in to her, through the medium of Lady Pelham, and another white casimere hood and cloak, surpassing in beauty the last, with other most superb presents for the infant.

"I must speak seriously to Lady Pelham," said Mrs. Alford to me one day; "she is far too profuse. Look here, what most expensive robes, and caps, and all sorts of things for my sweet little Cecil, and what a very elegant gold coral and bells! I am quite uneasy about it; for my friend's fortune is not over large. I really must begin to think of some way to be independent, for all this generosity pains me."

"Indeed, madam," answered I, "you had far better keep yourself snug here and in privacy; for, going through Hyde Park the other day, I recognised Captain Alford fast asleep upon the grass there, near the Serpentine River. He looked as if he had not been in a bed for many weeks, and his dress was most miserable. He may be, and I dare say is, quite a desperate character by this time, and spends his nights constantly at 'The Broken,' and his days skulking about in the parks. Pray, be advised; do not think yet of seeking for any change, for should he find you out, a pretty life we shall all have of it. Lady Pelham has enjoined

Digitized by Google

me to be careful of you, and I have promised to do so; and I shall keep my word. Have you seen this pretty volume of poetry she has sent you? What a beautifully bound book it is! and your name is written on the title-page."

"Dear, kind Maria!" exclaimed Mrs. Alford, taking the volume out of the tissue-paper that surrounded it. "'Cecil Deerhurst, from her most attached friend.' She forgets that my name is not Deerhurst now," said Mrs. Alford—"would that it were!"

"You might have had that name all your life, madam," said I, smiling, "if you had but married your cousin Walter."

"He was far too good for me, Mrs. Griffiths," answered the lady, sighing, "and too indulgent; he petted and spoiled me from a mere child. I could do what I liked with him—make him happy or wretched, just as my humour pleased. Power is not a safe thing to be in the hands of a young girl of sixteen, who fancies herself a beauty too, besides. I really do believe I first flirted with Captain Alford, solely to tease my cousin Walter."

"You have paid pretty dearly for your love of torturing," said I; "but I suppose you fell desperately in love with this swaggering officer after that, and you thought no more of plaguing Mr. Deerhurst?"

"It was an infatuation, not a love," said Mrs. Alford; "a mere fancy, that never would have taken root, if it had not been fostered and kept alive by a spirit of contradiction. You remember the speech of the dying young cock, in the fable, who had been requested by the prudent hen, his mother, 'not to go too near a certain well;' and this admonition of her's begot in him the most ardent desire to peep down into it on every occasion. Crowing, then, one day on the very edge of it, with closed eyes and flapping wings, down he tumbled, and these were his last words —how well do I comprehend them!—

> 'I ne'er had been in this condition,
> But for my mother's prohibition.'

Never should I have run off with Captain Alford, if Walter had not put me, as they say, '*upon my mettle;*' but I am wiser, I trust, now."

I ventured no farther observation at that time; and she began to read aloud to me from the elegant little volume in green and gold, sent by Lady Pelham to her as a present. It was a collection of fugitive pieces by a poet of the name of *Hurst*, that had lately come out periodically, in a magazine of eminence, and they had acquired much popularity. Every one was speaking of "*Hurst's* Sonnets," and "*Hurst's* Legends," and "*Hurst's* Lyrics;" but very little seemed to be known of the poet himself. Mrs. Alford had been much struck with one little piece of his at its first appearance in the magazine, and was quite happy to find it again in this collection; she, by my desire, read it aloud to me, and her voice, eyes, and countenance were in perfect accordance with the poetry itself.

> "From whence comes the whirlwind, the pestilent blight,
> That rides on the wings of the wind?
> That rushes like fiend in the dead of the night,
> The breasts of its victims to find?
> With a poison it comes to each sweet, sleeping flower,
> As cradled in leaves they repose;

Digitized by Google

It rains on them all an invisible shower,
As onward the pestilence goes!

"From whence comes the blight to the young trusting mind,
As before it some bright vision lies?
Does *that* too come posting on wings of the wind,
To poison each hope as it flies?
I was dreaming of bliss and Ellen one night,
But awoke to deep sorrow and pain;
The pestilence came,—my heart felt its blight,
And never can blossom again!"

"This does not seem like an imaginary grief," remarked Mrs. Alford. Whoever this *Mr. Hurst* is, he seems unhappy."

"He talks of his heart never blossoming again," said I. "Who knows *when* the heart's vitality is absolutely gone? Perhaps he will have a happy old age yet, and see his children and grandchildren climbing about his knees."

"Impossible!" cried Mrs. Alford; "whatever may be the cause of his grief, depend upon it, the seat of it lies too deep ever to be pulled up."

"Take away the cause, and the effect ceases," I argued; but before the lady could reply, which she seemed inclined to do with some warmth, Lady Pelham was announced, who entered with a countenance big with some kind of information.

"Cecil!" exclaimed our visitor, "prepare yourself to hear some sudden news; nay, do not start, and turn so pale; and yet you will be shocked, I know.—Your worthless husband is no more."

"Merciful God!" said Mrs. Alford, staggering to a chair, "can it be possible?"

"Even so," replied her friend; "he has ended a career of infamy, by an act of self-destruction; he has drowned himself in the Serpentine."

"Drowned himself!" cried Mrs. Alford, as pale as death. "Have mercy on him, Heaven!"

"We have just heard all the particulars of this event," said Lady Pelham, "from one of his dissolute companions, who witnessed the transaction, and was ordered by the wretched suicide himself to bring this account to me."

"He had been at that horrid club, called '*The Broken*,' all the night previous, and, it seems, had not been in a bed for many weeks, or changed his linen for at least six. In the morning he turned out from the *Harp* with this fellow, and they strolled about Hyde Park, two specimens of filth and depravity; when one of them proposed that they should take a bathe in the river.

"And have a clean shirt," said Alford; "for this is a little the worse for wear; I wish we had a bit of soap to wash ourselves with."

"Soap!" cried the other; "I would rather have a rasher of bacon, and a tankard of 'half-and-half' for my breakfast."

"*Breakfast*," exclaimed Alford, with much bitterness; "what is the meaning of that word?—We are *quite up*, Mallett, and I'm sick to death of it. I'll give you all my clothes, if you will go and buy me a pennyworth of soap."

"What nonsense!" said Mallett; "all your rags together are not worth a sixpence, Captain; yet you cannot do without them."

Digitized by Google

"Better by far than I have done *with* them," said Alford; "will you say it's a bargain?"

"No," answered Mallet; "I should only lose my penny for my pains; but here comes a soldier's wife across the park, with a basket on her arm; it is ten to one but that she has a lump of soap in it for to-morrow's washing; try to *diddle* her out of a piece; you are a famous fellow with the ladies—try."

"I will," said Alford; and he addressed the young woman when she came up, with something like this:—

"'My pretty lass! I have not had a good wash this many a day; such a good-looking fellow as I am! and you see I want one; if you can give me a bit of *soap*, just what they call a *make-weight*, I'll bless your pretty face to the longest day I have to live."

"It is a very odd request," said the soldier's wife, who was one of the washerwomen to the barracks, "but I don't mind much if I do give you this thin slice, just for the fancy of the thing; and here's a penny loaf for you besides."

"Give that to my comrade," said Alford; "and may God bless you."

They went straight to the Serpentine, and there Alford disencumbered himself from all his rags, and, with the soap in his hand, plunged into the river. He thoroughly washed and cleaned himself, saying often to his companion, "How delightful it is to have once more a clean skin."

After he had staid in nearly half an hour, he suddenly called out, "Mallet, I've made up my mind: I will never put on those filthy things again. I give them all to you freely, and I hope you will have a nice *lively* bargain, my boy, in them. Go to Lady Pelham, in ——— street, and tell her all this, and say, that Cecil, her friend, is now a widow. Good day to you, Mallet;" and he struck out into the middle of the stream, and disappeared."

* * * *

"Oh, what an awful death!" exclaimed Mrs. Alford, bursting into tears; but they were not (how could they be?) tears of anguish; and very quickly were they dried. Plain mourning was prepared for her, but not weeds: she would not affect a depth of sorrow that she did not feel.

In the meantime I had frequent consultations with a very valued young friend of mine, who shall be nameless, and also with Lady Pelham. Many notes and letters passed to and fro between us. The young widow could not imagine what I could possibly be about, and she felt a little offended that I communicated nothing of my present affairs to her.

"Mrs. Griffiths," said she, one morning, after I had just finished reading a long letter I had received by the twopenny post, and put it quietly into my pocket, without saying a word;—"Mrs. Griffiths, I mean to advertise in *The Times*, immediately, for some sort of situation or other, for I am determined no longer to be a burthen either to Lady Pelham or to you."

"Burthen! my dear Madam," said I, "who ever taught you to think yourself one to either of us? Why you and your dear little girl are the delight of our lives!—dearly do we love you, and even these pretty little petulancies of yours have their charm. Did you not promise us both though, that you would never be wayward and obstinate any more?"

Digitized by Google

"I have suffered very severely for my folly, my dear forbearing friend," said the lovely young creature, with one of her most engaging smiles; "I ought to be cured, if ever being was. But shall I be honest with you?"

"Would you be anything else?" cried I. "But I will spare you a confession. I know all about it; every turning and winding of that little heart of yours, which has a sufficient quantity of *pride* and *frowardness* still in it, in spite of all the schooling it has had. You think we have some mighty secret between us, this dear Lady Pelham and I; and you are very angry, very jealous, with us, for not taking you into our confidence."

"You must certainly be a *witch*, my dear Mrs. Griffiths," said Mrs. Alford, blushing up to her very forehead; "you have divined the cause, and I do not mind now owning to you the inward fretting and worry this conduct of yours has given me."

"Spare yourself the trouble," I exclaimed, laughing, "I have watched every pang, every look of suppressed resentment! all your attempted sullenness, and your total inability to "*keep it up.*"

"Why what a *Barbara Allen* you must be to perceive all this, and not extract the sting."

"Sometimes I added," with much appearance of gravity of manner and turning away from her, "the drawing out the shaft, produces immediate death! So we have, you see, let yours rankle on."

"What *can* you mean?" exclaimed the poor young lady, with a quivering lip,"—'for the love of heaven, dear, dear Mrs. Griffiths! let me know all,'—It does not relate to my child, for she is sleeping in her little cot there, and looking like a cherub!"

"You should have called her a *seraph*," said I, playfully, "that is the name for female angels; the cherubs you know are little, fat *boy-angels*, with cheeks like trumpeters—and ——"

"You are trying to draw me away from what we were speaking of," interrupted my charming guest in a tone so reproachful, yet so exquisitely tender, that I felt almost ashamed of the part I was acting, yet was I convinced it was the only way in which I could manage her peculiar mind; so I strengthened myself for the conflict, and went boldly on——

"I will confess" I said, after a pause, which ever gives much weight to what is coming; "I confess that I was leading you from the subject by *design*, and yet I may be wrong to do so, after all, though Lady Pelham affirms, she knows your nature better than I do."

"Then you *have* something to communicate," murmured poor Cecil Alford; "speak out!—I am fully prepared"——

I wish it may be so—I exclaimed, and that you do not deceive yourself; but we know better than you do, your own weakness, and the depths of hoarded, or rather latent feelings that are within you—hear then—your Cousin Walter, who has loved you so intensely from his own childhood, that it resembled more a dream of romance, than an actual thing, he who pined away after your elopement with Captain Alford I hear, until he was almost a shadow, who turned *poet* only to give vent to his own anguish, and mourned your loss like a second Petrarch; he who has enlisted all the world on his side, only by the

Digitized by Google

beauty of his verse, even *yourself*, although you knew it not; he to whom you accorded your pity, and your tears the other day, for he wrote under the fictitious name of *Hurst*, and there lies his poetry!——after all this, and now too when it might have been so different, *he is going to be married we find almost immediately!*"

I had studied well the complicated mind of Cecil Alford, compounded as it was of opposing elements, or I never should have practised this stratagem upon her; never have poured in upon her ear all this round of artillery, in order to make an inroad into the very citadel of her heart.—It was very appalling, and even I, able general in metaphysics, as I call myself, actually trembled for the result.

What a commotion took place that moment in Mrs. Alford's mind! What a contest of jarring passions! What a subject was she then for a Shakspere, who understood all the subtle workings and secret springs of human nature,—plainly could I discern, although she struggled with all her force to hide it, that *she* was shocked at hearing of her Cousin Walter's desertion of her—that she liked him much better than she chose to own—that his sincere and enthusiastic passion had been to her as a hoarded source of comfort and of pride through all her sufferings—now for ever gone, she thought. Then the suddenness of learning that her former lover was her admired poet!—That it was for her loss, he had so delightfully mourned! It was giving him a value in her eyes only to make her deplore his loss the more.

In opposition to all this, there arose *Pride* with its crested front—woman's native delicacy—also some remnant of her natural waywardness. She stood as if transfixed; her bosom the arena for all these warring elements to tug against each other—nicely balanced for some moments lay the victory; I offered her a glass of water, which she took, as if she knew it not—I placed my arms round her waist and drew her towards me. This action softened her; woman's tenderness prevailed; she burst into an agony of tears, and sobbed out with truth in every accent—"And has even Walter, my own dear and kind cousin, the playfellow of my infancy, he whom I ever respected and loved more than he knew of—has *he* too deserted me—forgotten all his protestations of everlasting, unchanging attachment! I should as soon have thought of the sun, the *true* sun going from his course, as Walter being faithless to me!——But be it so—may he be as happy as he deserves to be! For Cecil there can be nothing but misery."——"It is only my adored Cecil, that can make me so," said a tremulous, yet sweet voice close to her side.—It was the voice of Mr. Deerhurst himself, who had been stationed in my back drawing-room with Lady Pelham, and had heard every word of the preceding discourse. They both stole quietly in, whilst Mrs Alford gave this natural, but unequivocal burst of feeling, and I transferred her without a word to his arms.

"Did I not tell you dearest madam," said I, a few minutes after, when she was capable of attending to either Lady Pelham or myself; "Did I not tell you, that Mr. Walter Deerhurst, was 'going to be married?' I assure you it is true; a young and very interesting *widow*, has made him forget all the caprices and follies of a certain Miss Cecilia Deerhurst, who did not use him over well a year or two ago, even by your own account."

Digitized by Google

"What a conspiracy!" said Mrs. Alford, looking with happy eyes upon the whole trio near her. "And is it possible, *dear Walter*, that you wrote these precious and heart-touching poems?" ——

"Did they touch *your* heart, my beloved one?" asked Mr. Deerhurst ardently;"— you are my inspiring muse, and only you shall place a chaplet on my brow."

"In exchange for one of *orange-flowers*, with which you mean to decorate her own," said Lady Pelham.

"But I have a child, Walter! have they told you that?"

"She is an old acquaintance of mine, dear Cecil," answered he; "Mrs. Griffiths can inform you how often she has been cradled in these arms—slept upon this bosom!"

"What can you mean?" inquired the poor lady; "I vow I feel as if quite mystified; as if all were enchantment! Pray explain."

This I quickly did; and in the course of my little narrative, there came out the story of the infant's white casimere cloak and hood; how the infamous Alford had purloined them, whilst others had been sent down to supply their place; nor did Lady Pelham omit telling her (although I would rather she had concealed the circumstance for a short time at least) that every want and luxury of Mrs. Alford, had been supplied from the ample means of Mr. Deerhurst, who, as her nearest relation, and possessing all the fortune which her father once intended for her, had settled on her, through the medium of Lady Pelham, a very handsome competency, and had left the whole of the remainder of his fortune, in case of his death, to her sole use.

"Let me look again at my little daughter," said Mr. Deerhurst; "Cecil, dearest! give her to me with your own hands. Attest it for me, Lady Pelham, and you, kind Mrs. Griffiths, that this sweet creature is, and ever shall be, my *eldest* child."

Why the simple word *eldest* should call up so bright a suffusion on the face, neck, and arms of Cecilia Alford, it is no business of mine to explain, or why her cousin Walter, as if pitying her extreme confusion, should run away the moment after, with the baby in his arms, to the parlour below stairs, where Bridget, my old servant, assures me she found him, when she went in without knowing any one was there, weeping over it like an infant. But the tears of poets and of happy lovers, both of which Mr. Walter Deerhurst then was, resemble the dew-drops in a bright morning, and give pleasure to the beholder, and not pain.

And must this love-story of mine be wound up like all other vulgar love-stories, with a *wedding?* No. I will leave off at this moment, and make the reader wonder who it is I am going this summer to visit in the county of Hereford, that cider-making county, redolent with golden-pippins and spicy pearmains?—who it is that will come and meet me at the coach, a gentleman and lady, with three junior ones, looking out of the carriage windows; one a fair-haired little *seraph*, looking more like a Cecilia of the skies than of earth, and two chubby-faced *cherubs*—alias, baby-boys, making out the number.

I trust this horrid cold summer has not blighted the apple-trees! I was in hopes I should have seen the Herefordshire orchards looking like the garden of the Hesperides; every tree propped up to sustain the weight of the golden fruit. Should it not be so, I will not be disap-

Digitized by Google

pointed; I will go another year, and be in at the, not death, but birth, of another trumpet-cheeked *cherub*, or tender *seraph*, as it may chance to be. Has chance any thing to do in the matter? I think not, or she would have more work upon her hands, poor thing, than she can perform; but they tell me the *planets* take a good deal of the trouble upon themselves. I heard *the man* say so in his lecture on astrology the other day, and he talked a great deal of male and female *influences*, that come down to earth like the dew from heaven. That the moon had a wonderful gift of shedding down insanity with her silver beams, and that those who walked much in the "*broad eye of the sun*," would become valiant, rich, and powerful. I wish it would rain down *loaves and fishes*, and then all the poor would be looking upwards to catch them, and many a hungry stomach would then be at peace.

Gentle Reader! I will think of thee in my approaching visit to Herefordshire, when from a lovely house, situated on that most romantic river the *Wye*, between the villages of Bullingham and Dinder, not far from Ross, made immortal by the poet's pen, we (that is myself and the family I shall be with) start off in an elegant carriage, with a hamper of *eatables* and *drinkables* corded on behind (the male and female supporters of life), and servants enough to wait on us, pack up the glasses and plates, &c. &c., when we have properly refreshed ourselves. Gentle Reader! I will think of thee, and drink thy health when I am sitting and regaling myself with my friends, whilst viewing the ruins of *Tintern Abbey*, or as it may chance to be, those of *Goodwich Castle*, both in the neighbourhood. You can do no less than return the compliment, and so we bow gracefully to each other. Good night!

THE ADAMUS EXUL OF GROTIUS,

OR

THE PROTOTYPE OF PARADISE LOST.

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN BY FRANCIS BARHAM, ESQ.

(*Concluded from page* 386).

ACT III.

Satan. I see my foe approaching, with proud steps
Haughty and self-collected. Now the hour
Is ripe for my revenge—he comes alone,
His heaven-descended guardian hath retired
From his frail impotent charge, and now he falls,
Unaided, undefended. With the cords
Of errors quite inextricable I
Will fetter his doomed soul—the snare is laid—
Beneath the mask of well dissembled love,
Hatred lies coiled and basking. Even now
With greedy and insatiable thirst of blood,
My teeth I grind, impatient to devour.
Ah, but I'll watch the occasion—like the wolf,

Digitized by Google

With fiery glistening eyes and lips of foam,
Watches the feeble sheep. Afar he stands,
Silent in keen resolve, and hesitating,
Suspends the uplifted step till now he sees
His prey more favourably exposed to fate,
Then speeds his stealthy course exultingly,
Bristles his ragged locks and half reveals
The grisly horror of his gory tusks.—
So let me deal with man—and so disguise
The immedicable wound with honied words.

(Adam enters).

Lord of the earth, and emperor of the sea,
Adam, majestic Adam, let me kiss
Thy princely hand, and bow me at thy feet.
Ah! wherefore frown'st thou—rather on me bend
Thy genial smile benignant—for me too
The Almighty formed thy elder brother, high
Above thee throned, amid the glittering spheres
Of spirit-robing ether.—And thy God
Vouchsafed me the choice privilege to lead
A thousand, thousand friends. Now he forsakes,
And those perfidious and forsworn compeers
Desert me too—blind followers of blind chance;
But thou august, indulgent, too benign
To harbour weak resentment, thee I sue
For pity if not friendship, and implore
The eternal pledge of amity, the bond
Of fellowship—But why that cloudy brow?

Adam. Accursed of God avaunt, detested fiend,
Rebellious and perfidious, execrable;
Avaunt, begone, nor with polluted touch,
Stain this immaculate form. The friends of Heaven
Are mine, none else—Away, blaspheming One,
Fly to thy own fit Hell, and never more
Blast my pure sight, with infamy unnamed.

Satan. Why is thy heart so hardened, so perturbed
With hate and headstrong passion, knowst thou not
That these are evil—anger, envy, fear,
Can make none good or happy. Let thy soul
Know that prime art of wisdom, how to put
The best construction on suspicious things;
Therefore be favourable—at least be fair.

Adam. Great Heaven shall fall, and all the glittering stars
Come crushing on the affrighted earth—the sea
Shall burn like one unmeasured lake of fire,
And from its bickering flames, the cooling drops
Of limpid water sweat. Euphrates' self
Shall backward roll his many volumed tides,
And mingle with the Tigris, sooner far

Digitized by Google

Than peace or faith or charitable love,
'Twixt thee and me, accursèd, and forsworn,
Such sweet society as wolves and lambs
Combine, this shall be ours, nor less, nor more,
While on the many-heaving breezy waves
Of the etherial sky, Aurora drives
Her purple wheels, and silent-pacing Night
Doth in her starry mantle wrap the earth,
Such be our compact, our confederacy.

Satan. O spare thyself this thunder! Mighty chiefs
Like thee should waste no strength on feeble foes,
They who wage war on weak, and on base things,
Themselves are baser. Mark the forest king—
The lion—dost thou ever see him spoil
Poor sheep, or rend the innocent bleating lamb?
No, he disdains such conquest, but he loves
To engage the rival lion of his hate
In his swollen rage, or grapple to the death
With the throat-throttling tiger, or grim bear,
Sparing the weak and trampling on the strong.
Thou thinkst that I can harm thee—lay aside
This idle terror, this ridiculous fright
Of one so lost, so fallen—one so base,
So little worthy of your hate, and make
This most political compact without fear.

Adam. Thou sayst right well, thou art not worth my hate,
Much less, foul demon, art thou worth my love.

Satan. Nay, nay, not quite so abject; let no vain
Or false conceit delude thee. We have store
Of wit and counsel, power and agency
Thou little reckst of; but perchance mayst need
Hereafter on occasion. God, forsooth,
Hath robbed us of good luck, and the fair smiles
Of fortune: but he hath not yet despoiled
The antique glory of our souls, the full
Keen armoury of thought made thunder-proof,
Nor yet the invincible will to dare or do.
Ay, and we still have kingdoms, princedoms, powers,
Gorgeously bright, right glowing, tho' too low
To suit our aspirations. God, meanwhile,
Sits thundering thro' his empty halls of heaven—
There let him reign. To thee a better sway,
O'er this fair earth, he yields—the purple air,
The immeasurable and hollow-sounding main,
And all that it inhabit. Unto us
Belongs the nether empire, which the gods
Do courteously call Hell and Tartarus—
Such is the subterranean territory
We exiled heroes hold. Here the august

Digitized by Google

Titanic brood of murmuring demons wield
The sceptre over Chaos, and the shades
Of the jarred elements,—now let us rule
Together, as our kingdoms stand so nigh.

Adam. Whate'er the Thunderer gave to me and mine
Of lordship or authority, he gave
But on condition of pure stainless faith
And fealty to Him. This we maintain
Rejoicing, and, still serving him, desire
No other service, nor impatient seek
To extend our proper bounds, thinking all gained
By impious disobedience worse than lost.

Satan. But who but fools good offers will refuse?

Adam. They who their virtue prize above all gifts.

Satan. To wage perpetual war can profit none.

Adam. Thou canst not harm me, hoping, fearing nought.

Satan. But our confederacy may profit both;
He that relieves misfortune is twice blest.

Adam. But piety is blest, and nought beside.

Satan. And what religion bars an honest bargain?

Adam. Confederacy in vice you compact call.

Satan. Most truly, since whatever now is mine
Will then become your own unalterably.

Adam. Ah, thou hast nought but evil to bestow.

Satan. I 'll never hurt, but help you when I can.

Adam. And what security have I for this?

Satan. I promise, swear, pledge, and engage myself.

Adam. An exile, an apostate, and a devil!

Satan. I swear by the great name of the Eternal.

Adam. Whom thou of late didst seek to hurl from heaven!

Satan. Ay, but his wrath would follow broken vows.

Adam. Thou fearest pain it seems, tho' not transgression.

Satan. I like to assist my friends now grown too few.

Adam. That with thee they may perish, is it not?

Satan. Since with this pertinacious insolence
Peace thou refusest, crossing fair design,
Now learn my hate, my vengeance. I will plague
Thy blind soul with the vehement craft of hell,
And thy pride-bloated impudence chastise
As with a scorpion scourge. Aye, know me now
Thy everlasting foe, damning and damned,
Smitten and smiting, crushed and crushing all—
Ay, know me now. By day I will beset
Thy path with torturing doubts, even when thou prayest;

Digitized by Google

By night I 'll watch beside thee, and distil
Such diabolical spirit-racking dreams
On thy sick phantasy, that thou shalt start
From haunted couch, and think thyself in hell;
Thou, who deniest my fellowship, shalt feel
How sweet my vengeance, and how blest my doom.

Adam. Begone, accursed deceiver, savage fiend;
Monster, begone; I dread thee not, nor heed
Thy impotent rage! The God in whom I trust
Hath with his favour, as a triple shield,
Girded my heart; thy fury I defy,
For, fearing God alone, I nothing fear
Thee or thy exiled demons—hence, away!

Satan. Thou shalt be exiled too—if not to-day.

Chorus of Angels.

The stream of Eden nobly flows,
And on its banks of emerald green
Each glorious tree of pure life grows;
The plant of knowledge shines between,
And hangs its golden-tingèd fruit
To tempt, alas, and to destroy!—
Such knowledge, sure, can never suit
Immortal hope or mortal joy!

Adam reposes in the shade,
His brow with laurel chaplet bound,
With his espoused matchless maid;
He listens to the harmonic sound
Of falling leaves, and fleeting waves,
And light birds' singing, wild and free,
While in his joyous heart he braves
All sorrow, doubt, despondency.

O man! thou wonderful and fair,
Pensive and passion-taming king
Of this new planet, we can share
In all thy bright imagining.
Ah never let the shade of ill
Wither the bloom or mar the bliss!
But be as pure and tranquil still
In unborn ages as in this
Sweet hour of perfect blessedness.

Ye too, who born of grosser dust,
Children of your mother clay,
Whose souls are doomed to quench the lust
Of cursed ambition, day by day,
In solid forms of quick decay,
Chaunt your praise to him who lends
So much enjoyment to a life
Which once, and now, wild passion blends
With desolating guilt and strife.

Digitized by Google

Ah! the foe is hasting on
To the stern work of blood and tears;
The dread ordeal is begun
Which wakes our longings and our fears.
Will these glorious beings foil
The keen temptation, or be cast
To grief and suffering and harsh toil?
Soon the trial will be past!

ACT IV.

Eve. What animal is this that coils and winds
His oblique course toward me? How he rears
Aloft his scaly, mottled head; and forth
Launches his triple tongue: his glittering eye
Glares with an indescribable fire, that burns
And scintillates, and seems to scorch my soul
With horrible fascination. Now his neck,
Burnished with many-flashing gold, he bends,
And swells his purple breast, whereon bright stars
Flash, dazzling with strange lustre. Now he rests
His cheek upon his flexile neck, and looks
In cautious calmness round him; while, behind,
His length of tail against the opposing light
Burns like a fallen comet. Whatsoe'er
His name or nature, this way straight he comes,
And spreads his mazy labyrinths athwart
My chosen path, and with his spiral coils
Surrounds me. Lo, he lifts his sparkling head,
And doth address himself to motion like
As he would speak;—I wonder if he can!

Satan. Ay, I can speak: my tongue shall ne'er be dumb
In thy fair service. Goddess, Queen of Earth!
I do protest my soul's best homage due:
And it delights me well thus to have fallen
Beneath so exquisite a regency
Of love and beauty; and with me no less,
Whate'er the involving amplitude of air
Contains of choice or precious. For we all
(Though not with equal eloquence of voice)
Rejoice in such a princess. Lady fairest,
'Tis sweet to obey maternal majesty
Like thine; to bow to godlike human sway,
Not cruel, insolent tyrants. Here, indeed,
Reason doth rule our rulers; and her rule
Is freedom and delight. One thing alone
Doth much amaze thy subjects—that the Power
Sometimes invoked as Giver of all good

Digitized by Google

(Forsooth, his favourite title), should forbid
To eat the very fruits his bounty gave.
Can envy such as this so vilify
Celestial minds; can he who did bestow
A planet thus refuse one little garden?

Eve. Yet hath He given us all things to enjoy
Most generously. He gives the tree of Life,
Of which we eat, and live immortally. .
So bountiful a King would not deny
This sole exception but for reason good;
Nor else would he have warned us that to eat
The plant of this false knowledge shall destroy
Our best apotheosis, and reveal—
That dark strange mystery—the doom of death.

Satan. Nay, nay; believe it not. Can thy clear soul,
Thy fine fixed intellectual reason, dream
So vain a phantasy? Canst thou suppose
That on the loss of one poor pitiful apple
Death shall ensue? Consider, can those die
Whom God to everlasting life foredooms?
All things by one eternal fate are swayed:
We work but things foreseen, and we endure
None but foreknown calamities. For thus
Divine decrees of prescience ever stand
Read through all causes, wrought in all effects—
Unalterable series, settled order,
And dire necessity, in one vast stream
Compel our dim futurities. If these
Have willed your death, prepare yourselves to die;
If they have not willed, wherefore should you fear
To pluck this mystic fruitage? Therefore think
No more of this vain spectral phantasm,
This idle bugbear. No, believe me, death
Is nothing but perpetual change; no more
Than sweet variety; still opening new
Bright metamorphoses of raptured soul—
Metempsychosis, and the exquisite scale
Of gorgeous transmigrations. All that is
Shall live, and cannot perish, though it seem
To die a thousand deaths; for life and death
Alternate every day and every hour.
These sympathetic contraries, these fond
Antitheses of being, now embrace
And now contend, and now embrace again.
Nay, death itself is life, and life is death:
Each is the source of other, and the grave—
Death is but nature; 'tis no punishment:
'Twere folly, cowardice, to dread a thing
So genial and so very common. True,
You may just possibly die; but if you die,

Digitized by Google

Into new life you rise, more glorious far
Than this which you renounce. This is the law
Of living souls and all corporeal forms—
To soar towards perfection, to ascend
The eternal scale of being. But, perhaps,
You dream that in this death the soul may fall
Under the lash of vengeance. Idle terror!
Sure, the free soul was made to act, not bear
Mere passive sufferings. Indivisible spirit,
Having no parts, can lose none: it subsists
Whole in itself, is its own place, own time,
Nor seeks abroad the life it grants at home—
It is its own beginning, its own end.
Nor do I think it possible that God
Meant to forbid the least of all his gifts
But for some limited season. For who dares
To question this, that every work of His
Must in itself be good, and be approved
By his most gratified creatures? Wherefore, then,
Refuse to approve this blessing? Not in vain
This largess was bestowed, nor yet the taste,
The exquisite, the unutterable gust
Of pleasurable appetite, which still
Follows such dainty banqueting. If these,
The gifts of nature, longer you refuse,
You blame the giver, and despise the gift.

Eve. Yet God forbids us, for what subtle cause
I know not, or for none; but he forbids—
That is enough. I do remember well
This great, this sole condition of our bliss
Prescribed us, and indelibly impressed
On my heart's memory. God may well dispose
Of his own gifts even as his will ordains.

Satan. Why gave He not this same exception, then,
When He committed to your queenly hands
The rule o'er earth and ocean? This, indeed,
This was a tree of value, not made vain
By such repulsive clause and codicil.
If it be just and equitable thus
To give with barred provisoes and strange bans,
'Tis not, methinks, o'er-generous. God, at least,
May quit this foul condition, if he be
Indeed so liberal, so beneficent
As you report Him. But bethink thee well;
Some greater mystery than aught you dream
Attends this limitary check. Perhaps
He envies you the magical, marvellous bliss,
This same fruit may contain; and it may be
He wishes to retain for private use
This lore of good and evil. O, my soul!

Digitized by Google

What odious servitude, base slavery,
Served thus by one who serves Himself alone!
He, sure, is evil who is never good
But for his proper self and interest.
And is He, then, so bountiful, so kind,
Who gives such glorious benefits, and then
Reserves their use for His peculiar gain
And profit? O, intolerable yoke!
Richer than He is none, none less benign—
The Tyrant of the Thunder! Dost thou know
How lately He did crush, with His dire hate,
Ten thousand bands of all the heroic youth
Of peopled Heaven? their fortunate estate
Their only crime, their dauntless bravery
His terror and revenge. He hurled the storm
Of His all-withering, three-forked thunderbolts,
Full on their matchless phalanx, and pursued,
With His hot, sulphurous, spirit-blistering shafts,
Even to the gate of Hell, the infernal cave
Of madness and despair. Generous, forsooth!
Doth He not stop the ear of merciless wrath
When the fallen legions pray, and moan in prayer,
And, writhed in weltering agony, confess
Their fault, if fault there be, which, as unknown,
They know not to repent? Thus hath He done;
What He will do hereafter lies in night.
Be wise by our misfortune. If He loves
Mankind, as you imagine, He will not
Surely torment you with the fear of death;
And if He love you not, beware in time;
Delay not one poor instant, but shake off
This tyrannous yoke of bondage. Hold your own,
And vindicate yourselves; bravely maintain
Your proper rights, the rights of your own world.
This is not the celestial court, nor here
The etherial armies fix their starry camp
Of radiant vigilance. Be bold, be firm,
Banish your impotent terrors; never yet
Was peril but by peril overcome:
Courage alone is safety, when all things
Grow hazardous and teem with difficulties.

Eve. O, but I cannot think the God of Heaven
Can thus with jealousy be stung, or be
So wrung with passion for another's good!
For He who gives us these hath all to give.
Can the eternal Lord of the bright stars
Envy our little honours? What His wrath
To Satan or his horrible damned crew
May work is naught to me, though I suppose
Their punishment is just, nor undeserved.

Digitized by Google

But thou, mysterious one, whose mental power
Seems conversant with wonders, canst thou tell
What hidden virtues in this tree reside?

Satan. Its very name may teach thee. Is it not
The immortal, the inexplicable bliss
Of knowledge, perfect knowledge? How divine
To know all good and evil; to discern
All mysteries, like a god, in this new world!
Evil is only evil when unknown;
Known, it refines to good. What happiness,
What intellectual rapture, to compel
Into one gorgeous focus all the charms
Of knowledge, elsewhere scattered, vague, confused!
By this keen sight to make the universe
Transparent as fine ether; by this vision,
To see all causes, all effects conjoined
In their superb complexity! O Queen
Of Earth! say, is it not the chiefest good
To know all godlike truth, all evil lies,
So as to mock deception, and deride
The assaults of demon tempters? To the mind
This world is but one glittering mirror, which
Reflects its swift ideas, and refines
And multiplies with Iris-tinctured hues.
Is not the height of strong intelligence
Thus to anatomise all things, and from all
Educe new powers occult? The more it finds
More earnestly it seeks, and spurns at rest—
That empty, pitiful calmness of content.
It tramples with ambition-wingèd feet
The low, base boundaries of mortality,
Burns to know more, and bursts the bars of fate,
And death itself, to explain the august unknown.
All that it has is nothing to the intense
Glorious concupiscence of all it wants—
Always the greater share. One God there is,
Whose mind, without this enterprise of toil,
Can form its own ideas, and vindicate,
None daring him to question. Thus He knows,
Or thinks He knows, all arts and sciences.
Who shall disprove him by the test of fact?
He stands alone. To other thinking souls,
Either he grants not power to apprehend
The fair discourse of reason, or he grants
This boon of liberal thought, all manacled,
Halt, withered, blind, perplexed with chafing doubts,
Haggard with fears, hoodwinked from heaven's free light,
Masked in incomprehensibility.
By the same words in which he promises
This blessing, in postponed futurity,

Digitized by Google

Doth he deny it now? Then break you off
The terms of the agreement, and forestall
At once these promised honours. What stern heaven
Denies so niggardly this generous tree
Shall instant yield you. Dare but this one act,
And share the secret of the Deity.
Ay, well he knows, when once this pregnant fruit
Shall pass your lips, therewith your souls shall gain
Such inaccessible brightness, as shall melt
The last faint cloud of error, doubt, and dread.
Then shall ye be as gods, knowing yourselves,
All things which swell magnificence of power,
Beauty, and grace ineffable. For this
His dark prohibitory law he makes;
For this he cast o'er your imperial heart
This chilling fear of death; that, conscience-smit
With panic terrors at all touch of ill,
You might forego the good, lest you become
Emancipated demi-gods. Believe
For once in honest counsel, and be sure
No opportunity of fair revenge
Escapes the Thunderer. That which thou designest
Do quickly, lest you lose your crown for aye;
Perchance e'en now the pole-sustaining king
Meditates revocation of a boon
So full of ominous rivalship. He thinks
To cheat you of the prize: be not forestalled
In this fair fraud. To acquire or maintain
Glory and high renown, requires keen wit
And dashing strokes of shrewd finessing art.
Believe me—well to hoard your former store,
And build thereon accumulations fresh
Of glorious superstructure, so secured,
That your aerial castles never fall
By their own weight and crush their dreaming lord—
Gain is the best security 'gainst loss.
One single taste will make the apotheosis,
And raise you from the woman to the goddess.

Eve. Reason it seems hath occupied the breast
Of more than human kind. This animal
Doubtless is but a brute; and yet his tongue
Is dipped in subtlest eloquence; his words,
And my own longing appetite, persuade,
Almost invincibly, forthwith to enjoy
This mystic stolen delight; but that the fear
To lose those true, those heart-felt ecstasies,
Proved, tried, experienced, much deters my hand
From venturing on this perilous enterprise.

Satan. Let no vain superstitions hold thee back
From thy own good, nor foolishly rebel

Digitized by Google

Against thy proper nature. All that charms
And gratulates is lawful. Thy own sense
Prompts to the deed; wage not unnatural war
Against thyself. Nature, our common nurse,
Our general mother, gave all living kinds
Their senses, that by outward forms and shows
The hidden intimate properties of things
Might clearly be discerned; and appetite
Is her own best instructress. She desires
All profitable pleasures; noxious things
Instinctively rejects. This secret test
Works warily, nor rashly deviates
From its distinctive purpose. Whatsoever
It likes or fancies, colour, taste, or smell,
Think amicable to nature. For all these
Do draw the delicate passion of delight
Right to its ultimate ravishment of joy.
Use their soft guidance now—approach the tree
And pluck the golden fruit. Well, thou hast done
The bold work bravely, now no more remains
But just to taste, it is the smallest thing
Which makes thee greatest. Does it like thee well?

Eve. O sweet, sweet apple! how thy glittering store
Dazzles my eyes—the inebriating scent
Fills all my sense. Would I could lay aside
All fear—that trembling folly—and enjoy
The elysium of the fruit, and learn at once
Its mystery of bliss. Had I but courage—
Less womanly and weak, shrinking—I would dare
Much more, as freely. Does not reason's self
Teach me that mind can never, never die,
Whatever chance to dust-compacted forms
Of body? Such a law as this declares
The envy of the God. He fears, forsooth,
To allow me that fine science, which doth make
Our soul familiar with all ecstasies,
And shield it from all pains. Strong appetite,
The quenchless and infallible instinct, prompts
Such gallant feats, such noble hazardous strokes
Of intellectual gambling. Ah! how now?
What spells, what indefinable horrors creep
Along my thrilling limbs! An icy chill
Invades the all-conscious nerves. I know not why,
And yet I feel I fear. I long to pluck
The fruit, and lo, my disobedient hand
Faintly accuses its own coward weight,
And hesitates the exploit. The magic food
Seems from my lips to fly, and thus absorbed
In vacant mute astonishment, I stand
Shuddering. Methinks the charmèd tree itself

Digitized by Google

Starts from the rending soil, and with a wild,
Though voiceless eloquence, utters—"Woman, stay;
Hold thy mad hand. What! darest thou so profane
This spell-bound symbol? Is not this the sole,
The special prohibition of His will
Who gave thee all things richly to enjoy?
Forbear, forbear in time. Who leads you on?
One devilish and one brutal thing, the first—
This metaphysical animal—and then
Your own rash passion. Follow better guides.
Let the free grace and bounty of thy God
Touch thy hard heart, if thus already steeled
To death's unspeakable curse. Alas! what bliss
Can these bestow: consider, and suspect
Goods which begin in evil. Now, at least,
Your sentence, undetermined, pendulous hangs
On your own will." My trembling anxious soul
Reels to and fro with ominous counsels crost.
How long remain thus doubt-racked. Courage, heart,
Is all required; why vex yourself with fears?
Why agonise with terrors. Come, be firm,
Be bold and conquer. Cut the invincible knot,
And be thy own free self, and prove at once
The luxury of the apple. Wilt thou not
Become a goddess then—thy spouse a god?
Wilt thou not scale the inaccessible walls
Of heaven, and scan the immeasurable
Vastness of vague infinity? Be wise,
Be daring. For salvation's self doth hang
On this audacious bite. Wilt thou not bless,
By this frank enterprise, the unnumbered heirs
Of future ages? Shall thy children be
Freeborn or slaves? As gods or mortal men?
Which is the brighter destiny? For which
Will throng'd posterity most ardently
Revere their general mother? Then, if God
Should see the happy consequence of sin
He can no less than pardon; but for me
'Tis better that he sees not. And, forsooth,
If so severe he be as to refuse
The merited pardon, I must, even now,
Be guilty in his sight, because so near
The guilt I meditate. Already part
Of the great feat is done: I have approached
The tree—have plucked the fruit, and what is worse,
Done it deliberately, calm, and bold;
And if I do no more, he will no less
Indict me for a criminal. Alas!
How vain to attempt to save the sliding step,
Half way adown the giddy slope of crime.
It is but idiotcy to anatomise

Digitized by Google

The fine degrees of guilt, which is itself
An indivisible essence. Thus one sin
Can only by its proper progeny
Of sins be well defended; and one lie,
By lies innumerable, be made secure.
So the august hurt Majesty of Heaven
Must hold me guilty, nor delay to strike;
And I must back the luxury of vice
By strong transgression, and accumulate
The ramparts of offence. Such is my choice,
My free self-poised election. Now, my hand,
Be firm, and thus raise to my burning lips
The mystery of knowledge. O my soul,
How exquisitely luscious! how divine
Its odorous perfume! Most nectarious juice
Of immortality, thou dost infuse
A more than earthly bliss, too great for earth,
Fit only for the skies. No more remains,
To crown the eternal rapture, but to share
This blessing with my love and be twice blest.

Satan. The deed is done, and many times and oft,
Doubtless, you 'll bless my memory when you feel
Your full extent of obligation. Now
You 'll know the good you 've lost, and learn, full soon,
The evil you have gained. No lapse of time
Shall take this knowledge from you; and your sons
And daughters too shall share it. Truth's fair lights
Are thus extinguished, and the sable lies
They leave behind them you shall well defend
Not without wordy wars and bloody. I
Will still befriend you. Now behold at once
The first part of your happiness, your spouse,
Led by the happy accident no doubt,
This way approaches. I will hide myself,
While you invite him to the delicate banquet.

Adam. Slowly and half dejectedly; oppressed
With consciousness of evil, have I walked
This garden of delights; and now I come
To that same spot, whereon the tree of knowledge
Hangs forth the tempting mischief. Here I drew
My heaven-derivèd birth; here first awoke
To sense of life and feeling, and blest hope
Of Godlike immortality. And now,
Wearied with wandering through my vacant bowers,
Return I with strange awe and presage dire;
A clinging wild presentiment of woe
Unfelt before. For nowhere can I find
My Eve, my beautiful, my ever young
Amiably pensive one, who sweetly smiles—
O how familiarly!—and sweetly speaks

Digitized by Google

Words which begin in rapture, and then fade
Into elegiac music, which still charms,
And still subdues the melancholy soul.
Alas! I doubt me, but her sportive step
Hath hither strayed to the forbidden tree,
Led on by metaphysical subtle craft,
Or her own feminine ambition. Oh,
Even here she is, wrapt in the atmosphere
Of her own light and loveliness. My Eve,
What luxury find'st thou on this haunted ground,
That hath so long stolen thy dear company
From him whose heart would break with more of love,
Yet cannot live with less?—Tell me, my prettiest.

Eve. Nay, ask me not, my Lord. Dost thou not mark
How this same tree scatters delicious shade
Of fragrant coolness thro' the noontide air,
And lends unmatchable fruitage for bold hands
To pluck what cowards only would refuse.

Adam. What do I see!—Lo, is not this the fruit
Whereof our God commanded not to eat?

Eve. Even so. And this the very reason is
That I such harsh commands did violate.
Look, my own spouse, see how the golden sheen
Blends with the rosy vermeil! Canst thou think
Such exquisite exteriors ever hide
An inward mischief? nay, impossible!

Adam. The icy coldness shudders thro' my frame;
A pang like death, sudden, unutterable.
I faint, I die. Mute horror doth unfix
My clustered locks; and the free breath of life
Curdles within me. O ye spiritual powers,
That in your sightless substances pervade
And quicken boundless Nature, here direct
Your many-flashing and infallible eyes,
And, if capacity of grief be yours,
Drop your full tears, and wail the Fall of Man.

Eve. O my blest Lord, do not, for mercy, speak
Those conscience-thrilling words! believe me, sweet,
No crime have I committed to produce
Such ominous sighs—such soul-expiring sobs
Of bursting lamentation. Dry at once
Thy needless tears; dare what thy wife has dared;
And, from the hand so often kissed by lips
Of burning love, accept the proffered fruit.

Adam. And dost thou wish, my lost and fallen one,
That I, too, should desert the righteous laws
Of the sole God, and follow thee to death?

Eve. Were it not worthier, Adam, to exert
Your own cool balanced reason, than give way

Digitized by Google

To blind impressions ?for this hasty style
Of prejudice still errs. You have condemned
Your innocent wife unheard. I do confess
I did the deed; I do deny it wrong.

Adam. Is it then right to break our Lord's command?

Eve. Yes, if our Lord happen to be unjust.

Adam. If just, we love, if not we ought to bear.

Eve. And is not slavery, think'st thou, worse than death?

Adam. But to serve God is highest liberty.

Eve. Is it not higher still to be as God?

Adam. But to be as God man was never made.

Eve. Yes, this forbidden tree will make him such—
It is the source of knowledge of all good.

Adam. Of knowledge, good and evil, was it not?

Eve. Ah, but the very God you love to praise
As he knows good, knows he not evil too?

Adam. That he may never feel it as thou feelest.

Eve. Away with omens! of the deed I am proud,
And do exult in consciousness of power.

Adam. To obey is virtue's first, her safest course;
And to repent her second,—to do good
Without all imperfection none can boast,
But to repent is open unto all,
And to return to virtue's blessed lore
Can never be too late. Be wise in time,
The penitent is next to innocence:
Still will heaven pardon Eve, if she repent.

Eve. How God is moved by prayers of penitence
The fate of Satan sure is proof enough.

Adam. Alas! what hope is left you?

Eve. To fear nought.

Adam. But God is to be feared.

Eve. Who fears an equal?

Adam. But you will die, be sure.

Eve. Nay, I shall live.

Adam. You 're worthy death.

Eve. I am better worthy life.

Adam. Oh! what will you become?

Eve. What but a goddess?

Adam. And by what means?

Eve. By virtue of an apple.

Digitized by Google

Adam. Which God forbad.

Eve. Because he envied us.

Adam. Is it not impious, think you, to talk thus?

Eve. Now, by our conjugal pure faith and love,
By thy dear eyes, and those embraces sweet
And unrevealable, if ever bliss
Was richly shared between us, I implore
Forgiveness from thee. O forsake me not,
My only love, but rather join thyself
By the same bond with me, that you may keep
Our nuptial contract sacred thro' all fears,
All perils. If dear happiness attend
This bold exploit, is it not fit that thou
Should'st share it with me; and if evil come,
Is it not thine, my Adam, to take part
Of my misfortune; and with soothing words,
And labours of fond sympathy, to cheer
Thy grief-oppressed mistress? Let there be
Such sweet communion of the o'er-credulous heart
Betwixt us, as defies all destiny,
Both good and ill, to sever—sorrow-proof—
But lay aside all fear. Our better stars
Smile on the adventure—my aspiring mind
Glows with a quenchless ardour. I will bless
Thee also with my blessing; for the fruit
Fills me with exultation. O I grieve
To see my own devoted godlike spouse
Still crushed by scrupulous doubts, and round his neck
The galling yoke of superstitious fear,
That worst of slavery. Thus while you dream
Yourself most blest, the deeper sinks your soul
In abject prostitution. Why refuse
This spirit-kindling gift, this proper food
Of thy immortal genius, and thy powers
Invincible of isangelic thought?
Art thou not born immortal—a fit match
And proper mate for Heaven's divinities?
Imparadise your soul in its own sphere,
Midst the crystalline stars; and burst the reins
Of impotent terror, which so ill befit
Thy proud and dauntless nature. Follow me,
And from this abject poverty of mind
Arise at once, and snatch the gift that makes
The hero and the god. Then will you owe
To your own prowess better things than those
Tamely bestowed and passively received—
Blessings of common Providence. Be bold,
Fear nothing but the name of fear: for me,
I 'd rather bear the blame of daring crime
Boldly, than be accused of dreading it.

Digitized by Google

Adam. But faith and love towards the Invisible
Supreme still bind me with eternal chains.

Eve. 'Tis folly so to love as to forget
Your love may prove your enemy. So love
As not to give occasion for the birth
Of hate. But grant love's yoke delectable
To bear—what then? Is it to be preferred
Before our conjugal bond, love's proper pledge?
What ill have I committed half so bad
As this, to call in question the true faith
Of your own wife? For shame! Can I be blest,
And yet suspected, vilified? I must
Indeed become most hateful, if I fail
Of love from him whose love is more than life!

Adam. Thy words have half unmann'd me. Equal cares
Perplex my harrassed soul: the love of God—
The love of woman—mighty both, and strong
Necessities of nature. If I break his will
He holds me his despiser; and if her's,
She calls herself suspected. How my heart
Is urged betwixt the opposing tides of love!
Even like a narrow shore, washed by the waves
Of storm-embattled oceans, so my soul
Is wrought by the stern conflict of desires
And passionate aspirations. O my God!
Till now I nothing else have loved but Thee;
I loved Thee even in her: because she seemed
Thy second image—thy pure spiritual love
Embodied in its beauty, and brought down
From heaven to earth, to lead my thought-racked soul
Back to the skies. Ah! what can I deny
To one so precious?—Unto Thee the theft
Of this sole fruit is less a bitter crime
Than breach of thy command, the last, the best,
Of conjugal affection. Therefore I
Will taste the fruit already in my hand.

Eve. O words well worthy of the name of man!
Now am I sure thou lov'st me: taste and prove
The mystic virtues of this marvellous fruit,
And learn both good and evil. God shall find
An equal, and be jealous, though in vain,
Of human deities, to whom, no doubt,
Prayers also shall be made. Alas! what now?
What sudden paleness falls upon thy cheek?
How droops thy head! Methinks the curse of Heaven,
The horrible, the avenging stroke of death
Already blights him. O my God, my God!
On me hurl all thy thunders; pour at once
Thy blasting indignation; but Oh spare!
Spare, for thy love's sake, spare my innocent husband!

Digitized by Google

Chorus of Angels.

The sun looks dim and desolate;
Its light is dark—its heat is fled,
And all the stars bewail the fate
Of man, whose glory all is dead.
And the great ocean echoes back
The dirge-note of the murmuring spheres,
And mourns the omen, dire and black,
Which wraps in shade all future years.

O hapless! O insensate man!
The deed is done, the doom is sealed,
And Heaven's eternal curse and ban
Is frowning o'er thee, half revealed,
Half hid in horrors. Now fair fame
Is gone for ever, and you stand
All naked to the blast of shame;
An impious, perjured, exiled band.

Now immortality of life
Is gone, with all its boundless charms;
And you are stung with the harsh strife
Of envy, hatred, and the alarms
That wait on mischief, and your heart
Lies crushed beneath the o'erwhelming sense
Of death, that never shall depart
Till the last spark of sin's offence
Is quenched in gushing penitence.

Alas, alas! we dare not tell
The vision of the bleeding woes
Which on the opening future swell,
And to the astonished sight disclose
The mystery of guilt and grief,
And pain and terror, and mad crime—
Dark tortures which have no relief,
Unless by grace and love sublime,
Nor end with finished life or time.

But ah! if He, unnamed above,
Who comes to blast and to destroy,
Should triumph over faith and love
And blight the flowers of human joy,
Will not our God, who did create,
Redeem the erring sons of men,
And make all creatures, small and great,
All holy, pure, and blest again.

Digitized by Google

ACT V.

Satan. All things have happened to my wish. I strike
My head against the effulgent stars of heaven,
And boast myself a god. Do I not sway
The aerial atmosphere, the liquid main,
And all the solid earth, both round about
Its broad circumference, and within its womb
Of fire and smoke, and blackness of despair.
My exile grows delectable. This feat
Of valorous prowess thro' all Hell shall ring
My fame, and make the envy-jabbering fiends
Right jealous of ambition, and no less
The emulous rivals of my chivalry.
Now, my revenge, take thy sweet fill, and drink
Even to the dregs the cup of ecstasy,
And so, intoxicate with others' woes,
Forget thy proper torture! Ah, proud man!
My slave, my subject now, methinks I hear
The Almighty's curse, already on the wing,
Muttering revenge. Away, and linger not.
Quit your ripe garden of delight: begone,
Ye vagrant vagabond exiles of my hate,
Rush shrieking from your Eden's gates and learn
The sweets of foreign travel. Yes, ye fools!
I give ye leave to wander; wander on
For ever and for ever. Make the most
Of your free will, ye idiots. But where'er
Ye bend your weary bleeding steps ye take
My omnipresence with you, and my curse
Of death, if not damnation. I will vex
Your wrought souls with my furies, and the lash
Of scorpion-stinging rage, and passionate hate
Shall goad ye to the dust from whence ye rose.
No flight remains, no exit, no escape
From my choice metaphysical donjon-keep—
This blasted earth. And Time, all-soothing Time,
With his benign philosophy, shall add
Fresh rapture to your torments of despair.
Yes! hie ye forth,—invest yourselves at once
With this new fee and territory, the large
The desolate waste, and thunder-smitten scope
Of your poised planet, which I'll do my best
To make as barren and untillable
As the infernal sulphur; till your heart
Envy the blest repose of the damn'd fiends
You once so bravely scorned, and not in vain,
For they can answer insults with good grace;
Or take them, and pay interest for their wrongs.
Thus shall my vengeance ever live with you,

Digitized by Google

But with you shall not die. It shall survive
And be the precious heritage bequeathed
To your predestined progeny. Your sons
And daughters shall enjoy, as well as you,
This heir-loom of your infamy, and share
The testamentary bequest of Hell.
Satan, rejoice! Blow thy full trump of fame,
All-conquering regicide! Exult, be glad;
Cherish thy heart with lies and murders dire,
And glorify thy shame. Ay, cast thyself,
In all thy plenitude of damnèd power
And rage, into man's heart,—steep it brimful
With blasphemy and lust. Let fathers curse
Their first-born sons, and mothers wash their hands
In sucklings' blood, and ireful brethren dream
The reeking dreams of fratricide, and so
Run howling through the weird and sterile world,
Gnashing the teeth of madness, self-consumed,
And rearing oft their gory arms to heaven,
With clenched imprecations. Then shall God
Repent of making man; and Earth herself,
Sick of her own abortions, shall relapse
To Chaos and Old Night, and many a flood
Of roaring ocean strive with hidden fires
To purge the planetary pest in vain.
Adam, thou little knowest of ills like these;
Yet come they shall. The coward sense of shame
Already I discern; and you shall weave
The leafy-fruited branch, wherewith to hide
Your brand of nakedness, not so concealed
But passionate lust shall quicken in your heart,
And bring soft images of vague desire
O'er the mind's eye; and ye shall shake with fear
And impotent repentance, and shall read
Your conscious crimes reflected in the looks
Of friend and foe, and so grow pale within
With unrevealed irrevocable sins,
And hate the all-beholding day, and love
Night's pitchy blanketing. And hope shall fade,
Self-withered, self-sepulchred, in despair.
But lo, the curse of God already smites
Adam! He stands like the mute lunatic,
When the broad moon with many-flashing fires
Blasts his crushed heart. His eye glares wildly forth
With his unutterable thoughts: his lips
Quiver with impotent eloquence. By turns
The snow-white horror chases from his cheek
That flaring blush of self-wrought infamy.
Alas, how dire the change! But list, he speaks.

Adam. What am I? where? what have I done? Begone,
Spectres of horror—phantoms of despair—

Digitized by Google

Avaunt! Aha! am I the very lord
Of Eden or of Hell? Methinks I see,
With some new opened visionary sight,
The infernal gulph, and ever as I gaze
Lo the mysterious and Titanic power
Of grisly Death strides onward; and on me
Fixes his Gorgon frown. My wife, my Eve,
Dost thou not mark the goblin frantic band
Of grinning furies? Hideously they dance
Before his shadowy steps, and shake abroad
Their snake-beclotted hair, and howl, and hiss,
And shriek in their mad laughter. Oh my God!
How horribly near they come. Avaunt and vanish!
Ye demon throng, ye damnèd sons of Night,
I hurl ye from me, ye apostate ones.
Heaven's curse be on ye all! And yet more close
And closer they approach, and Death, and Sin,
The monster-teeming sorceress of Hell,
Still lead them on. A ghostly train of woes
Follows interminable. Direful plagues
Of gaunt and bony Famine, and the pale
And withered phalanx of Disease, and Care,
Haggard and bowed with labour, and wild Wars,
Discord, and Battle, waving fast and far
Their blood-baptisèd standards. I can see
No more; such dizzy horror racks my soul.

Eve. What! art thou mad? What spectres of strange fear
Thus shake thy steadfast soul? Come, be a man;
Nor, coward-like, shrink backward from the dreams
Of your own idle fancy. They who fight
With self-created mockeries should at least
Beware of showing others they are fools.

Adam. Thou star-compelling Majesty of Heaven,
Why do thy inmost purple Spirits of light
Flash thro' the cleaving firmament; and why
Do those, the sable-vested thunder-clouds,
Scatter their spangled forest-splintering bolts
Thro' all the wizard air? Why swells the note
Of tempest, mingled with the ominous roar
That ocean, from his hollow-sounding caves,
Moans forth, like a wild wailing dirge? Behold,
Omnipotent God, the victim of thy doom
Naked before thee. Dost thou not extend
Thy red right hand to smite me, and prepare
The triple-forkêd, and heart-blistering fires
To scorch me into nothingness? Methinks
This vast and planet-blazoned universe,
Sinks in some huge eclipse, and all the stars
Rush to chaotic battle in the skies,
And hurl their last expiring curse on me,

Digitized by Google

Eve. Alas, my spouse! why will you not begin
To act less like the jibbering maniac,
Whose words are imprecations and despair?
If vengeance is decreed, why come it must,
And we must bear it gallantly; and so
Either destroy, or by it be destroyed.

Adam. Ay, come it must; and better it come now
Than keep my agonising heart all racked
In ecstasy of this suspense. Thou Earth,
Open at once thy hot and sulphurous womb,
And, if thou canst, O make us what we were,
Thy dust of dissolution. Or, if Hell
May best agree with guiltiness, unbar
Ye flaming gates of Tartarus; for ne'er
Did richer spoil, or nobler victims greet
The sable gulf, where exiled demons dwell.

Eve. O my loved lord! I pri'thee speak not so;
There is no sin repentance cannot cure.

Adam. Alas! thou little knowest what sin is our's;
What words can utter it, or what laments
Atone the apostasy, wherein all law,
Right, justice, mercy, faith, felicity,
And peace all perished. Never more to us
Shall joy return, or hope; eternal grief,
Forever fresh, forever unfulfilled,
Shall waste our cankered hearts. For we have left
Our God, and God shall leave us to ourselves.
O exquisite rebellion! thou most curst,
And unforgiveable treachery. That free minds,
Made but to serve their Maker, thus should strive
To serve themselves, and thus themselves destroy
By deadliest suicide. That the frank love
Of sons to a dear father, should be locked
In their own thankless bosoms, and become
Infernal fire to blast them; so bowed down
Beneath the pitiful brute, and the poor worm
We trample. Hence, thou mad and blasphemous soul,
Thou hast deserted God, thy Father:—now
Desert thy vilified body, and at once
Learn the whole mystery of the curse of death.

Eve. Beware, rash man; thou dost but aggravate
Thy grief and mine by these foul execrations.

Adam. Well, and what then? Even now I taste of death,
And of perdition—dying, perishing,
In my lost soul, ere yet I feel the sting
That soon shall quite dissolve me, and consume
To nothing this essential. Am I not
Accursed of God, and is not his stern doom

Digitized by Google

Grimmer than thousand sepulchres? Ay, worse
Than Hell, whereto I haste. I will forego
The abeyance of my fate, and with bold hand
Anticipate black destiny, and be
My own most just avenger. I will live
No living death—still dying never dead.
No dull, procrastinating, cankering blight,
For me at least. I go—I go alone,
And in this swift voraginous tide of fate,
The many-voiced Euphrates, will I lose
This more than lost existence, and be borne
To the unfathomable deep, and lie
On undiscovered shores, o'er which the waves
Howl their monotonous elegies, and Night
Forever broods in wizard solitude.

Eve. He, who by evil seeks to cure his ill,
Doth but increase the wrong he hates. This crime
Is surely worth surviving, if 'tis worth
Thus rashly dying for. Let not the soul
So madly leave its form, but rather wait
Till body leaves the mind. Thus quietly
Expect the doomed, the inevitable hour
When our tired spirits shall, by just decree,
Resign their sad mortalities; and God,
Great Arbiter of life and death, shall loose
The yoke, and bid his weary ones go home.
At his command death wears the charm of duty;
But now t'were madness, sin, and infamy.

Adam. No, Eve; not so hath dissolute passion quenched
All sense of spiritual shame indelible.
Think 'st thou, fond fool, that I will thus live on,
The scorn of my own slaves? Methinks I hear
All beasts and birds, and insect-wingèd things,
Lift up their pitiful voices, some in hate,
Or worse compassion, and at once exclaim,
As with the thunder-peal of vengeance—Die!
Begone, and slay thyself! Let the earth hide
Thy curse-crowned execrable head, and hurl
Thy spirit down the blazing throat of Hell,
That gapes for thy destruction. Yes, I hear
Their words, and will obey them. All my vows
Shall be accomplished, gallantly at least,
If madly, let it be so. Why should I
Longer detain this conscience-scorched soul,
Amid the upbraiding light? Have I not lost
All things worth living for?—my power, my joy,
My kingdom, my salvation, my own self—
All but my life? Nay; counsel not in vain.

Eve. Alas! sweet consort of my blighted heart!
Why thus persist in passionate words? Why rush

Digitized by Google

To self-wrought doom so desperately? Reflect,
If you consent to live, will not your life
Improve, and bring a happier calmer hour
For mortal dissolution? In the past
The crime hath been all mine. The punishment
Will doubly light on me; but if you act
This other sin, so unrepentable,
Of your own choice, and wilfully against
Your Eve's dearest soliciting,—O think,
Will you not mourn persuasion, thus despised?

Adam. I have believed thee once, and once too much.

Eve. And wilt thou slay me too?

Adam. No; rather I
Would die a thousand deaths, than harm my Eve.

Eve. Though your wild grief will not itself submit
To your own conscience, reason, and pure sense
Of truth and prudence, yet forbear a while,
And listen to your wife—if e'er you owed
To her soft words attention. O, ye fates!
That woman thus should act the comforter
To man, and so invert great Nature's law;
And yet it much concerns me to repair
By words, the bitter ills that words have wrought
To him, to me, to all. My dearest lord,
Who for my sake did'st risk all perilous doom,
Shall I not by my tears, my bursting sighs,
My agonies of heart, attempt to save
Him whom my madness ruined. O forbear!
This most insensate and precipitous storm
Of passionate outcries. Struggle with despair,
And triumph o'er yourself. So it befits
The manly mind to conquer and subdue
All doubts, all fears, all evils. I implore,
I do beseech thee, Adam, spare thy life,
For thy wife's sake at least. You boast yourself
Strong, valiant, half omnipotent of soul,
To mock at death and trample on the grave.
Now to my mind, 'tis more like cowardice
To fear to live. He best o'er-masters death
Who doth not wish nor hate it. Therefore arm
Thy breast with shield of manliest fortitude,
And face the opposing host. The past is nought
But an ingenuous error. If you fall
Amid the gallant combat, you 'll be like
A brave and innocent hero. If you die
By your own hand, you sign your verdict just
And seal your own death-warrant miserably.

Adam. Whence does she borrow these sweet words of truth
Virtue and innocence amid this crowd

Digitized by Google

Of thronging infamies? Methinks her tongue
Hath counselled well and lovingly, and much
Reason and delicate tenderness are blent
In all she says. But vehement deadly rage,
And the black hurricane of thick despair
Urge on the unshunnable doom. My stricken soul
Conscious of its wild error, and amazed
By its own savage phantasm, foregoes
All better thoughts, and whirls and hurries on
Thro' diabolical buffooneries
Of madd'ning guilt. None but the Almighty Power
Who made me can absolve me or forgive.
But thou, unhappy bride of the first man,
Leave me. Ah! leave thy miserable spouse,
And let me, all companionless and lone,
Pay the great debt of Nature, and have rest.

Eve. By our most sacred nature and our name,
Our divine union, and our holy love,
Whether as self-creating sire, thou callest
Me thy own wife, and proper counterpart,
Or whether born of thy collateral blood,
Thou nam'st me Sister, and dear Parallel;
Or in descending series so derived,
Inferior and complex, thou lovest me best
As thy submissive Daughter—leave me not—
Now most I need thy kind protecting care
When Fortune takes her flight. Thou sole support,
Last refuge of thy outcast, hopeless one.
I clasp thee to my heart, nor let thee go,
But with my latest sigh. Let not the race
Of mortal men, by one delirious deed,
Utterly perish, thro' our filicide.

Adam. And does not death, which thus extinguishes
The infinity of woes, look temptingly?
At least it is not frightful—if it be
No worse than thou imaginest. Therefore cease
Vain words of consolation—let me die.

Eve. And what shall be my fate if death be thine?
Shall I, deserted, widowed, desolate,
And quite unparadised in heart, live on
To wander in the wilderness, and keep
Companionship with monsters; and still list
The insatiable roar of cavern-haunting wolves,
Tigers, and ravening lions. Oh, my spouse!
If this be your best pity, rather take
My life at once, and all thy gift resume.
Ay, take it. Art thou not most innocent,
While I am queen of sin, infanticide,
And speechless shame? Behold my naked throat,
My bosom bared and ready for the blow—

Digitized by Google

The author of your infamy. Ah! why
Resist—why hesitate? Avenge yourself—
Prepare for the sweet sacrifice. Your heart
Requires a little hardening, and your hand
Is not yet quite familiarised enough
With blood. Be quick—I 'll brook no long delay—
Or with my woman's hand will I tear out
My more than woman's heart. Though false to God,
True, aye, most true to thee, I do deserve
The fate which I solicit well thou knowest.
And if the thunder-grasping hand of Him
Who made and can annihilate should hurl
His three-forked corruscating thunder-bolt
All crashing on my head, I should not half
Atone the unforgiveable damned crime.
O impious Eve! why hesitate to die?
Was 't not enough to sin thyself, not make
Thy innocent lover sinful, and in him
Destroy thy unborn progeny? At least,
Let me who first transgression did essay
Find the first privilege and proof of death,
So justly due. However miserable
The mortal pang may be, no day shall then
Behold me widowed, and no night repeat
The echo of my mourning and despair.

Adam. Nay, my sweet Eve, 'tis mine to show the way
To the dark gulph, and first to brave whate'er
Of grim or terrible besets the gates
That ever open stand to those that seek
Mortality. I therefore will die first,
Who cannot live without thee, and then thou,
If so thy heart incline; and we will sleep
The last long sleep together, in the shade
Of that disastrous tree, whose fruit to gain
All things were lost but misery and despair.

Eve. Alas! what noise is that? How is it with us
When every sound affrights? Methinks I hear
A noise of distant hurricanes at war;
The rush of their invisible combat swells
And hurtles thro' the air. A hollow din
Of ominous, dirge-like thunder howls aloft;
And as it comes reverberating down
The many-sphered firmament, a strange
And impotent horror thrills the aching nerve
Of intense expectation. Lo! the trees
Nod their huge heads around us, and the floods
Lift up their deep-toned murmurs wailingly!

Adam. The guilt-avenging God, whom most we dread,
Is hastening in his swift omnipotence
To crush and to consume us. Let us fly

Digitized by Google

Instantly where the dark-embowering woods
Expel the light, and shield us from his eye,
In their profoundest glooms. The sense of shame
Urges me onwards, and I blush and pale,
Smit by the infamous disgrace, and think
The massive forest all too thin a veil
To mask my degradation. I survey
My naked form—alas! no leafy zone
Can blanket up the brand which burns within!
Now is fate near, my Eve; let us prepare
For death, and in each other's arms expire.

Jehovah. Adam! where art thou? In what bower of shade
Dost thou attempt concealment? Knowest thou not
How vain to veil thyself from Him whose eye
Makes darkness light? Whose omnipresence fills
All minds, all bodies, and is still the same?
'Tis I, thy God! before whose burning steps
The ethereal spheres bow down, and own the Judge
Of irreversible decrees. 'Tis I
Who made thee, and endowed thee with all gifts!
Can such a son from such a father hide,
And seek to escape ubiquity? Come forth!
I do arrest thee, fugitive of heaven!

Adam. Lord, I obey thee; but I heard thy voice
Walking the garden, and the spiritual awe,
That sacred horror, smote me, and I fled,
Unable to sustain the unwonted face
Of thy omnipotent majesty; and shame
Bad me retire, lest, with my naked form,
I should pollute thy sanctity, and die.

Jehovah. Who told thee thou wast naked? Shame like this
Follows the sense of guilt. Confess thy crime
At once, nor aggravate by lies. Declare
If thou hast eaten the forbidden fruit
Whose penalty is death:—hast thou so done?

Adam. It was the woman's crime; she, with sweet words,
And her bewitching blandishments, did win
My fond ambition to the dire offence.

Jehovah. Thou most pernicious wife, why hast thou thus
Tempted thy own destruction, and thy husband's?

Eve. The serpent, Lord, beguiled me, and so
Seduced my frail simplicity of sex
And credulous desire, that I did eat.

Jehovah. Accursed serpent! by the apostate fiend
Inspired with hell's own malice, hear thy fate:
Because thou hast done this, thou shalt be filled
With poisonous venom, and shalt crawl and coil
Along the slimy earth, the hate and dread

Digitized by Google

Of man and beast, and dust shall be thy food.
And know, thou outcast demon, that this plot
Against this woman shall at last outburst
With triple ruin and confusion poured
On thy own head. Myself will be her friend,
Her champion armed. My word shall advocate
The woman's cause, and my free spirit burn
Within her kindling conscience, and the host
Of ministering angels still protect
The spark of immortality. Her seed
Shall be her Saviour, and his brethren love
His bright regeneration, and detest
The foul apostate traitor by whose fraud
And complicate perversity they fell.
Thou hast indeed bruisèd her heel, but she
Shall sorer crush thy head, and be avenged;
For so my grace shall triumph o'er my justice.
But thou, O guilty woman! shalt not thus
All purifying anguish, chastening grief,
Escape, or woe remedial, curative;
For thy desire and trembling fear shall grow
Towards thy injured husband. He shall rule
More sternly, more severely, over her,
So nearly his perdition and his curse.
And I will multiply thy motherly cares
And sorrows in conception and in birth.
Thou, too, her spouse—thou conscience-smitten man—
Whose faith thus grievously hath been seduced
By demon pride and passion—for thy sake
I curse the ground thou tillest, and in woe
And tribulation, and the sweat of brow,
Shalt thou elicit from its sterile womb
Thy hard-earned sustenance, till thou return
To dust, whence thou wast taken, and repose,
After life's fitful fever, in the grave.

Adam. O hard condition! spirit-blighting curse!
How shall all joy hereafter be dissolved
In gushing tears of penitence and shame!

Jehovah. Now, grace-delivered victim of just doom,
Survey thyself and know thyself a man;
Thou who erewhile by knowledge didst attempt
To equal the Supreme! what art thou now?
How changed, how fallen thy aspect; how o'erveiled
With inextinguishable mournfulness!
Ambitioning the greatest, thou hast lost
The great, the good, the immaculate, the fair;
And that bright passion, too refined for earth,
For Heaven too voluptuous, is commixed
With heart-consuming care. Now, lest ye pluck
That tree of life immortal, ne'er restored
But by all-sacrificing death, behold!

Digitized by Google

I call the swift-winged cherubim of heaven,
And bid them watch with many-flashing swords
That vital fruit which faith alone can pluck
From the original stem, eternally.

Eve. They come! they come! before their burning course
The sudden lightnings glare, and momently
A universal and mysterious flame
Enwraps lost Eden. The ineffable light
Pervades the wandering air, and all the trees
Glow in its hot embraces unconsumed.
These are the host of Him who doth command
Our instant flight from hence: let us obey.

Adam. O thou almighty and ubiquitous Power!
No longer I resist; thy fatherly will
Subdues my heart to love; and now I long
To fly where'er thy high directing hand
Appoints my dwelling. Yet my heart is sad
To quit this charmed birthplace, and my eye,
Wet with its many-gushing tears, looks back
To take its long, its last farewell of Eden.
Where shall we wander? Whither shall we bend
Our weary steps? Where choose our place of rest
And find a home in exile, and a hope?

[During the last month we have had the good fortune to meet with an original copy of the ADAMUS EXUL, *ex Typographio Alberti Henrici, Hagæ Comitatensi, anno* 1601, which agrees with Dr. Parr's copy of Lauder's edition, from which we have translated, with the exception of a few typographical errors.]

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE.*

We are not about to write a defence of Mr. Reynolds' volumes, which have been, we think, inconsiderately attacked; but were we not personally inclined to favour the author, we should, nevertheless, cherish the attempt here made, of rendering the English public better acquainted with Modern French Literature, than it has hitherto been. Whatever may be its defects, and they are great as well as many, the prejudice that would exclude us from its investigation, is unworthy of the national character. None is more inquisitive than the free-born Briton; yet, unfortunately, none is

* By George W. M. Reynolds. Member of the French Statistical and Agricultural Societies, &c. &c., in 2 vols. London: George Henderson. 1839.

The Authors of France; an Historical, Anecdotal, and Literary Outline of French Literature, from the Origin of the French Language to the Present Period. By Achilles Albites, B.A. & B.L. of the University of Paris. London: Whittaker & Co. Ave Maria Lane. 1839.

Digitized by Google

more bound in conventionalism. Much of this is owing to his insular position. The man of the continent has a wider breathing space, and his mind enlarges in its contemplation beyond the limits of mere local custom. We have before said, that it is the peculiar office of literature to transcend manners in favour of morals, whenever it so happens that morals have been substituted by manners. There would have been no need of a new dispensation, if the old had not sunk the spirit of religion in the letter of authority. The same need that there was aforetime for a spiritual renewal has since recurred, in later days, for political revolutions; they are, and have been, means toward man's regeneration, individually and socially, morally and physically. It is the part of wisdom to read the Signs of the Times, whether of the past or the present; not to deride or to condemn;—that we may be instructed in the designs of Providence, and understand the position we occupy in relation to the general scheme of events.

We are not, therefore, inclined to sympathise with those alarmists who find in books like the present, all that is to be avoided. We are Englishmen; but we are also Cosmopolitans. We are Christians; yet we believe the doctrine that the FATHER has made of one blood all the nations of men. We are, therefore, advocates for "a truly impartial examination into the literature, jurisprudence, social condition, and commercial relations," not only of France, but of all lands.

The first French Revolution was attributed to the character of French literature; and the second—of three days—has been attributed to the same cause. It is unphilosophical to place any antecedent effect as the cause of a succeeding one. The same cause, no doubt, lies at the bottom of both; which cause is no phenomenon, but a spiritual basis of which both are equally the exponents, and nothing more. This common cause is what we have to question; and ultimately it will turn out to be nothing less than a divine disposition—not the less to be esteemed because of the follies, or even the crimes of mankind: for of both it may be said, that they are the wisdom and knowledge of God.

Let us then, with a calm mind, examine the literature of France, whether previous to the first or the second Revolution, having respect to the motive. "It is the cause—it is the cause, my soul! Let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars!" Name it—why, it is the Ineffable! The causes that overthrow empires are as deep-seated and invisible as those which establish them. A shallow sciolist is he, who seeks for these in the dispositions of the people, the conquests of a prince, the talents of a general, the insupportable weight of tyranny, or the violation of a compact. These are effects, not causes!! The eighteenth century in France was marked, among other appearances, by popular expressions of opinion, and the production of literary works. These opinions and writings, as the most significant phenomena of the period, bore the blame which properly appertained only to what gave rise to them and other effects.

There are a genesis and an exodus in human developement: to

Digitized by Google

the former the philosophy, to the latter the history of man's mind belongs. The age has its genius:—it possesses first individual minds —then the masses. The leaven, little at first, at length leavens the whole lump. The kingdom of heaven, that was in the beginning but as a grain of mustard-seed, has lately grown into a tall and spreading tree.

Those who took no part in the events, says De Baraut, and who came into the world too late to take any side in the discords of the last century, are more likely to judge impartially of the era, which, perhaps, may appear to such as a vast drama, the *denouement* of which was as inevitable as the commencement and the progress were necessary. They will follow the course of opinions during the era; enquire into the moment of separation; note the various steps which had been taken, and the time that had been arraigned. Literature, in their views, is neither a conspiracy of the literati to overturn established order, nor a noble concert for the benefit of the human species; they consider it as the expression of society; so define it to be praiseworthy genius. Applying this idea to the eighteenth century, they develope it in all its details; they see that letters, instead of regulating, as some have said, the thoughts and actions of a people, are very often the result, and immediately consequent upon them; and that they could not change the form or constitution of a government, the habits of society—in a word, the relations subsisting among men—without literature shortly after undergoing a correspondent alteration. They see how public opinions formed themselves—how writers adopted and developed them, and how the direction in which writers travelled was marked out to them by the age. It was a current which they navigated: their movements hastened its rapidity, but the age gave it the first impulse. Such is the idea they form of the influence of men on letters.

The eighteenth century was preceded by others; and certain indications in the sixteenth might have suggested to the powers that were the brewing of an earthquake in the abyss of the future. It has been well observed that literature and science had not previously mingled in the trade of the world; they had ennobled leisure indeed; but the business of life had blundered on without them. Cardinal Richelieu showed what influence they might exert on the most difficult affairs. Still at first their exercise was rather speculative than practical, and theories were attempted in execution which were utterly unfitted for the social condition of the age. Then commenced the war of reason against custom;—to decide it, the unprepared people were called in, and the passions did what physical strength was required to perform, and ignorantly made a murder of what was meant to be a sacrifice to honour.

Meantime authors had become inspired with boldness and independence unknown before: Courcille, Mézeray, Balzac, St. Réal, Lamothe-Levayer, were of this class. "Shortly after," rightly remarks De Baraut, "and more particularly during the troubles of La Fronde, we find a crowd of writers of another stamp, who were also quickly to disappear. The levity, mirth, familiarity,

Digitized by Google

often the profundity, of Charleval, St. Evremont, of Hamilton his disciple (although he wrote later), depended also upon the circumstances [law] of that epoch. The Cardinal Retz knew how to preserve in his memoirs the style of the heroes of La Fronde. Pascal, who then began to shine, felt also those influences. Later, when the great Arnaud lived in exile, his friend could not have impressed the provincials with the strength and independence of his character, without shewing equally the joke and the severe satire. Molière, who had lived in the society of many of those men, united, in some sort, vigour of talent, depth of observation, and jest in his style. Racine, younger, but who had frequented the last remains of that school, shews the same traces in his first works; and without doubt, Britannicus, also dissatisfied with the court and the public already changed, is a result of this first position. He took another path; and happily his genius seems to have lost nothing."

May it not suffice, in an essay of this kind, simply to mention, in continuation, the names of Fénélon, Massillon, Bossuet, Fleury, Rollin, and D'Aguesseau?—remarking that the splendour of Louis the fourteenth's reign was clouded by the monarch's misfortune and faults. He persecuted the protestants, and set an immoral example which pervaded all ranks of society. Meanwhile the idle life of the court, and the conversation of women, had destroyed the grave character that the French possessed in olden times, and had brought on a frivolity, which continued to increase. A spirit was soon generated, which alike depraved morals and literature.

M. Albites very properly reminds us that Bossuet, the "Aigle de Meaux," died 1704, the same year as the metaphysician, John Locke, whose principles, introduced and apparently simplified by Condillac, obtained great influence in France. "After all," says M. Albites, "Condillac only reproduced and carried to its last consequences the axiom of Zeno: 'Nothing exists in the mind which has not previously existed in the senses. *Nihil est in intellectu quod non prius fuerit in sensu.*'" "Except the mind itself: *nisi intellectus ipse!*" was sublimely added by Leibnitz. These three words contain an entire philosophy—a future reaction of spiritualism against the doctrine which holds that all is matter, and repeats to mankind thirsting for hope, the inscription of Dante's Hell:—

"Lasciate ogni speranza!"

The little book from which we have quoted, deals with our subject in such a brief, lucid, and dashing manner, that we will take advantage of its lying on our table to make a still further use of it.

"With Massillon," writes M. Albites, "terminates the period of Louis XIV. the golden age of French literature. After the death of *le Grand Roi*, who had said, 'L'Etat c'est moi,' his throne was filled by a minor, Louis XV., a child soon spoiled by bad examples and a bad education. A rake full of talent, brilliant qualities, and urbanity, the Duke of Orleans, was Regent, and the contemptible Dubois was his prime minister! Then French society becomes as unruly as a school which the master has just left. The spirit of liberty,

Digitized by Google

which had been compressed for a length of time, bursts its shackles, but soon degenerates into licence. Writers, nobles, the middle classes, the people, government itself, every sphere seems agitated with feverish desires for change. The time which Louis XV., the king himself, did not spend at the 'Parc aux Cerfs,' or in Madame de Pompadour's boudoir, or in frying fritters with Madame du Barry, was by him employed in printing, with his own hands, the theories on Political Economy, written by his physician, Quesnay; the principle thought therein was to establish only a land tax, to be supported of course by the land-owners, 'la noblesse.' President Malesherbes (afterwards in 1793, the noble and unfortunate defender of Louis XVI.), Malesherbes himself corrected proofs of *L' Emile*, by J. J. Rousseau! Of what weight on public opinion could then be the decision of the consistent, but untalented old wigs of 'La Sorbonne,' which condemned the book to be burnt by the hand of the executioner, 'au place de Grève!' How is it possible to account for the patronage which the aristocracy bestowed on the new feelings? Probably, they imagined that these ideas of social liberty and equality were only interesting subjects of controversy—would always remain in the region of abstraction, and not eventually be transformed into practical realities!

"All eyes, however, were not deceived. At the first representation of Beaumarchais,' *Mariage de Figaro*, a bold play, which spares nobody and nothing, when the merry barber concludes by saying, 'et tout finit par des chansons,' *(all ends with a song)*, suddenly a terrible and prophetic voice from the pit exclaimed, 'Et tout finit par des canons!' *(all ends with cannon)*. And true, indeed: the roaring of cannon was soon to be heard at La Bastille!"

The pre-existent harmony that seems to obtain between the speculative and practical operations of human intelligence, perhaps was never more cardinally exhibited. Even Protestantism led to scepticism. Bayle was one of the exiles made by the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and who continually revenged themselves for the persecutions they had unjustly suffered, by calumniating the king and the catholic clergy. Bayle, however, engaged not in the composition of obscure libels; but of an immortal work, which exhibited scepticism not as a mean only, but the *end* of erudition. Lighter wits afterwards used up his railleries with a grace in which he was wanting, and for a purpose probably never intended by him. It was thus that Voltaire fitted himself for representing an age of doubt in opinion and frivolity in manners.

Montesquieu's raillery was of a bitterer kind. His *Lettres Persanes* attacked the manners, the institutions, the establishments of France and Europe in general. But he redeemed himself afterwards by his "Considérations sur les Causes de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains," and his "Esprit des Lois." Rousseau recommended a return to the state of nature, and erroneously interpreted the *Contrat social* as an historical fact instead of a philosophical idea.

We will conclude our retrospect in the words of M. Albites—

"The bases of the *Contrat Social* are, the hypothesis of a primitive compact between society and its government, and the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people—'La Souveraineté du peuple.' It was a cry, which, like a dark speck on the horizon, portended storms! and those storms and tempests which every thing seemed to prognosticate, did not tarry. The air is fevered and agitated; black clouds gather with the utmost rapidity; distant and threatening moans are heard; the winds are set free!

"'Quà data porta ruunt et terras turbine perflant!' The roaring thunder approaches—lightnings flash across the horizon—bolts fall in every direction

Digitized by Google

—millions are struck—all is overthrown by the terrible hurricane, and the whole land is inundated with a sea of human blood! In the midst of this tremendous ruin, some noble, some generous voices are heard; but they are stifled by the cries of executioners and the groans of victims. Mirabeau, the Demosthenic giant! Barnave, Vergniaud! Marat, Robespierre! André Chenier, Bailly, Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday!

"By degrees the tempest subsided, and a comparative calm ensued.

"Napoleon Buonaparte, General, Consul, Emperor, re-established order. The armies began to shew themselves, but the great captain, 'Membre de l'Institut,' mistrusted them; he allowed them words, but he did not like them to think. After having received from this master of military eloquence, from the new Charlemagne—that which the past devastation rendered so necessary—laws and laurels, order and glory, France thirsted for peace, and also for a moderate liberty. This the great soldier refused. Napoleon performed only half the necessary task; he knew how to give order—liberty he willed not. He fell.

"Since that period France has, in the midst of many vicissitudes, progressed at last in her desired career. Literature, of course, has felt the influence of this direction. All the great questions which agitate the human mind, have again been studied, and continue being meditated. God, Religion, Morality! theories of Psychology, Metaphysics, Æsthetics; in one word, Philosophy! History! Organisation of Industry! the Physical World! Political Economy, Constitution of Property, Association, Legislation, Government!—None of these high subjects have been neglected.

"In an Æsthetic point of view, French literature was divided at first into two camps; one was that of the great champions of certain Aristotelian rules (which are no where mentioned in Aristotle), at the same time great partisans of the literary forms of the age of Louis XIV., and called 'Classiques;' the other was the camp of the innovators, or partizans of the free forms which they saw generally adopted in Foreign literature, and called 'Romantiques.' But now the liberal minds of the two parties are no longer adversaries; they have agreed to admire and love the good and the beautiful wherever it may present itself, either in Racine, in Dante, Shakspere, Schiller, or Calderon.

"Some persons, only partially acquainted with the actual state of literature in France, have imbibed unfavourable prejudices. Their dislike is generally derived from having perceived that some French modern novels have an injurious tendency. But what literature, what period, is entirely pure, entirely exempt from bad or tedious books? Is it just to condemn all for the faults of a few?"

Mr. Reynolds, in his *Modern Literature of France*, comes forward in defence of these very novels. We think that he errs in considering it the child of the Three Days' Revolution, and would have done more wisely in portraying the genius of the time of which both were the offspring. In like manner, he attributes certain points of liberalism in English newspaper literature to the Reform Bill, as if the Reform Bill were not itself an effect. The Reform Bill! that clumsy contrivance, a cause! Nay, but it is a most inefficient exponent of the common cause of many other phenomena, some of which even are not yet eliminated.

As Mr. Reynolds has confined himself to the literature of France since 1830, he declines all allusion to the publications of Le Sage, Louvet, Convet, or Pigault Lebrun. He begins with the Baroness Dudevant, who writes under the pseudonym of Georges Sand. "She is," says our author, "a republican in the *sans culotte* sense of the term." This is enough. But is her nakedness such as, from innocence, she need not be ashamed of? Alas! no. Yet why,

Digitized by Google

alas? How these confounded prejudices cling to us! The Three Days were the signs of the breaking up of these prejudices. France had had what she erroneously called her Age of Reason, which she afterwards found to have been the Age of Intellect. It was simply this, that the operations of the understanding had come to bear on the formulæ of conventional manners, and had shattered their limitations. But the intellectual has to be smitten, so that man may not longer be confined within the bounds of speculative judgements, but that a complete gaol delivery may take place into the pure ether of reason, and all society be reconstructed in the light of ideas as the criteria of institutions. Neither prison nor temple walls were accordingly left standing; and both in her life and works, Madame Dudevant exhibits a libertine aspect, which she herself understands not, and which Mr. Reynolds is unwise to vindicate. Both are phenomena which are to be interpreted according to the law of the time, and which are only justifiable by it, in the same manner as the career of an Attila or a Napoleon may be reconciled to the existence of a Providence, on the plea of their having been appointed as the scourges of God, needful in their day, though immediately evil in themselves, for the ultimate good of men and the present purgation of the world.

The specimen of the writings that pass under the name of Georges Sand, is excessively meagre. We sympathise little with the sorrows of a kept mistress, and esteem them but as the results of her position. For that position is society to blame? Society has provided an institution for the protection of woman. To the bonds of that protection the man of Metella's choice felt a reluctance. To that reluctance she seems to have yielded. Ere long, she finds a rival in her niece: both females act foolishly, and the man absconds. Does Georges Sand mean to tell us that the events (or their causes) of the Three Days of July have placed an uncommon number of ladies in similar peril?—that the law of the church—nay, the civil law of marriage—is so spurned by the male population of Paris, that for woman to fulfil her duties in the world—in a word, to become a mother—she must run the risk of desertion? What then? is this an evil or a good? Should it be encouraged or restrained? It would have been well if Mr. Reynolds had given the English reader analyses of *Rose et Blanche*, *Simon*, *Jacques*, *Indiana*, and *Valentine*, and other works of a writer, who is certainly great in power, though small in prudence; and whose great deficiency *seems* to be that of principle. *Seems;* for her admirers praise her for a versatility of talent in knocking down and building up *systems* of morals. Her apparent want of principle may therefore be only a real scorn of system, whereof much might be quoted even in praise. No doubt the mission of the age is to elevate man beyond and above system—to set him free from received fallacies; but in doing this, as we interpret the philosophy of the human being, it raises him to his true standard, and transports him into the region where law and principle are absolute, a region for which he has hitherto mistaken the shifty and sandy valley of ever-varying conception, and ever-differing opinion.

Digitized by Google

In considerations such as these lies the wisdom which both parties—those for and those against modern French Literature—have failed to detect, and invite from its hiding place. We must penetrate to the *root* of the matter, and not superficially content ourselves with distantly and carelessly considering the branches and their accidental variations. The cause is deep-seated, and requires much and calm attention, to be rightly appreciated or even understood. For the reason of things you must ask of the reason of man—each man for himself, of his own. Self-examination is the pre-condition for all other examination, even as inspiration is the pre-condition to intelligence itself. Such then are the qualifications required by us for the theorist, not only of revolutions, but of far meaner events. We have seen little of the kind that has been brought to bear on the question of the first French Revolution, save Mr. Thomas Carlyle's history; and of the revolt of three days we have seen nothing.

Those who occupy the mere arena of disputation, whether for or against either revolution, are too perplexed in party trammels to enjoy the freedom of mind required for the determination of the subject. Moral or immoral! Unless we rise above the party aspects of things, these words may only mean old and new—apparent and unapparent—and the last may mean the reality and substance of the former. The ruin of systems may be the salvation of man—as by the decomposition of body the soul is released—and thus the salvation of man may induce the ruin of systems.

At any rate it is confessed by all, that the recent French literature presents man rather than institutions, exhibits him in independence of systems, in individualities expressive of proper idiosyncrasies and spontaneous impulses. It may be that the Phœnix of the age to come is chipping the shell whose falling fragments only announce the approaching birth. Only through such wreck can the immortal bird reveal itself in the sun's eye, and reflect the sun's light in the glory of its own plumes! We should do well to observe the teaching of Providence in all the dispensations of Providence, since what *uncaused* Omnipotence manifestly permits, it essentially commits. No reasoning can escape from this conclusion. "Shall we receive good from the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" "I create day and I produce night, I make peace, and I create evil—I the Lord do all these things."

Depend then on this, as a philosophic truth of the highest value—that in this preference of man to any system or science of morality whatever, there is a sacred significance—a divine purpose—and that if recent French literature demonstrate such a preference, it is of high value. If the works of Georges Sand exemplify this principle, let them be esteemed for its sake, and whatever of dross they may besides contain—(and heaven knows, they contain much!) pass as an accident of little account.

Georges Sand has but lately published a new work—*Les Sept Cordes de la Lyre*. It is a dramatic poem—or a poetic drama. It gives one a better opinion of *Madame Dudevant* than we should get from Mr. Reynolds's notice. The redemption of the soul from,

Digitized by Google

and her elevation through, the senses. The poet has introduced Mephistopheles among her persons, who consist of Albertus the philosopher, Helene his ward, and Wilhelm Hanz, and others, his pupils, with a critic, a *maestro*, and a poet—Helene possesses a miraculous lyre—her father's spirit dwelling in it—and every while uttering truths, as she touches its informed strings. The whole thing is an allegory of the finest kind, and the most delicate conception.

Honoré De Balzac, the next author in Mr. Reynolds's list, had written under the name of Horace St. Aubyn, with inconsiderable effect; but, partaking of the spirit of which the Three Days were a manifestation, his mind learned a new lesson, and instantly understood its mission. Says the author before us, "It enlarged his views, laid open to him a wide field for observation in the scrutiny of man's character, and made him probably one of the most acute observers in the literary world." It was in *La Peau de Chagrin*, that Balzac "presented himself to the world as a new man, with new views, and new passions." His peculiar forte is in the descriptions of locality, persons and manners, and some of his tales are good—such as *Les Scènes de la Vie Privée*, *Les Scènes de la Vie de Provence*, and *Les Scènes de la Vie Parisienne*. But according to Mr. Reynolds, he was mainly indebted for his success to *La Femme de Trente Ans*. Take the writer's own account.

This story "won the hearts of those ladies who had arrived at an age, when they could never hope to be adopted as the heroines of a romancer. At thirty the French woman is older, in reference to taste, appearance and passions, than the English; and thus the extent of the compliment paid to the former, may be fully appreciated by the latter, were she to suppose, that at the age of five and thirty she was adored in a similar manner. The French are, moreover, frivolous and conceited; and very few married ladies, in the vortex of Parisian society, think of their domestic circles, their children, or their homes; but pleasure, adulation, noise, love, and the voluptuous dance, alone have charms for them. Balzac's work was therefore the means of securing him the favour of the married lady of thirty; and thus his popularity was as firmly established in the *boudoir* as it had already been in the circulating library and news-room. His publications became the study of the lady's maid, when the lady had devoured them; and the lady eulogised him to her husband and his friends, and the lady's maid to her friends again; and De Balzac, by a brilliant stroke of policy, enlisted a numerous and a powerful audience in his favour. Add to this happy circumstance, the beauty of his style, the deep interest which pervades his tales, and that unfinished mystery in which he delights to involve his heroes or heroines, and the secret of his vast popularity is revealed."

These, for the most part, it must be confessed, are but sorry grounds of popularity—but then popularity itself is every where but a sorry thing. From a Byron to a Bulwer, it celebrates the infamous rather than the truly admirable. The titles of De Balzac's remaining works are, *Eugenie Grandet*, *Medecin de Campagne*

Digitized by Google

Le Père Goriot, *Le Lys de Vallée*, *Le Récherché de l' Absolu*, *Le Vicaire des Ardennes*, and *Annette et le Criminel*.

The claims asserted on behalf of EUGENE SUE, as a naval novelist, we take to be perfectly absurd. They are, in fact, given up by Mr. Reynolds, when he confesses that his novels are maritime in nothing but the supposed scene. Licentious as may be this writer's romances, we cannot see in them anything that in particular illustrates the period of time in which he lives; and therefore we pass him over, as not entering into the scope of this article. For the same reason we shall pretermit FREDERICK SOULIE with his Lewis, Ratcliffe, and Maturin revivals.

M. ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE is a bird of other feather. This writer's name is well known; and we have so recently treated of his merits in a separate article in this magazine, that it is not now expedient to dwell much on them. There is much religious formalism about De Lamartine; in his *Meditations Poetiques*, his *Harmonies*, his *Voyage en Orient*, and his *Jocelyn*. They are written with an improvvisatore air of facility, but are vague in the impression that they make. We are presented with an analysis of *Jocelyn*, designed by its author as an episode in a sort of Mahabharata *epopœia*. It is romantic, tender, but effeminate. De Lamartine has lately added another episode to this projected work. *La Chûte d'un Ange*—(the Fall of an Angel)—and promises a third, to be called *Les Pêcheurs*. This poet's best friends advise him not to proceed in a task beyond his powers. A style at once artificial and extempore is ill-suited to an epic, and the affectation of inaccurate language, and careless rhyme is unworthy of any poet. *La Chûte d'un Ange* is a bad—a very bad allegory, in which the incarnation of the soul is portrayed by an angel falling in love with an Antediluvian girl, and acquiring thereby the use of human language, and afterwards sharing with her all manner of hair-breadth 'scapes, and out-of-the-way perils. In the moment of his fall, an oracular cry resounds in the angel's soul, to the effect that as he had chosen to descend, his decay would proceed to the utter extinguishment of his splendour—and that in order to his restoration, he must redeem, drop by drop, his immortality, thus lost for woman. And at the end of the poem, a similar inward admonishment is again felt—

> "To ope thy native heaven nought shall avail,
> Till thou the hundred steps of being's scale
> Hast climbed, and every step shall burn thy foot."

But further than by this mechanical repetition, the moral which ought clearly to have pervaded every sentiment and incident in it as the omnipresent spirit of the poem, is nowhere suggested. To borrow from a contemporary journal* a phrase or two—"the original idea has been absorbed by the symbol; the principle, the creed, the theological point of view, has disappeared under the drama—under the complicated, we might say, entangled narrative of facts." The critic from whom we have quoted, says truly, that he can trace neither Fall nor Angel—neither expiation nor progressive re-

* The British and Foreign Review, No. xvii.—p. 217.

Digitized by Google

habilitation—in the plot or its workings. Nothing remains, then, but a mere story of human loves and woes; and as such, the one before us is wild, extravagant, and carelessly told.

Will the learned editor of this review permit us to make rather a long extract from his admirable article on De Lamartine's *Chûte d'un Ange?* "When," says the critic, "the first Meditations appeared in 1830, they made a sensation in France such as few books can make. It was poetry of a perfectly new species, raising its voice at the very moment when a generation, sick of the cold and measured versification of the empire, was asserting that all poetry was dead, and that henceforward to prose—a lofty and poetic prose—appertained the expression of the thoughts of the epoch. This poetry looked to the future by the nature of the ideas, or more properly of the sentiments, and by its aim; whilst by a certain chastity of form, by respect for the language, and even by some few old classical reminiscences, although proclaiming the independence of Art as a right, it preserved a connecting link with national literary traditions. It satisfied all demands, and was entitled to find favour with all schools. The author's poetic talent was, moreover, truly and incontestably powerful. Never had France known such elegy. Never had hope breathed amidst ruins hymns so sweetly melancholy. But besides—we should say above—all this, high above the literary point of view, there was something more. There was in men's souls an anxiety for the reknitting of earth to heaven—a yearning after that something which may for moments be lulled to sleep, but never extinguished in the hearts of nations—the sense of the Infinite, of the Imperishable—the tendency to sound the abyss that conceals the solution of the mysteries of the soul—the innate desire to know, at least to surmise, something of the starting point and the goal of mundane existence; in a word, religious faith. So many ruins had accumulated during the twenty or thirty years that had just elapsed! So much human grandeur had been eclipsed! Well might they who had seen, first the Revolution, then Napoleon moulder away, think that all things were nothing, save in relation with the eternal idea, the hidden design, which God verifies through the world. The empire had just fallen, and men understood that a whole world concluded with the empire—that a new world was to arise from its gigantic ruins. During the empire, one-half of the soul had been smothered. Matter—in the service of an idea, indeed, for only at that price is matter active; but this was not taken into account—had eclipsed mind; force had stifled conscience; and conscience, with all its provisions, with all its rapid intuitions of the things of heaven, was, in its turn, vigorously reacting. Conscience asked for a return to a superior, immutable order of facts, which might explain the evanescent, and often apparently contradictory facts of the day—for the reinthronisation of moral unity, governing from on high the crisis of thought, the successive revolutions, the movement, so abrupt and irregular, on the surface of the human mind: it asked for a common religious faith, affording in its bosom a fixed point amidst the whirlwind of things; an assured asylum against the scepticism with whose genius it had been in-

Digitized by Google

oculated by an all-dissolving philosophy; against the despair that sometimes seized it at the sight of the instability of human foundations, and of the bitter deceptions every moment experienced from the external world. Lamartine stood forward as the interpreter of this imperious want. He associated the flights of his muse with all the protests that were fermenting unexpressed in men's hearts. He moaned the complaint of all, he murmured the hope of all. He became the harmonious echo of the anxieties, of the internal struggles of a whole generation. He painted himself in his verses, as suffering from the disease of his age, and labouring to cure both himself and it. In a word, he assumed the attitude of the religious poet. As such, he was evidently accepted, as was Victor Hugo simultaneously, as Chateaubriand had previously been; and here lay, in great part, the secret of his talent and of his fame."

This searching critic goes on to prove, that, notwithstanding all this De Lamartine was not a religious poet. If he had the malady of the age, he had not the remedy. He shews religionism, but no religion—a yearning to believe, but not belief.

The mission of the religious poet is to console, to strengthen, to guide. His God is the God of love.—Lamartine, like an African Santon, addresses fear. "The God whom he adores is the God of the East, before whose omnipotence he perceives but two possible parts for man—blasphemy or annihilation. Betwixt these two states the poet, as he himself tells us, long oscillated." We are not therefore surprised that his devotion leads to despondency, and his poetry to indifference. He looks on the poetic art as an amusement, not as an occupation. In this we detect the character of the Frenchman: in the uncertainty in which he hovers between hope and fear, we recognise the character of the age. Verily, the present age of the world exhibits it, and all things in it, as in the middle state of Hades. The fruition, whether of punishment or recompence, is yet future.

The name of Victor Hugo has been mentioned in connection with that of Lamartine, and we can afford to pass over many names to arrive at his. The novelist, the dramatist, and the poet, says Mr. Reynolds, are united in Victor Hugo. "His romantic genius was appalled by no literary undertaking; he shrunk from no labour, however difficult, however lofty, however diversified the subject. He wrote historical novels, and in *one* he ably competed with the great northern writer now no more; he wrote poetry, and his name is well worthy of forming the Lepidus of the triumvirate, of which Byron and Lamartine are the Augustus and the Antony; he wrote plays, and M. Dumas felt that he was a rival." There is something too indiscriminate in a panegyric like this: we regret that it must suffer abatement. Victor Hugo's dramas are decidedly bad—his novels guilty of a Spanish extravagance—and his poetry of worse than Byronic obscurity. Nevertheless, the man has been baptised by the genius of the time with the spirit and the fire that are not of the gross world—to him, therefore, be due honour! His *Notre Dame de Paris* is an unforgettable book, with its Esmeralda, and its Quasimodo—and its Claude Frollo. That tale of innocent vaga-

Digitized by Google

bondism—of pious lechery, and a great soul in a dwarfed body—has elements to attract and to repel, which, skilfully combined, suspend the reader's attention in a medium of love and loathing. *Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*, is, we are afraid, a vulgar horror. As to the *Hans d' Islande* and *Bug Jargal*, even Mr. Reynolds condemns them. "The hero of the former is a human monster—of the latter, a horrible negro."

Hugo, as we learn from the preface to his *Chants du Crepuscule* (Songs of Twilight), looks upon society in its present state as enveloped in a species of illuminated fog. He prepares his reader to expect ebullitions of hope mingled with doubt—couplets of tenderness concluded with others of complaint—a calmness touched with melancholy—sights of delight—feebleness suddenly reviving—resigned infelicity—profound sorrow exciting the very surface of the sea of poetry—serene contemplations of political tumults—holy wanderings from public to domestic matters—the dread lest all should proceed darkly in the world—and then intervals of joyous and burning hope, that the human species may yet flourish to excel! Thus he knows not whether, in his own *Orientales*, he has not been looking to the West instead of the East, contemplating the sun-set rather than the day-break. His Ode, written after July, 1830, is strong and solemn, yet wanting in concentration and philosophical insight. He argues upon the crisis of the Three Days as if it were an end in itself, and not a mean to a better future. It teaches, according to him, that

> "—— the breath of a king is the spark to the pan—
> The musket explodes—and its victim is man!"

and relative to the priesthood, that

> "Less welcome to the Lord on high,
> Is grandeur than sincerity."

Well! but what shall this lead to? In truth, the Ode was written too near the time (Aug. 10, 1830) to have much permanent value. It presents us with a literal transcript of the facts attending the Parisian catastrophe, but had no leisure for results. In a word, it looks to the past—the cycle just closed, with its closing—not much to the present—not to the future at all. An Ode which should present the present position and future possible destiny of European Republics would be a work indeed! Similar remarks apply to his *Odes to the Column of Napoleon*, and *on Napoleon II.* "In deploring the fall of Napoleon and his son," says Mr. Reynolds, "the cry of Victor Hugo is the voice of France. He has identified the effusions of his muse with the wail of his native land, and with tears and sighs he laments the fall of those who were dear to his country." This may be:—let, however, "the dead bury their dead!"

Victor Hugo has felt rightly that the mission of the modern poet is a religious one; and we had hoped that, in *Les Voix Intérieures*, the inward voices to that mission had been heard, calling not loudly but deeply. But no. The French poet is still a sceptic. He is an historian, but no prophet. What has been displeases—what is

Digitized by Google

arouses—what shall be perplexes. Egoistic vanity, at the best, leavens the quality of noble sentiments; and contracts eternal universalities into finite individualities.

It is a beautiful idea of Victor Hugo's, that the function of modern art is to rehabilitate man—and he has beautifully worked it out in his works, wherein he presents for the most part the fallen creature only to restore it to its proper standing, whether by love or wrath or self-devotion. But in the prosecution of this and other religious ideas—he analyses too much, and indeed falls greatly below those criteria which the true poet ought prothetically to rule. He soon becomes too the slave of the symbols that he employs, and idolises the image which his own hands have created. Nevertheless, even in this process he shews, how creative is the power of an idea. By this he is carried to the most remote analogies, and conducted to the last types—incarnating the law in the humblest as well as the highest instances. Thus while on the one hand he raises his heroes and heroines from the mire of degradation, social or moral—on the other, he reduces the purest principles to the grossest concretes—so that somewhere, in the descending and ascending line, the two may meet and blend. From the material, he seeks to raise the fallen spirit—and to that end brings down spirit to extreme material levels. Better to have stopped midway at some synthesis, which should have left the spirit spiritual still, while it purified the corporeal by blessed contact with the heavenly and divine.

Before we dismiss the present paper, we are desirous of saying a word or two on JULES JANIN; the cleverest writer in France. But then it is confessed, that "he is a Conservative, a Legitimist, and a Christian;" also, that, "he admires De Lamartine and pities Victor Hugo." The articles of this quaint and sarcastic writer appear every Monday in the *Feuilleton* of the *Journal des Debats.* In some of these he ventures to express a better opinion of Fourier's disciples, than might have been expected from one who "lingers upon the ruins of the ancient dynasty." The tale of *The Orphan*, quoted by Mr. Reynolds, is worth all the other extracts in his two volumes. The principal works of this equally witty and wise author, are *Le Chémin de Traverse, Les Contes Fantastiques et Littéraires, Les Contes Nouveaux, Timon Alceste, Barnave, La Confession, L' Ane Mort et la Femme Guillotinée, Un Cœur pour deux Amours, La Piedestal,* and *Paris, depuis La Revolution de* 1830.

Eminent as a critic, original as an author, his merits, unlike those of writers already mentioned, are admissible by the English as well as by the French mind—and his productions might have been read at any other period with the same satisfaction. For genius is not of climes and times, though some theorists seem to think so. But theorists always err—do and must. Then why theorise?

(*To be continued.*)

Digitized by Google

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

AN ODE.

BY JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq.

THEIR fathers in madness confessed themselves slaves,*
And spurned at the turf on their ancestors' graves:
They looked down in scorn on the ancient of earth,
They gazed with disdain at the Ancient of heaven;
And Time was ashamed of all things that had birth,
And Faith watched in awe the dread swell of "the leaven,"
Whose stroke was to shake the whole world with a shock,
As blinding and chill as the desert siroc:
Let it smite to a wreck the old mass that it measured;
Let the Truth perish never, for which it was treasured!

Ye sons of the Gaul! did ye deem, from the wreck,
A world would be born without wrinkle or speck?
The perfect that lived in the thoughts of the mind,
Why lived it not, too, in the acts of the hand?
Bad artists, who mar what is truly designed,
How vainly for you is the Beautiful planned!
The chains, ye ne'er wore, ye were proud to avow,
Ye forged them yourselves—ye are wearing them now!
What are chains to the men who are free in the spirit?
They care not for them, but the souls they inherit!

Rebellious in vain! Ye are slaves broken loose!
Not such were your sires, whose dread names ye accuse!
The visions of truth and of good that ye dream,
Your fathers possessed, and bequeathed them to you!
They *were* in their hearts more than what ye would *seem*,
And rejoiced in the strength that so fondly ye woo!
Their armour imprisons your recreant limbs,
Their glass that shone clearly your poison-breath dims—
The bow that they bent than your sinews is stronger—
The weapons they wielded have masters no longer!

---

* "It was reserved," says Niebuhr, in the first edition of his *Roman History*, "for our days to see the fruits of that madness, which led our fathers, with an unexampled kind of arrogance, to brand themselves falsely with being a degraded and slavish race, at the same time that they falsely asserted they were called to an unparalleled degree of perfection; of that madness which bragged it would form a new earth, by demolishing the old one. Only once has the world beheld—and we have been the spectators—universal contempt invoked upon the whole of the past, and people proud of the title of slaves broken loose. Something similar, indeed, and attended with similar results, had been experienced in religious revolutions: the Protestant communities have cast away the saints and fathers of the Church—and they have not done so with impunity: it has been the same in the revolutions of science and literature."

Digitized by Google

O, they were adorned like the brave and the free,
As warriors in arms, as the valiant, should be!
— "Now hence with the mail that oppresses the weak,
Away with the sword that but burthens the hand!
The furnace shall melt them, the hammer may break—
Convert we to chains what would cumber the land!
Their weight, that makes slaves of the people they doom,
Shall best be declared if that shape they assume—
We 'll wear them, to rend them—a sign and a token—
And boast of the shackles that freemen have broken!"

A Tyrant looked on at the blasphemous mirth,
And laughed in his heart, with a scorn not of earth.
He gathered the fragments they scattered in sport,
And linked them anew; they are whole once again!
Where the wassailers slept, there his watchers resort,
And fast on the slumberer rivet his chain!
He binds them in bands, and he trains them to war;
He carries them with him to battle afar—
They follow his Eagle wherever it flieth—
For him moans the widow—for him her son dieth!

Then Britain upstood—with her trident of power;
The beacons are lighted on temple and tower.
The Spaniard replied to the voice of her spell—
The Portuguese echoed the magical sound;
Was heard on the mountains the battle-shout swell;
Was heard in the valleys the fearful rebound;
Was heard on the ocean that dreadfullest roar,
That stills the loud tempest-tones raging before;
The thunder is silenced, wind hushed, and the surges
Are calm, while man's anger outpeals Demiurge's.

Let Prussia rejoice in the name of the Lord!
The arm that would save thee must save with the sword!
The pen must be mute—for its freedom abused,
The worst of all license, sent Liberty mad!
The king and the country by faction accused—
The sufferings that made the rapt patriot sad—
All these must in silence be veiled—for the weak,
Of centuries long past, are too timid to speak—
The good must suppress in the soul the strong throbbing,
While violence rampant is slaying and robbing.*

* The *Prussian Correspondent*, in April, 1813, contains the following paragraph in an address which is said to have come from the pen of Niebuhr:—

"We made a bad use of the freedom of the press: it was employed by miserable fools, by atrocious criminals, against their country. Therefore have we been constrained to live without it, until the abuse of it was rendered impossible by the sound state of popular feeling. It is an inexpressible blessing that we have lived to witness the day when the words of our king are the utterance of the best feeling of every citizen, from the highest to the lowest. This is true liberty, this is true equality, in the place of those idols of hell to which their names were given twenty years ago.

'We have lived through years, during which we were forced to sit mute. We

Digitized by Google

The angel of God has been strong in the north!
His premature frost from his chambers came forth!
His hurricane answered the waive of his hand,
His fire to its breath like a whirlwind replied—
His rain from on high made a flood of the land—*
By Ulm or by Jena shall these be defied?
What magic is there in the Day of their Fame?†
Two days, and we think on a martyred Queen's name!
Two days, we remember the year that has vanished,
When wind wed the flame, and refused to be banished.‡

O Victor! thy heart is an oracle now!
Or smitten with blindness, its victim art thou?
The morn brake in mist, darkling, rainy, and cold—
Yet ardent both armies to slay and be slain:
The night looks with awe on the brave and the bold,
As rooted they stand where they stood on the plain.
Nor yet had the terrors apparelled the sky,
That circle thy holy-hill, oh! thou Most High!
The Angel of Death is yet waiting thy mandate,
Unheard since the Russ spoiled the troops of the Bandit!

But now he descends, and the lightning grows weak
In the eagle's keen eye—and its thunderous beak
Is shorn of the clouds that hung over the same,
And threatened the nations with fury and ire—
That eye, in the glare of the terrible flame,
Grows pale, and those shades are dispelled with the fire
That flashes for ever and ever from out
The sword in his hand, and his plumes round about:
They look, and they flee from the path of his dooming;
And the Star falls from heaven, that the earth was consuming.

---

were compelled to stifle every word that our love for our king and our country would have called forth, when we beheld and mourned over their sufferings. We were forbidden to admire what was great and virtuous among the living: things had already reached such a pitch, that the timid were afraid to speak of centuries long past away. The good kept silent with regard to the wretchedness and the atrocities they saw around them: the timid submitted to debasing acts of homage. Daily and hourly had we to suppress our indignation and grief at what we saw and suffered: and the frivolous were already trying to find themselves comfortable in their chains: yet a little while, and we had become utterly corrupt."

* The *Prussian Correspondent* notices these occurrences as miraculous. "Who can see nothing," says the writer, "beyond a natural phenomenon, in that premature frost, by which the whole army was destroyed? in the hurricane of the 16th October, which made it impossible to extinguish the flames of Moscow? in the floods of rain at the end of last August?" [1813].

† Napoleon was supposed by the Leipsigers to prefer those days on which he founded his claims to glory, in order to distinguish them by new achievements. They, therefore, expected an engagement on the 14th October; that day being the battles of Ulm and of Jena.

‡ It was the 16th October that the Queen of France was guillotined—and it was on the 16th October, 1812, as we have seen in a previous note, that the hurricane aforesaid occurred.

Digitized by Google

With madness sure Heaven smote the Warrior's wild heart!
In vain was his strength, and his wisdom and art—
His plans are short-sighted—his motions are slow—
The scourge that God sent he now means to recall;
Its work is accomplished—"So far shalt thou go,
But no further!"—he saith, and redeemeth the thrall.
Ye nations! rejoice, for salvation is come—
The Comforter sits at the hearth of each home!
The powers of nature, his cherubim, own him!
The hearts of the people, his seraphim, throne him!

Not yet is the advent, O man!——still the theme
Of omen and oracle, vision and dream![*]
The banished shall break from the isle of his shame,
The captain shall come with the hosts of a king—
Again shall the world stand in awe of his name,
Again shall the eagle exult in his wing.
The nations are banded together again—
The Britons are there with the hero of Spain—
The field where they fought is now covered with glory,
And Waterloo's name is transcendant in story.

Not yet is the advent complete, which shall be
In the clouds of his Providence hidden from thee—
Not yet, sorrowing man! doth Messiah appear;
Of his coming-again, hope but dreameth as yet:
Yet the dawn of a day hath revealed itself here,
Whose brightness and blessedness never shall set.

---

[*] It is thus, that Niebuhr speaks of these events, while reviewing one of the Thanksgiving Sermons preached on the occasion. "Have not events, which according to all former experience must have filled us with dismay, been the undeniable means of our success? Has not Napoleon in a number of cases been evidently stricken with blindness? Has it not been visible, that the iron strength of his character, the lightning rapidity of his perception and decision, which were the foundations of his power, and the greatness of which no lover of truth can refuse to acknowledge, have departed from him? Has all this been mere chance? Or has it been the work of the Lord? Who was moved to compassion for his people that cried to him, who repented him of what he had done, and who said: I will no more destroy Israel, but save him out of the hand of the oppressor.

"And was the spirit which animated our people, and that chosen part of it, the army, excited or to be accounted for by human motives? Does strength, according to human experience, grow with exhaustion, the contempt for property with the loss of it? What is it that has converted these peasants, who a year since were calmly stooping under mal-treatment, into heroes, such as have never appeared in our military history? Who is it that has endowed our army, the great and the little, with virtues of which the whole of Germany before scarcely contained a few solitary instances? with patience, with disinterestedness, with humility, with self-denial, with mildness, with orderliness?

"In all these ways has God made himself manifest amongst us. It is a new revelation, and woe to them who do not believe! Already in a period, when such a number of institutions formerly beneficial had perished root and branch, many an oppress heart had been striving in secret after a new revelation, attested by wonders and signs, after the appearance of the promised Comforter, the spirit of God. We have witnessed it, and again woe to us if we do not acknowledge it."

Digitized by Google

The clouds have not yet all dispersed from the sky;
But the sun like a conqueror travels on high:
The strife that awaits him, though not without anguish,
Must yield to the virtue that never can languish.

O Britain! my country! the land of the faith!
The rock of the Church that prevails against death!
The phial of horror on thee was not poured,
Fair isle of the west! that on other lands fell—
What though Germany drank of the wrath that it stored,
And Switzerland's mountains confessed to the spell;
Though Peninsular vallies and Austrian fields,
Russia's sands, Poland's forests, availed not as shields,
Nor Russia's wide plains might with blood rest unsodden;
Thy shores were still sacred, thy thresholds untrodden.

No mother was seen through thy borders to come,
With her bed in a basket, exiled from her home,
Her children in nakedness leading along,
While bearing twin infants on shoulder and breast;
No father in agony sought through the throng
For her he had wedded, and them he had blessed—
No daughters in vain for their parents enquired,
No sick among war-steeds in terror expired;
The groans of the wounded, the cries of the plundered,
In thee were heard not—nor the cannon that thundered.

We saw not the warrior lie dead in the street,
The horse's slain carcase ne'er stumbled our feet;
We saw not the cripple, nigh spent with his pain,
Exert his last effort to reach far abode,
Where, when he arrived, he was baffled again;
We saw not the sufferers couched on the road,
And moaning unsheltered upon the damp ground,
Admittance denied at the' asylum they found,
The gates closed upon them, the refuse of slaughter,
Untended, unpitied, and pining for water.

We saw not the beggar at window and door,
Whence succour might come not, where war had made poor—
We saw not the cannibal hunger, enraged,
Regale on the carrion abhorred of the eye,
Which, but in his need, had the raven assuaged,
The vulture had scorned, and the wolf had passed by.
We saw not the vampyre look out in the glare
Of destitute thirst, and the gaze of despair—
Our graves were unrifled, our tombs were unwasted,
Our hearths unpolluted, our larders untasted.

Who saith that to mammon be given the laud?
On him shall come down the sure vengeance of God.

Digitized by Google

A curse shall descend on his house and his name,
His heart shall be desolate, barren and dead,
His children be out-cast, his wife sunk to shame,
And baldness disgrace the old age of his head!
In God we rejoice, and to him be the praise,
Who gave to us riches and honour, and days;
To God be the glory, O land of the living!
To him who fought for us eternal thanksgiving!

DUELLING AND CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE.

The recent correspondence between the Clergy of Ripon and Lord Londonderry, has attracted a very uncommon share of public attention; but we are concerned to find that the question is left in fully as unsatisfactory state as before, that is to say as a religious question. The spirit of the present age is doubtless against the practice of duelling. Be it our endeavour to put it in a right direction.

We are not disposed to complain of the Clergy of Ripon for remonstrating with one with whom they are not immediately connected. We consider a clergyman is entitled to esteem himself a general missionary, independent of any local charge he may be appointed to; we therefore do not think there is any force in the imputation of "going out of their way, as if they fancied they had a roving commission to denounce any, whether locally connected with them or not." We, however, think that, in this instance, they have declared only part of "the council of God." On the other hand, we are inclined to think, that however shocking to the pious mind much of the noble Marquis's answer undoubtedly is, yet that sufficient allowance has not been made for the difficult position his Lordship is in.

As a question of religion, it is useless at this time of day to argue the sinfulness of duelling; and as a philosophical question, the utter absurdity of duelling is manifest to all reflecting minds.* From the difference of hand, eye, and size in different persons, perhaps there never was an instance of the parties meeting upon equal terms, while it is possible that the injured party may, so far from obtaining satisfaction, only get additional injury. Yet it must be confessed, that there is practically this result from the custom of duelling, that it keeps within the limits of decent behaviour many bullying cowards, who, without some strong restraint, would be continually encroaching beyond the limits prescribed by the courtesy and refinement of society. This, we believe, most *clergymen* have found by experience at some time or other of their lives, when they have been obliged

* When we consider the injury done to the State, and to private individuals, by the practice of duelling,—to the State, by the danger it exposes it to of losing some of its best blood; and to individuals, of losing those upon the continuance of whose lives all their prospects in this world depend; when we consider these things, it is hard to come to the conclusion that no sufficient substitute can be found. Surely there are other disputes as easy to be decided by arbitration as those on horse races, the decision of the Jockey Club on which has prevented so many duels and law suits.

Digitized by Google

to patiently put up with language they would have never heard, had they worn blue coats instead of black. Still the end must not be held to sanctify the means; neither should the difficulty of supplying a perfect remedy deter us from the attempt.

There are two remarkable instances in our times of public men of no small importance, announcing a determination on religious grounds, of never fighting a duel, viz., the late respected Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. O'Connell. We only mention their names from their public eminence; and in examining the subject, we disclaim the least insinuation against the motives of the latter, though we think, should these pages meet his eye, he will see, what is not wonderful considering the various subjects with which his mind must be constantly occupied, that he has indulged a partial and merely superficial view of the matter, and not that enlightened one advocated by Mr. Wilberforce. The truth is, that Mr. O'Connell is right as far as he goes; for, with all the disputes upon the meaning of certain passages in the Bible, there can be no doubt that taking the life of a fellow-creature in cold blood, is a most grievous offence against the express commands of God; but what we contend for (and so we understood the ground Mr. Wilberforce assumed to be) is, that it is fallacious to adopt one command in the Bible alone, instead of accepting the whole moral system we find in the Scriptures as the model of our conduct. "But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil."* Again, "Bless them that hate you, ... for if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same?"† Again, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."‡ After reading the third and fourth chapters in the first epistle of St. John, let the reader calmly consider how our blessed Saviour illustrated his own doctrine by his life, as described in the second chapter of the First Epistle of St. Peter. It is true that this frame of mind can only be attained by those who have learned what is really meant by the baptismal vow of renouncing the world; but it will, nevertheless, not be questioned that we have justly stated the principle of the real Christian. Yet we think it was not judicious in the Ripon Clergy to select as their first example a military man, for a military or naval officer may be said to be practically as much bound to fight a duel under certain circumstances, as to fight against the enemies of the State; he enters his profession under such a tacit agreement. Perhaps no duellists engage in such unholy acts with more sincere regret; but they feel that, unless they can make up their minds to retire altogether from the world, they have no alternative. In the case before us, we must say, with great deference to the Ripon clergy, for whom personally we have the highest respect, that their first remonstrance should have been addressed to the opponent of the noble Marquis, for he was the real aggressor in casting imputations upon a whole party, without naming *any exception whatever*, which was tantamount to casting the same imputa-

* St. Matt. v. 39. † ib. verses 44, 46. ‡ ib. ver. 48. See also St Luke vi. 27, to the end.

Digitized by Google

tions upon each separate individual. It was, therefore, with some surprise that we saw from whom the challenge proceeded; and we think that, even according to the custom of the world, the Marquis might have answered him very differently, by saying—"When you retract, and apologise for the personal attack you made upon me, who am one of a party you attacked in the lump, without adding that you did not mean to include me, I shall be ready to satisfy you with regard to any observations of mine in reply, to which you take exception." Contrast this intemperance in attack, and over-sensitiveness afterwards, with the Christian temper we have endeavoured to describe, and we shall easily arrive at one of the remedies against duelling (there are but two we can think of), viz., for each individual who resolves that nothing shall induce him to incur the guilt of duelling, also firmly to resolve that no provocation shall induce him to use language calculated to hurt the feelings of others. This, indeed, is a "cross" difficult to take up in following his Divine Master, whose meekness exposed him to many indignities; but, in following the rule of conduct he has so clearly laid down for us, his disciple has the consolation of knowing, that the more converts his example produces, the less will he be exposed to inconvenience from the resolution he has formed. On the other hand, it can never be too strongly impressed upon the minds of all men, that to stop at a reluctance to engage in duelling, without also adopting that inoffensive Christian temper which should accompany it, is not only sinful, but highly pernicious; that it is a remedy worse than the disease; that it is calculated, in some cases, to lead to the worst of murders, assassination; and in others, whether the motive of the person declining to be accountable is cowardly or not, that it is calculated to give a man an improper advantage over his fellows. We may here allude to analogous pugilistic fights, of which much of the preceding may be remarked, and particularly that the combatants, even in prize-fights, are seldom, if ever, strictly on equal terms; but what we are most concerned to draw public attention to, is the fact, that boxing appears to have been discouraged of late years without much public advantage: and it is to be feared, that to it may be traced a cowardly spirit of assassination upon the slightest provocation, arising, as we think, very much from the absence of concurrent endeavours to improve the Christian temper of those, whose ancient mode of settling quarrels was interfered with.

To return to our main subject, the other remedy we would recommend is founded upon a suggestion of Paley. There is certainly much difficulty in it in a practical point of view, as Paley seems to have felt; but still we think it possible to overcome most of the more serious objections. We think it might be brought to bear in this way. The Court of Honour to be composed of a few military, naval, legal, and country gentlemen, with one or two peers, the whole to be selected in as impartial a manner with regard to politics as possible; for all families of respectability to pledge themselves not to associate with any individual *while under the interdict*

Digitized by Google

of the Court of Honour; that upon a misunderstanding between two gentlemen, at the point at which a meeting is usually resolved upon, the case to be, instead, transmitted to the Court of Honour, that court to decide upon the dispute by adjudging, according to the merits of the case, such and such an apology, or a reprimand, or expulsion from the society of gentlemen for a limited time (after which it should be reckoned an offence, to be punished by the court, to taunt the punished individual with any allusion to it),—or expulsion from society for ever; that the court shall not be called upon in cases where one of the parties shall prefer instituting legal proceedings; and that—and here is the principal difficulty—the court shall have the power, *if it think fit*, upon the application of either party, to prevent the whole, or part, of the cause of difference transpiring. With regard to the last point, our readers may conceive many cases where a man cannot, without disgrace, or injury to a third party, publicly avow the cause of his resentment. We will put one case only, and many others will occur to the reader from it. A brother of a young lady thinks a certain gentleman bound in honour to marry his sister: the other takes, or affects to take, a different view of the matter. But the sister has an unconquerable reluctance to consent to having her name dragged before the public: nay, there may be such peculiarities in the case that it would be cruel to wish to make it public. There have been many duels under such delicate circumstances, conducted without the public ever learning the particulars; and therefore we would give the court the same power of secresy.* A Court of Honour thus carried out would, we conceive, in a great measure, supersede the grievance thus stated by Paley:† "The insufficiency of the redress which the law of the land affords, for those injuries which chiefly affect a man in his sensibility and reputation, tempts many to redress themselves. Prosecutions for such offences, by the trifling damages that are recovered, serve only to make the sufferer more ridiculous. This ought to be remedied."

Thus we have endeavoured to place this painful subject before our readers in its proper point of view; and we trust we have done so without giving the slightest offence to a single human being, than which nothing could be further from our intention. Whatever may be the public judgement upon our efforts, it is clear that some understanding must ere long be come to; for, without the obligation to accept a challenge being diminished, or the consequences of refusing being relaxed by fashion, judges and juries have lately so plainly intimated that a trial for killing a man in a duel shall no

---

* The mode of appointment of the court requires careful consideration: on the whole, we are inclined to think that appointment by the crown would be the least objectionable mode. To prevent frivolous cases being brought forward, and applications from improper persons, there are two plans, which may be adopted. One is to restrict the court to those who are receivable at court: the other, which may indeed be combined with the former, is to impose a scale of fees to be paid by one or both parties, according to the discretion of the court; which fees may go to the crown, in return for whatever expense the court might be to the country.

† Paley's Moral Philosophy, Book iii., part 2, chap. 9.

Digitized by Google

longer be a mere form, that gentlemen are placed in a very unfair position, particularly seconds, who, as all who have lived in the world know, are generally, from ancient friendship, or family connections, or both, *almost* unable to refuse that greatest favour, to officiate in the matter.

But as the great thing is to bring more into fashion that temper we have recommended as our first remedy, we will conclude with the following extract from Paley's Chapter on Anger:*—"But the reflection calculated above all others to allay the haughtiness of temper which is ever finding out provocations, and which renders anger so impetuous, is that which the Gospel proposes; namely, that we ourselves are, or shortly shall be, suppliants for mercy and pardon at the judgement-seat of God. Imagine our secret sins disclosed and brought to light; imagine us thus humbled and exposed; trembling under the hand of God; casting ourselves on his compassion; crying out for mercy; imagine such a creature to talk of satisfaction and revenge; refusing to be entreated, disdaining to forgive; extreme to mark and to resent what is done amiss;—imagine, I say, this, and you can hardly frame to yourself an instance of more impious and unnatural arrogance."

THE SUPERNATURALIST.

CHAPTER II.

In the course of my experience as a Supernaturalist, I have often, as before stated, come into correspondence with very striking and original characters. To me, however, they appeared intelligible enough, and I knew how to appreciate them. Many of them were religious devotees, of high psychological refinement, pious and talented individuals, who by perpetually cherishing spiritual and angelic intercourses, possessed, either in imagination or reality, a constant familiarity with the more than mortal. By the over-credulous, they were mistakenly supposed to exercise powers of magic and divination far beyond their real claims, while to the world in general they probably appeared no better than visionary enthusiasts and impostors. In fact, they went about wrapped up in a mantle of incomprehensibility that perpetually excited, and perpetually baffled inquisitiveness.

To illustrate the curious speculations and experiences of minds of this order, I shall insert some passages from the note-book of a Catholic French lady, which has lately come into my hands. She has resided many years in the convents of France and England, and has seen and heard strange things. Her own conviction of the truth of the following anecdotes is most strong and vivid. She describes all manner of supernaturals as precisely, graphically, and familiarly as you would describe the characters at a masquerade. The whole style of her conversation and conduct vouches for the sin-

* Moral Philosophy, Book iii., part 2nd, chap. 7.

Digitized by Google

cerity of her belief in the events she delineates; and her veracity remains unimpeached. How far she may be herself deceived by the phantasmas of over-wrought imagination, is another question, which every reader must decide for himself,

The evidence of supernaturalism becomes more impressive and more tantalising when it thus proceeds from plain, grave, sensible people. When we find our friends strictly conscientious and correct in their reports of all that we know, we are bound to give them credit concerning other affairs which we know not; especially since, as Cicero observes, "the greatest part of what we know, is always the least of what we ignore." Here lies the very nucleus of the difficulty, which sceptics in such matters labour under—a difficulty which compelled Dr. Johnson to profess himself a Supernaturalist. Our religionists know not how to get rid of that testimony to supernaturalism positively enunciated with a grave face by downright matter-of-fact witnesses. It would be quite another case if all who gave affirmation in favour of these miraculous things were dreamy idealists, or nonsensical prattlers,

If I were to employ Jung Stilling's singular phraseology, I should say that this lady's faculty of presentiment is unusually developed. When a person has a remarkably fine perception of spiritual influences and relations by nature, and cultivates it by every superadded means that can promote its intensity, the energumen attains a strong mastery over occult science. By exercising latent mental faculties, which most men allow to slumber, the theosophist becomes a sort of intellectual conjurer. He can exhibit metaphysical phenomena quite as marvellous and apparently unaccountable as the physical tricks of jugglers, which they produce by an answerable process. Who knows not that jugglers mainly perform their sleights by incessantly energising, actuating, informing, and exerting the specific nerves and muscles, of which ordinary people make no account or use?

I therefore quote these passages of the lady's note-book in order to display the idiosyncrasies of the human mind under extraordinary circumstances. For this reason they will furnish the sage with instruction, as well as the humorist with merriment.

It would seem that many of the incidents which our authoress took for supernatural, happened directly or indirectly through the intervention of monastic priests. Some of these gentlemen are doubtless very orthodox characters, but there are many others who have indulged in varieties of magic which, methinks, the Romish church should scarcely tolerate. There are still many Gasners as well as Hohenlohes on the continent, who carry forward Mesmerism in a manner far more surprising than pleasing. Some of these deserve to have the missal service *De Exorcismis* applied to themselves, and afterwards should do penance in a white sheet *secundum artem*. Others, who are merely knaves and rascals, should be indulged with the more secular administration of the horsewhip. Such is the *beschwörung und austreibung des teufels* which we especially recommend them. Meantime, most inquisitive reader, be pleased to lay the finger of silence on the lip of astonishment. Some of the

Digitized by Google

following anecdotes smack pretty strongly of the ridiculous; but, *risum teneatis, amici*, don't laugh if you can keep your countenance.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy." Here follow the lady's MSS., *verbatim et literatim.*

"I scarcely know how to explain the angelical manner of speaking. From a child I was accustomed to converse with, consult, and receive consolation and instruction from something supernatural. Sometimes it was as a mere thought, but expressed in a manner that there was no resisting without feeling that I was doing wrong, and something always occurred to punish my non-compliance with the admonition. Sometimes it seemed like words addressed immediately to the heart, in a very feeling, sensible manner.

"I have, in my own mind, sometimes compared the manner of speaking to the thrilling vibrations that we hear when touching lightly the strings of a lute or harp; or, perhaps, it is more like the sound of a repeater, when you place your finger on the spring.

"At different periods of my life the sweet communication of my angel has been more remarkable than at others, particularly when in trouble. I once heard my name distinctly pronounced when giving way to violent grief; I immediately stopped my tears, and being surprised that no one appeared, I left the room, and went to the person whom I supposed had called, but found no one had been near the room, or even guessed my affliction; I did not doubt it was my good angel that had thus consoled me.

"It has always been my custom to address myself in an especial manner to my good angel, not only by begging his assistance morning and night, but in all difficulties and doubts, and I never found myself deceived in my hopes of assistance. I once wished much to speak to some one, when there was no probability of my seeing them, as I was not likely at all to see them that evening, or rather it was a most unlikely thing. I put on my things to go out to a friend, my good angel forbade me to go; I paid no attention, but rather treated it as the effect of my imagination, arising from my desire. However, more plainly he told me she was coming, and I put by my things, and prepared to receive her, and in a minute she knocked at the door; I told her I expected her. 'How can that be?' said she, 'when I did not think of coming till I was passing your door.' 'I do not know of what you thought,' I replied, 'but here you are; and that I expected you, you may believe, as I should not have been here but from the assurance that you were coming.' She acknowledged that she had not expected to find me at home. On several other occasions I was informed where to find those persons I wished to see; but only when it would be of real use to me.

It has appeared to me at times, that besides the communication of thoughts through the medium of angels, there is decidedly, a manner of conversing by thought alone, and which I have frequently experienced, although in this country I never yet found any one susceptible of it. But in France, I very often made use of it, and thoughts were reciprocally communicated to me. If a doubt was

Digitized by Google

entertained by either party whether they were understood, one of the two always gave a visible intimation.

"Even by simply looking at a letter which another was writing, and wishing the person to whom it was addressed would know what I wished them to be informed of concerning me, has brought an answer. But even in this country, I have known when persons have wished to see me, although at a distance.

"During the time that I was annoyed by noises and knocking at my door, &c. I was mysteriously informed, that a person that I loved, who resided at the time in England, was annoyed in a similar manner; this I found was actually true.

"One evening being in conversation with an elderly lady of great and enlightened piety, with whom I usually passed much of my time, I happened to say something, which to her appeared harmless, but which I felt was wrong before I uttered it: immediately a sigh proceeded from one of those attendant spirits, which constantly wait on those who wish their presence, though all are not actually sensible of it; it was loud, and caused my friend to start; 'Did you hear any thing?' she said, 'Yes;' I replied, 'I did;' 'What did you hear?' 'A sigh;' she answered, 'And I also.—But no one is in the room but ourselves.' 'Not that you knew of,' I replied, 'but I was aware that I was accompanied, you know I have often told you so, and it was what I said, that caused my heavenly friend to sigh.' 'Why, you said nothing wrong'—'Pardon me,' I answered, 'what I said was wrong, and I am sorry for a fault I might have prevented by obeying the dictates of my conscience: but my fault has produced two effects; the one to convince you of the truth of my assertions, that I actually hold communication with beings of another world; the other that many words we utter, apparently harmless, are displeasing to the Almighty.'

"After the death of my mother, I could not endure living in those places where I had been accustomed to her society, and I resolved to retire to the country, It was singular that a dream foretold exactly a fortnight before all the circumstances attending my going thither, and expressly showed me that I should go to the place, formerly the residence of my mother, and that I should there meet her spirit. I then had no idea of that being the place to which I should go, but so it happened. At leaving I felt extremely depressed, but had, at the same time, a certain inward assurance, that my residence there would end in some fortunate event; I told this to several of my friends, saying, "I go sorrowfully, but I shall return in joy, though I know not how." On my way, oppressed with melancholy, I remained absorbed in thought, seated back in one corner of the conveyance, wholly unconscious of every thing, till I was roused, about half way of my journey, by a voice supplicating for relief (the coach was stopping at an inn to change horses), and the cruel insulting tones of my fellow-travellers against a woman who was begging, made me for the first time look up: I instantly drew out my purse, and presented the poor woman with sixpence. Surprise and shame seemed to succeed to insolent

Digitized by Google

refusal. I again threw myself back, but was soon roused by hearing the woman exclaim, "There she is in that coach: bless her, bless her!" and again bending forward, I saw her with her husband, a poor sailor with a wooden leg, holding one little child in his arms and leading two others. Their blessings, which were prolonged till they were out of hearing, gave me a delightful assurance of future happiness, yet could not efface the melancholy I then felt.

"I arrived late in the evening, and, being tired, soon fell asleep: I was awakened by the curtains of my bed being undrawn,—thinking it the servant come to call me, I sat up in bed and began, although it was dark to feel for my clothes, but the curtain was drawn immediately. I felt, or at least I thought, it was my mother, and having exclaimed, "O is it you mother?" I again fell asleep. Being questioned whether I had heard or seen any thing, I mentioned what had happened. I was immediately removed from that room, and not permitted again to sleep in it, although I much wished it.

"I remained there some time, and found there was a general belief that the house (a very ancient one) was haunted. I always remained in the parlour after the family were retired to rest (which was very early), to practise; but the servant one day made the remark, that she believed I would sit in the parlour till twelve at night, adding she wondered how I could be so courageous, as for her part, although poor, she would not for a hundred pounds be in the parlour at midnight. I then determined to wait till that hour, but was positively told, that unless I promised to leave the room before that time, I should never be allowed to practise again at night. Entreaties were vain; and a quarter of an hour before twelve, I accordingly left the room every night: but one night being prepared to enter my bed, I heard the door of my bed-room open and footsteps walk distinctly along, and enter the room facing my dressing-room, in which I was. As I did not like the person to whom that room belonged, I remained a very long time waiting for her to go; but at last I impatiently went into my bed-room, and finding my bed-fellow awake, I enquired whether the person who had gone into the other room had quitted it; she informed me, that she had heard the door open and the footsteps, but that no one could be seen.

"I know not whether a singular dream I had some time afterwards, related to some murder that had been perpetrated, and which caused the noises; but thus it was. I dreamed that I was descending the stairs, when, to my great surprise, I saw a very tall woman, in a brown camlet cloak, standing at the bottom: being alarmed, I asked what she wanted, when she turned round, and I saw a skeleton which sunk down into the ground. I left soon after.

"I was at another time in a very large mansion for a few months, and one evening as I was alone at the piano, among other songs, &c., I took up the well known epitaph, "Forgive, blest shade." A voice distinctly sung with me. Thinking it some one in the house standing outside the door, I did not pay any attention to it, but as it was a great favourite, I again sang it after having sung other things, during which no voice was heard. No sooner had I begr

Digitized by Google

that, than the voice again accompanied me; and I felt convinced it was not mortal, for the sound seemed at the roof of the room. I again played and sang other airs to which there was no answer. Again I took up the epitaph, when the voice distinctly uttered every word close to my ear, it was always extremely melodious. I finished before I became conscious of fear: but no sooner had I ended than I was seized with so great a terror, that I placed my chair close to the wall, and remained fixed immoveably till the entrance of the eldest daughter, who was exactly my own age. On seeing me, she exclaimed, "You have seen or heard something! Is this the first time?" I asked her if such things were usual? She told me, "Yes," but begged me not to speak of it to any one.

"I was afterwards extremely terrified in the same house,—going to my room, ere I entered I turned my head, and saw, standing in a dark part of the corridor, the figure of a man, with eyes like fire, his hand upon the lock of a door—the lower part was enveloped in smoke, I darted back, made one jump over four stairs, and entered the sitting-room, where I related my adventure to the above-mentioned young lady, and quitted the house soon after.

"There was, in one of the schools, a young lady, who was the only daughter, and the last of seven children. The parents were in affluent circumstances, and doated upon this young lady as their only girl. According to the agreement, the father being protestant, and the mother catholic, she was educated in the catholic religion. The boys were all protestant: her greatest desire and most anxious wish were, that her youngest brother might become catholic. She loved him with devotion: he died, and died a protestant. Such was her grief, that in one fortnight she was also consigned to her grave; as I had known her, though slightly, for she was not one of my intimate friends, I offered up my prayers for the reception of her soul to glory. Deeply affected at the premature death of one, who, although not remarkable for the beauty of her features, was elegant in form, and of gentle manners, the first night after hearing of her death, I had scarcely laid down to rest, when I felt my pillow pulled, with the same sensation as when a hand is laid on the substance, and you feel very sensibly the placing of it. As it was perfectly light, I looked round, expecting to see something, but was disappointed. I then asked who was there, and upon what account. She told me her name, and demanded three masses. I had thought that her zeal for the salvation of her brother's soul would have ensured her immediate entrance to heaven, and that prayers, although customary, were superfluous; but she told me, that her want of submission to the Divine Will, detained her in purgatory—of course I procured the masses.

"Previous to that, I had received a letter to inform me of the death of a Nun with whom I was acquainted, and who had suffered much from imprisonment, &c., during the revolution; her life and conversation were always edifying, and I thought prayers very

Digitized by Google

needless for such a saint as I regarded her; nevertheless, I certainly did pray for her, and ask others to pray also.

"Being in the church, I felt something evidently from the other world before me,—and in a fright I begged it not to come to frighten me (I was not then as much accustomed to spirits as since): it left me. Fearful that I had offended the Almighty, by whose permission it had happened, I entreated forgiveness, and that if it were His will, the person might again come. I passed a very troubled night from the fear of having resisted the will of God. The next day (Sunday), I always passed many hours in the church; and about three o'clock I again, to my great joy, found the spirit close to me, whom I now addressed: and begged to know, who it was. She told me her name, which was that of the nun: I repeated it in surprise, exclaiming, 'And what could have placed you in purgatory?' 'Breach of my rule,' she answered; 'have one mass said for the repose of my soul.' I repeated these words—'breach of my rule' many times; and as I could not comprehend the meaning of the words, I almost thought I must be under a delusion. However, to make myself sure, I waited till the next day, when I enquired of a nun, what was 'breach of the rule.' 'That, she said, 'may be done in many ways: but who has been talking to you about breach of the rule?' I told her what had passed; and she lent me the letters of Père Surin to read in consequence, in which is an account of a deceased nun, who was detained in purgatory for 'breach of the rule,' and who appeared three several times to one of her sisters. After the death of one of the nuns, who had been remarkable for her assiduity at the office, a voice was heard to repeat it with the rest. Determined to discover if possible, the cause, yet without offending the nuns, who did not doubt it was their deceased sister, the superior spoke to me. I accompanied her alone to the choir, where after much seeking, we found that, by placing the foot on one particular board, there was an echo; after the cause was ascertained, she called the nuns and convinced them, that there had been nothing miraculous in the event,—which discovery did not seem to please them much."

"Few, I believe, have heard of the adventure of Martin, as the publication was so immediately stopped, and the copies that had been issued so soon called in, that even the revocation of it seemed forgotten. As I was requested to copy the most particular part, which I did, not knowing that it was prohibited, I will here give the relation as far as I can recollect.

"Martin was a countryman, but of what village I have forgotten; soon after the restoration of Louis le Desiré as this poor man was working in the fields, a figure presented itself before him and told him he must go to the King, for whom the Almighty had a message. Martin, who did not consider himself a proper messenger, refused a long time to go, but so importunate was the apparition, that the poor man, at length, set out for Paris, which was at a considerable distance from his own home, though he did

Digitized by Google

not know what was the message he was to give, as he was only to be informed of it when he arrived.

"As his extraordinary adventure was known, and every one was anxious to know the result, he was conducted to Charenton, to undergo a consultation of physicians, that being the place for persons labouring under aberration of mind. Martin told them where he was, and wherefore; but assured them that they could not detain him, and that he should see the king.

"They informed him that his pretended spirit was taken, and in confinement. 'That I am sure he is not,' replied Martin, 'for he is now standing by the window, and telling me that I shall soon be released.'

"No symptoms of insanity appearing, it was judged proper to set him at liberty, and let him go whither he was called. He accordingly arrived at Paris, presented himself at the palace, and demanded an audience of the king. He was roughly refused, and during the altercation (for Martin persisted that he must see him), the king came down stairs and enquired the cause of the bustle and noise. Being told that a poor countryman was insisting on seeing his majesty, the king desired him to be immediately conducted to him.

"They were closeted for a considerable time, and as they left the room together, the king was heard to say, 'God's will be done.' 'Not in your majesty's time,' replied Martin.

"Martin returned home and resumed his manual labours. Crowds went to see him; but none could draw from him the secret of his commission, which, however, from the words of the king, seemed to have announced misfortunes to the royal family. Large sums of money were offered him, and he might have lived in opulence; but he refused every thing, saying, 'he was not going to receive money because it had pleased the Almighty to call for his services.'"

"One night on waking, I perceived a figure sitting by my bedside, which bent over me. Supposing it to be some one who was ill, and had come to me for assistance, I asked what she wanted. 'I am dead,' replied the figure; 'do you not know me?' 'No,' I said. 'Feel my arm,' she replied, and I accordingly felt her arm, which was extremely thin, long, and bony; the examination, however, did not lead me to a discovery of my mysterious visitor.

"I, at that time, suffered much from a pain in my right side, and consequently could not lie on it, and, if I accidentally turned on that side, I invariably had the nightmare in a dreadful manner, and the pain was renewed for some time.

"To my great surprise, the spirit, leaning over the bed, began to press her bony fingers into my side in such a manner, as to cause excruciating pain, and left me as the clock struck two, entirely relieved, and I slept comfortably on the right side, in which I have never since felt any pain. Many may be induced to ridicule the idea of a ghost having bones; but I do not pretend to account for this, I simply relate what happened.

Digitized by Google

"In the morning I related my nocturnal adventure to the astonished inmates of the house, at whose request I repeated the story several times, and we all felt anxious to know who it was. Of this we were all soon convinced; for at the service of mass a person of piety, whom poverty had obliged to keep a little school, and who had received kindness from us, was announced as having departed this life at two o'clock; and the thin miserable figure we felt could have been only her's."

"I was requested one day to leave my occupation, which was stalking cherries, to attend some company in the parlour. My hands being stained, I left the room in which I was sitting, and proceeded towards a small closet, when I perceived a young lady, then staying with us, walking towards it; I followed, and saw her apparently washing her hands. As I approached she went behind the door, where a towel was always hung, and I remarked the beauty of the cloth of a new dress. I inwardly blamed her extravagance, knowing her circumstances were very limited; but as I had been informed she was in a very ill humour, I forebore speaking to her. But what was my surprise on turning round, to find that there was no person there, and that I had actually been following a shadow, which proved to be a friend of mine who died at that time, and who always wore a dress similar to that of the young lady for whom I had taken her."

"At an early age, I was placed in circumstances of peculiar suffering; and one evening sitting alone, and reflecting on the cruelty of my lot, and wondering if heaven would ever hear my prayers for relief, suddenly, as the darkness of evening came on, and the servant had forgotten to bring a candle, I began gradually to reflect on the goodness of God, and all the particular marks of his love that I had experienced, which was succeeded by the view of my own want of gratitude, and an extreme sorrow, with a great desire to serve Him better in future. I ceased to lament my sufferings, and even throwing myself on my knees, offered to continue in that state, if I could please God thereby. Scarcely had I made the prayer and reseated myself, when a figure of excessive brightness passed before me so swiftly, that I had not time to observe the features, but it filled me with joy; and two nights after, having had fresh cause of trouble, I had no sooner laid down in my bed, than something heavenly bent over me, and uttered a sigh, so soft, so sweet, and so full of pity and love, that I felt a sensation I never could define, and from that time, while in the house, never lost my peace of mind, and my persecutors seemed to remark something extraordinary in me by their looks and whispers, nor did they dare molest me any more."

"The superior of a convent, in which I was, being very unwell, I recommended her to retire early to her bed, and went down stairs to procure a tinder box, it being dusk. As I was perfectly acquainted with every part of the Convent, I did not hesitate to go

Digitized by Google

alone, and without a light; yet, when nearly at the bottom of the stairs, I felt a kind of misgiviug, as of some unknown danger; however, as I knew no cause of fear, I descended. Suddenly recollecting something, I turned back with the intention of again ascending the stairs, but to my great surprise, found a door placed at the foot of the stairs, which were very wide, and no real door to them. I then entered the kitchen and procured the tinder-box, and again endeavoured to return, but found the entrance as before—barricaded. I turned back, and laid down the tinder-box; but proceeding, found a large bar placed to impede my progress. I then had recourse to prayer, and the bar, which was a very thick one, was gradually raised, and I passed on; but, without knowing how, I was again in the kitchen, and confined between four walls. I was certainly very much alarmed, but had again recourse to prayer, and the walls disappeared. I soon found where I was, and thought all was over; but again my passage was obstructed by what seemed to me a wooden bench, upon which I leaped, and at the same moment found a kind of shutter, which falling before me, struck me on the face; I then called on Mary, and felt a gentle hand placed on my arm, which led me safely to a window, where I called for help. Two of the nuns came to me, one of whom I was convinced had much to do with my late adventure, and, indeed, I feared the other was not quite guiltless. Previous to this, being rather indisposed, I breakfasted in my bed, and on quitting my room, felt a hand which struck me on the head, and passed to my back with such violence, that I thought I never should recover the effects. Another time I had placed a curtain (the weather being hot) before my door, so as to prevent any one from seeing into my room when the door was open. On passing by I stopped at my door, and saw plainly a hand which unfastened the curtain, and struck me on the head. I looked in, and saw that no one was visible, and left the room. When I heard steps following, with some indignation I exclaimed—'If God hath given you power to hurt me, do it; if not, I command you to retire.' All was immediately quiet."

"One woman, who had given herself up to the power of a priest, who was a magician, and assisted him in his wickedness, used, at times, to be seized in very strange ways. At one time she walked in a very stiff way, not unlike a puffin, with her eyes fixed in so extraordinary a manner, that she frightened all who saw her but myself. I used to sit and converse with her, though the sound of her voice was altered to a hoarse croak. At another time she fell down, and her legs were stiff and like marble, so that it was impossible to move them. During the paroxysms she always called for this man, yet was afterwards angry at his having been sent for."

"One night I was sleeping in the room of a sick friend, but my mind had been greatly disturbed on religious subjects, owing to the misconduct of those whose lives ought to have been pure as the angels. I had almost determined never again to approach a sacrament, till I could find a clergyman whose life was blameless.

Digitized by Google

"Suddenly I awoke, and perceived a gentleman seated by my bed side, whom I knew by his dress to be a clergyman. He was short, of a florid complexion, and blue eyes. I asked him who he was and what he wanted, not doubting he was from the other world, because the doors were locked. He replied by asking me a question, which I well knew the uncle of my friend had made use of to satisfy the doubts of a lady: she had afterwards been found murdered. I immediately pronounced his name, and asked him what he wanted, and why he woke me, when his own niece, who stood in need of consolation as much as myself, was in the same room (she was fast asleep). I wished to wake her, but he forbade me, saying, 'he was sent to solve my doubts,' which, in a very long conversation he did, so entirely that I approached the sacraments."

"Being exhausted with ill-treatment, and very ill, I was one night reflecting on the sufferings I was likely to endure the next day, when an interior voice informed me that the next day I had nothing to fear, for the power of my persecutors was gone. I believed the voice, and so it proved; for neither the next day, nor ever after, did they attempt to annoy me."

"One of those who were accessary to the strange event, of my bed seeming surrounded by devils dancing and rejoicing, died, in a most dreadful manner, soon after, and while on his death-bed, asked several times, whether the devils would really dance round him and play? which, when I heard, I could not think otherwise than alluding to that night."

"On entering my room one day, about eleven o'clock, I was startled by a very surprising vision. One side of the room represented a landscape: a lady in white, with a blue sash, and her hair in ringlets, was about the middle, while a tall young man, pretending to be our blessed Saviour, stood on an elevation, who addressed me scornfully, saying, 'that as I had greatly offended the Almighty I should the next day be seized with a dangerous illness from which I should not recover.' He informed me that he was our Divine Redeemer, and the lady the Blessed Virgin. I told him it was false, that our blessed Saviour did not treat his creatures with scorn, nor did the lady resemble anything that I had ever understood of the blessed Virgin. I bade them (as was my usual custom when provoked by any supernatural appearance, noise, &c.), to depart and leave me in peace. All disappeared, but terror and anxiety seized me; my spirits, long harassed, gave way, and I threw my arms on the window, and laid my head on them. Fear and anger made me tremble.

"That soft interior voice, to which I was accustomed, however, recalled me, and said, 'Fear not: your illness, which it is true, will commence at this hour to-morrow, will come from God, who is a tender Father; kneel down and resign yourself into His hands, for life or death, sickness or health, and do not trouble yourself by

Digitized by Google

reflecting whether it is in punishment of your sins, or merely for your sanctification; let it suffice you that God sends it.'

"Having obeyed my heavenly monitor, I arose tranquil: it then bade me quit my room, and seek to forget what had passed in active employment.

"I never felt better than during that day, nor in better spirits; and I had actually forgotten what had occurred the day before, when, on entering my room at the hour, I was seized with illness. I hastily quitted the room to seek for assistance, and meeting some one, I begged them to help me to the room of the friend whom I was seeking, but had scarcely spoken, when I fainted, and was laid in my bed in a state of insensibility.

"During my severe illness, which lasted some months, I frequently felt the presence of my angelic comforter, who desired me to be very attentive to the orders of my physician, but never to trouble myself about my recovery.

"As during the whole time I was in imminent danger, great care was taken (according to the physician's orders) to keep my room very quiet; and for fear of being disturbed from meditation, I never opened my eyes. No hopes were entertained of my recovery, particularly as when asked if I would take such a medicine, or if I would submit to such or such a remedy, I always answered, 'Yes, whatever you please.'

"When the danger was over, I lost the sensible presence of my heavenly friend, to my great regret. I had never mentioned what had happened, as he forbade me to speak of it during my illness."

"One night I returned at an early hour, and being in my bed, was surprised, after some space of time, to find myself annoyed by what appeared a sound of rejoicing, which I could only compare to cracked instruments, and a company of devils, which seemed to surround the bed dancing. At first looking upon it as the effects of imagination, I did not move; yet why so excited I could not tell. I had had nothing during the day particularly to trouble me. I retired early merely from being tired with the heat; but I soon found that my determined enemies were very busy, and even flattered themselves with some decisive victory. Prayer being my only refuge, therefore, I arose and descended to the chapel, but was irresistibly compelled to seek (after praying for some time) for some one to whom to speak. The state of surprise at my appearance, and the reception I met with, convinced me that not in vain had I been summoned to prayer. I insisted on seeing a priest; this was denied. I declared my firm purpose of not returning to bed till I had seen the gentleman I designated. After much resistance, a young person was sent, who soon returned, saying he was out. I then, in defiance of every one, quitted the house, and went for him myself; he was out, but I left a message for him; and to the great consternation of the guilty party, he came, and desired every one to leave the room. After he had patiently heard me, he quieted my fears, and bade me sleep in peace, which I obeyed, leaving all in great perplexity.

Digitized by Google

"The next day the vile miscreant (who was a priest most unworthy of the sacred character), dared to threaten the venerable old man for assisting me, and even raised his hand against him.

"This unfortunate wretch finding me resolute in resisting him, pursued me with his hate; and when my purpose of quitting was known, I was annoyed by mysterious voices, whisperings, threatenings, printed papers, and bats, and other creatures usually employed in witchcraft. Once, he being in the house, the cat assumed a most singular appearance, crawling on its hind legs, and approaching my mouth; I spat at it, and it became (after looking at me in a strange way) like itself."

"I believe that in convents a great many effects are produced by means of the confessor, and other persons being introduced secretly, and there practising those arts which a knowledge of chemistry, natural philosophy, &c., enable them to perform, and which are unknown to the more ignorant. The state of subjection in which a novice is kept, and the exclusion of the studies which naturally enlarge the mind, and the books supplied which tend to depress the spirits, give also an influence to those on whom the unfortunate novice depends. To a fearful novice, little is necessary to subject her entirely to the power of her enemies.

"In a convent in which I was novice, it was the custom to read, during meals, some very frightful books, usually tending to prove that every one out of that house, or, at least, any one quitting that house, was exposed to inevitable destruction; and even those, who in the least infringed its rules, could hardly be saved.

"Books of the most horrible kind were put into the hands of the young, while the usual conversation (when it was not of the confessor, or of other young men, of which there were no inconsiderable number who visited the convent) was usually of hell, damnation, and purgatory, with the terrors of Divine justice. This, with poor diet, was frequently effectual in depressing the minds of young people, who were thereby terrified into a belief that the only way to save themselves from perdition, was to embrace this order. One, while I was there, though not gifted with much sense (indeed she was so weak, as to come under the denomination of those whom the canon law excludes, as well as their own particular rules), left of her own accord. We were all, in consequence, admonished of her dreadful case (the girl had money), and begged not to follow so awful an example, as she was declared utterly lost. Another wished to leave, but by dint of entreaties and expostulations, she was prevailed on to stay, and she made her vows."

So terminate this lady's extraordinary anecdotes.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA REDIVIVUS.

Digitized by Google

LINES

BY JOHN ANSTER, LL.D.

GLENGARIFFE.*

Scene after scene, like clouds by loose winds blown,
Fades unremembered. Lost in hope, love, fear,
We see and we behold not: eye and ear
Take little note of stream, or tree, or stone.
—How calm the trance of changeless beauty here!
How in the stillness of this lonely place,
Faint voices murmur back, with lingering tone,
The dreamy time of youth that left no trace!
This is a woman's magic; one, whose heart,
Waked by the mighty poets, learned their art,
And made the mystery of song her own;
And henceforth will a deeper interest
Than of their natural loveliness, invest
Esk's eagle heights, Glena, Glengariffe lone.

THE ANNUALS.

Forget Me Not; a Christmas, New Year's and Birth-day Present for 1840. Edited by Frederick Shoberl. London: Published by Ackerman & Co.

We have only time and space for a passing notice of these brilliant year-books. The one before us maintains its character. Its illustrations are tastefully selected and genially executed. Its literature is of great excellence. Such names as James Montgomery, Charles Swain, Mary Howitt, and Douglas Jerrold, add to the value of the volume.

Friendship's Offering and Winter's Wreath—A Christmas and New Year's Present for 1840. Smith, Elder and Co.

This is the first of the Annuals that has reached us this year—and in giving our good word for its literary contents, it is desirable that we should bestow our unqualified praise upon the illustrations. These are engraved by Messrs. Bull, Cook, Higham, Jeavons, Periam, Simmons and Smith, from subjects by F. Stone, H. Corbould, H. W. Warren, D. Roberts, F. Corbaux, H. Andrews, Lady Burghersh, W. Satter, D. Roberts, and F. Hervé. The literature of Friendship's Offering, has always been of a superior character, and is this year of great merit.

The Oriental Annual. London: Charles Tilt, Fleet-street, 1840.

This very beautiful volume contains a series of capital tales, legends and historical romances, by Thomas Bacon, Esq. F.S.A., illustrated with some very excellent engravings by the two Findens, from Sketches by Mr. Bacon and Captain Meadows Taylor. We much regret that we are so pressed for space this month, as to be incapable of affording room for extracts from this in all respects very laudable work.

---

* Written on reading a beautiful descriptive poem.

Digitized by Google

FINDEN'S TABLEAUX: the Iris of Prose, Poetry, and Art, for 1840, illustrated with engravings by W. and E. Finden, from paintings by J. Browne; edited by Mary Russel Mitford, author of "Our Village," &c. London: Charles Tilt, Fleet-street.

This is a magnificent book in size, in pictorial decoration, and in poetic beauty. Poetic beauty! are there not here verses by Miss Barrett, whom religion has made poetical, whom poetry has made religious? Mr. Chorley's lines too are instinct with the right spirit—and as to Barry Cornwall, he is a master in the school of song; nor is the name of Horne unknown. This book is a delight such as is calculated to make the possessor proud. Miss Mitfords own contribntions are admirable.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

A MANUAL for the COLLEGE of SURGEONS in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, by J. STEGGALL, M. D., and M. W. HILLES. London: Churchhill.

Among the subjects of reform of the present day, the learned professions have engaged their full share of public attention. In none perhaps has greater improvement taken place than in the education of the medical student. In addition to a strict enquiry as to his attendance at the required number and class of lectures the final trial of his abilities and attainments at the period of *examination* is much more severe than it was even a short time back. We can very well enter into the feelings of the candidate when about to go up for judgment, and can even sympathise with him in imagination in all the horrors of the *funking-room*, and the pleasures of having *passed*. But now the youthful aspirant must not trust to good fortune: he must rely altogether upon his previous industry and the skill of his teachers. He must work hard, and avail himself of every assistance offered by those who undertake to make his path to knowledge smooth and commodious. The Manual above mentioned must therefore be a great treasure to the student, when the awful time approaches. Dr. Steggall's name is too well known to require any comment from us on the skill he displays in works of this nature. We may only observe, that this is by far the most complete volume we have seen as a guide for students, embracing in a succinct and well arranged form the most important points of Anatomy, Physiology, and Surgery. Indeed, the only fear is that it may be too bulky; but it is thus rendered more fit for the country practitioner, who can carefully peruse its pages, and thus refresh his memory with those essentials of his profession, with which he was familiar in the days of his youth.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS PLATTER, a Schoolmaster of the Sixteenth Century. Translated from the German by the translator of Lavater's Original Maxims. London: B. Wertheim, 1839.

We have derived very great gratification from the perusal of this little work. It is a brief record of the life of a man who may truly be pronounced extraordinary, and probably quite unknown to modern readers. It is a sketch of one in the lowly class of the Sixteenth Century,—a little *mosaic* in which the most engaging effect is produced by the *ensemble* of its unpretending materials, and the sweet, simple, and natural, but expressive touches of the artist. The subject is most winning, and the handling most effective. It is a piece of true nature portrayed in the most natural manner; and, after the hot, stimulating, *gin-palace* compounds of the present day, which, as mere *gustatores*, we are obliged in our vocation to taste, is as wholesome and delicious to the palate as a draught of pure water from "Choaspes or Hydaspes, sacred streams" to the parched sense of a Persian Satrap. It is the autobiography of one born in the humblest rank; first a goatherd in Switzerland, who ulti-

Digitized by Google

mately raised himself, by his energy, perseverance, and indomitable love of knowledge, to the rank of Professor in the University of Basle. Contemporary with Luther, Erasmus, Zuinglius, and the extension of classical learning in Europe, forced by his destiny to travel much at a period when manners though homely were more cordial, when nature more regulated the sentiments and actions of men than art and conventional arrangements, he furnishes a picture of himself, and the life and manhood of that time, that in honest zeal, hearty feeling, generous devotedness, artless, *naive* grace, and true, clear, *manlike* character, must win all who contemplate it. It is one of the most delightful little biographical sketches that we have met with for many a day; and we heartily recommend it to the perusal of our readers.

THE BOOK OF THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND ONE NIGHT: From the Arabic of the Ægyptian MS., as edited by Wm. Hay Macnaghten, Esq., B.C.S. Done into English by Henry Torrens, B.C.S., B.A., and of the Inner Temple. Calcutta: M. Thacker & Co. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1838.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS: A new translation from the Arabic, with copious notes. By E. W. Lane, author of "The Modern Ægyptians." London: Charles Knight & Co. 1839.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS.

Yea, rather shall we call them *English* Nights' Entertainments: for have they not been so to us? Make we not our own associations? Of a verity. Even now the baggage-waggon of memory rolls heavily over the well-beaten pathway of our experience, bearing the stores of our present and former mental state; need we say how valued? We are seated at the bustling inn of our literary labours, waiting the arrival of this lumbering vehicle, and listening patiently to the approach-denoting bells of its costly horses,—Pegasus, their leader. Hark! it is rumbling up the clean court-yard of our present subject:—let its contents be laid open. Here, as the mental image of a miniatured locket, let the graceful youth of our fancy kiss it. Here again is the ponderous plan of some projected but unsatisfying pursuit; let the matured hero of our judgment pity it:—ah! and there is a veritable ectype of the "Thousand and One Nights;" this is what we want: let our acquisitiveness preserve it.

English Nights? We make them so by association; for we remember well when the social guardians of our person and our home left the house to our youthful care, how we stole, lamp in hand, to that holy ground of a literary man—*videlicet* the "library," and made the lock obey our will-compressed lips and firm wrist, lest it should resent our violation of its repose, in tones not deep, but loud; and by the noise of its forced obedience call others from their slumbers. Here, from some dusty shelf, drew we out a copy of the "Arabian Nights;" nor left it soon: for the shrill-throated cock tuned his morning instrument to our bed-march.

Literally are they "Arabian Nights" also; for we make them so by association. In their perusal, deeply bewildered by their enchantment at the "bewitching-hour," do we not become an Arab, and something more? Are we not a Jin? for we can place one of our mental feet here on the British Museum, the other on the market at Bughdad; with one nostril we can scent the sweets of an English hay-field; with the other the perfumes of Araby .....in imagination!.....Are we not a MAN? thus comprehending the Christian, the Mussulman, the Jew....Are we not a critic? thus incorporating ourself with the subject of every author; and a book is but a temptation to one quality of our Protean character for us to animate and embody. Yet are we no heath-en, save when we tread over Hounslow Heath to our country-house; a walk without interest in itself, yet not without poetry to us. In our next choice of an abode, we shall take one more appropriate to our disposition;

Digitized by Google

for we are fertile, therefore admire not the barren: we are original, therefore desire not the *common*-place.

Pegasus is restive, we will even "loose him and let him go;" and now deprived of our reckless supporter, we will trust to our own strength, and walk calmly out to admire the placid countenance of nature; and from this high hill view her in all loveliness. Sweet hour!—when the wand of genius can call up in the magic cave of our feelings scenes of enchantment from regions—perhaps not earthly:—throw out in relief its secret recesses, with the variegated lamps of truth; bring forth to the entertainment the mental riches of every clime, and stud its natural tracery-work with flowers and gems, far excelling those of Hàroon El-Resheed's Garden of Delight, and Palace of Diversion. Thus must the beauty of our mind take the precedence of all its beautiful objects of investigation; and to this fruitful-loving artist, what is worthy to furnish materials for expression and workmanship?—A work before us answers —"The Arabian Nights;" and so have we found them, in the fresh days of our youth, as a mirror in which to behold reflected our star-studded intellect; and in later times a something in which to lose oneself, when all else outward seemed dark. But duty compels us to leave this green meadow of poetry for the high road of criticism:—will you follow us, gentle reader?

A work like "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," thus standing high in our romantic estimation, certainly demands a translation, that shall every way represent in English, its character in Arabic; for a translation is only so far valuable as it vividly indicates the spirit of its original, and is calculated to call into activity those sentiments in its readers, which are found in the natives of the work's birth-place: and as a necessary aid in the development of this appreciation, to those dwelling far from the land of Jinn and Darweeshes, an appendix is needed, which in the variety of pithy information and richness of anecdote, shall furnish that curious insight into the customs and manners, doctrines and superstitions of the Eastern nations, as on the whole, to effect that transmigration of the Arabian soul of literature, into our different modes of creation. Such a picturesque and masterly translation, in every sense of the words, has Mr. Lane brought forth:—"having lived several years in Cairo, associating almost exclusively with Arabs, speaking their language, conforming to their general habits with the most scrupulous exactitude, and received into their society on terms of perfect equality." And further, we may add, by the simplicity of his life, the depth and closeness of his observation, and the ease and gracefulness with which he writes his native language; this profound Arabic scholar has furnished one of the best translations we have of any work; and the notes, forming nearly two-thirds of this first volume, in lucidity and orginality are such as few men in the world could supply. From these *thesauri* of information and Eastern anecdote, we present our readers with the following from the note "*On Conversing and Corresponding by means of Signs, Emblems, Metaphors,*" &c.

"A remarkable faculty is displayed by some Arabs in catching the meaning of secret signs employed in written communications to them; such signs being often used in political and other intrigues. The following is a curious instance.—The celebrated poet El-Mutanelbee, having written some verses in praise(?) of Káfoor El-Ikhsheedee, the independent Governor of Egypt, was obliged to flee and hide himself in a distant town. Káfoor was informed of his retreat, and desired his secretary to write to him a letter promising him pardon, and commanding him to return; but told the writer at the same time, that when the poet came he would punish him. The secretary was a friend of the poet, and being obliged to read the letter to the Prince when he had written it, was perplexed how to convey to El-Mutanelbee some indication of the danger that waited him; he could only venture to do so in the exterior address; and having written this in the usual form, commencing: 'In shàa-lláh (if it be the will of God,) this shall arrive,' &c., he put a small mark of reduplication over the 'n' in the first word, which he thus converted into 'Inna';' the final

Digitized by Google

vowel being understood. The poet read the letter, and was rejoiced to see a Promise of pardon; but on looking a second time at the address, was surprised to observe the mark of reduplication over the 'n'. Knowing the writer to be his friend, he immediately suspected a secret meaning, and rightly conceived, that the sign conveyed an allusion to a passage in the Kur-án, commencing with the word 'Inna,' and this he divined to be the following:—'Verily the magistrates are deliberating concerning thee, to put thee to death.' Accordingly he fled to another town. Some authors add, that he wrote a reply, conveying by a similar sign, to his friend, an allusion to another passage in the Kur-án,—'We will never enter the country while they remain therein.' It is probable that signs thus employed were used by many persons to convey allusions to certain words; and such may have been the case in the above-mentioned instance: if not; the poet was a wonderful guesser."

In the conduct of his excellent translation, Mr. Lane has seen proper to omit the greater part of the poetical scraps interspersed through the original, which do not demand particular attention; while he has exercised his judgment in preserving those graphic Solomonetic aphorisms which so eminently distinguish the Eastern mind; after the following fashion.

"Poverty causeth the lustre of a man to grow dim, like the yellowness of the setting-sun.

When absent he is not remembered among mankind; and when present he shareth not the pleasures.

In the market-street he shunneth notice; and in desert places he poureth forth his tears.

By Allah! a man, among his own relations, when afflicted with poverty, is as a stranger!"

Mr. Lane's prose omissions are also of slight import, being passages which come under no other denominations than Arabian licentiousness, and Arabian "twaddle." (heaven knows we have much of that indicated by the latter substantive in our own country, without importing more from the East!)—doubtless the interpolations of ribald copyists, with a view of adding "sallets to the lines to make them savoury"* to the palled appetites of the vulgar. Still the fact that omissions have been made, will be productive of a desire in the curious and dusty-secret-hunting few for a *literal* rendering of the original Arabic work, and this Mr. Torrens has supplied;—the literality of his translation is the only advantage it possesses, for his composition is most grating to us—lovers and preservers of our noble language in all its chasteness and dignity. He has mistaken a certain quaintness of mannerism, for ease and simplicity of style: and this laborious defect in his work, will allow its purer rival to bear off the palm of popularity not only in England, but on the banks of the Hooghley and the Ganges. Mr. Torrens' notes contain little more information than what is generally known to the readers of Eastern life, and for that little he is principally indebted to Mr. Lane's "Modern Egyptians," and the learned De Lacy's "Chrestomathic Arabe." It will be well to give a specimen from both translations, in juxtaposition, in order that the reader may notice the turgid mannerism of one, and the unadorned beauty of the other.

From the story of the Barber's first Brother.

Mr. Torrens' "*Done into English.*"

"Know, O Lord of the Faithful, that the first, and he is the hunchback, took tailoring for his trade in Bughdád, and he used to sew up in a shop, that he was fain to hire from a man of much wealth, and this man used to dwell over the shop, and there was on the lowest part of the

Mr. Lane's *translation.*

"Know, O Prince of the Faithful, that the first (who was named El-Bakbook) was the lame one. He practised the art of a tailor in Baghdád, and used to sew in a shop which he hired of a man possessing great wealth, who lived over the shop, and who had in the lower part of

* Hamlet.

Digitized by Google

man's house a mill. Now meanwhile my brother, the hunchback, was sitting in the shop on a certain day sewing, he lifted his head, and saw a woman like the full moon mounted up at a window of the house, and she was looking out at the people. Now when my brother saw her his heart was possessed with love of her, and he kept his whole day looking upon her; so my brother neglected his tailoring until the evening. So when it was the next day in the morning time he opened his shop, and sat to sew, and every while he stitched a stitch, he kept looking to the window; and he saw her in that same way, and his love for her augmented, and his madness for her."

his house, a mill. And as my lame brother was sitting in his shop one day, sewing, he raised his head, and saw a woman like the rising full moon, at a projecting window of the house, looking at the people passing by; and as soon as he beheld her, his heart was entangled by her love. He passed that day gazing at her, and neglecting his occupation, until the evening; and on the following morning he opened his shop, and sat down to sew; but every time that he sewed a stitch, he looked towards the window; and in this state he continued, sewing nothing sufficient to earn a piece of silver."

Verily in this original age of origin-seeking, what object of mind or matter has not received its scrutiny, had its destiny fixed in the "nothings" or "somethings" of importance; and then been laid aside, or like Aladdin's lamp experienced an occasional rub, for some magical purpose or other in the world of knowledge. Moralists have ceased to write upon "witchcraft" and taken up with "etiquette:" Alchemists, after becoming nearly "stone-blind" in their search after the "Philosopher's stone," with their crucibles and poisons, have "ceased to exist;" and then illustrious successors in another shape have spun out their cocoon-intellects into sheets of "useful knowledge:"—the storm for the perpetual-motion discovery has lulled to rest; and the wonders of "animal magnetism" now ride buoyantly over the stream of popular investigation; still further do we, who sail far from the Maelstrom of worldly prejudices, love to watch these compassless cruisers in their ricketty voyage to the unknown land of truth; and attempt to turn their obstinate course towards the sure port. Heaven! . . . But we are digressing;—zeal for the public good has drawn us from our direct subject: we were talking of "origins" and are therefore reminded of the "origin" of "The Arabian Nights." Say nothing, gentle reader, for our versatility or fickleness;" for we are . . . . what are we? . . . . Proteus! We are often very serious, when apparently mirthful.

Now, Mr. Lane has very satisfactorily shown, that the original work was composed "soon after the conquest of Egypt by the Osmanlee Turks, which happened A. D. 1517; and the earliest period at which any portion of it has been incontestably proved to have existed is the year 955 of the flight (A. D. 1548);" while there is not the least doubt, that the germs or indistinct legends of the tales have proceeded from a much earlier time; as the Veronese tale had birth before Shakspere's "Romeo and Juliet." Readers may, if they please, trace back the ground-work of this story to a Greek romance by Xenophon Ephesius, as Mr. L. has once traced it; and so on *ad infinitum*;—but we are not fond of "endless genealogies, which minister questions rather than to godly edifying;"—and so let ST. PAUL silence you. As Mr. Lane has summed up in one of his notes, very succinctly, a few of his evidences respecting the date of the composition of "Arabian Nights," we cannot do better than quote the passage.

"The title of 'Sultan' was first borne by Mahmood Ibn Sabuktekeen, in the year of the Flight 393, just two hundred years after the death of Hároon El-Resheed; and there was no Sultan of Egypt until the year of the Flight 567; the first being the famous Salâh Ed-Deen, or Saladin. It appears, then, that there must have been a long series of Sultans in Egypt, before the period of the composition of this work; for otherwise the author could not have supposed that there was one contemporary with El-Resheed.

"I have now given several data upon which to found a reasonable opinion as to the age when these tales were composed. First, in note 55 to chapter ii.,

Digitized by Google

I have shown, that a fiction in one of the tales, is framed in accordance with the distinction of Muslims, Christians, and Jews, by the colours of their turbans, which mode of distinction originated in the beginning of the eighth century of the Flight. Secondly, in the present note, I have given a strong reason for concluding that there must have been a long series of Sultans in Egypt, before the age of the Author. In the third place, I must remark, that all the events described in this work are said to have happened in ages which, with respect to that of the author, were *ancient*, being related to an ancient king; from which, I think, we may infer the author's age to have been, at least, two centuries posterior to the period mentioned in the first of these data. Fourthly, in note 22 to Chap. iii., I have shewn that the state of manners and morals described in many of these tales, agrees, in a most important point of view, with the manners and morals of the Arabs, at the commencement of the tenth century of the Flight. This I regard as an argument of great weight, and especially satisfactory as agreeing with the inference just before drawn. Fifthly, from what I have stated in the note immediately preceding, I incline to the opinion that few copies of this work, if any, were written until after the conquest of Egypt by the Turks; in other words, that the work was perhaps composed shortly before the year 1517 of our era; but more probably, within ten or twenty years *after*. This opinion, it should be remarked, respects especially the *early* portion of the work, which is the least likely to have been interpolated, as later parts evidently have been. At the last-mentioned period, a native of Cairo (and such I believe to have been the author of the principal portion of the work, if not of the whole) might, if about forty years of age, retain a sufficient recollection of the later Memlook Sultans, and of their ministers, to describe his kings and courts without the necessity of consulting the writings of historians, which, probably, he was unable to do; for, from his ignorance of chronology, it appears that his knowledge of former times was not derived from the perusal of any regular record, but only from traditions, or from works like the present," &c.

Mr. Lane thinks it most probable that "The Arabian Nights" were composed by one man; the only objection we have to make to this view is, that the author of this popular work has never been known. We feel more inclined to believe, that it is the composition of a number of Ægyptian writers, conjointly, or in rapid succession; and though the subjects of some of the tales may be of Persian or Indian derivation, the manners they describe, and the allusions they contain, are mostly Arabian.

A word more on the translations before us. Mr. Lane's we will keep for our library table; Mr. Torrens' shall hold a place on the shelf in the same apartment, as a curious work; while the common pocket edition still maintains no unenviable position in our regards.

We cannot think our space misapplied to these remarks on "The Arabian Nights;" so strongly is the book cemented with our former days of entertainment: this, and "Robinson Crusoe," after fulfilling their aim as stories for the young, in after-days are still venerated as the Lares and Penates of our social literary existence. A work written for the amusement and instruction of the great and little Moslems cannot fail of being popular with imaginations of a more sober cast,—indicating, as it does so vividly, the sentiments and manners of a strangely romantic and unmixed people,—treading on a soil as peculiar as themselves. Is there not a striking similarity between the prospective view of a country and its literature? If we ponder over German works, we feel it would be an anomaly in nature for Germany to be famed for "cities of palaces," or voluptuous retreats: nothing but gloomy cells of studies, and their solitary "grave and reverend" inhabitants, with flickering lamps, stuffed crocodiles, and magical devices, will satisfy us as being chiefly emblematic of her character. Again, with England, we can only conceive bustling counting-houses, and societies for the diffusion of knowledge; and if we think of an author, the image of a "loom" is somehow mysteriously and unavoidably associated with

Digitized by Google

him. In the East we move in quite another world: there we proceed from the sphere of logic and thoughtful induction, to that of feeling, story-telling, and untainted imaginative tradition. In her tales, rather than in those of any other land, the metamorphosis of our position and disposition is more complete. In imagination we become naturalised with her inhabitants and scenery; and the transition is more pleasing from being so contrasted to our accustomed pursuits. What is more interesting in our mental travels, than to linger round the well of Zemzem, in the temple of Mecca, and to watch its religious or superstitious visitors; or, to lean against the noble gate of Zuweyleh, in Cairo, and observe the passers-by, and the living "helm-less ship of the desert," going forth on his patient voyage; while the rays of the morning sun flicker over the lofty minaret of El-Mu-eiyad; to haunt the shops of a Keysareeyeh, and converse with their opium-fumed merchants; to peep into the Azhar mosque, and detect the homeless wanderer relinquishing his nightly resting-place; by and bye to listen to the chaunt of the mueddins from the mad'nehs; to witness the preparations for worship, and anon, in another spot, the solemnly exciting ceremony of the Zikr? Verily, there is poetry in the daily pursuits of the Arabians, and not only in their stories.

Germany is celebrated for Metaphysics; England for "Useful Knowledge;" Arabia is chief among the lands of Poetry and Romance.

STANDARD EDITION OF GULLIVER'S TRAVELS; illustrated by Grandville. London: Hayward & Moore, Paternoster Row.

This work, which is in every way elegantly produced, will be completed in eight monthly parts, and contain four hundred wood engravings.

POEMS BY ELIZA COOK, consisting of Melaia, and other Poems. This volume is published by Charles Tilt, and is, in all respects, an elegant volume. Eliza Cook is a poetess, and the illustrations that accompany her effusions are exceedingly graceful.

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY, AND OTHER POEMS, by Samuel Rogers. London: Edward Moxon, Dover-street, 1839.

This is a popular edition for Eighteen-pence, and is a superior specimen of typography.

THE GREEN ROOM.

COVENT GARDEN.

THE Winter Season theatrical campaign has already commenced here with considerable vigour, under the auspices of that experienced tactician, Madame Vestris, the new lessee. Her opening drama was a revival of a play, which time, together with its remarkable unfitness for dramatic representation, have contrived to render altogether obsolete, namely, "Love's Labour Lost." This, although illustrated by some scenery beautifully executed by the Grieves's, was, as might be conjectured, an entire failure; it, consequently, was soon withdrawn from the public gaze, being once more consigned to the oblivion from which it had been so injudiciously awakened.

The next revival told better, namely, Sheridan's Comedy of "The School for Scandal," embellished with entirely new scenery and dresses, scrupulously correct, as to the period when this admirable drama first appeared. Nothing could exceed the degree of perfection with which many of the tableaux and groups were portrayed, and the vast space rendered the illusion complete. The grand meeting of the wholesale dealers in scandal, at Lady Sneerwell's, was admirably arranged, and was rewarded with a round of applause. That unrivalled comedian, W. Farren, is too well known as a first-rate representative of *Sir Peter Teazle* to require any additional eulogium being bestowed u-

Digitized by Google

him from our pen. Suffice it to say, his personation was as just and true to nature as heretofore. Madame Vestris as *Lady Teazle*, notwithstanding the grotesque costume, looked beautiful, and played with her usual intellect, archness, and vivacity. Some points she gave to the life, while the unrivalled brilliancy of the dialogue, and the refined smartness of the repartees, lost not a tittle of their excellence in her hands. Truth obliges us to confess that the representatives of the brothers Joseph and Charles Surface, may, in point of equality of performance, literally shake hands with each other. Mr. Cooper, who played the elder—the smooth-tongued hypocrite—seemed to have an idea that he was performing a part in high tragedy, and gave utterance to every sentiment in the most stiltified manner possible; while Mr. C. Mathews made *Charles Surface* an unrivalled specimen of personal activity and bustle, as if he were doomed to illustrate what philosophers mean by "the perpetual motion."

Mr. C. Matthews has since personated "The Copper Captain" in Beaumont and Fletcher's sterling Comedy of "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," but we really cannot felicitate him on the correctness of his portraiture. Mr. G. Vandenhoff (to introduce whom, in "Leon" the revival took place), is a fine young man, with several requisites, and much knowledge of the stage; but he has not yet had sufficient practice in his arduous art, to enable him to embody so very difficult a character. "Estifania" was represented by Mrs. Nesbitt, with remarkable spirit and vivacity.

A Miss Austin, a pupil of that veteran singing master, Mr. T. Welsh, made a highly successful *debut* in the part of "Mandane" in Dr. Arne's Grand Opera of "Artaxerxes"—her voice is most remarkable for its sweetness, nor is it by any means deficient in power, which quality was sufficiently evidenced by her execution of "The Soldier tired," and which *was* rapturously encored. She has since repeated the part with increased success. The Opera was altogether very strongly cast, and ably represented. Mr. Harrison's "Arbaces" was well sung, and throughout evinced sound musical instruction, and correct taste. A Mr. Borrani made his first appearance in "Artabanes:" he possesses a very fine *Barry-tone* voice, and sung "Thy Father away," with uncommon energy and effect. The youthful Artaxerxes found an able and interesting representative in Madame Vestris. She gave the exquisite air of "In Infancy our Hopes and Fears" with such taste and feeling, as to command one of those enthusiastic encores, that invariably accompany the outpourings of mind and melody.

We forgot to state that an old French Farce of Picard's was *anglicised* under the title of "Alive and Merry" by Mr. C. Dance, and produced the first night with very equivocal success. At the end of the first act, the major part of the audience voted "Alive and Merry," a remarkably stupid affair; and preferring a nap in their own beds, to taking one in a Theatre, they went away by scores, for that purpose.

ADELPHI.

This small and fashionable Theatre opened with a Melo-drama, "full of sound and fury, signifying—nothing," entitled, "Mount St. Bernard," although it was vastly well got up, and displayed the resources of the theatre, in regard to stage effects, to considerable advantage, it failed to interest, and created no sensation.

Mr. Paul Bedford made his *debut* on these boards, in the above heterogenous compound, in a part entirely unworthy of his peculiar abilities. We should have thought that considering the distinguished success that has crowned some *eccentrics*, heretofore so graphically represented by Mr. Bedford, with a rich fidelity to nature, combined with a remarkable raciness of humour, Mr. Yates would have set one of his dramatists to work, to have manufactured for him an opening part, in which the abilities of the comedian and singer could be adequately displayed and appreciated. He is the only actor in the company that is worth making a decided feature of; and if he was well written for, the probability is, that he would soon become very attractive.

Digitized by Google

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY JOHN A. HERAUD, ESQ.

VOL. II.] DECEMBER, 1839. [No. 12.

THE STATE OF THE DRAMA.*

THE Drama—not the Stage! It is of England's drama that we would discourse, if not "eloquent music," yet sound ratiocination. And is not the highest reason the sweetest music—severely sweet, and sweetly severe? Not the stage! why not the stage? Because that has been already cared for. Mr. Macready's much misunderstood reforms affected the stage, not the drama. Misunderstood reforms! Ay, misunderstood both by himself and others. Doubtless, at the beginning, Mr. Macready proposed to himself the regeneration of the drama; but to effect this, *certes*, he made no attempt. On mature consideration, we are inclined to believe that he did all he could, and that he succeeded in all he attempted—the Regeneration of the Stage.

How had the stage sunk! There was scarcely a deeper deep than the deep of degradation into which it had fallen. First of all, everything in the shape of the genuine drama (we say genuine, wishing to avoid the equivocal word *legitimate*, and desirous of extending the limits and capacity of the drama—*quasi* drama—to the fullest imaginable extent); everything, then, in the shape of the *genuine* drama was substituted by barren *spectacle*, first of all; but still the actor remained somebody, though the drama had ceased to be something. The next step, however, annihilated the actor too; and the performer, who had most sedulously studied his art, was the foremost to be insulted; and a base plot was contrived to render his services, for the future, dispensable. But the spirit of the man was roused; he retaliated on the wrong-doer, and rose from the wrecks of his injuries the Saviour of the Stage.

That the revival of the Drama should not be permitted to the actor, but be reserved for the Poet, is in the order of things. Mr. Macready's refined *taste* seemed, however, to qualify him for more than this: but no! not appreciating talent only, but creative genius, is demanded for the work. Nevertheless, some sign and show of the thing, as was partly fitting, was held out; and at the beginning,

---

* *The Sea-Captain; or, the Birthright;* by Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, Bart. M. P.; Saunders and Otley, 1839. *Love*, a Play, in Five Acts, by James Sheridan Knowles, Author of *The Hunchback*, &c.; London, Edward Moxon, Dover Street, 1840.

Digitized by Google

dramatic *aspirants* were invited to the manager's assistance. It soon, however, became apparent that this ostent was only a sign and a show, and could be no more. The manager was bound in certain ties to Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, Sir Ed. Lytton Bulwer, and Mr. Sheridan Knowles. Of these three friends, it turned out that, during two seasons, he could only effectually serve one. Mr. Serjeant Talfourd's tragedy was transferred to the Haymarket, and Mr. Knowles's second play stood over for the present season, and is now illustrating the reign of Mr. and Mrs Matthews. The extent, then, to which the drama was benefited, was the production of *Woman's Wit, The Lady of Lyons*, and *Richelieu:* the first, as a whole, rather an infelicitous effort of a man of genius; the remaining two the merely artificial productions of a man of talent, wanting foundation both in truth and nature.

Are these last words too severe? Assuredly not; they contain a moderated statement of a *stern* and important fact. They would not have been written, however, had not the novel-dramatist assumed to himself the position of being *the man* required by the necessities of the stage, and claimed the merit of having devoted himself to its renovation. So much also is demanded for him by the critic in the *Morning Chronicle* on the play now before us, the *Sea Captain, or, the Birthright;* the unblushing impudence of which, involving, as it does, the postulate that all the candidates for dramatic honours were unworthy of consideration, must not be permitted. No man knows better than Mr. Macready, that any such postulate is absolutely false. To the gross apprehension, also, it is clear, that if there were not room for Talfourd and Knowles, there could be none for others; and that, therefore, the rejected dramas were returned to their authors, not because of their demerits, but for want of room.

Some of these dramas, as Mr. Macready well knows, and as we know from personal acquaintance, were equal, and even superior, to any that have been presented. We shall be asked, "Why not print them?" The answer is ready: "No unacted play *sells;* and neither authors nor publishers are willing to lose their money." Several that remain in MS. are before us; and we may, perhaps, be induced to give the public some knowledge of them through this magazine, either by specimens or reviewals.

It was not long after the commencement of the season, before Mr. Macready found that the system which he was constrained to adopt, and very properly adopted, for the restoration of the stage, was inconsistent with the production of many new dramas in the course of the season. The Shakspere revivals embodied an idea of poor John Galt's, who frequently expressed an opinion that the plays of the Bard of Avon might be made the most attractive *spectacles* on the stage. It is for the national honour, too, that they should be made so; but thereupon it follows, that if new pieces likewise are to be rendered attractive, they must be presented with the same adjuncts, or suffer unjustly: for however glorious the dead, they must not rise to overshadow and outdazzle the glory of the living. Give the past its due; but it is the present that is alone valuable

Digitized by Google

for us. That account settled, another arises. To pay the expense that such exhibitions entail, a piece must run a very great number of nights; and therefore, at each theatre very few comparatively can be produced.

Such are the necessities of the case; and they were soon enough developed. Mr. Macready, therefore, satisfied himself with endeavouring to satisfy his own immediate friends. There was even a joke current, that Messrs. Macready, Talfourd, and Bulwer, had met in privy conclave for the support of the legitimate drama; the two latter engaging to *write* it, and the former to *act* it. The manuscripts, therefore, of less favoured individuals were turned over to Mr. Kenney, to read or not, as he pleased, with a certainty of their never being used. No wonder that great negligence was observed towards these unfortunate bantlings. Some of them were even lost. Among the missing there was *one*, at least, on which Mr. Macready had expressed a very high opinion; and the same may have been the case with others.

The jokers we have before quoted were, however, a little in error, as will have been already seen, concerning the understanding supposed to exist between the members of the aforesaid privy conclave. If Mr. Serjeant Talfourd were ever a party to the contract, he manifestly withdrew, leaving the cabinet in possession of Sir Ed. Lytton Bulwer alone; who accordingly set about the composition of *blanks* in right good earnest.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's *début* in the realm of verse was as inauspicious as Sir Walter Scott's invasion of the kingdom of prose-romance was promising. Scott began with authorship as a poet, Bulwer as a proseman. Coleridge well remarks, that Shakspere was a poet generally, and had shewn himself as such previous to his interference with the drama. The process is easy to conceive, how a true poet may condescend on a branch of his art, to which poetry is essential, and other elements accidental; but it "puzzles the will" to apprehend, how a man who has yet only exercised some of the accidental elements, should all at once find himself in possession of the essential attribute, without which all is vain. Whether Bulwer were a poet or not, we need no other evidence than his *Siamese Twins* to prove that when he ventured first on the sacred ground of metrical composition, he "wanted the accomplishment of verse." Such, however, was the vanity so egregiously characteristic of the man, that he had the unparalleled indecency to put at risk all his previous reputation as a novelist, by exhibiting the results of his "'prentice hand" as a versemonger for public approbation. The contempt felt by the judicious for such foppish conduct was intense enough for the most expressive silence; yet, in some quarters, it was not only mused, but outspoken.

The same vanity led the same literary Roderigo to push forward his first abortive attempts in the dramatic line. Some extracts from *Cromwell* were tried upon the public, which, being laughed at, the play was suppressed; but the *Duchess de la Vallière* was forced upon the stage, and the piece was deservedly damned.

By this time, the *amateur* playwright had begun to perceive some

Digitized by Google

of the extrinsicalities of the business to which he had aspired. Whatever else nature might have denied him, she had gifted him with a species of mechanical skill, which, with a little practice, enabled him to put together his materials in a marketable fashion. *The Lady of Lyons* and *Richelieu*, accordingly, were found in possession of stage situations, such as substitute in the vulgar mind the deeper principles of which they should be only the exponents. As to the substance of each of the pieces, it was such as the moral nature of man loathes—his intellectual scorns—and the common sense of the uncorrupted instinctively shuns. But the corrupt vulgar have not even common sense, notwithstanding its commonness. They have eyes but see not, ears but hear not. Wherever these only are moderately developed, even the crowd turn abhorrent from the profanity with which Bulwer desecrates the noblest feelings, and violates equally the most obvious and the most sacred instincts.

All this was only what was to be expected from Sir Ed. Lytton Bulwer's novels, and the mode in which they had been palmed on the public, as works of good character. Not one of them but *pretended* to be what it was *not*. Had the writer only exhibited himself for what he was, he might have been accepted as a tolerable inditer of sciolist common-places, and certain sentimental inanities, suitable enough to the herd of readers at circulating libraries, and the weak-minded in all places. By the supervention, however, of the quackery above alluded to, his scale of operations was extended, and the brute-headed many were gulled out of their pence and good opinions.

Were we indeed compelled to accept Sir Ed. Lytton Bulwer as the type of England's drama, our forebodings would be ominous indeed, as no symbol more significant of its decline and fall could be chosen. Grecian tragedy expired in Euripides, precisely for the faults which beset the plays of Bulwer. But then Euripides was, notwithstanding, a poet, which Bulwer is *not*. The old Grecian was the high-priest of sensuality—the modern Baronet but an overgrown under-bred singing-boy in the chancel. Euripides was accused of having degraded the demi-gods and heroes of the ancient drama to mere mortal men, who, so far from rising rejoicing victims out of the struggle with necessity, were indulged in murmuring against the decrees of Providence and the circumstances of their earthly warfare. In like manner, Bulwer melts *down* the sublime Wolsey and Lear of Shakspere into one Richelieu; and in the *Sea Captain* before us, the *Phenissæ* and other similar subjects of "mighty poets dead," are reduced to the "domestic jars" of two brothers quarreling not for dominion, but for the paltry birthright of halls and acres. Thus are the million flattered to their ruin with such exponents of the noblest things as the least cultivated can appreciate. There is here no attempt to give the public mind expansion—to force it into developement by the greatness of an argument and its mode of treatment—but to bring the loftiest and amplest themes down to the level and within the littleness of the most stunted intellects.

Digitized by Google

Far as Euripides carried this, he nevertheless took along with him the genius—nay, the god of poetry; who, if he substituted the sophisms of the sense for the true dicta of wisdom, nevertheless spake with the authority of a master. But the demon that speaks in Bulwer retails the selfish proverbs of the market and the ordinary slang of the saloon as the wisest and wittiest things that can be uttered. Than the worldly air with which the dramas of Bulwer are instinct, we know nothing more disgusting, abominable, irrational, pernicious, and profane. Yes, the genius of Euripides was never less than archangel fallen—he was still poetic; the demon of Bulwer is a degraded devil, degraded in all that is in spirit antipoetical, and in form of the most phrase-mongering nature both in kind and in degree. The poetic diction repudiated by Wordsworth, is revived by Bulwer, not as an accident of composition, but as its *primum mobile*—the soul—the substance of it—as a thing in itself, and capable of standing alone—its own exponent, and representing nothing beside. It is the true style of the atheist and infidel, and marks a hypocritical pretender to authorship, doomed to eternal perdition, and damned to immortal infamy—fit only for a beacon to direct and caution all voyagers of the literary ocean from the neighbourhood of a fatal whirlpool, whose vortex is for the luckless mariner the very passage to hell itself.

The pretension that pervades this writer's novels—with all its *pseudo* Platonism—is transferred to his dramas; and the stage is frequently made the vehicle of apparent pious ejaculation, which, proceeding from such a pen as his, makes us shudder with the audacious blasphemy that belongs to all mere lip-service, when paraded before men by the studied elocution of an ostentatious hypocrite. And this man is to be permitted to set himself up as the Redeemer of the Drama!! God in heaven! forbid it! The institution of the stage is one of the most sacred; and therefore, we reverently repeat, God in heaven! forbid it!

It has been said, by competent authority, of our sentence on *Richelieu*, that it was pithy and decisive. What we said of that play, though, cannot be transferred to the *Sea Captain*;—namely the best sort of substitute for gold, which we described, as, if not so valuable, yet not so heavy; remarking, by the way, that "theatrical audiences prefer tinsel for its lightness, to the sterling ore, which is sometimes inconvenient from its weight." Both in reading and acting, the *Sea Captain*, unlike *Richelieu*, is of confessed heaviness:—the author's friends even acknowledge that it is abominably heavy. How is this? It is evident that more pains were bestowed on this production than on the former—that more of the material in which the author deals was sedulously put into it. "The play, at any rate," said the Baronet, "shall not be chargeable with a tinsel substantiality;" but, as he could not afford gold or silver, not having either to afford, like an experienced forger, he adopted gilded lead. But lead is lead though gilded—and hence the weight without the value. Such is the cause of this "effect defective"—for, doubtless, 'it comes of cause." Let the base coin be nailed to the counter, and circulate no more. Particularly, let no more Mr. Macready

Digitized by Google

be *particeps criminis* in the atrocious and despicable fraud. Verily, it doth his fair reputation much injury to be *the utterer* of such "counterfeit presentments."

The plot of *The Sea Captain* is manifestly stolen from some Minerva library novel, and is of the most stupid and sense-insulting description. The original concoctor of it deserved whipping at the cart's tail; and the borrower, beggar, or stealer of it, should be made to wear "cruel garters." If we award the minor punishment to Sir Lytton, it is because he is the echoing fool, and the Minerva unknown the original ineffable knave. Never was such "enormous lying" perpetrated as his, against Nature, the great goddess! The mendacious villain! But what an ass was the poor vain poetling, who repeated the flagrant falsehood, with an emphasis, too, as if it were the veriest verity, the stablest of all truths!

The construction is worthy of the plot. A play meant to end happily, with an outrageous murder in the middle of it! And for its manners, gods, only mark its persons! A mother, privy to the assassination of her first husband, conspiring to the removal of her eldest son, whether by banishment or death indifferent; yet, by that son, in spite of his knowledge of her character and deeds, still loved; a mother, notwithstanding that love's manifestation, plotting still further to secure the inheritance to the younger son, by another husband; and not appeased in her unnatural preference, until the elder son has sacrificed his just claims at the altar of family peace —and all along of these offences, stalking through the drama, propped on stilted commonplaces in melancholy black.

No more, no more! As in Richelieu Lear and Wolsey are degraded, so in Lady Arundel is Lady Macbeth; the perpetrator of horrors without motive at the beginning of the play, and a penitent without conversion at the end. Then for the language; mark, as we have said, the atheistic diction of it; words without thoughts, phrases self-exponent, and rhetorical flourishes irrespective of the speaker's character and calling. Think of Norman, the sea-captain, weaving these holiday (or rather, everyday) tropes of the element he loved, and would not leave!

> ——"The sea!
> No, not for beauty's self! The glorious sea,
> Where England grasps the trident of a god,
> And every breeze pays homage to her flag,
> And everywhere hears Neptune's choral nymphs
> Hymn with immortal music England's name;
> Forswear the sea! My bark shall be our home;
> The gale shall chaunt our bridal melodies;
> The stars that light the angel-palaces
> Of air, our lamps; our doors, the crystal deep,
> Studded with sapphires sparkling as we pass;
> Our roof, all heaven!—my beautiful! my own!
> Never did sail more gladly glide to port,
> Than I to thee! my anchor in thy faith,
> And in thy heart my haven!"

Here is a cluster of sickening school-miss syllables! Here is fine writing with a vengeance! initiated in hopeless folly, and

Digitized by Google

ending in sheer nonsense. Just powers!—but we will not desecrate our pages by repeating another line of this execrable trash.

Clear enough it is from the premises, that Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer is not destined to be the redeemer of the drama. Even if he had been, justice should have been done to one who, having gone before, yet is; and who has really prepared, in what he has done, the way for something better; we mean James Sheridan Knowles. Hip, hip, hurrah! Nine times nine for James Sheridan Knowles! There is a time when it is right to feel and to express indignation, and there is a time when the heart leaps to recompense desert. That time has passed; this now comes on. All that Bulwer wants Knowles has; and in chief, the faculty of reverence for things holy, in which the former is altogether deficient. Bulwer wants reverence; yes, that is his one great want; wanting which, man is but an ape; and for the lack of which the baronet is no more than a buffoon. Where he would shew admiration for the beautiful, or veneration for the sacred, accordingly he substitutes the absurdest grimaces. But the poet—the Knowles—how finely erect, how gracefully imitative is he! If not endowed with the highest reason, yet superbly invested with the moral feelings as directed in the natural affections, Knowles *is* a man, not a monkey. He plays "no fantastic tricks before high heaven to make the angels weep." These he leaves to the baboon who made the Duchess de la Vallière say, that she "should again meet and love her Louis in heaven, though separated for ever from him on earth;" as if, forsooth, though marriages obtain not in heaven, yet men may recognise and embrace their harlots there, but not their wives. Such is the morality of Bulwer; it is not that of Knowles.

The progress of Mr. Knowles has been one altogether of astonishing improvement. It has been, in a word, the developement of the dramatist out of the playwright; but then, from the beginning he was a *poetical* playwright. His *Virginius*, *Caius Gracchus*, and *William Tell*, were studies from Shakspere and Beaumont and Fletcher, adapted to the exigencies of the stage for which they were projected. But the school in which he studied gave him sanctity, and also endowed him with certain gifts and graces which condition the regenerating mind that obeys its gentle and spiritual teaching. At last, Knowles felt that the leaven had penetrated nearly the substance of his being, and that ere long the strike would take place which should shew him as a poet indeed, fully accomplished for the high prizes of his calling. A blessed education, whatever its hardships, was his which resulted in such glorious effect.

The literary world recognised the completed regeneration in *The Hunchback*; which no sooner appeared than it foretold a dawn of dramatic prosperity. *The Wife*, *The Wrecker's Daughter*, *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, all indicated the opening of a vein equally new and original to the stage; and even *Woman's Wit*, though ruined by an indelicate allusion in one of its incidents, was full of sweetly elaborated poetry. *The Maid of Mariendorpt* was designed as an humble effort—yet was, even as such, instinct with

Digitized by Google

vital and genial beauty. But the production before us is the crowning grace of all.

Love is one of the most romantic, fanciful, and touching, yet simple of dramas. We can see here that the subject has not been cast into, but suffered to shape out its own mould. It has operated the channels for its own manifestation. As grow the oaks and the elms—as grow the flowers and the herbs—so has it grown: by virtue of the living sap within, which with the aid of sun and dew, expresses itself in branch and bud, in blossoms and in leaves. From the idea of love, in the poet's own soul, the drama worked itself forth spontaneously;—or rather, even so the idea worked itself into dramatic existence.

What a joy is the perception of such vital power in a work of art!

It is well to know what circumstances served as the condition of the liberty evolved thus freely; and Mr. Knowles has indicated them in the following paragraph of his advertisement:—

"Upon the pleasant borders of the beautiful Loch Ard, and of its appropriate neighbours, the Dhu Lochan and Loch Kolm, the greater portion of this drama was composed. It was a delightful task; cheered, as it was, by the kind solicitude of my friend, Robert Dick, Esq. and of his family. Never shall I forget the time I passed under their hospitable roof—to the calm and content afforded me by which I attribute no small portion of the success—if I may say "success"—that attended my labours. Never shall I forget the anxious, warm-hearted host, who one day laughingly snatched my fishing-rod from my hand when I was going to play truant; and, admonishing me that school-hours were not over yet—for it was noon, and I had limited myself to the evening for indulgence in "the angle"—set me to my book and pencil; on which occasion the fruit of my compelled industry was one of the best scenes in the play."

This delightful play is delightfully entitled—*Love!* This highest of beings and of attributes—this true prothesis of all feelings and sympathies—this, if we consider it well, is the highest argument for intelligence, whether human or angelic, to develope or unfold in any adequate degree. The Book of Love is like the Book of Time, sealed with many seals; or, differ it in aught, it is in this—that whereas the latter is secured with seven seals, the former is closed by seventy and seven. What Love could do, were it to have its free way, has never yet been tried by the world. Its epiphany it has had, not seldom—but its adoration never yet. There have been many illustrations—many announcements of its conceptions by poets, and even by individual actors on the stage of life; but on the large scale, Strife, as Hesiod well remarked of old, Strife is the moving principle of the world. Still in the market, in the porch, and in the school,—competition, not charity, is the law of social endeavour. Alas! that it should be so!

Love, when its dispensation shall arrive, will, with its irresistible ardour, consume many things that now preclude the full and free evolution of human excellence. In the drama before us, Love burns *down* the barriers of feudal pride, and burns *out* the influence of artificial habit, by which the heart's soil, sacred to nature, and consecrated to affection, had been long usurped. But the struggle

Digitized by Google

is arduous; nevertheless Love is stronger than death—nay, mightier than life; and in "the cold ribs" it kindles a soul, and the living limbs it invests with a radiance, whose lambent flame gently plays round about each, until, by gradual process, it has converted the entire material of human manifestation "into a substance glorious as its own." Love wounds the Psyche that it fondles: aye, verily; but its wounds are healing to the heart it strikes, and prepare for it an exceeding compensation of joy.

"They sin who tell us, Love can die,
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In Heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of Hell;
Earthly, these passions of the earth,
They perish where they have their birth;
But Love is indestructible.
Its holy flame for ever burneth;
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times opprest;
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there."

But it is not Southey whom we should on this occasion quote, but Knowles. Hear, then, the mighty argument of the drama! Says the Countess to Huon, once her serf—

"'Twas heart for heart!
I loved thee ever! Yes; the passion now
Thrills on the woman's tongue! the girl's had told thee,
Had I been bold as fond: for even then
I saw thy worth, but did not see thy station,
Till others, not so well affected towards thee,
Revealed it to me by their cold regards.
I could not help my nature. From that time
Two passions strove in my divided soul
For mastery—scorn of thy station, love
For thee—each feeding on the other's hate,
And growing stronger; till I thought their strife
Would shake my frame to dissolution. Yes,
O Huon! when my brow sat cloudy oft
O'er my cold eye, that looked askant at thee,
Thou little thought'st what friend there was within
Would make that brow clear as a summer sky;
That eye, bright glowing as a summer's sun,
To kindle thee—as they, their world, with life
And health, and wealth, and gladness!"

Such is the strife—how painful! Yet is the pain not caused by Love, but by the obstructions which Love would remove—these removed, there is no recipiency for pain, whose quality belongs not to the influence received, but to the vessel by which it is apprehended. The Countess was the daughter of a Duke, and was as much offended by the passion she felt for the serf as by that he

Digitized by Google

felt for her. Yet it was not wonderful that she loved; for had not her father brought up the serf in knightly accomplishments, and made him her instructor? He read well—she wished he had not read so well—for he read of a noble maid who wedded a peasant, and defended the poet's argument on the score that the peasant had already been ennobled by nature, and that nature first ennobled every founder of a noble family, long ere his patent of nobility was made out.

> "Not in descent alone, then, lies degree,
> Which from descent to nature may be traced,
> Its proper fount! And that which nature did,
> You 'll grant she may be like to do again;
> And in a very peasant—yea, a slave—
> Enlodge the worth that roots the noble tree."

The lady objects that

> ——"The poet mocks
> Himself your advocacy; in the sequel,
> His hero is a hind in masquerade!
> He proves to be a lord."

Huon beautifully replies,

> ——"The poet sinned
> Against himself in that! He should have known
> A better trick, who had at hand his own
> Excelling nature to admonish him,
> Than the low cunning of the common craft.
> A hind, his hero, won the lady's love.
> He had worth enough for that—her heart was his."

Not thus sinneth Knowles. His serf is no disguised nobleman already, but becomes noble, because of his deeds, in the end. Yes, "her heart is his;" the heart of the countess is the serf's; yet she covers him with scorn, and bids be silent. Nevertheless—nevertheless—her state of mind *will* declare itself; for the Falconer enters with her hawk, and thus prettily she parables her passion:—

> ——"My falconer!—So,
> An hour I 'll fly my hawk.
> *Falconer.* A noble bird,
> My lady; knows his bells; is proud of them.
> *Countess.* They are no portion of his excellence;
> It is his own! 'Tis not by them he makes
> His ample wheel, mounts up, and up, and up,
> In spiry rings, piercing the firmament,
> Till he o'ertops his prey; then gives his stoop
> More fleet and sure than ever arrow sped!
> How nature fashioned him for his bold trade!
> Gave him his stars of eyes to range abroad,
> His wings of glorious spread to mow the air,
> And breast of might to use them! I delight
> To fly my hawk. The hawk 's a glorious bird;
> Obedient, yet a daring, dauntless bird!
> [*to Huon*] You may be useful, sir; wait upon me."

Digitized by Google

Truly, she had well learned the moral of the poet's tale, and of the serf's interpretation.

The second act introduces us to one of the most effective *coups de théatre* that ever we witnessed on the stage. It is a fine morning in the country; and the countess flies her hawk, with a retinue of knights and ladies; among the latter, the rich freed serf, Catherine,

——"Supposed love-daughter to
The former duke, who left her well endowed."

But the bright day begins to frown the sooner for its brightness; the sky lowers; Sir Rupert, Catherine's lover, seeks shelter with his mistress in some adjacent ruins.

"*Enter the* COUNTESS *and* HUON, *with* Attendants. PRINCE FREDERICK *and* ULRICK *come forward a little, but so as not to be noticed.*

Countess. (*To Sir Rupert.*) Will there not be a storm?
Huon. I am sure there will.
Countess. I asked not you to speak! When you should speak,
It shall be shewn—it shall be plain. Be sure
It is so, ere you give your counsel, sir.
[HUON *retires to the group of trees, and leans against one of them.*]
Do you not think there's threatening of a storm?
Sir Rupert. Yes, lady. When the heavens look troubled thus,
Earth can't be long at peace.
Frederick. The only man
She brooketh speech from with complacency.
Observe her, now, when I accost her. Madam,
Wilt please you take my escort to your coach,
At the hill foot, I see attending on you?
Countess (*haughtily.*) The rain is on, sir; I am better here."

And thus she insists on standing outside, though warned of the dangerous neighbourhood of the trees; but there stands Huon, for whom she dare not shew the interest she feels. What will chance? She leaves that, in desperate pride, to fate; and fate decrees that the lightning shall strike Huon. Sudden is her anguish; but the serf is only stunned, not dead. Again she simulates indifference, affecting more interest for her hawk than for Huon.

But notwithstanding all this prideful art, Count Ulrick has discovered her secret, and straightway imparts it to the Duke her father, an old man so old that the act he now performs is the last of his life. To avert the shame that threatens his house, the Duke proposes that Huon should make a written offer of his hand to Catherine the freedwoman. The Duke himself writes the paper, and requires the serf's signature or his life: Huon prefers death as the bitter alternative. The Duke gives him an hour to consider. Meantime, the Countess enters; demands the cause of quarrel betwixt her sire and serf; and on perusing the paper, betrays such great agitation as to extort from Huon the full confession of his love. She manifestly sympathises with him, but (strange waywardness!) swears him, by his love for her, to do her will; and then insists upon his signature to the paper, and his instant marriage, to which, with great agony, he consents. Anon, her father entering, hears with joy of her success, and presents her with the serf's freedom in recompence of his sub-

Digitized by Google

mission. The marriage is celebrated in the presence of the Countess; but immediately on her withdrawal, Huon takes wing; and she hears at one and the same moment, of her father's death and her lover's flight.

The last two acts of the play are very fine: Huon, the freedman, has won fame and honour, and has become the favourite of the Empress. According to the terms of the Duke's will, a tournament is held for the Countess' hand; to which, with the Empress, Huon approaches. She solicits a private interview, previous to the jousting. It is granted. The scene that ensues is beautiful—it is even sublime. There is the revelation of love on both sides—but on both sides antagonist feelings. The day may be a bright one, but the dawn is troubled, with the lingering clouds and some remnants of the storm that had made the previous night so painful. A spectre, also, has started up in the twilight gloom. The Countess suspects the Empress of loving Huon, who, on his part confesses that he loves and honours his imperial mistress. Animated by this feeling, she pleads her jealousy even to the Empress's face; and, at a private interview, learns that Huon's marriage with the serf Catherine has been annulled by the authority of the Church. Confirmed in her suspicion, she raves at the wrong done to her by irresistible power—but is soon prostrated at the feet of the Empress on learning that the annulment of the marriage had been procured for her own sake—that Huon, now noble, might be free to wed the Countess should he succeed in the tourney. He does *not* succeed—but his rival, the Prince of Milan. Great is now the Countess' joy—for now she can show her love indeed triumphant, and her pride vanquished, throughout her severe probation. It was she, not the serf, who had actually wed Huon, for her name was Catherine too, and she had practised this stratagem on her lover and her sire. We are to believe, that Huon's agony was so great that he paid little attention to the ceremony or the lady whose hand was placed in his, and that the pious fraud was easily practised upon him, as both Catherines had taken the precaution of veiling themselves. Besides, his mind was so fully impressed with the illusion that he was to wed the freedwoman, and not the Countess, that no space was in it for the smallest grain of caution. Such then is the argument of Love's drama.

Such are the subjects, and the mode of treatment, which shall regenerate the drama. Why then look we not rather to Knowles than to Bulwer as its redeemer? Knowles suffered prejudice, in the literary mind, from the character of his earlier plays, which were composed for stage effect, and suited the actors and the public for the time. That prejudice should cling to him no longer. Bulwer, by his laudable exertions in parliament in favour of dramatic authors, acquired a claim to the stage, and had a right, if he saw fit, to demand, and did demand, a trial of his talents on that elevated platform. That granted, there the matter ought to end. But he took with him a *prestige* from his previous position, which has exaggerated his merits, such as they are, and his vanity

Digitized by Google

not only complacently permits, but anxiously challenges, the loftiest admiration. Besides Knowles' preeminent excellence, there is, however, that of the author of *Ion*—to say nothing of Mr. Taylor's *Philip Van Arteveld*, a work of such skill as not to be approachable within many a league by the author of *Pelham*. We have already spoken of plays in manuscript, that give us room to hope for the return of the drama's palmiest days. Some pieces also have lately appeared in print deserving of notice, which if not actually suited for the stage, give promise of ability in that direction when properly encouraged. We will, therefore, conclude this paper with some mention, in smaller type, of

RECENT DRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS.

Gertrude and Beatrice; or, The Queen of Hungary, a Historical Tragedy, in five Acts. By George Stephens, author of the Manuscripts of Erdely. Second Edition. London: C. Mitchell, 1839.

The author, for whom we have great affection, has in this drama produced a work of great originality and power. We neglected to notice the first edition, from the circumstance of our mind not being made up on its specific merits. The acknowledged want of simplicity in its style, sadly perplexed our judgment of its merits; as to its incidents, it is not so much their frequency as their co-presence and intervolution that puzzle the will, and rather make us bear those plays we have, than fly to another that we can hardly unriddle. A further acquaintance, however, with the work, enables us to render certain credit to the talents of the poet, as a worthy successor to Beaumont and Fletcher. There is a glow and play of fancy in this tragedy, which entitles it to be placed after some of theirs. The poet has evidently felt the passions he was expressing. The character of Queen Gertrude, nearly dethroned by Count Rodna, yet, while submitting, raging under the insolence of popular usurpation, and asserting the extreme privileges of royalty, is grandly conceived;—nor is the reaction on her mind, when rejected by Waradin, *alias* Andreas, in favour of her half-sister, Beatrice, less fine. Take the state scene first, the love affair has the second place.

Grand Hall in the Palace.—A noise is heard without—" RODNA! *Lord Palatine"! &c. &c.—Alarum; ringing of bells.—Enter servants, meeting the* QUEEN.

Ser. Fly! we shall all be murdered . . No—this way.
Yon passage is blocked up. Oh bloody hour!
Hell hath cast forth his devils.
1st Offi. Bid the guards
Charge on the rioters.
2nd Offi. Lord Bankban gave
The order.
1st Offi. Well?
2nd Offi. The men refused obedience;
And flatly swore to care for no command,
Save that of the Field Marshal
Qu. What is he?
Offi. Lord Rodna.
Qu. The City is a wilderness of wolves!
Am I in the midst alone? Sir, where are those
From Waradin?
Officer. Aloof, in their own quarters.

Digitized by Google

Enter another officer.

1*st Offi.* Ha! what now?
2*nd. Offi.* They have scaled Lord Bankban's house: the roof 's uncovered.
They drag the Palatine hither: you behold them?
Qu. Ay, without eyes I do.
Offi. Shut-to the gates—
Qu. These are my subjects! Blessed state of kings
To govern such! That their whole life were in
One neck! which I—
(*To the officer*). Hie to their quarters, sir,
And bring me up my troops to turn the shock
Of this mad sea-breach.
Offi. I am back directly—(*exit officer*).
Qu. Our need requires swift foot.
Meanwhile I 'm patient;
Nay, will speak words of sooth. In trice of time
Lord Waradin must be here, and with a look
Will strike them on their knee. (*Exit Queen.*)

(*Soon after the rebels fill the stage. The Queen returns—all excitement.*)

Qu. Masters!
(*Aside*) Dogs! Masters!
(*To the Mob with a forced calmness*).
My good subjects, what 's the cause
You make my house your inn? Have I been gracious,
Have I been ever mild, and must my state
Be forced to stoop so low, that you can violate
My privacy unbidden?
Ro. Now rate her roundly.
1*st Mob.* We will have none other than Rodna.
2*nd.* He shall be Marshal?
3*rd.* Make him Palatine!
4*th.* Let Bankban bleed!
5*th.* And him, too, that led the army hither from Waradin,
The murderer of Ragotski!
Qu. Leave not me out, but to your list of slaughter
Couple a royal name, and grace the scroll
That tells your triumph;—all shall be let blood,
So please ye will it so.
1*st Mob.* We 'll have no tyrants!
Qu. (*Vehemently*) Shiver my crown to fragments!
Mob. You rule illegally.
Qu. (*Vehemently*) Take each of ye a gem, and reign together!
Mob. You keep no faith.
Qu. (*Vehemently*) My sceptre answers that! Yonder it sleeps;
It has grown out of use, . . . that 's plain . . . Let it go.
None set me else? Come! What have you to say?
And you? and you? (*To* Lord Rodna) And *you*?
1*st Mob.* What means this?
2*nd.* Madam!
Qu. (*In excess of passion*).
Tear my dominions into shreds . . . divide me!
And the Tartars overwhelm ye! [*Exit.*
Ro. For all this spice of temper, fellow Citizens,
Be not put off your rights. Passion is female,
She is female all: capricious, apt to flame
With every little check; and then she shoots
Vagaries out of the mind, as children sparks
From fire-sticks.

Digitized by Google

(*Re-enter* QUEEN,)

QU. Will ye rather, Sirs, anoint
Some upstart with the regal unction? Make him
Palatine? Is't so? Marshal? And what then?
The topmost round comes next. 'Tis you I talk of,
The devil that tents in your eye, betrays you know it.
Most puissant Prince be thou at full ourself:
There is the throne. Ascend!
Your friends will cry All hail! and royalty
Shall be your subject, for in common view
Myself will grace your pageant with my chains.
(*Aside*)—Oh that my knight were come!

RO. Please you, my Liege,
Are you content that I assume . . . .

QU. (*Interrupting*)—Assume?
You do assume, be I content or not.

RO. The generalship of the armies?

QU Any thing:
I have a little power, . . . not much—I'll sign
My shame anon: order the rest. In turn,
I am bound to beg one boon?

RO. Name it, your Highness.

QU. (*Solemnly*)—
Thou dost inflict such injuries upon me.
As if I were not that I am.
(*With commanding passion*)—Begone!
That's what I have to beg. Get hence! My hate
Should rest betwixt my soul and Heaven, who knows
It is the only worship I can lift
To the great King of kings.

(*Enter* NADASTIS, *and approaches the Queen in an abrupt disturbed manner.*)

QU. (*In a quick hollow voice.*)—Speak it at once!
(NADASTIS *whispers the Queen.*)

QU. You put my breath from me. They will not stir?
Ye naked chasms of voracious earth
Swallow them! Oh my brain!
(NADISTIS *speaks low again.*)

QU. A prisoner!
Lord Waradin? God Man! And on what charge?
(NADASTIS *speaks low again.*)

QU. Murder! Murder of whom? Who arraigns him?
Who *dares?* Impossible! The laws are mine.
Oh death! He was my last best hope, and now
I've none, save Heaven only. [*Exit* NADASTIS.

(*The* QUEEN, *absorbed in thought, retires up the stage*).

Now then for the love-scene. We find the Queen entering with a hurried step; and thus exulting:

QU. This is the proudest hour! I felt 'twas he!
My soul's an oracle! Not reason rules us;
'Tis naked instinct all. The dungeon floor
Thy resting-place through the long hours of dark!
Thou should'st know, Andreas, a softer couch,
And shalt. My heart's too huge for its frail case.

Digitized by Google

No throne in the whole world shall clip in it
A pair so happy; and our fame shall vie with
That of Zenobia and her choice, when they
Fixed on the necks of vanquish'd kings their seat.
As waves o'erwhelm each other at their height,
So am I tossed on such a flood of gladness,
It swallows each particular source of joy,
And drowns distinction. If I had the choice
With whom to divide titles! what do I talk?
When he is alone the paragon of the earth,
And dwarfs the brightest fancy that wild sleep
Mocks woman's brains withal! To him—to Andreas—
The choicest stuff that Nature fashions kings of,
Is clay of the swarth galley-slave, as if
She had made but trial of her skill on them
To perfect his creation. And this man
Is mine, and I am his! How Fate conspires
With love to make me bless'd! He will be here
In the face of Hungary to claim his throne,
And bride.

(*Enter* RODNA *hastily.*)

Ro. My liege!
Qu. Now, sir! What news? Speak forth!
Ro. A dangerous treason is a-foot. The army,
Stolen upon the Capitol by hurried marches,
Proclaim Lord Waradin, whom they pretend,
To be the son of Ladislaus, their King.
Qu. I knew as much; your theme exalts my heart.
Ro. What means your Grace? The easy citizens
Gather in multitudes to advance his title;
They would seize upon the court: arm, arm, my Lords!
Qu. They shall not arm one man.
Ro. He is an impostor.
Qu. He's none. The troops he leads are friends to right me.
Ro. His fedary by stratagem enclosed me
In th' womb of th' deep labyrinth 'neath the castle,
Where, but for knowledge of the clue, I'd perished.
This Waradin set him on. He is a counterfeit,
And would supplant your state.
Qu. He is my kinsman.
I feel he is; nor shall my fate be longer
Compelled by thee. Those shouts assure my freedom.

(*Loud shouts.* *Enter* WARADIN, BANKBAN *and* RAGOTSKI.)

Qu. Is not that man Ragotski?
Ro. (*Aside.*) Alive, Ragotski! and unharmed? Ragotski,
Whose murder Hassan laid upon the King,
Come jump to my defeature? all things reel
Before my eyes; I cannot fetch my breath.
Wa. Fair Queen, your pardon that I, thus enforced,
Do break upon your councils.
Qu. Oh, brave Cousin!
The clouds which eclipsed thee being dispersed, creation
Shews animate and vocal. Truly welcome
Unto thy home!..Thus wide I ope my heart.
Wa. Will't please you, Madam, ere we question further,
To take your state?

Digitized by Google

Qu. With thee beside us will we.
My royal kinsman, thou shalt be to me
As unto the sea-flower is the rock
Whereon the blossom clings throughout the storm.
Lend all your helping hands.

(WARADIN *conducts the* QUEEN *to the upper end of the Hall, where beneath a canopy are two thrones: the* QUEEN *seats herself. A pause:* WARADIN'S *eyes are fixed thoughtfully on the ground.*)

Qu. Why dost thou pause?
'Tis, son of Ladislaus, thy ancestral chair.
Sit by me, and receive these Barons' fealty.
Shine in thy native sphere, and I will borrow
Light from thy beams; but if thou shroud thy face,
I'm all composed of shades again.

In a subsequent part of this scene, when Waradin, *alias* Andreas, insists on clearing himself from certain false charges of murder, &c., the Queen's arbitrary sense of privilege breaks out:—

Qu. Cousin! Cousin!
If you don't make the blood of our long line
Scorch here like lava! Kings are absolute
For mercy as mortality. Our breath
Blows off the subjects' cap; and justice stands
Ever at the rudder of our opposeless will,
To steer as we incline.
Wa. Now by your leave, ...
Qu. By such as us the law's direction, Cousin,
Cannot be heard so high. The rough rude waves
Lift up, cry out, and beat the vessel's side,
Who, nothing moved withal, cleaves them in scorn,
But keeps her course right on.

And then to identify him, enters Beatrice his former mistress, but now lady Bankban, in favour of whom the Queen becomes a woman scorned.

Qu. You hear he is our Cousin, and your King.
Wa. A word to that.
Qu. What doubt'st thou? . . Sir, be seated.
Wa. No, no: It cannot be.
Ro. (*Aside*). Good! Good! . . to my wish!

(*A pause of astonishment ensues.*

Qu. (*Abruptly.*) It cannot be! How? Wherefore? Who forbids?
Wa. (*Solemnly, after a deep silence.*)
The laws! The laws of Hungary, unto which
The Prince is bond-slave as the meanest peasant.
Those laws of my glorious Sire, whose observance
Is a derivative from him to me
The whole world cannot alien. Rather than
Shove by with tyrant hand, or wrest to my will
The scope of Ladislaus' edict, Heaven's my witness,
I would . . what, were that Patriot King alive,
He'd have the forehand of me . . rip my heart,
And drain it, till I reached that gout of blood
Guilty of treason to my native kingdom.
Qu. Wonder invades me. Prince, when I was bold
To bid you take your lineal place beside us,

Digitized by Google

'Twas in remembrance of the election left you
To reign the legal partner of my throne,
And governor of this poor person, which,
Such as it is, we do with joy commit
To your dear keeping. There we do yield our hand
With our heart in't to your devotion....Ah!
Beshrew thine eyes that have forestalled our bounty,
And hold my gift in bondage.

WA. Honoured Cousins, . .

QU. Honoured? I shake! My brain eclipses, ay,—
And every slackened fibre in this frame
Portends an earthquake. Now prince Andreas, . . . Sir,
We'd hear you speak.

WA. Vouchsafe enthroned Lady . . .

QU. (*Again interrupting him.*)
Hold, Sir; . . Big heart be still! . . Prove not to me
That we have been unchary of our honour . .
Have shewn our soul too barely unto one,
That's unresponsive. . . Shun that rock, at your peril!
I am calm, proceed.

WA. My royal Cousin!

QU. Cousin!
Well, yet take heed! . . I will contain myself.

WA. That I do love my country, . . and would serve her
As her hereditary King, is true,
Could I so keep my faith untainted. He
Who knows my soul, knows I don't lack ambition.
How stands it then?
Since the laws chalk my way unto the crown,
Which I by grace of ancestry might challenge,
And which the sovereignty of my nature covets,
Did I leave unpluck'd the blazing marigold
To wear about my brains, you'd doubt I had none.
I am not touched with madness, yet I yield
My birthright up forthwith.

L. BEAT. (*Apart, in a low broken voice.*) Oh! do not! do not.
I never knew what the mad felt before;
That lightnings quivered in their veins, and struck
Their hearts, . . . for I am mad beyond all doubt.

RO. It can't be true; and yet . . . would you dispense
With the provident contract that your father made?

RA. Dear, my Lord,
Be counselled. By declining this alliance
You forfeit Hungary. Pause, and weigh the issue.

WA. It cries for deliverance, my Ragotski. Nobles,
Now in your sights, Her Highness, whom I honour,
Begirt with winning charms to enamour, and
Cry Paragon to the most consummate lady
That nature in her happiest mood e'er framed,
I straight release from all engagement to me.
I note astonishment in every eye . . . .

QU. (*Haughtily*). Thou blinder than the mole!
Thy optics are abused. Best look again;
'Tis scorn thou viewest. Work all thy folly up
To the world's open view! Disclose the maid,
In whose comparison ourself and realm
Are nothing worth.

Digitized by Google

WA. Dear Lady! Gentle Cousin!
Pray as a sister entertain my love.
'Tis not the bent of a diseased hour,
The mind's enthusiasm, nor distaste of royalty,
As thou perchance may think it, that has wrought
To bid me act thus, but a firm fix'd purpose.
Oh Hungary! Thou art lost to me for ever.
No more the simple yearning of this heart
Shall gild the horizon with fine streaks like sceptres,
And mock my inward eye with thrones of ether;
I have done with all the glorious shows of life.
How! Do I sigh? tis past: even with the thought
The thriftless breath is indistinct in air.
So shall I mingle with my fellow men—
One wave of myriads that beat themselves
Against the shore of the world, or break like bubbles
Of foam upon the surge. And yet my soul,
It is a bitter apprehension that!
But the sharp pang is spent; here, even here,
I take my last leave of ambitious thoughts,
Which were more dear to me than aught save heaven,—
Save Heaven and Beatrice! (*rousing himself*),
I am but weak to dally with my purpose;
I 'll do 't at once, and seal my plighted contract.
Be witness all, HERE I set up my empire,
And touch the height of earthly happiness
In seizing thee, (*takes* LADY B. *by the hand*),
Thee, my own peerless love,
As my inheritance; . I fix my throne
Only within thy constant....Oh! my tongue
Forsakes his office: I can only gaze.

Then follows the agony of Andreas on discovering that his Beatrice is already married: —

RO. The Countess swoons! . See! . Oh thou hast it now!
WA. Tis granted by thee thou art false!..Oh woman!
Poor wedded woman! though thou hast wither'd me,
Palsied the beatings of my pulse of life,
Blighted my nature past the hope of comfort,
I yet can (God be thanked)! in my heart's faith
Find thy defence, and as I hope for mercy,
Do hold thee guiltless.

(*Pauses to repress a convulsive sob*).

'Twere to kill my soul....
Where true love, once received, it does partake
The same eternal essence,..did I dare
To wrench my love thence. I dissolve in pity!
There's nothing to forgive.

(*Stands in deep melancholy*).

QU. There is to revenge.
Since thou hast refused the realm, by the law's tenour
Thou art banished from her soil; and thy estates
And honours all are forfeit. [*Rises hurriedly*).
(*To her attendants*). Some of ye
Remove the Countess from the Court.
(*Advances forward*). Your life,

Digitized by Google

If after noon to day you 're seen in Buda,
By the red expiation of my soul!
Lies in men's mercy only. [*Exit* QUEEN, *attended.*

These passages are sufficient to justify us in asserting that there is in this play much that deserves commendation. The poet claims for himself a rank superior to Knowles and Bulwer; we wish that he had not so sedulously advertised these two names in conjunction. They are little like each other, and neither like him. There is sterling ore in *Gertrude and Beatrice*, which, there is not in *Richelieu*. As to Knowles' dramas, however, if not golden, they are silvern—if not greatly *spirituel*, they are exceedingly natural—and this is something,—and, for his LOVE, it is something more.

Turn we now to a severer—a chaster composition:—

Catiline; or the Roman Conspiracy: an Historical Drama, in Five Acts. By John Edmund Reade, Esq., Author of "Italy," and "The Deluge," printed for private circulation. London: Saunders and Ottley, Conduit-street, 1839.

This is an endeavour of bolder pretensions. We remember well the tragedy on the same subject, by the Rev. George Croly—and recollect that it contains a sword-apostrophe, which struck us as very fine. We have not seen the work, however, since its first publication. The superb work of Ben Jonson is in our head and heart. It is not prudent to treat the subject after such a poet—and notwithstanding the great merit of the work before us, it will not bear comparison, but instead, stands in contrast with the stupendous classical monument reared by the unexampled skill of the elder bard.

Mr. Reade has introduced the character of Julius Cæsar, when a boy, and attributes to him a youthful attachment to Fulvia,—"a character," (says Mr. Reade,) "in which he has endeavoured, however indifferently, to infuse some points of originality." We think that the poet has succeeded very well in this love-episode, but doubt whether the introduction interferes not with the portrait of Catiline. Think what an excrescence would have been a full length of Cicero, in Shakspere's Julius Cæsar. In other respects, let us freely acknowledge that Mr. Reade's Catiline shows considerable vigour in the language, and much dramatic effect in the treatment. For the theatre, however, it would be found to want business; in the closet, the chaste vein of poetry that runs through the piece will pleasingly enough recommend it.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.*

"DEUS EST LITERATUS UNIVERSALIS."—How sublime a truth is contained in this brief sentence! The Deity hath not left his thoughts to wander in unsubstantial infinitude—inscrutable phantasmas—unpalpable idealisms. No! He hath developed attributes of divinest literature. His thoughts became the letters of that word which he hath written in all metaphysical and physical creations—it is written on the spheres of heaven and the breasts of immeasurable nature. What are the stars themselves but letters of that emblazoned volume, on which the eyes of the saint and the sage are ever fastened? What are they (to quote the words of a Platonic poet) but—

* "Illustrations of the Plan of a National Association for the Encouragement and Protection of Authors and Men of Talent and Genius. By W. Jerdan, Esq." Stevenson, Parliament-street.

Digitized by Google

The figures of a glittering lore,
The gorgeous symbols of an unknown tongue,
The eloquence of a language mystical,
The soul-exciting secrets of a science
Written in tomes which are the universe—
Lettered in stars—worded in burning worlds—
And syllabled in systems, radiance-wrought.

Not only hath Deity enacted the literaturist in the volumes of nature, not only are his words deep written on the hearts of much-achieving, much-enduring man; but who that has a particle of the diviner genius of inspiration glowing in his bosom, will deny them written in that book of books which the church hath for ages clasped to her sorrowing bosom. Is not God's spirit the author of those conscience-thrilling texts, whose lightnings shiver the strong battlements of human pride, and leave hopeful consolation to none but the penitent and self-annihilated.

How divine then is the character of the literaturist, properly so called! Is there any character or office more august than his, more transcendent? None! Let the literaturist magnify his calling, for none on earth is higher, none so high; let him devote his genius to it with the intense heroism which attacks and conquers all things. Literature is a jealous mistress, and he who would win her dearest favours must not let his keen passions evaporate over inferior objects; he must come to his arduous enterprise with the resolute courage of a martyr-student. If he perish, let him perish with the words of Klopstock on his lip, and with his latest breath exclaim:—

"Delightful thrills against the panting heart
Fame's silver voice—and immortality
Is a great thought, well worth
The sweat of noble minds.
To be remembered through all future age;
Often to be with rapture's speaking eye
By name invoked aloud:
From the cold tomb invoked
To form the pliant hearts of sons unborn,
To plant thee love, thee holy virtue, there.
Gold-heaper, is well worth
The sweat of noble minds."

But we must turn to a more pointed consideration of the main topic under discussion, we mean the best method of exciting that spirit of literary patronage which has invested past ages with imperishable renown, but which has too long been allowed to slumber in the British Empire, to the injury of our entire population.

The literary patronage directly administered by the crown, though highly honourable so far as it goes, is too insignificant to affect the literary world. It consists of a few hundred pounds, distributed by way of premium, to a small number of authors who have grown old in literary labours and fairly won their laurels. It may affect particular authors therefore who have already risen, but it scarcely at all encourages rising authors, or those who have not begun to rise.

In the deficiency of Government patronage, certain aristocratic and wealthy individuals have sometimes come nobly forward to advance the interests of literary men and their works. Indeed it is wonderful how

Digitized by Google

favourably literary patronage, even of the private kind, will influence the success of literary undertakings of the greatest magnitude. We have known a case in which a few largesses judiciously expended by a private patron, secured him one of the most powerful organs of British literature. Now-a-days money is power even in a higher sense than knowledge is power; for the first will easily purchase any amount of the second. The clubs and other public institutions have likewise exhibited inclinations in favour of literary patronage, but generally in connection with political questions.

Literary patronage, however, which has been long at a deplorable ebb, is beginning to flow again. We design to take up this great cause, which has now assumed "a local habitation, and a name," with a hearty and thorough-going zeal. We are sure the cause is good and worthy of being brought into strong relief. We are sure that our friends, who have already done themselves much honour by their establishment of the Association hereafter described, will strengthen our hands in these pleadings; and we are sure that if that Association is enabled to develope its energies and resources fairly, it will be crowned with the gratitude of our cotemporaries, and of future generations.

In proportion as the spirits of men raise themselves into the sphere of moral and intellectual greatness; in proportion as they become conscious of the glory and delight of polished thought and feeling, do they endeavour to encourage the same developements in kindred minds; the same noble impulse which has prompted them to improve their own capacities, will prompt them to improve the capacities of others; and thus they pursue a course of eternal splendour, exulting in the power of enlightening all around them.

This admirable law by which intellectual radiance is diffused throughout the metaphysical universe, is conspicuous in every *literaturist* worthy of the name.

All who have exhibited capacity for the higher forms of literature, themselves, have likewise exhibited the desire to patronise it in others. From this consideration alone, if others were wanting, we might be assured that Augustus, Mecænas, Medici, Besarion, and many distinguished literary patrons, were themselves capable of producing something little inferior to the compositions they so highly revered. The genuine love of works of first-rate genius shows that there must be something of the "vision and the faculty divine" in him who admires. Poets only can duly appreciate poets—Milton alone could justly estimate Shakspere, and Pope eulogise Dryden, and Wilson Wordsworth.

It could be easily proved; in fact all histories of literature evince the position, that in proportion as the royal, the aristocratic, and the rich have become the patrons of literature, has literature flourished. It was this noble stimulus, which wealth administered to talent, that fostered so many authors into just renown, who would otherwise have sunk in neglect and misery. The pages of Sismondi, Hallam, D'Israeli, and others, who have sketched the lives of authors, are overflowing with anecdotes in illustration of these remarks. It was by literary patronage that the principal Greek, and Roman, and Italian literaturists rose into celebrity. We should never have had a Plato, an Aristotle, a Cicero, a Virgil, a Dante, a Grotius, a Leibnitz, a Montesquieu, a Dryden, or a

Digitized by Google

Coleridge, or a Southey, but for the extension of patronic generosity. It cannot be expected that lamps should burn brightly unless they are well supplied with oil. The compositions which are produced under the pressure of misfortunes may have something of dazzling and gorgeous brilliancy, but they are semi-delirious in many of their qualities, they want the ease which marks security to gratify the reader, and the consistency and delicacy which are the ornaments of more studied performances.

The great men who have in several ages and nations distinguished themselves as literary patrons, have won the veneration and gratitude of society. Their generosity, equally creditable to themselves and their clients, blest alike in him that gave and him that received, passed not away in merely transitory exhibitions, but still lives in the magnificent writings they fostered, ever young, and never exhausted. In this respect, literary patronage has the advantage over all forms of benevolence, its philanthropical operations are at once loftier, vaster, and more permanent than all others. There is no one mentionable species of donation which better rewards the donor, none in which the seed of bounty produces a more abundant harvest of satisfaction.

But literary patrons, however noble and however much good they may individually effect are necessarily less influential than associations for the encouragement of literature. That which individuals achieve in small spheres must be achieved by associations in larger ones. The necessity of Associations becomes more conspicuous as empires become more complicated. And their necessity has been evident on literature, and is daily becoming more palpable.

By records in the British Museum we find that, as early as 1735, a *National Association for the Encouragement of Literature* arose in this country. They contain a long catalogue of its noble patrons, comprising all the first-rate men of the time.

The grand objects of this Association are thus stated in its minutes. "To supply the wants of a regular and public encouragement of literature; to assist authors in the publication, and to secure them the entire profits of their works; to institute a republic of letters for the promotion of arts and sciences, by the necessary means of profit as well as by the nobler motives of praise and emulation." This Association adopted excellent rules, and flourished for several years, publishing in the course of its exertions many works of sterling value.

A few years ago Mr. Campbell made a very gallant attempt to revive this National Association for the Encouragement of Literature. The patronage had been already secured, including all the greatest names that could dignify such a design. The hopes of this most promising institution were unfortunately soon frustrated by the bankruptcy of the house into which the subscriptions were paid.

The spirit of this Association, however, survived the wreck of its machinery; ay, gained intensity and heroism from the very catastrophe that threatened its destruction. And now it is emerging again with redoubled, and, we believe, invincible energy that will carry all before it.

We find a full account of the new resurrection of the National Association for the Encouragement of Literature, in an admirable pamphlet, by Mr. Jerdan, who has done himself honour by his labours in this noble cause.

Digitized by Google

The spirit which has moulded this Association into its present germinant form, will undoubtedly make it flourish into a powerful and commanding institution. The cause is highly popular among noble and influential patrons; it is regarded with the warmest interest and affection by literary men of all orders, and nothing can check its success but great mismanagement or unusual disaster. The immense utility, nay, the necessity of such an Association, is now deeply impressed on our age and nation. Men now generally acknowledge that some such establishment is indispensable to encourage literature as a profession, and a profession it indubitably is; nay, we boldly affirm that Literature, in the present state of Society, is the highest of all professions. We assert that the *Literaturist* properly so called—the Literaturist conscious of the true dignity of his office—is a loftier and larger character than the clergyman, the lawyer, or the physician. He elaborates divine truth in all its branches, and that for all ages and nations, which they only discuss in broken fragments, for transitory occasions, and minute audiences.

In noticing the prospectus of this excellent Association, we shall endeavour to confirm those parts of the plan which appear most advisable, and object to those which seem likely to encumber its practical working.

It seems to us that it would be better to fix the capital at 200,000*l.*, to be raised by 10*l.* shares.

This capital should be raised by two classes, the first class consisting of patron proprietors, being noblemen, gentlemen, and other friends of literature, who should contribute at once the full amount of their respective shares, with a view of advancing the prosperity of this national undertaking. The second class, consisting of subscribing shareholders, would pay their subscriptions to successive calls, according to the usual law of shares. The shares would be regularly paid into the hands of bankers, and all subscribers secured, by special provisions in the deed, against further liabilities.

Among the rules we find it stated that this Institution shall be governed by a council, consisting of a president, three vice-presidents, three trustees, a treasurer, a secretary, and a literary and scientific committee, or college, of twenty-five or more.

In order to encourage authors, it is intended that their works be submitted to this committee or college of literary and scientific gentlemen, who shall be formed into sections, and decide upon their merits and value; the Association undertaking to publish at its own proper cost and risk, whatever works the said committee or college shall consider worthy of publication, assist the writers in publishing, or purchase the MSS. at such prices as may be deemed advisable.

There is no doubt that the establishment of such an association, if well arranged, will be the happiest event that could happen for the literary world. It will form a new and golden era for the British press; enable it to flourish in all its departments, and rapidly to outstrip its continental rivals.

For the further details of this interesting subject, we must again refer to Mr. Jerdan's masterly pamphlet. It there appears that a liberal allowance would be given to the trade, so as to gain the co-operation of publishers and booksellers; and the cheapness of the publications would secure universal favour. Thus, even as a pecuniary speculation, scarcely

Digitized by Google

any could be devised presenting happier prospects of success—a success of the most agreeable and durable kind.

It is no objection to the establishment of such an institution to say, that for some years our national literature has gone on without it. We know that there are some sterling writers of heroic fortitude, who will gradually push their way without the fostering generosity of the great. Such was Dr. Johnson. But how bitterly he felt the collapse of literary patronage in his day, is evident in his writings. How keenly sensitive was he to the wretched parsimony of Lord Chesterfield, is plain as words can make it. When he saw this nobleman, who ought to have patronised him, as defective in the will as he was exorbitant in the power, the Doctor vented his spleen in a sentence which has stamped infamy on the author of the letters on politeness. "Is not a patron (says he) one who can look with coolness on a man struggling for his life in the water, and who, when he has reached the land, encumbers him with help. The offer you have made me of your assistance would have been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it—till I am solitary, and cannot impart it—till I am known, and do not want it."

All authors, for want of some such institution, have laboured, or have yet to labour under the monopoly of the trade. We know an individual who has little name as yet, who has sent MSS. of the noblest works of genius and learning this century has yet produced round to the publishers, and they have all rejected them. Why? The author had no reputation, and they would not peruse his writings, which, in fact, were far above the calibre of their criticism; or if they had perused them, they would have said, "This is out of the usual style, which is popular just now, and we cannot venture to publish as a speculation." We are firmly and absolutely convinced, that if another Milton took another "Paradise Lost" round to the publishers, not one of them would touch it.

What then must such an author do under the so called patronage of the booksellers? He must do this, if he would get his bread by his profession: he must utterly banish all that was divinest, loftiest, and most glorious in his style of writing. He must clip the wings of that original and originating genius which might have enabled him to soar like a new Apollo in the firmament of literature; he must no longer venture to emulate the orb before whom all the stars hide their diminished heads. No; he must write down! down! down! to the level of the publisher's apprehension; in other words, to the taste of the million. Then, indeed, he will succeed, if success that may be called, which robs him of the hope of immortality. Then, indeed, will money pour into his coffers; but he will know it is the wages of his degradation, and loathe it as the bribe of baseness.

Such is too often the fate of authors who are obliged to make up books for the trade, and cater for the appetite of the public. A damnable mediocrity or extravagant trashiness pervades them all. A divine, a sublime, an exquisite literature, such as invests an age with intellectual glory was never elicited by means like these. And never is such a literature needed so much as when men think they need it so little. A longing for the supereminent is a precursor of its advent, since but to wish more virtue is to gain, but to be satisfied with the second-rate, the low and the debauched, is the very saturnalium of slavishness.

Digitized by Google

Depend on it, that a nobler patronage is necessary to produce a nobler literature. The golden ages of Italian composition were just those when a discriminating patronage fostered genius into its ripest perfection. When that patronage ceased, the glory departed from authorship. Ay, and in departing from authorship it departed from the empire, and vanished from the world. If there is anything clearly proved by Milton and Coleridge, as also by Channing in his essay on National Literature, it is even this, that literature is the intellectual line on which the characteristics of a nation are suspended. If you can elevate the standard of letters, you elevate the entire operations of the community; if you lower it, all declines. It is, therefore, a most fatal sign of the times, when the silver, copper, and iron alloys are found to prevail in the golden mines of literature. Be sure that the progress of adulteration will not limit itself to the press, but it will descend through the whole mass of society.

Under the fostering hand of literary patronage, the most diffident genius has been often nursed into maturity. Even that most familiar and indirect kind of literary patronage which we behold when patrons invite authors to live in their houses as friends and members of their social circles, has been equally auspicious for all parties. The patron in this way gains one of the first spirits of the age as the perpetual inmate of his home; the author becomes sensitive of a gratitude of the most refined and permanent order. In this way lived Selden, Feltham, Law, Watts, Cowper, and Coleridge; happily exempted from the anxieties of secular affairs, and illuminating the world by the pure radiance of philosophy.

Alas, these memorable acts of literary patronage are far too rare at this day. The Literary Fund, and a few similar institutions have laboured nobly for the assistance of authors, but their means have been very far beneath their demands. A brighter period is now about to arise. Literary patronage is henceforth to assume more fixed and potent forms of administration, and a thousand gallant spirits will share its glory and augment its blaze, who have too long been wandering through a night of storms. But such thoughts have been expressed in prose when perhaps verse is better adapted to unfold them. We will therefore conclude with an ode full of such reflections, long ago composed by a friend who would be nameless, to the memory of Coleridge.

TO THE MEMORY OF COLERIDGE.

SHADE of my guardian genius! thou who wast
In life my model, and in death much more—
The pole-star of my heaven of thought—so bright,
So solemn, yet so sparkling. In the store
Of thy most Delphic volumes do I find
Truth's choicest mysteries mirror'd. Would that I,
O Catholic and all-discerning mind!
The lone disciple of thy ministry,
Might find a patron worthy of thy friends.
A clear syncretic spirit—all too great
For sects and parties. My whole nature tends

Digitized by Google

To such a zenith. There, in tranquil state,
Amid the constellation of free souls,
Mine should expand and blossom, and look down
On the wild tide of faction as it rolls.
O for a home of love! to chase the frown
Of care, and dry the tears that stream in vain
O'er frantic errors and inhuman pain.

Grant but the will in those that have the power.
I know the names of them who, with a word,
Might do these things; for they are in their hour
Of might and wealth. Ah, wherefore should the absurd
And transitory fashion of their peers,
Who are not yet their equals, keep them back
From a career of glory through all years?
Like his, the sun, who in his lofty track
Triumphs alone. True greatness still must be
Singular, and astonish the low crowd.
O for the great man, who will prove that he
Is really great, by being nothing proud
Of the fair gewgaws of false vanity.

With such a patronage, and such a band
Of truth-illumined scholars, would I make
A moral sphere of glory, and our land
Should glitter in its radiance. O awake,
Promethean flame of genius! and illume
This troubled night of Britain's destinies!
Rouse the strong Plutus from the abhorred tomb
Of skulking interests and foul usuries;
And bid him with his all-commanding gold
Send forth the empyreal wisdom, heaven-inspired,
Through craft-bestridden empires, and unfold
The living light, which sages old hath fired
From their time-cankered, many-languaged tomes.
Then their electric and mysterious blaze
Should kindle through our passion-jangled homes,
And, by divinest alchemy, should raise
The effulgent harmony of exiled peace
From this weird chaos of sectarian feuds,
Till this mad hubbub of hoarse voices cease,
With all their torturing solicitudes. F. B.

LANCASHIRE WITCHES.

(FROM THE AURORA MSS. COMMUNICATED BY MR. ARTHUR WADHAM.)

JEREMIAH JINKS TAPPER was a druggist and drysalter of the city of Bristol—he was the only son of Nathaniel Tapper, recently de-

Digitized by Google

ceased and heir to one of the prettiest trades ever established in Redcliffe-street.

The father of Jeremiah had formed what is commonly called a love-match,—that is, one containing more love than prudence—and Mrs. Tapper being no longer acknowledged by her friends, (Mr. T. had none), they made themselves as happy as could possibly be expected, considering that their whole income, real, personal and prospective, amounted to the sum of thirty shillings weekly, which formed the full amount of Nathaniel's salary. In this way, their first year was miserable enough, notwithstanding an additional fifty pounds that had been saved by Nathaniel. Their pecuniary prospects were not much improved by the early promise of a pledge of their mutual affection, which was realised in the personal appearance of the aforesaid J. J. Tapper—this boy was the only fruit of their union. Time rolled on, and Nathaniel gradually ascended through the various situations of clerk, traveller, book-keeper, cashier and partner, until he found himself at the head of the concern, and a man of some standing on 'Change.

It will be imagined, that from such circumstances, the education of Jeremiah was more solid than showy—he was apprenticed at thirteen; and being constantly in the shop or warehouse, at least fourteen hours a day, his ideas were contracted to that circle; and except a solitary walk to Cook's Folly, or an occasional visit to Bath, Mr. Tapper, jun., passed over his twenty-fifth year without having been twenty-five miles from home in the course of his existence. At this period, his mother died—and Jerry was made a partner in the concern—his dad was considered in polished society as a wealthy merchant—in the Bristol classics, as "a warm old hunks of a drysalter,"—whilst Jeremiah was taught to handle the ribands and installed in the active berth of traveller and representative of the concern. By this means his city rust was soon rubbed off—the society of a commercial room converted him into a smart dapper man, or as he termed himself "a Bristol diamond." Such was the state of affairs when Nathaniel went the way of all flesh, leaving his whole property to his only son Jeremiah, who was somewhat agreeably surprised on looking over the will, to find himself heir to a considerable number of shares in trading vessels, insurance companies, dock and pier bonds, as well as a good business, and some thousands in the funds.

With these advantages, it will hardly be wondered at that Jeremiah became an especial favourite with a certain number of persons who owned one or more marriageable daughters. Jeremiah however, determined to steer clear of what he considered to be "man-traps," and although he had a sharp eye for female loveliness, it got wind that he was "smited" with a penchant for Miss O'Neil, at that time in her glory, and it is equally certain that he afterwards "*felt*" for Miss Jarman, and again for Miss Brunton, who successively appeared on the Bristol boards. How far his attentions exceeded admiration, I will not attempt to describe, but it is a positive certainty, that he was a bachelor at two and thirty, and the object of numerous "dead-sets"—at balls, parties, soirees, pic-

Digitized by Google

nics, conversaziones, and other social arrangements where Cupid is generally considered to lie in ambush.

Leaving Jeremiah Jinks Tapper—now dignified into J. J. Tapper, Esq., let me digress for one moment, to look after the only relative he was acquainted with; his mother's sister. She had been a handsome woman—an officer's daughter—and one of the belles of that inland watering place the delightful city of Bladud—now degenerated into a resort for half-pay, and altogether poor gentry. Of a different character from her sister, gay, volatile, and shewy, she had captivated the heart of one Alexander Wilson, Esq., of Roseland Villa, near Manchester, who was duly accepted as her lover, and afterwards as husband, a circumstance particularly agreeable to her father, who took up his residence with them, having completely lost sight of his younger and less aspiring daughter, until his death warned him to forgive her, when he could no longer cherish his resentment. Consolatory letters passed between the sisters, and Nathaniel having occasion to visit Liverpool on some business he had there, he filled up an advice letter, informing A. Wilson, Esq., "that he would have the pleasure of waiting on him in about nine days, when any favours would be gratefully received and thankfully acknowledged." In due course, he called at Roseland Villa, and the family were gone to Cheltenham; so, considering that his letter had reached them two days before they started, he resumed his journey, and there all intercourse terminated. Mrs. Wilson had been blessed with three daughters, and at the identical moment that Jeremiah was being caught, the Wilsons were taking a summer tour from Cheltenham to Gloucester, Chepstow, Monmouth, and so on to Swansea, from whence they steered across the channel,—and being duly installed at the Clifton Hotel, Mrs. Wilson accidentally enquired for her nephew, and finding him a man of so much importance, a three-cornered invite was immediately dispatched, and, being penned in the most fashionable diction, it was followed by the appearance of Jeremiah himself. He was just then upon the committee of Sir H. Vivian, and up to his neck in the bustle of a contested election—but a good dinner warmed his heart, and Jerry was pleased to renew the connection, although he was so busy with election-matters, that he was considerably too much occupied to fall in love—so they parted with mutual expressions of multitudinous good feelings; and the annual interchange of sundry quantities of hares, pheasants and partridges on one side, and baskets of fish and barrels of oysters on the other, kept up the assurances of regard, until old Wilson was laid on the shelf, leaving all his property to his wife for her natural existence, and then to be equally divided among her three daughters, rendering them heiresses to some five or six thousands each, which made them doubly attractive in the eyes of the Bristol merchant. It is not upon record what event in social or domestic history happened at this particular period to make J. J. Tapper, Esq., think and imagine that he now wanted a wife. Whether it was the marriage of Miss O'Neil—or the elopement of a certain fair cantatrice—or the death of his housekeeper, with each and sundry nuisances, and

Digitized by Google

disagreeables thereunto appertaining—or a combination of these events, deponent sayeth not—but it is certain that in reply to an invitation to spend Christmas at Manchester—(which by the way had been so often refused, that it was sent almost out of compliment). Jeremiah made up his mind to depart as soon as the W. I. outfit was completed—for his ideas had occasionally reverted to the bright eyes of his cousins—and without further delay he booked one inside per mail for self, and one outside for presents—and in due course presented himself at the door of Roseland Villa, where he was kindly welcomed by his expectant friends.

Mrs. Wilson was now in the autumn of life—not in the "sere and yellow leaf," but a shade later, when the approaches of winter throw a white frost over nature, and which was detected in the few straggling hairs that escaped from the bondage of a widow's cap. Somewhat of a beauty in youth, and preserved from the severer trials of human life, her countenance still remained the mellow and expressive original of her eldest daughter Amelia. Beatrice, the second child, would have been thought inanimate by many—she had the family expression engrafted on a Grecian cast of feature, and she presented a striking contrast to the animated Caroline, whose laughing eyes and dimpling cheeks seized hold of the heart long before admiration had been awarded to the shewy Amelia, or the more classic Beatrice. In disposition they were all amiable, prepossessing, and loveable. Amelia admired Waverly, warbled Italian, and cultivated fashion. Beatrice read and even quoted Byron, and dedicated her leisure moments to miniatures and mignionette; whilst Caroline doted on Moore, eulogised charity, and was an untiring gardener. Amongst fascinations so varied and preeminent, was it possible that cousin Jerry could resist the spells of these Lancashire witches? I think not.

Cupid, blind as he is, finds innumerable opportunities for the interchange of mutual courtesies; and the Bristol diamond, brilliant as he was, found all his experience dumbfoundered. One day he was bewitched with Amelia; another he adored Beatrice; a third witnessed him paying homage to Caroline. Monday, he vowed that Amelia should be Mrs. T.; Tuesday, Beatrice smiled on him with such ineffable sweetness that vowing was out of the question: and Wednesday, Caroline brought him a rose at Christmas, the image of herself, fresh, fragrant, and charming. Alas! here was a dilemma; had there been only one Miss Wilson, he would have known how to act; but he could not leave two-thirds of the charms behind him, for his soul was capacious enough to love them all. Jerry went to bed every night wondering "what the devil he should do."

One ominous morning he made up his mind to decide. At breakfast, a letter was laid before Amelia, summoning her, without liberty to refuse, to spend a week with a dearly beloved friend, just returned from an educating convent near Paris. She resolved to start at four that afternoon: and who could be so good a chaperon to conduct her through the mysteries of a coach-office as cousin Jerry? On their road from Roseland-villa to Manchester, many unutterable

Digitized by Google

nothings were whispered; at last he began to talk what most young ladies consider more to the purpose.

"My dear Amelia, why will you persist in calling me *Mr.* Tapper?"

"Jeremiah is so very *outré*," responded Amelia; "quite, quite frightful. How did you manage to get such a hideous cognomen?"

"My god-fathers and god-mothers in my baptism," whispered the bachelor.

"Well, but what race of human beings could have chosen such a name."

"Why really you rival Juliet. And after all, Amelia, 'what's in a name?' Surely *I* am not responsible for being the possessor of that unmusical word which you are so displeased with. If now, my dear Amelia, ———."

"My dear Jerry."

"If you would forget the name and think of me—think how sincerely I esteem and admire you; how happy I should be if you would allow me to offer you my hand and my heart—if you would but consent to allow me even to hope."

There was a momentary pause on both sides.

"Amelia, my dear cousin, answer me. I am well to do in worldly matters. I will devote my life and my fortune to your pleasure. Dry your tears, Amy; let me hope.

"Alas!" faltered Amy, "I am engaged."

"Engaged! You! Amy!" repeated her cousin; "then forgive my rash addresses. May Heaven grant you every gratification that I would wish you. Forgive me, if I have caused you a momentary uneasiness. You —— you ——," stammered the drysalter.

"O yes, yes. I feel your goodness; but you know we cannot rule the heart. Do not let my mother know this. You —— I—— but my heart is not my own," &c. &c.

It will be quite unnecessary to follow this precious couple in their *tete-a-tete*, or to pursue the current of a drysalter's sentiment. Cousin Jerry, of course, was very sincere in his wishes. Amelia, very profuse in her acknowledgments. But when "the rush of *love* was past," the heart of the merchant recovered its elasticity; and he made up his mind to propose to Beatrice without delay. He had some little doubt as to whether he should choose her or Caroline. He was touched with the sentimental shyness of the one, and enraptured with the gaiety of the other; and they contrasted so widely with the Bristol *belles* that he thought he would "run his luck," or take whichever opportunity first offered him the chance of. His unsettled opinion received a *coup d'etat*, by a present of his portrait from Beatrice—a miniature which she had painted without his knowledge; and although tolerably accurate for an amateur performance, was certainly flattering to the appearance of the Bristol Adonis. Beatrice solicited one sitting for the finishing touches. Jeremiah would have wished it a thousand. He had not been long carpeted with the lady before he made her a full and honorable offer of himself and fortune, acknowledging the felicity it would afford him to make her happy.

"Are you serious, gentle coz," simpered Beatrice.

Digitized by Google

"Never more so," replied the lover. There was a dead stop. After a while Jerry discovered his tongue.

"May I hope that silence gives consent—that you acquiesce in my proposals—that I am so supremely felicitous."

"Why not exactly," replied Beatrice archly. "To let you know that I cannot accept your flattering offers, it is only necessary to let you into one little secret—I 'm engaged. So, if you please, let us drop the subject."

And it was dropped, though not without some perturbations in the heart of Jeremiah as to the probability of getting himself mated when two-thirds of his chances were gone. He did console himself with the thought that Beatrice was too fine a lady for him: he wanted a wife, not a miniature painter; a friend, not a music mistress; and on a last consideration, he found in the light-hearted Caroline all the requisites he considered necessary to render him happy. Then, she was so domestic; a perfect miracle in household affairs, and an unrivalled artist in the mysteries of plum-pudding! Poor dear cousin Jerry! he had positively asserted that he must leave in three days, and could not edge in one sly word to Caroline. He sat brooding and wondering who was Amelia's beau? who was Beatrice engaged to? *He* never saw any hats hung up in the passage. *He* never saw any handsome miniatures about but *his*, and the disconsolate beau melted into a deep brown study, from which Mrs. Wilson aroused him. It was their visiting day—that is to say, a day whereon she and her daughter Beatrice voluntarily undertook to visit, question, and relieve some dozens of sick women, and to immerse themselves knee-deep in measles, hooping coughs, caudles, and gruels; baby linen and Bibles. Caroline was left to amuse him Should she tell his fortune. Yes: "*O fortunati puer*," would doubtless have escaped from the lips of the cousin; but that he was in profound ignorance of P. Virgilius and Co. Caroline came. The cards were cut—the fates expounded—there was a letter coming to the house—there was a journey and the ring—close to him but no lady."

"You are right, Caroline; right every where. The ring is very near me: will *you* be the lady?" the drysalter stammered. He thought of his earlier trials. "I want a wife, Caroline. You have charmed me in everything; will you be the one thing needful to make me a happy man?" There was a smile on Caroline's face as she listened to the cousin. "You 're joking, Jerry," she whispered. "Serious, 'pon honor; never more so; grave as a judge; sober as a parson."

"Then," interrupted Caroline—"Then, Mr. Tapper, although I have your esteem, I have already bestowed my heart upon one who loves me—you, I am sure, are too generous to press me further—Good gracious me!—here's Ma and Beatrice already—and my face like a peony—what shall I do, my phiz is such a tell-tale?"

It was a fortunate circumstance, that the heart of Jeremiah Tapper was as elastic as it was susceptible—like a butterfly winging his course in a garden of flowers, he had tasted of each—he had bowed at the passion flower—sipped deeply at the lily, and lastly

Digitized by Google

indulged in the blushes of the rose—yet he was ready to pursue his course—to taste new flowers—to bow at the altar of new attractions—or bear itself away to revel in the sweets of undiscovered blossoms; alike ready to offer the incense of adoration to the beautiful, the lovely, or the gay.

In detailing what further passed between the Lancashire witches, and the Bristol merchant, it will be necessary to pass over a year, during which time he was attentive to the counting-house and punctual on 'change. He had been chosen a steward for the Christmas Bachelors' Balls—and exerted himself so ably to promote the festivities, that many a young lady had a new dress—and many a milliner was consulted, who would never have been thought of but for the persevering Mr. Tapper. He had ordered a new suit in the first fashion, and was seriously looking after, and flirting with, all the young ladies who were decidedly eligible—we will imagine him, therefore, sitting at breakfast in solitary blessedness on the 21st day of December—perusing Felix Farley—and wondering what made the post so late. A clerk entered, laid five letters on the table and retired—these epistolary effusions I shall lay before my readers—and for convenience I shall number them as they were perused by the coffee-drinking merchant.

"Dear Sir,—In reference to the proposals you addressed to me in the Green-room last night, I beg to say, that I am not extravagant, and shall be happy to complete any arrangement you may propose at a private interview. I am, my dear Sir, very truly yours,

SOPHIA SWEETBRIAR."

"Sweetbriar indeed! more briars than sweets I guess,"—saying which Jeremiah put the epistle in the fire—he then opened No. 2.

Strood, Kent.

"Dear Sir,—I beg sincerely to thank you for the esteemed offer you have done me the honor to make. In spite of her want of fortune, Lucy is in herself a treasure—and I would not part with her to any one, but a person like yourself, who is able to appreciate her character—assuring you of my perfect approbation. I must refer you to Lucy herself, she is spending Christmas with your friend Mrs. Wilson at Manchester, and I am the more willing to consult her feelings, because I have never had reason to doubt her prudence. Wishing you every happiness, I have the pleasure to remain, very truly yours, E. C. CARBERRY."

"Well that's a blessing"—said Jeremiah as he proceeded to open and read No. 3. "My dear J. you must excuse the delay which has occurred since you did me the honour to offer me your hand and heart—as the obstacles which then prevented my answering you as I wished are now removed, I may confess myself pleased with your approbation, I refer you with best wishes to my mother. Believe me, yours affectionately, BEATRICE W."

"The devil!" exclaimed the drysalter—"what wonder next?"

No. 4. "My dear sir, in the agitation which has almost over-

Digitized by Google

powered me since your unexpected declaration, I hardly know how to address you. I believe Ma will not persist in her opinions of you, when you tell her your proposed arrangements. When you have her sanction, you know there will be no opposition on the part of yours ever, AMELIA."

"Well that's pleasant, I don't think," exclaims the coffee-drinking reader, and the heart of Jeremiah fluttered like an aspen—no, that's old—like a lady's veil in a breeze—no, that's humbug—like, what was it like, like a guardian aerial sylph, protecting the slumbers of innocence, and borne with voluptuous motion at every breath of the sleeper—Pshaw!" Jeremiah made a pause. Like Sterne he questioned himself—"Shall I go on—no—yes—I will."

No. 5. "In acknowledging your offer I do not consider myself at liberty to act. When you are wicked enough to ask such a question again, you must gain the sanction of my dear and affectionate parent before you can hope for any answer from

CAROLINE WILSON."

"Now a plague take all women," vociferated the wealthy Mr. Tapper as he put down the last sheet. "Egad they're poking fun at me—else women are at a ruinous low figure in the market. What on earth can I do—four accepted offers from four women—and curse me if I want either—some things are better late than never—but these three Wilsons—I'll go and face the wicked young rips." —And in this manner did the drysalter proceed in a long dissertation upon fools and foolery, with most energetic comments on his being a most particular ass himself. For the first time he saw a tangle that he could not unravel; and the sharpest fellow in all Redcliffe-street was at a nonplus, or as he himself said, "pretty considerable damn'd flabbergastered."

As I, the unworthy chronicler of these records have only time to set down facts, I shall pass over the luminous and erudite comments of one who was for a time a hero. I purpose at some future period laying his private papers before the world as an "apology for bachelorism by a great unknown," and I must, as a necessary step, accompany Mr. Tapper once more to Roseland Villa. It was late on the 23rd, when he arrived—and he failed to detect in the fair countenances of his cousins, any symptoms of hopes or fears, or "love suffusing their young cheeks with damask deep,"—neither did he perceive any of those arch and expressive glances revealing a concealed plot—for he almost thought his three cousins had sent him these letters to expose him in the eyes of his most loved acquaintance Lucy Carberry. His sagacity failed him, he was "pretty much uncomfortable I guess," sitting with four young elegant and accomplished women, to each of whom he had proposed himself as a lover, and from each of whom he held a delightful acceptance under their signs manual. The inmate of the counting-house counted wrong at cribbage—he always thought hearts were trumps at whist, and he was absolutely shocked when Mrs. W. asked him which he liked best, for he stared at her full in the face, with

Digitized by Google

about as much perception as a petrified oyster, until she added "Port or sherry?" Poor Jeremiah! After this, let all bachelors take warning and beware how they become entangled in the spells of three Lancashire Witches.

Lucy Carberry was now the reigning idol in all the beatific visions that hovered round the couch of the sleepless lover—he acknowledged to himself that he had been an admirer of the beauties which adorned each of his cousins—he had worshipped the animation of Amelia, the classic elegance of Beatrice, and the gay loveableness of Caroline; but (he added to himself) "this was before he saw Lucy"—he had first met her at a gipsying party to the Chedder Cliffs, and he was struck. He found that she was the only child of a gentleman, whose services to government had been rewarded with a pension. In early life he had been rewarded with pecuniary success, and had thus secured an annuity for his wife; and, retiring early from active life, he had endeavoured to instil into his daughter's mind those principles which he considered to be surpassing show; and he preferred that she should be educated at home: so that Lucy acquired, under a parental roof, that firmness of principle which is too often forgotten amidst the more showy accomplishments of scholastic education. Lucy was therefore a proficient in the more solid acquisitions of life, rather than the time-wasting trifles that are acquired only to be forgotten. Having had her character formed under the guidance of a masculine mind of no common order, Lucy was fitted for the changing scenes of life—she was at home in the sick chamber as well as in the gayest drawing room—and she was so far superior to the frivolous pursuits of gaiety, that her warmth of kind feeling rendered her loved by all. In person she was merely pretty, but the great point of her appearance was the expression which illumined her countenance, varying with her emotions into a thousand changes, and exhibiting at every change a charm peculiar to herself. The sound sense of the trader could not be otherwise than struck with the contrast between Lucy Carberry and the other ladies of the party; and he soon believed that she would be happy with him, and had thus procured the consent of her mother, when the same post brought him delayed acceptances from three other ladies whose relative claims he was now come to dispose of.

Such was the general aspect of affairs on that particular day known in the calendar as Christmas Eve. It will hardly be wondered at that "my cousin" sought an opportunity of saying a word in private to Amelia—to his very great satisfaction they were left alone after breakfast.

"Amelia, my dear," commenced the drysalter, "I did not quite understand the meaning of your note,—may I presume on your kindness and enquire the meaning of it?"

"Meaning of my note," retorted Amy—"why, what could it mean?—Ma told me to write you a pretty invitation to spend Christmas with us; and to my mind it was as plain as the nose on one's face."

Cousin Jeremiah had an anonymous nose.

Digitized by Google

"Well then, Miss Amelia, I'll trouble you to translate it for me—probably my intellects are somewhat obnubilated—it is still a *leetle* unintelligible; whereupon No. 4, of the preceding correspondence was produced from a sort of portable counting-house, attached to the posterior portion of Jeremiah's coat; "Goodness me!"—exclaimed Amelia, blushing red and white roses alternately, as the well-remembered characters were again presented to the consideration of the brains whence they had primarily emanated—for a moment she placed her hand upon her forehead—then, turning to the thoughtful cousin, she exclaimed, "My dear sir, forgive me—I see it now; this letter was written at the same time as yours. In a hurry, to prevent Ma's knowing it, I must have misdirected them. This was meant for another—and your letter: why—bless me!—Charles will be here. He must have your invitation to come and see us—Ma knows nothing about it—what can I do?"

"And pray who is Charles?"—enquired Jeremiah, drily, not comprehending her difficulty—"Who is Charles?"—

"Charles Waterton—one to whom I am engaged—I told you so long since—O dear! what must I do?—What will Ma say when he comes?"

"'Pon honour I don't know," replied he of the portable counting-house, "it seems to me to be a ticklish piece of business. Where is he coming from—I'll meet him and explain matters—what sort of a chap is he—you can give me a line to him, and I'll tell him to make himself at home at the Albion till further orders."

"How could I have been so careless," interposed Amelia.

At this moment, Beatrice burst into the room unusually excited—she stared at the confusion depicted on the countenance of her sister, and putting a note into the hands of Amelia, she requested her to read it. The sisters stared at each other; and Amelia, comprehending matters wonderfully, turned to the drysalter, who was pretty much recovered, and stood with his hands in his pockets and back to the fire, as if he was now wide awake and "quite up to trap." He guessed the meaning of Beatrice's flurried looks, and leaving love to tell its own tale, he was silent.

"You had a letter from Beatrice?" enquired Amelia.

"Most decidedly," returned the merchant.

"May I see it?" pursued the damsel.

"With pleasure," and hereupon No. 3, of the "Tapper Correspondence" was produced; Beatrice crimsoned to her fingers' ends—the note she had brought for Amelia's perusal, was from Alfred Corbett, informing her of his safe arrival per mail, and requesting to know their dinner hour, which Beatrice in her very kind letter of invitation, had unfortunately omitted. Was there ever any thing so unfortunate?—more letters misdirected!—more young gentlemen than wanted!—more lovers in a quandary, and no prospect of extrication!

"I suppose," resumed Amelia, "that Caroline's letter informed you of Ma's invitation; for when I wrote mine, Beatrice said she could write a prettier, and Caroline declared, that she could beat either of us—accordingly, as the letters were to be franked, all three

Digitized by Google

were sent, that you might not be able to refuse all of us—will you ever forgive us?"

"Pooh! pooh!! pooh!!!" ejaculated Jerry, "I see it all now—look at Caroline's letter, and he hauled out No. 5, of the preceding letters—on reading it, spite of their mistakes, all three burst into a loud laugh, and at this moment Mrs. Wilson and Lucy entering—proceedings were adjourned to the hot-house, where cousin Jerry would wait for them while they summoned Caroline to a council of war. Accordingly, that no suspicions might be entertained of the hostile conclave, the merchant started for the conservatory at once, and on looking in at the window he saw Caroline, pretty dear! and a tall handsome lover already on the ground, decidedly enjoying a *tête-à-tête*—the gentleman was about to retire, when Caroline summoned the visitor to her assistance, and introduced the stranger as Mr. Augustus Hamilton—the mis-sent letters were read and re-read, and it was a very fortunate thing that the merchant was accustomed to "advice letters," or else any body but a medical gentleman giving "advice gratis," would have been cleared out of the article.

When Caroline had finished her say, Jeremiah related that Amelia and Beatrice were in the same plight, and were now waiting to hold a meeting and deliberate on affairs of the heart. Mr. Augustus Hamilton was summarily dismissed to his hotel, there to bide Miss Caroline's sovereign will and pleasure; and, as he knew Amelia's beau, he carried a note with him; and Lucy being subpœnaed to give evidence, Cousin Jerry was voted into the chair *nem. dis.*

I shall now make short work of it—the three witches were fairly bewitched. Lucy brought a note for Amelia to all intents and purposes like those previously delivered to her sister. Matters were now urgent: the under footman was summoned to carry despatches, and they soon discovered, that like the cameleon possessors, they were "all right and all wrong." Mrs. Wilson had a relative on the husband's side, one of the then members for Manchester. Lucy had a beau an M. P. The three invitation letters were made into a packet for one. Lucy had out of kindness undertaken to convey the secretly written love letters of the three. Neither packet had been directed until they were sealed up, and from one of those strange errors that will happen even in the best regulated families, the two parcels were wrongly directed—the half dozen duly franked to their respective liege lords, and although it was difficult to tell where the mistake originated, certain it was, that it had taken place, and that no earthly power could now alter it. Under these circumstances Jeremiah volunteered to act as ambassador from the ladies. Lucy accompanied him as secretary, and so successfully did he perform his mission, that three invited yet unexpected guests were that day found at Mrs. Wilson's dinner table, and when the cloth was removed, and the tale of the morning told—when the congratulations of each were offered up, every heart was overflowing with joy, and a brilliant evening of sunshine illumined countenances that, in the morning, had been overclouded with care.

And how fared it with Lucy?—on the same evening when the

Digitized by Google

festive party were divided into little knots of lovers intent on their own respective felicities, Jeremiah Tapper produced No. 2, of his letters—this one, fortunately right in the address, he requested Lucy to read; and when he saw her blushes mantling high—and her eyes suffused with tears, he read that he was accepted—that Lucy was his, and that he need no longer regret having been a rejected suitor—or that he had been spell-bound by those attractions through which he had become acquainted with Lucy. Those who have seen him (as I have), at his own Christmas dinner, and watched the glowing eyes of Lucy as she contemplates the innocent prattle of three little pledges of mutual love—those who have seen him thus, and heard him relate the tale of the most eventful Christmas he ever had a hand in—those who have learned the grateful and affectionate comments of his three cousins, who are all happily settled in life through his mediation, all will acknowledge that cousin Jerry has no need to regret that he became entangled in the fascinations of three Lancashire Witches. IΩN.

THE COCK-CROW.

BIRD who thus breakest on the silence due
Of loneliest night, with clamour heard by few
Save the all-watchful Hours, if in their flight,
Thy ghostly trump, most vigilant chanticleer,
They list—and with new fleetness thro' the night
Ply their untired career.
In this dread stillness, the sepulchral hush
Of life and all the host of living things,
Thy lone far-sounding iteration brings
An echo of the awful waves that rush
Among the sands of that perfidious shore
We call the Present, till our time is o'er;
While in the silent intermission shed
Between the hours unborn and newly dead;
Thou chaunt'st the past day's requiem ere the next
Efface it from the busy brain of man,
Who, by a thousand idle cares perplext,
To the brief limit of his vital span
Wastes as the yester-hour that vainly flew,
To be forgotten too!

Lone voice of darkness! Eastern legends say,
That vigil note of thine is never still:
Heard in the twilight of the morning grey,
Or when high noon glares on the sultry hill,
When winking Hesper's eyelid in the west
Sheds silence o'er each copse and dewy spray,
When the late owlet's self is gone to rest,
And death-like stillness binds each mortal breast,

Digitized by Google

Thou still hold'st watch with thy perpetual lay;
Counting the hours of ages—though the sound
On sleep's unconscious ear doth vainly fall,
Or in the din of high orb'd noon is drowned:
Still ever in each listening interval
Upon the stillness comes thy constant call
From undistinguishable distance bound,
Like a far travelling voice of distant years
That tells of other times to him the note that hears.

Swift at the wakeful call the free thought flies,
With wing unfettered o'er the hoary deep
Of immemorial ages: as in sleep
Worlds of the past appear, and men arise
From tombs of other times to life newborn,
The warrior, and the sophist, and the sage,
Back to the fathers of the world's first age.
When that high peal of thine first woke the morn
There was no solemn gloom—no sadness then
In that high lay!
To the strong races of primeval men,
Fresh in their secular prime, what was a day?
Life's sun arose with unabated force,
Rejoicing as a giant in its course.

Yet they went by—and other days came on—
Times of renown—whose tale hath long been told,
The glory of the Pharaohs—Memphis old,
Ecbatana, or "that great Babylon."
They scaled the heavens in height, and one by one
Went down the steep of ages; in their pride—
Along the glittering stream which mortals call
The world, because it seemeth all in all,
To them who toss amid its foam and noise
Its all-absorbing whirl of cares and joys—
An ever present, ever passing tide
Which near the edge of one unfathomed fall,
Glides smoothest—'ere 'tis lost to living eye;
And so the glory of the world goes by!

That strain of thine was of a different mood,
Once in the dawn of an all-glorious day,
Though dark to mortal sense. The morn gleamed grey
On Pilate's hall—when the Redeemer stood:—
To satisfy the strictly righteous law
Unchangeable, which angels read in awe,
Far above earthly thought, of perfect good:—
He stood *alone*—abandoned in that hour
By earth and heaven, to the grave's dreadful power,
But not by his all-righteous fortitude—
Hell triumphed—earth deserted—and heaven wept,
Creation shrunk aghast: 'twas then thy note

Digitized by Google

Found an eternal record, as it smote
On Peter's heart—where faith a moment slept.

Then not in anger but in sorrow turned
The mild sad sternness of much-injured love
The heavenly searching eye; touching above
All earthly fear; and Peter's bosom burned
With sense of its unutterable wrong
To god-like goodness in its hour of sorrow
O could thy clarion for an instant borrow
The sense then wakened by its matin song!
In that sad hour of pain's extremity
The faithful servant from his master dear
For one weak moment turned in human fear,
Alas, how long—and by what sins are we
Kept loitering in pure wantonness aloof—
O for a heart of flesh to feel that last reproof!

No trump that ever pealed to human ear,
The loftiest note of victory's high strain
On Marathon—or Crecy's glorious plain
Was e'er so full of triumph or of fear,
No sound so big with portent shall be shed
On mortal ear again, on this low earth,
To speak of human empire's fall or birth,
Till the last trumpet shall awake the dead,
Bursting the graves of ages; great and small,
The ransomed, but forgetful sons of men,
To meet the eye that looked on Peter then,
At the third note of thy accusing call:
But not, as then, in love and mercy deep;
O for a call to rouse man from his fatal sleep!

J. U. U.

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

SECOND SERIES.

IX (and last).—MR. AND MRS. LITTLEDALE.

"Analogy is a very beautiful thing, and very much like the moon—that is, most delightful to talk about, but, if people say aright, very apt to produce *Lunacy*, or in other words, a confusion of ideas. Never argue from analogy, or you are very likely to be led into a *swamp*, over the head and ears, as if you had followed a *Will o'the Wisp*—those dear little fairy-like lights I have so often, in crossing Dartmoor, in Devonshire, gazed on with almost supernatural pleasure."

"What a strange beginning to your tale, Mrs. Griffiths," said my old acquaintance, Dr. B——, that very awful reviewer, who was come to take his tea with me. "What can *Analogy* have to do with the story of a 'Monthly Nurse?'"

"That is the worst of gentlemen belonging to *your* profession,"

Digitized by Google

answered I, smiling very provokingly in his face. "You never will, if you can help it, let people tell their stories in their own way. Suffer them to begin in the middle, or, the end of them, if they choose it, or even, as I have done now, a great way off, of course with an *artist's* design to produce some excellent effect or other, known only to the craft. You would cramp up us poor authors within a parcel of *whale-bone* rules, until we walked about as stiff as an effigy."

"*Rules* are very important things," replied Dr. B——, very solemnly. "If *we* critics did not impose some upon you, skittish, fly-away poets and authors, where do you think the whole race of you would be by this time? Breaking your bones or your necks perchance over some precipice or other, or rushing down some gaping, fathomless abyss, like Quintius Curtius, and never would be seen again upon the habitable globe."

"To the inexpressible regret of gentlemen of your cloth," I exclaimed good-humouredly. "Of what use would the butcher be if he had no innocent sheep and lambs to immolate? no lowing ox, no grunting swine to slay?" 'The occupation of Othello would be gone;' and the sooner you plunged in after us the better," I added.

Dr. B—— smiled, and asked me "what I intended to do with my *analogy?*"

"To make better use of it than any of you gentlemen logicians do," answered I, "or have ever done; listen to the end of my *high argument.*"

"Give me another cup of tea, first," said my visitor; "and let it be a little *stronger* than the last."

"You will injure your nerves, my dear Sir, with such powerful doses of green hyson," I argued; "no wonder you write such cutting remarks, enough to make a poor unlucky dog of an author commit suicide; but never mind; hear my next sentence about analogy—must I read over the first one again?"

"It is not at all necessary," said my friend, with a slight corrugation of his learned brow, "I recollect every word of it." So I read on as follows:—

"For once though, I am indebted to this same beautiful *uncertainty*, this moon-like spirit of analogy, which, like its prototype, is of all sizes; from a slender silver crescent, fit for the bow of Diana, or one of the lady archers in Lord's cricket-ground, up to a great, round, staring thing, big as a warming-pan, which always has a red face, as it rises from its couch; I am certainly indebted to *analogy* for my present resolution, which is, that I intend for awhile to rest from my labours in the *nursing line;* not that my note-book is exhausted – no, thanks to my own observations, and the follies, feelings, and misfortunes of others, I have yet a goodly store of stirring tales to tell, in my old-fashioned way; but that, as all created things need repose, why so do I; and, God willing, I mean to fold up my mind, like a dormouse, for a few months, and fall into a delicious state of torpor; when, like a *giantess* refreshed, I probably may, if lovingly invited so to do by my attached friend *the public*, renew my pleasing toils, and give them the benefit of both my waking and sleeping thoughts and aspirations. Yes, the sun *goes down* to rest every evening, the stars put on their night-caps and retire for a season, the cows and calves,

Digitized by Google

and geese and ducks, all seek repose; the bees and birds all creep into their hives and nests, so that we have not the hum of the one or the song of the other, during some space of time; it is then but right that *an author*, if it were only for decency's sake, should make himself *scarce* for awhile. Thus, at the end of this year, I now gracefully make my bow (curteseys are quite out of fashion), and wish my *beloved* readers a merry Christmas, and a happy—What! shall I limit their delights to a scanty twelvemonth? No!—may their happiness never be bounded by the limitation of Time itself. There *is* a region beyond the old, hoary-headed fellow's flight or comprehension, where his scythe and hour-glass are equally unknown, and the *stench* of corrupting dead bodies, of every kind and sort, cannot approach!"

"Wheugh!" exclaimed my visitor, pushing back his chair from the fire, and throwing up his hands in a kind of horror. "Why what sort of a *rhapsody* are you writing? In the name of common sense and sober outraged reason, pray *come down* into the precincts of Time and Space, and order your old Bridget to bring us in another box of coals, this foggy, cold night; and tell me, my good, kind woman too, if you can give me a bed here? for I do not like the thoughts of *turning out* such a night as this."

"And is that all you say to my affecting leave-taking?" I asked. "You ought to have applied your handkerchief to your eyes, if it had only been for politeness' sake."

"I will leave your tender friend *the public* to do so;" he answered, laughing, "but, at any rate, I will compliment you on your good sense in giving your mind a comfortable nap, now in the depth of winter; you can sit nearer your fire when reading, or knitting, or knotting, than you could with your desk before you there at the table. I perfectly approve of your determination to retire for awhile; I suppose you mean though to give them a story at parting?"

"To be sure I do; and it is meant as a hit at you gentlemen, and an affectionate hint to my own sex, not to have a pretty, young, female cousin, or friend, staying with them, during the time that they, with matron duties bound, are confined within the narrow limits of their own sleeping apartments or dressing-rooms, and their loving lords or masters are roving about the house or the world, seeking peace but finding none; deprived, as they necessarily are, for a few weeks, of the society of that beloved-one, they have chosen to be their mate and home-companion through life. Solitude is a very trying thing: and as man is a gregarious animal, he naturally seeks society; let him have then one of his own sex to bear him company during these necessary separations, or some kind mother or aunt to make his tea and take care of him, but provide him not with a fair seductive creature, who answers to the name of '*Coz*,' and who offers to mend his gloves, or sew on a shirt button, when his amiable wife is incapable of doing it for him. Now for my exemplification."

There is a surgeon of very extensive practice and high celebrity, who was once living at the west end of London, and whom I shall designate as Mr. Littledale; he is about one of the handsomest men I ever saw, tall, well-proportioned, of a noble presence, and very expressive manly features; most captivating manners also has this professional gentleman,

Digitized by Google

and a certain gallantry to the ladies, that makes him a great favourite with them.

In attending a certain baronet, who had received a fracture of a leg, from a fall from his horse, Mr. Littledale had an opportunity of seeing his only child, a most lovely girl named Elizabeth; and so charmed became they with each other, and so fine a fellow did he appear also to the father, that he gave his consent to their union, taking care, however, to settle all her large fortune on herself. They were married, and had a most elegant house to reside in, with every luxury that can be thought of, Mr. Littledale only attending to a few of his best patients, and that more to oblige them, than to benefit himself.

I attended the lady of this celebrated surgeon, during two of her confinements, and as she was quite as beautiful for a woman, as he was for a man, it may be supposed that the children of such parents were very lovely ones indeed. Skilled as I am in *baby-knowledge*, never did I see two more healthy, perfect little rogues than those boys which came one year after another, to bless the union of Mr. and Mrs. Littledale.

During her second accouchement, the kind and tender Elizabeth, invited her cousin Clara, a girl a year or two younger than herself, to come and stay with her, that she might make breakfast for Mr. Littledale, and relieve him somewhat from that loneliness and *ennui*, of which he had so bitterly complained during her first confinement.

I never much liked this Clara Fancourt, but *why* I should not do so I never could at that time account for. She was extremely lively, thoughtless, and good-tempered, to a fault; had large, saucy-looking black eyes, and dark hair, which hung in ringlets, long and shining, round her face and throat. She was an orphan I learned, but had, like her cousin Elizabeth, a very handsome fortune, full thirty thousand pounds. She resided, when at home, in Sloane-street, Chelsea, where, with her maid, she boarded with a most respectable lady, who had formerly been her governess, but was now extremely well married to a gentleman in the city, who allowed her to receive her old pupil, on very handsome terms, as an inmate of their house, and take her to visit with them, as if she had been their sister.

Mrs. Littledale was very delicate with all her beauty, so could not take her place at table, after her second accouchement, for full six weeks, during which time her cousin Clara did every thing in her power to render the husband as comfortable as he possibly could be under such circumstances, whilst his wife, happy to hear that he never spent an evening out, and looked more contented than he did before, when her first child was born, continually expressed her thanks to her dear Clara for the great *sacrifice* she was making, in staying with her, during so dull a time, and being so kind to her dear George. I did not like this posture of affairs at all, nor the excited looks of the young lady, when she heard Mr. Littledale's rap at the street door. I observed, too, more than once, that a slight shade of rouge was added to the natural colour of her cheeks, when she went down to breakfast, after coming in for a moment to look upon her cousin Elizabeth, and report how she and the little-one had passed the preceding night; also that she dressed herself for the tête-a-tête dinners with Mr. Littledale, much more than was as I thought necessary; all her silks and muslins were brought out one after another in array against him, and I once raised the colour into her

Digitized by Google

face, through the rouge, by saying, impertinently enough I must own, "What! another new dress, Miss Clara! There seems no end to your wardrobe! A blue silk yesterday, and a pink one to-day! What a sum you must spend every year with your dress-maker!"

"Mr. Littledale dearly loves to see ladies elegantly dressed," said his poor wife; "and I am very glad Clara is so considerate to put on some of her finery to please him. I must begin, Mrs. Griffiths, to think of some new caps and dresses for myself, for I have sadly neglected my dress of late. Clara, my love, what sort of sleeves are worn now? I do not mean short ones, like those of yours, but what will suit *me* best, now I am a matron."

I could not help remarking at that moment how much more really beautiful was Elizabeth Littledale, in her plain white muslin wrapper, sitting up in her easy chair, the glossy ringlets of her light brown hair straying forth from beneath her small lace cap, trimmed with white satin ribbon, than her cousin Clara, in her dashing low dress of pink satinet, set off with blonde, and her long dangling ringlets of black hair, through the openings of which the artificial bloom on her cheeks glowed like a sunset, seen through the branches of a weeping-willow. Yet Mr. Littledale at that moment I believe, thought much more of the meretricious charms of the one, than the feminine and real loveliness of the other.

I am entirely unacquainted whether Mrs. Littledale entertained any suspicions afterwards, that all was not going on quite well in the sanctuary of her own home, for when I saw her next, on a call of kindness, she was in the country, with her own maid, her two infant boys, fair as cherubs, their servant, and two others, as change of air was prescribed for her, and a cottage was taken for her on Hampstead-heath: Miss Fancourt was also staying with her cousin, but seemed restless and uneasy, especially if my eye rested for a moment on her figure. She dreaded lest I should perceive more than she wished me or any one in the world to suspect. Mr. Littledale, having still his professional duties to attend to, more especially lecturing at one of the London hospitals, we saw very little of him. His lady informed me that she should need my services again in about three months, but, having an engagement just at that time, I was most unwillingly obliged to promise her, that I would try and provide her another nurse; but I staid a few days with her at that time, and was glad to perceive that at any rate she had no idea of the *lengths* to which her cousin Clara had gone, in order to charm her husband, during her late indisposition, before she left town for Hampstead.

"You seem quite out of spirits here, Clara;" said her fair cousin, "I fear you do not like Hampstead."

"To own to you the truth, Elizabeth, I do not;" answered the young lady, deeply blushing. "As you are now so much recovered, I shall return to *Chelsea* and go on again in my old way; I think I have paid you a pretty considerable visit."

Nothing could be urged further after this candid confession of her cousin's dislike to Hampstead, so the young lady packed up her finery and departed. I also left a few days after, promising I would make a point of coming down to see *how she went on*, as soon as I could arrange to do it, and to seek out a nurse.

In about six weeks after this, I redeemed my word, and found the fair lady of the cottage on the Heath in a high state of mental anxiety. She

Digitized by Google

had seen her husband once only during that period, when he paid her a hurried visit, and intimated to her pretty plainly, that as he was going to receive two or three house-pupils, he did not wish her to come to his town residence, but that he hoped to be able to get time enough soon to come down oftener to see her at Hampstead. Then kissing his two pretty boys, and leaving a cold salute on his wife's cheek, he drove off in the only carriage that he kept, urging as an excuse for depriving her entirely of its use, that he wanted it every day in his profession.

Since the hour of this visit, Mrs. Littledale became uneasy and abstracted. She told me more than once during the day I spent with her, that she had an inward conviction that *something was wrong* with Mr. Littledale: that he loved her not so much as formerly, and that she was sure she had acted wrong in leaving him, even though her health, she had been assured by himself and a physician his friend, required the bracing air she at present inhaled.—"It is my opinion, Mrs. Griffiths," added this lovely woman, sighing heavily, "that husbands should *never be left too long by themselves;* impressions are much sooner effaced from the hearts of men, than from those of women, and it would have been far better for me, to have lost my life at once, rather than he, my own George, should, through absence, become cold towards me. I have made up my mind: I will, at all hazards, return to my own house, tell him at once my feelings, and insist on remaining there with him, whatever may be the consequence.

Just at this moment, a letter arrived for Mrs. Littledale, from her cousin Clara Fancourt, telling her of an offer she had just received of marriage, and how very happy she felt at Chelsea. She mentioned one or two balls she had been invited to, and detailed the dresses she meant to wear at each of them, then, after "sending kisses to the dear, beautiful children," she concluded by saying, "that she was quite angry with Littledale, for *never once calling upon her in Sloane Street;* but she supposed he was so taken up with his horrid anatomical preparations at home, and his young men there, that he could not spare the time to come and see her."

"Clara might have come hither once during all this time, and enquired after my health in person," said Mrs. Littledale, after reading this heartless epistle; "all the people seem to be forgetting me! I will not stay at this place another day. I will accompany you to town, Mrs. Griffiths, I am determined, and the children and servants may come after me," and she rang the bell for one of the best-looking carriages, standing ever ready on the Heath, to be hired immediately, and ordered her own woman to get herself in readiness to attend her, offering me a seat in the carriage to town.

Away we drove to Mr. Littledale's house at the west end of London; the footman, Thomas, on seeing his mistress stop at the door, on the steps of which he was lounging, instead of flying and opening the carriage door, and assisting his lady to alight, disappeared into the house like a shot, leaving the driver to do his office for him.

There was something in this simple act of negligence, that I saw agitated the poor lady very much; she gave me her purse, to pay the man, and stood then on the steps of her own door, irresolute what to do, but at length collecting all her force, she went forward, mounted the

Digitized by Google

stairs, and entered the drawing-room; I know not for what reason, but I followed her, and there beheld, reclining carelessly on a sopha, drawn close to the fire, with wine and fruit before her, and Mr. Littledale seated close by her side, the perfidious and intriguing Clara Fancourt!

For one brief moment Mrs. Littledale stood with a vague and uncertain gaze fixed upon her cousin, who rose up instantly, and trembling from head to foot, returned her gaze. The wronged wife, pure and confiding, could not at first be assured, as to the identity of the person of Clara, or the inconstancy of her own beloved husband. She experienced then, as Moore beautifully has it—

——— "that pang which seizes
The trusting bosom when betrayed."

And "*congealed* was the fountain" of her being. By slow degrees, as reason and consciousness forced upon her the hateful certainty, that her near and fondly beloved relative, and the adored partner of her bosom, the father of her children, had deceived and injured her, she felt indeed "congealed."

When at length the full conviction of her wretchedness came with all its accumulating weight upon her, the hapless wife neither fainted, went into hysterics, nor poured forth a flood of reproaches upon the two delinquents. It was a pitiable sight to see her, pale as her own dress, and trembling as if *she* had been the culprit, seat herself upon a chair close to the door, as if she did not wish, or had no right, to interrupt the comfortable tête à tête she had just witnessed. Mr. Littledale himself appeared shocked and subdued, by the patient endurance and extreme agitation of his lovely wife. A rush of tenderness came back into his bosom; and I verily believe, that at that moment, *he hated* the perfidious and seductive girl who had caused such misery to a virtuous and confiding woman!

What situations of mighty effect do natural passions produce! What sublime tragedy is there portrayed, when anguish, remorse, jealousy, or rage take possession of the human heart! Garrick or Kemble could not have exclaimed with equal fervour and pathos the words "Elizabeth! beloved Elizabeth!" as did then the conscience-struck and self-condemned Mr. Littledale.

It is I believe, really true, what I have heard men affirm of themselves more than a hundred times, as if it were an extenuation of their fault, that at the very time they are led into the grossest error and infidelity, the *heart* itself has very little or nothing to do in the matter. If it be any consolation to a wife so wronged, she may take such "flattering unction to her soul," and firmly believe, that she may still be the dearest, and, indeed, the only idol of his heart's-worship, although he may kneel at other shrines, and offer incense there. Our sex, so different, can hardly understand this; it may be as well that we never *should* perfectly comprehend it, except as a matter of belief, but it is a creed I have adopted from conviction; so I would advise any lady situated as was poor Mrs. Littledale at that moment, to accept the returning homage of her liege lord as she did, and meekly receive the penitent.

Miss Clara Fancourt very soon perceived by the present posture of affairs, that that house was no longer a home to her, as it had been. I afterwards found, that from the very day she had left her cousin's cottage at Hampstead, *she had never been to reside at Chelsea at all*, but

Digitized by Google

with a shameless impudence, had given herself up entirely to the passion she dared to feel, for the very handsome husband of her relative. The consequences of this intimacy may be foreseen, and even in the midst of her own unhappiness, the tender and truly charitable Elizabeth, felt for the exposure likely to take place, respecting the evident situation of the imprudent Clara.

"Take her to Hampstead, Mrs. Griffiths," said this truly angelic woman; "let her reside in the cottage there until ——. Go, Clara Fancourt, it is impossible that we should ever reside together under one roof; but I will trust to the honour of my husband, that if you are treated with humanity and womanly consideration by me, that he will hold no clandestine intercourse with you further; and when you are in a condition again to be seen, I shall require it from you, that you fix your residence in a distant county, or even go and spend your large income either in Italy or France."

I took the passive hand of Miss Clara Fancourt, and led her from the room, saying to her in the spirit of her cousin's charity, which I had gathered from herself, or I believe I should have spoken much more harshly, "Is it your pleasure, Miss Fancourt, that I should accompany you to Hampstead, or shall a coach be ordered to take you to Chelsea?"

"Whichever you please," said the young lady very sullenly. "Since I am to be the *victim*, it little matters *where* I shall reside."

We got together into a hackney chariot for which I sent, and I deposited her safe and sound at the cottage, telling her on the road, "That it would be to her interest, to keep up appearances as well as she could; that her wardrobe should be sent to her, and her own servant as soon as possible; and I advised her to wear a large shawl, as if she were an invalid, to conceal her figure from the prying eyes of the servants."

It was now getting very late, so I took my leave of the crest-fallen Miss Clara, and departed, she scarcely deigning to address me, or to thank me for my advice. I did not like the expression of her eyes, nor the rigidity of the muscles round her mouth. There was an air of defiance about her, and haughty determination, which made me think that the sooner she was persuaded to reside in another kingdom than the one containing Mr. Littledale, the better.

As I said before, I had an engagement precisely at the time that Mrs. Littledale wished for my attendance on her, but I recommended to her another nurse, and went where I was expected, namely, to attend a lady of distinction in Park-Lane, who afforded me an opportunity of making many notes for my book, and witnessing many strange things, that the world has not the slightest notion of. What an insight do we Monthly Nurses have into the families of the noble and the rich; and what complicated occurrences do we there get acquainted with. There is no end to the variety—the *different patterns* into which human circumstances may be woven. Like the shaking of a great kaleidoscope, all the passions, follies, and vices of mankind, are thrown into different figures and forms, as we pass from one house to another; but the colours themselves that compose these endless patterns, are the same in all instances. Passions, follies, and vices, are the bits of glass and tinsel, which make up the materials for the numerous displays.

Mrs. Littledale kept her word; she would not again leave the society

Digitized by Google

of her husband, so I found her in her own house at the west-end of the town, when I had finished my engagement in Park-Lane: but alas, I found her most dangerously ill, and a little girl about a week old they told me, laying by her side; the nurse I had provided for her was in attendance, and the whole house in a state of confusion—the lady knew me not.

It was natural that I should ask all the particulars of the case from my female *aide-de-camp* the nurse, who gave it me nearly as follows, although I was obliged to correct, in some degree, her pronunciation of many of the words she used.

It seemed that a day or two after her confinement, when she was gazing upon what she conceived to be the extreme beauty of her infant, she expressed herself in such strong tones of excitement, that her medical attendant, (it not being customary for any professional gentleman in such cases to attend on his own wife), declared it as his opinion, that puerperal fever was coming on. She became restless, irritable, had much redness about the eyes, a high pulse, great pain on pressure, shiverings, and finally delirium. Dr. B. was instantly sent for, and Mr. Littledale, more from old friendship than any doubt, he said, of the skill of that most eminent physician, insisted on it, that Dr. C. his private friend, should meet him in consultation.

"Well," said I, "and what did they call it between them? and what remedies did they prescribe?"

"That was the mischief of it," answered the nurse, shaking her head, "they could not *agree* about the symptoms, the *dinoses*, I think, they called it."

"Proceed," said I, "I know what you mean—the *diagnosis*, or nature of the disease."

"Dr. B. insisted upon it, that the lady was labouring under puerperal fever," said the nurse; "and he ordered at least thirty leeches to be applied to her sides, besides violent bleeding in the arm: but Dr. C., Master's friend, insisted on it too, that there was no inflammation at all, and that bleeding, in her low nervous state, would kill her."

"'I tell you that the *peritoneum* is highly inflamed,' said Dr. B.; 'that it is a decided case of *peritonites*, and that copious bleeding alone can relieve her.'

"Again Dr. C. persisted, 'that it was not a fever of that *type*; that no certain opinion could be given of it; he feared that *madness* was in the family of the lady, and that insanity had been induced by some recent disturbance of mind; indeed, his friend, Mr. Littledale,' he said, 'had assured him his lady had been greatly affected lately by some domestic misfortunes, and that it was his own decided opinion, that bleeding would do her no good.'"

Be it known that I gathered all the preceding information, not exactly from the *words* of the nurse, but I made out hers as well as I possibly could, supplying by my own knowledge of medical terms, a sense to the jargon substituted for them by her.

"Well," said I, impatiently, "and what conclusion did they come to about this unhappy lady; who, if something is not done for her immediately, will die in another four-and-twenty hours? I will speak to Mr. Littledale myself.—Whose opinion did he abide by?"

Digitized by Google

"Why *both* the doctors wrote," said the nurse; "and when they went away they parted in high words, Dr. C— saying, 'That he would never meet Dr. B— again on any case whatever,' and Dr. B— declaring 'That it was puerperal fever; he would stake his professional skill on it, and his head together; and that if they did not use prompt measures the patient would be lost.'"

"Has she been bled, then?" I cried: "Have the leeches been applied?"

"No," answered the nurse, with some slight signs of impatience; "my master was determined to go by the advice of his friend, Dr. C—, and his own opinion, and he says that she will do very well, when the opiate they have given her has taken effect."

"Do very well!" said I; "yes, she will soon be in another world, if we do not instantly treat the disease properly. *Dr. B— is right:* she must lose full twenty ounces of blood by the arm, without delay, and three dozen of leeches must be procured instantly."

"Then you may put them on yourself," answered the nurse sulkily, "for I shall not. We have two doctors to one against the leeches, and I know Dr. C— to be a *capital* man! Besides, what right have *you* to interfere? You have given up this concern to me, and I shall go by the advice of my master and his friend the physician."

"This poor lady," answered I, with becoming spirit, "asked me to take the charge of her, in the first instance. I could not see to her myself just then, but procured *you*—I am now at leisure; and her life shall not be sacrificed; I understand this business quite as well as Dr. B—, who is the first physician in his line, and I am *resolved* that she shall profit by his advice, and I will go down now and tell Mr. Littledale my opinion."

"Sir," said I, abruptly entering his private room, "your lady will not survive another day, if the excess of this fever is not abated; her cries and delirium are dreadful. For God's sake let me apply the leeches, and do you come up and take full twenty ounces of blood from her. Let us *knock down the enemy at once:* nothing but decided treatment can save her. She is raving now that they have killed her infant, though the poor little thing is sleeping quietly near her. Pray, Sir, do not hesitate; I have had much experience in puerperal fevers, and will stake my existence that Dr. B— is right."

"Are you aware, Mrs. Griffiths, that she has madness in her family?" said Mr. Littledale; but, as he said this, his eyes sought the ground: truth spoke not in his tones. I became in a moment suspicious, and, feeling the extreme urgency of the case, I had the hardihood to say,

"Certainly, Sir, the *cousin* of your lady has manifested signs of aberration of mind, acting as she has done; but for Mrs. Littledale herself, she never exhibited the slightest shade of madness, unless, indeed, it was in taking so very designing a young lady into her house. Is it at *her* suggestion that you refuse to bleed Mrs. Littledale?"

When I reflect upon what a termigant I must have appeared at that interview, my only wonder is, that the master of the house did not take me by the head and shoulders, and turn me out of it.

But no! as I said before, I carried too many guns for him. He turned exceedingly pale, when I mentioned Miss Fancourt, but *guilt*

Digitized by Google

made him a coward. "If you are assured," said he, "that Mrs. Littledale will be relieved by what you propose, I will consent; but remember it shall be done at your own risk."

"I have the opinion of Dr. B— to bear me out," said I indignantly; "but time is wasted, Sir. Have you your lancets?" And I led the way into the poor lady's apartment.

"I have put the child into another room," said the nurse, tossing her head; "it cried so much, I feared it would disturb its mother. I shall go there myself, since another has taken my place."

"You shall not stop me," screamed out the poor delirious lady, attempting to get out of bed, but too weak to effect her purpose, even if she had not been restrained by her own woman, and the housemaid, who held her by main force there.

"Wretches!" continued she, gnashing her teeth, "you have killed amongst you my poor baby, and now you want to smother me."

In a few minutes full twenty ounces of blood had been taken from that fair arm, and four-and-twenty leeches applied to her side. She fainted under the application, but the fever had been arrested in its course; actually *knocked down* with the violent remedy we had administered. She fell off into a tranquil sleep, whilst I watched by her side, assisted by the two female servants, and from time to time looked in upon by Mr. Littledale, who *expressed* a great deal of interest for his lady, but I did not altogether like the expression of his eyes. How is it that we can tutor the lips to assert falsehoods, but never the instruments of vision? They are entirely under the dominion of the soul, and are never false to their allegiance; yet, strange to say, with two such true witnesses ever staring us in the face, we prefer generally the evidence of the prevaricating tongue, and then we are astonished that we are so often deceived.

For my own part I have accustomed myself, for years past, to consult only the *soul's oracles*—the eyes, in all my dealings with mankind and though I am constantly shocked at the great contradiction between the outward speech and the inward thought, the duplicity that I hear every hour of the day, as if people were unconscious that the falsehoods they utter, might all be detected by those who can read *spirit-language*. Though I very seldom meet with a perfect accordance between the two great organs of expression, the eyes and tongue, still I would not give up my study of the former for all the blandishments that the latter could utter.

I once found an illustration of this discrepancy which struck me as a very forcible one! "Is Mrs. Forbes at home?" I enquired. The answer of the servant was "No! she is gone out." Thus spoke the lying mouth. *I saw the lady*, Mrs. Forbes, *through the windows of her house as I approached.* These windows were the eyes, and they spake *truth*—Mrs. Forbes was not gone out.

Now, through the windows of Mr. Littledale's house—his eyes—I plainly perceived, although his lips told a different tale, that he did *not* wish his lady to recover, for the allurements of Miss Clara had at that time weaned him from his first and honourable attachment. I heartily despised them both.

"I think she *will* recover, after all," I said, when I perceived her

Digitized by Google

calmly sleeping, and found her pulse had subsided nearly to the tone of health; "God grant that her *mind* may recover also; that this notion of her child being destroyed may be banished from it. I hear the poor little thing wailing now, no doubt wanting its proper nourishment: I think I will just step into the other room, and see whether that ill-tempered woman I sent here, manages it better than she did its poor mother."

"The baby seems restless, Mrs. Forest," said I. "Does it feed well? Perhaps, after all, it would be the wisest plan for us, to seek out some healthy young woman, with plenty of milk, as they seldom thrive when brought up by hand."

"The child will do well enough," muttered out Mrs. Forest, "if it is not interfered with. I think I am capable of seeing to it, although you have taken my place near its mamma."

"What nonsense you talk, good woman," said I; "when Death stood at our doors here, grinning in our very faces, what matters it *who* can put him off for a little longer? I dare say you have had enough to do with the infant; I am sure I have had enough to do with the mother, and heartily tired I am, I do assure you. I think this is the ninth day, is it not?"

"I know nothing about it," tartly replied the nurse; "and I assure you I would not have come to this pretty nursing concern at all, if I had thought of how I should have been treated."

"That you could have pleased yourself about, Mrs. Forest," said I; "I sent you here as my *deputy*, and if I could have come myself it might have saved this poor lady much suffering; but I suppose you did the best you could under circumstances. I have been in such a constant state of bustle and excitement, that I declare I have not had time to look at the baby once. Is it a boy or girl? Pray uncover it, and let me see its face."

"I shall do no such thing," said the ill-tempered and deeply offended Mrs. Forest, "unless you mean to take the management of it yourself, and turn me out of my place altogether."

"I certainly shall," answered I, "if you ever presume to give the poor little babe any more of that Godfrey's Cordial; I declare the bottle is half empty. I shall take the liberty of putting it for the future in my room. What hundreds of children are murdered by this horrid sleeping stuff."

"You may take the charge of it yourself, Mrs. Griffiths," said the woman, tossing the moaning infant into my lap, "I shall be very glad to wash my hands of the whole business;" and she began packing up her clothes.

"I accept the charge, Mrs. Forest," said I, "and, if you please, I will pay you now for the time you have been here."

"I shall not take it from *you*, ma'am," cried the woman, in a rage, "I shall go down to Mr. Littledale, and report the infamous manner in which I have been treated."

"Stop a moment, Mrs. Forest," I exclaimed, having uncovered the face of the babe, and contemplated it for half a minute; "this infant is considerably more than nine days old."

"What do you mean by that?" answered the woman, turning as pale as death. "Do you mean to insinuate that I have *changed* the children?"

Digitized by Google

"*Children!*" said I. "What children is it you are speaking of? Mrs. Littledale had but *one*. This cannot be hers. I will investigate this matter, depend upon it."

Just at this moment I fancied I heard a sound in the lady's apartment adjoining; and I ran into it, with the infant in my arms. It was still moaning, evidently labouring under the narcotic.

"What child is that?" feebly exclaimed the lady, waking up from her long and most salutary sleep; "mine, alas, is dead; I *dreamed* that it *died* long ago; yet, now I hear a baby's voice! Ah, Mrs. Griffiths, you here? then I am in *safe* hands!"

"To be sure you are, dearest lady," said I, "how do you feel now? You must have some refreshment immediately."

"Tell me first, Mrs. Griffiths," said Mrs. Littledale, "did not my child die many days ago? Tell me the *truth*, let me conjure you; dreams are sometimes so very strong, that they seem realities; can I be mistaken? Did not my child die?"

"Not that I know of, my dear lady," I answered, not well knowing what to say in her precarious state, "pray keep yourself composed: you have been very ill, and are now so weak, that talking is not good for you; rest satisfied that I will take care of you, and of this poor little bleating thing I have here, for whom I mean to seek a milk-nurse."

"Thank God," said the lady, "it was only a dream then; my precious, beautiful, little girl lives;" and after taking some chicken-broth, Mrs. Littledale fell again into a deep and most renovating sleep.

"This is most extraordinary," thought I, seating myself in the large arm-chair, and undressing the baby, that I might carefully examine it from head to foot. Her "*beautiful* little girl;" I mentally exclaimed; "why, it is as brown as a Japan tea-urn, and as unlike her two lovely boys, as she is to ——. *Nine* days old, indeed! Why, this child is full three weeks old, and is as plain and unsightly a little creature as ever I saw; a claret mark too, all over its little bosom; I wish I could have come a few days earlier, for some underhand trick has been played off, but I will get to the bottom of it, they may be assured." And after dressing the child again, and calling Mrs. Littledale's own woman to sit by her side, I went down into the surgery, as they called Mr. Littledale's private room, where he had ranged in rows, all sorts of queer-looking things, placed in bottles of spirits; extracted tumours, tape-worms, and little human beings who had never breathed, besides a pig with two heads, and a cat with three tails; I went down into this museum of curiosities, and opening the door rather suddenly, I saw the master of it, busily employed in writing, and without any idea of overlooking what his hand was tracing, I distinctly read these words—

"Dearest Clara, nurse has been here in a terrible passion, and has left the house; perhaps ——." I read no more, for Mr. Littledale hearing me breathe, turned suddenly round, then as suddenly turned the sheet of paper on which he had been writing, and starting up, every feature, handsome as they were, glowing with passion, he asked me "how *I dared* enter his apartment without knocking."

"I *did* knock, sir, but even if I had *not* done so, the circumstances under which I am now placed, would render all apology unnecessary. Sir, there has been some fraud practised; this infant is *not* the child of Mrs. Littledale."

Digitized by Google

"Ridiculous!" at length came from the quivering lips of the agitated surgeon. "What fancy next will there be to perplex me? You have already offended Mrs. Forest, who is a very worthy, obliging creature, and to my own knowledge, is a very careful nurse. She is gone away most indignant, and now you want to plague me with your *suspicions* about the infant. What is the matter with it?"

"O, then, you knew Mrs. Forest, did you, sir, *before* she came into this house?" said I, fixing my eyes upon him; "I had no idea of that!"

"Is there anything so very extraordinary that I should make the acquaintance of a *Monthly Nurse?*" said the gentleman, striding across the room, and assuming a carelessness and jocularity that he did not feel. "Why, I have met with *you* before now, Mrs. Griffiths."

"Sir," said I, "you cannot be imposed on any more than myself; look at this infant, and tell me if you will, that it is not full three weeks old."

"It is a large, fine child," said he, turning as pale as the baby's frock, "and there is no determining at that age, precisely *when* they were born. If you are going to fill Mrs. Littledale's head with the absurd notion that this is no child of hers, we shall have her go mad in right earnest."

"And yet, sir," said I solemnly, "you *know* as well as does the God above us, that this is no child of hers, but that it is the illegitimate offspring of her shameful cousin, Miss Clara Fancourt, and ——."

I took him quite by surprise; there is nothing like it; the spirit of man, or rather the emanation from the Deity, is always *true* in the first instance, and must be tutored by the principle of evil, before it can put forth a falsehood. Awake a murderer from his sleep, and suddenly question him; his spirit will instantly confess the crime that has been committed. *Surprise* the greatest hypocrite, and *before* he can have time to practice hypocrisy, or to put on his cloak; you will in that unguarded moment get at the better part of his nature, and he will stand unveiled before you, and not think of deceit.

Mr. Littledale was entirely thrown off his guard by the suddenness of my attack; he tried to bluster, to remonstrate, to argue, but he was overmastered. There I stood with the child in my arms, uncovered before him; firm as a rock, and with unflinching severity repeated—"This is Clara Fancourt's child; but I will know *where* is the true one belonging to the ill-used lady up stairs, before I sleep. I shall lay my deposition before a magistrate, and insist on justice being done to a beautiful and cruelly treated lady."

"For God's sake, Mrs. Griffiths, be not precipitate," said Mr. Littledale, almost convulsively. "You know not what misery, what confusion you will create by stirring in this unfortunate business without due deliberation."

"Where is Mrs. Littledale's child?" I demanded: "answer me that if you dare."

"It died two days after its birth," said Mr. Littledale, looking like a culprit at the bar of justice, "and ——." "You allowed," cried I, "your mistress to substitute her child instead? This one, which was born a fortnight or so previously."

Mr. Littledale answered me not a syllable, but flinging himself into a

Digitized by Google

large professional elbow chair, sought to conceal his now crimsoned face with both his hands.

How natural is this act! Adam hid his face from his Maker, when he had sinned against him! Only remark the conduct of a guilty person. His eyes cannot endure to meet the gaze of those he has injured. And why? Because instinct informs him that his eyes, as I have said before, will betray his transgressions to the injured one. Mr. Littledale had not, it is true, injured *me*; but he sat there a convicted criminal: he had now owned, at least tacitly, that he had been accessary to palming off his spurious offspring into the sacred *home* of his faithful and affectionate wedded wife; that he had intruded a child, born in dishonour and shame (taking advantage of her illness) into the very bosom of his wronged and unconscious Elizabeth. I looked at him, and witnessed his shame and evident discomfort, without the smallest particle of pity. Contempt filled up the whole measure of my feelings.

"With such a wife," I mentally exclaimed, "so pure, so true, so very lovely, so full of charity and confiding tenderness; after pardoning, and trusting again two such nearly connected relatives, to be so treated! Surely men must be insane, thus to prefer the bold, the intriguing, the shameless, to their own superior wives, for no other reason, as I can see, but because they *are* their wives, and that *vice* gives a horrid *gout* to such unlawful pleasures.

> Had not the Tree of knowledge been *forbidden*,
> Eve ne'er had rais'd her hand to pluck its fruit,
> Nor Adam *smack'd his lips*, and called it good.

I begin to think that the only way to reform the world and bring on the Millennium (if that be not an "*El Dorado*" state after all) is for our preachers and educationists, to exhort, and teach, to their congregations and pupils, the propriety and necessity of *breaking* all the commandments as fast as they can, one after the other, as they would take degrees at college, or place in classes, and the sooner they do all this the better: perhaps, since all other ways have failed, both with the churchmen and the pedagogues, the rising generation might, out of pure opposition, become virtuous, charitable, and humane; and the *gallows* and the *rope* be shown to our posterity, as things once actually used by their ancestors, for the punishment of offenders. I just throw out this hint *en passant*, to the bench of bishops, and the central, and other societies of education. I must return to my delinquent.

"What proof have I, sir, that your true and legitimate child is actually dead? Or if it be, that it has not been hurried out of this world to another, by that domestic poison, Godfrey's Cordial?" asked I, seeing my advantage.

Mr. Littledale sprung upon his feet, and looked quite awfully fierce at me; fortunately my nerves are as brass, when properly strung; I could gaze on him in return, and not throw down my eyes. O for that firm and unblenching look that *integrity* alone can give! integrity without alloy; unmixed with any particle of selfishness or deceit. Cannot we imagine the angels so to regard each other; so to pity the thousands of artifices and crooked policies of fallen man!

"Can you for a moment suppose, Madam," and Mr. Littledale's voice

Digitized by Google

was hoarse with emotion as he spoke: "can you think that I am *wretch* enough to destroy my own child?"

"Yesterday, sir, I could not have *supposed* that you would have connived at the present transaction; that you would suffer your innocent and suffering wife (suffering for your sake) to be thus grossly imposed on, and Clara Fancourt's infant substituted for her own fair daughter, who she constantly exclaims was 'as beautiful as a cherub.' What shall be said to her, sir, when this little miserable creature is presented to her instead of her own sweet baby, spirited away I know not how?"

"By my hopes of Heaven hereafter," exclaimed Mr. Littledale, relapsing into contrition and dread of consequences, "by every thing sacred to man, her own child *has* perished naturally. The reputation of—of Miss Fancourt was at stake, and following up Elizabeth's former charity towards her, I consented, through the agency of the woman who has just left us, to exchange the living child for the dead one."

"You attest what you now assert, sir, 'by all that is *sacred* to man.' What regard have you shown to those sacred obligations? I will be convinced by something more satisfactory than your own words. In the meantime I am returning to your lady's chamber; have no fear that I will risk her life and future sanity, by any disclosure of our late conversation; for the present then, this poor wailing creature must be to her as her own; but on the point on which we have been speaking *I will be satisfied.*"

"Do let me look at the baby, Mrs. Griffiths," said the woman of Mrs. Littledale, still watching beside her bed; "do you know that Mrs. Forest was so cross ever since you came here, and indeed, a day or two before, that she would not permit either Jane or myself to have a peep at the infant: It *was* a beautiful little creature when she was born."

"She is sadly altered, Mercer," said I; "so much so, indeed, that you would hardly know her. There she is, you may look at her now. What do you think of her?"

"Altered indeed!" said Mercer. "I suppose that horrid stuff that nurse was always giving her, must have changed her complexion so! What a pity that the girl should be so dark and plain, and the dear young gentlemen so very handsome. I think Master Augustus quite a little Cupid; and Master Frederick a perfect love; with such pretty curling light hair; but the hair of this baby is quite dark, and, mercy on us! what a shocking red mark all over her neck! How dreadful that will look when she is a woman!"

"She must wear a high dress," said I, "but tell me, Mrs. Mercer, did Nurse ever *go out* whilst she was staying here, that is, when your mistress was so ill?"

"To be sure she did," answered Mrs. Mercer; "when my lady was delirious, she asked me to hold her in bed with the assistance of Jane; she said she wanted some clean things, and she insisted on taking under her shawl the young baby, saying, 'She would trust it to no one; and we should have enough work upon our hands, without attending to the child.' I do think it caught cold then, for it has been wailing and moaning ever since."

"How long was she absent?" I enquired.

Digitized by Google

"About a couple of hours," answered Mercer, "and when she came in, we thought she had been drinking, she smelt so of rum!"

"Very likely," said I, "those Nurses who give Godfrey's Cordial to infants, generally like a drop of spirits themselves! How the poor little thing does sleep; but it is a sleep that does it no good."

"She would soon have put it to sleep with the *shovel* if she had remained," said Mercer, in a whisper, "and my poor mistress too. Does not *she* sleep very much? I trust Nurse has not given her some Godfrey's Cordial also,"

I looked up, on hearing this observation from Mrs. Mercer, and a glance of such unequivocal meaning came from her to me, that I felt assured she had suspicions, greatly to the disadvantage of Mr. Littledale, his paramour, Miss Fancourt, and the woman who had just left us. I answered this eye language in words, just as if I had heard Mrs. Mercer utter her doubts aloud. "Things are not quite so bad as that," said I, "ill as they have treated her."

"Why would she not let us look at the infant?" whispered Mrs. Mercer.

"Who is in the room?" asked now the weak voice of Mrs. Littledale.

"Only your own woman, Madam, the baby, and myself," answered I; "you have had another comfortable sleep."

"No," said the poor lady, "I have had that dreadful *dream* again. I saw my cousin Clara attempting to strangle my poor helpless baby; but you, Mrs. Griffiths, prevented her. Pray let me look at the child again."

"Indeed, Madam, you are not well enough as yet; I will just show you that she is alive, and likely to live, but you must not be troubled with her now."

"Let me just kiss her little cheek," said the tender mother, "and I will do all you require. Bless her! dear little heart, I thought I never should press her form again to mine. How are my cherub boys? When may I see them too, if only for a moment?"

"To-morrow, Madam, if you will be calm; all depends on that. Mr. Littledale says we must keep you very quiet!"

"Does *he* say so?" tenderly asked the lady. "Am I under his direction now, Mrs. Griffiths?"

"Yes, Madam, guided by the opinion of Dr. B."

"I am glad of that," answered Mrs. Littledale, "I do not like Dr. C. at all, nor yet that horrid Nurse. Where is she now?"

"Gone out of the house, dear lady," answered I: "we did not want *two* nurses you know; and I was determined to see to you now, and the child myself."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Littledale, "I trust I shall not have such *dreams* again. I saw my baby lying dead upon that table, and heard Dr. C. and my husband settle *where* it should be buried. It is such joy to me to feel it is alive; a *girl* too! and I wished so much for one. I am so happy!"

"I am rejoiced to hear it; but still I cannot let you express it now—another quiet day and night, and you will, I trust, be out of danger."

On the following morning, Mr. Littledale requested my company again in his surgery. I found his friend Dr. C. with him: they sent for me, they said, touching the death of Mrs. Littledale's child. The physi-

Digitized by Google

cian offering to make an affidavit, that he had seen the little creature breathe its last, and that he had been worked upon by arguments and persuasions, to promise that he would conceal the circumstance, seeing that a young lady of good family might, by sending hers in its stead, preserve her reputation without injury to any one: indeed, it would prevent much misery to the lady up stairs, as she would most probably never know that she had lost her infant, but would adopt the other, and feel equal affection for it."

"You must know, gentlemen," said I, "that you are both implicated in a very awkward business. Where was this poor baby buried?"

There was a pause for a couple of minutes; the two medical gentlemen exchanged glances with each other, and I became more urgent than ever to know where the child had been buried, or what they had done with it.

"The truth is," said Dr. C. "that Mrs. Forest brought the baby to my house, where she received the living child, and she had not time *then* to have it interred."

"Has that been done since?" I asked, "for I *will* know all particulars."

"It is of no use to tell a story about it," said Dr. C. "when the baby was left at my house, seeing that it was perfectly fresh, and a most beautiful *subject*—I made it into a *preparation* for my museum. You may come and satisfy yourself about it to-morrow."

This last intelligence was too much for the feelings even of Mr. Littledale, faulty as he had been; he turned deadly pale, and snatching up a glass of water, to prevent himself from fainting, drank it off, as he staggered back to his chair, exclaiming, "By God, Horace, you might have saved me the knowledge of that! *My child* shall not be made a spectacle of, assure yourself of that," and he actually turned aside and wept.

"Is it possible, George," asked Dr. C., approaching him and slapping him on the shoulder, "is it possible, that a man of *our* profession can care a straw whether his child is *underground*, or deposited in a glass coffin, filled with spirits of wine, there to be preserved from the ravages of time."

"How should *you* know anything of these feelings?" said Mr. Littledale pettishly, "you who have never been a father! If my child is as you say, thus *prepared*, no one shall possess it but myself."

"Just as you like," said Dr. C. carelessly, "I do not intend to quarrel with an old friend, George, about such a trifle: you shall have the *preparation*; and that will prevent Mrs. Griffiths from coming to my house, which must be very inconvenient to her just now,"—and he gave a significant look at Mr. Littledale.

"As I said before," cried I, "this is a very awkward business! What proof gentlemen, do you afford me, by showing me a child in spirits, as to its *identity* with the one lately born in this house? You are two intimate friends, and acted it seems, in concert together about this most extraordinary business. I am not at all satisfied, but I must say, without intending any offence to either of you, that the whole of this present scene may have been *got up* for the purpose of *mystifying* me, who have, unfortunately for you, come across your designs; and, perhaps, that this *preparation* of a dead infant you are about to send to this house, may

Digitized by Google

have been born for what I know, a twelvemonth ago, and have belonged originally to some woman in St. Giles's, too poor to afford it burial."

"I have got into a pretty scrape by troubling myself with the affairs of you and your mistress," said Dr. C. much agitated. "The lady is right, it does look like an ugly sort of a job; and though I can bring forward proof enough that I have recently prepared this subject, yet that does not at all prove that the child brought to my house was the real one belonging to your wife. If this thing should take wind, both our reputations are injured for life."

"I am willing to come to terms, gentlemen," said I, smiling sarcastically at them both; "but I am not one to be trifled with."

They both looked up brightly at me, and then interchanged glances. "You had better make any sacrifice, George," said Dr. C. "than live in perpetual fear of this affair being brought to light; I am ready, I assure you, to perform my part."

"Nothing is required from you, Dr. C. but to send the *preparation* you speak of to my house at Kensington. I think it would be rather in bad taste to have it here, supposing all to be as you represent it, under the same roof as its mother, and liable to be seen some time or other by her. I will keep it as a pledge that the other part of the contract between Mr. Littledale and myself shall to the full letter be fulfilled."

"I will put the matter beyond doubt at once," said that gentleman very proudly; "any *sum you may require*, madam, for keeping the whole of this foolish transaction to your own breast, shall be paid down to you immediately."

"I want none of your paltry gold, sir," said I, indignantly, "to compromise my sense of justice; and assure yourself, that it is not to preserve *your* fame, and that of your medical friend there, that I offer to stipulate with you thus. It is to secure the peace of mind of a most amiable and injured woman, that I consent to name terms."

"Pray let us hear them, madam," said Mr. Littledale, much excited, yet afraid to show his anger, as I had him most completely in my power. "I have no doubt you have thought of some ridiculous thing or other; pray speak out."

"No matter, sir, how ridiculous my proposition may appear to you, only by *accepting* it can you purchase my everlasting silence. Mrs. Littledale has a female relative, who is no friend to her; she has abused her confidence, wounded her in the tenderest part, and no doubt is still plotting against her domestic happiness. Unless Mr. Littledale will promise on his word of honour, never again to hold any communion with this worthless woman, either by letter or personally, I will immediately report the whole of this transaction to the nearest magistrate, and get him to search into the truth or falsehood of what has been asserted to me this evening. I have no more to say."

The two medical gentlemen whispered together some short time. I heard Dr. C. urge the other "not to be a fool," and as I thought threaten him with some other exposure, but what that related to, I know not. Finally, the stipulated promise was given to me in writing, as I could not be allowed the benefit of witnesses to it, and I engaged also by a document to which I subscribed my name, never to divulge any particular I knew regarding the change of children, as long as Mr. Littledale pre-

Digitized by Google

served inviolate his obligation. All this business being settled, I returned to the apartment of poor Mrs. Littledale, inwardly rejoicing that I had been instrumental in breaking off a connection between her husband and her cousin, that must have proved a subject of great pain to her. I had even extorted from that gentleman a short note to Miss Clara, which ran as follows:—

"Circumstances have compelled me, dear Clara, to say, that if you value my future peace and reputation, both endangered by our present intercourse, you will immediately set off on a tour through the continent, and endeavour to forget that we have ever met. Assure yourself that the greatest care shall be taken of *one* most dear to both. Your sincere friend, "GEORGE LITTLEDALE."

P. S.—"Enquire not into reasons; I am on the brink of a precipice, and your refusal will push me off."

I had ascertained that this immaculate young lady was then on a visit at the house of Dr. C., having there her own carriage and servants. I was determined to take the note of Mr. Littledale to her myself, and explain to her most fully, if necessary, the great chance there was for their all being indicted for child-murder, if she did not decamp without loss of time.

Seated in an elegant undress, I found Miss Clara Fancourt quite at her ease, and surrounded with every luxury. She had a harp and piano, and was embroidering a pair of gentleman's slippers when I entered. She turned pale as she motioned me to a seat, and I handed her the note without speaking a word.

How shall I describe the tearing scene that followed? She fell into hysteric fits, one after another; and as I had no intention of seeing her die in the midst of her transgressions, I desired that Dr. C. himself should be called in to prescribe for her.

She swore "by the God who made her, that she never would give up her beloved Littledale. That he was dearer to her than life or fame. That she would make him do her justice, and live with her in another kingdom. That she had a *right* to him, and never would relinquish him to her milk-and-water cousin, his wife." In short, she was a perfect mad woman, and only when she was made to understand my fixed determination to probe the affair to the bottom, if she obliged me to do it, and that both she and her paramour would be committed to prison without fail, to take their trial for *murder*, did she listen to reason.

I thought I perceived that Dr. C. used many terms of *endearment* towards his fair and fortuned guest. During this scene I heard him whisper hope and consolation to her in not very ambiguous terms. He conjured her to be comforted; told her of the beauties of Italy, and how soon she would forget the changing attachment of "a *married man*," and he hinted to her "what a much better choice she might have made."

Miss Clara Fancourt was very soon consoled, for before another week was over, she had conferred herself and her thirty thousand pounds upon Dr. C., and had embarked with him for the continent. But I must retrogade a little, and return to the house of my patient, on the same day after I had delivered my note to the future Mrs. C.

The long successive fits Miss Fancourt had indulged in, made my stay from home longer than I had expected; so I found Mrs. Littledale very

Digitized by Google

impatient for my return, as the child had been crying very violently, and no one knew what to do with it; indeed, if the truth must be told, all the upper female servants in the house seemed to have more than a suspicion that it had no *legal* right to assistance there. They had been keen observers; and an interpretation had been put, no doubt, upon the conduct of Mrs. Forest, the late nurse. With regard to that of Clara Fancourt, there could be but one opinion; so they had put all these matters together with much ingenuity, and arrived pretty accurately at the truth; so there had not been much sympathy shown to the poor little brown babe, who had been thrust in so surreptitiously into the place of the other. They looked unutterable things, and I had much difficulty in keeping them to their *broad hints*, and preventing them from speaking out.

"I am so glad you are come back," said the feeble Mrs. Littledale, almost in a tone of reproach, "I can do nothing for my poor little girl myself; and I am sure Mercer does not understand how to manage so young a baby: indeed she must have a proper nurse, a *mother-nurse* I mean, or I shall lose her in reality."

"It shall be attended to immediately," I answered: "believe me nothing but the most *important* business could have taken me out at this juncture, and I have been detained longer than I imagined."

"Poor little thing!" continued the lady; "I do not know how it is, but she seems sadly neglected amongst us all—and a *girl* too, which I have so longed for. Does she thrive, Mrs. Griffiths? Let me look at her? I will, indeed."

"She is *full twice the size*, Madam, she was when you saw her last," said I, finding I could no longer frame excuses for preventing the lady from gazing on her supposed offspring: "and somehow or other I think she does not seem so fair as *when she was born*," I added.

There must have been a slight hesitation in my manner, as I said this, for *truth* can never be accurately counterfeited to the nice perception of a mother's instinct. It struck discordantly upon her ear, and when I handed to her the poor infant, after feeding and quieting her, Mrs. Littledale looked up enquiringly into my face; but the lids or curtains Nature has provided us all to conceal the expression of the eyes, as well as to guard them during the night, were fortunately down, so she could gather nothing fresh from them. She meekly took the infant in her arms and imprinted a kiss of *Faith* upon its little forehead.

"Oh! how altered is my child!" ejaculated the poor lady, fixing her gaze upon it. "How swollen and dark-coloured are her cheeks! How very plain she has become! I fancied she had a small delicate nose and a complexion like alabaster. Her eyes too! Why, Mrs. Griffiths, they are changed from dark blue to large black eyes; and, mercy on me! what eyebrows, thick as a man's; and, O heavens! you never told me this before, she has an immense claret-mark all over her neck and bosom."

"Children's eyes vary so in colour," cried I, "that I never know how they will turn out from seeing them at first. As for the mark, it is not likely I should have mentioned that to you, when your life hung upon a thread: but, I do assure you, a great portion of this deep purple stain will wear out; especially if I rub it every day with brandy, which will stimulate the circulation. She has, you must own, Madam, most beautiful eyes."

Digitized by Google

"Ah! those eyes!" murmured the gentle creature, deeply sighing, "they resemble, it seems to me, my cousin Clara's."

"I think there is a slight *family* resemblance," said I, "but the mouth is like Mr. Littledale's. Miss Fancourt, I hear, is going to be married soon (but this was only a shrewd guess of mine) to Dr. C—."

"Is that possible?" exclaimed the lady, brightening up, and giving me back the baby, but *without kissing it again*, "I own that I should be glad to see Clara well married:" and she fell into a fit of deep musing.

"Mrs. Griffiths," at length, she said, "you know not how much I am perplexed, by a sort of dream-like remembrance, similar to some of those that gleam over our minds at different parts of our lives, as if we had been in another state of existence. I have some such vague recollection, that during my fever, I heard a bustle in the room, and some one say, "It's all over—the baby is dead;" and then I *saw it*, stiff and cold; I am sure I *did* see it, placed for a moment upon that table, and—no! I cannot say *who* they were, but there were two or three persons, whispering together in a corner, and I know, I *felt*, that my little girl was taken for ever from me."

So pathetic were these tones, and so allied to truth were these supposed visions of the lady, that I could scarcely refrain from tears, and would not answer her, lest I should betray my emotions.

"Do you think the infant will live?" at length Mrs. Littledale inquired, but the coldness of her manner surprised me. I fancied she had settled it in her own mind that the baby was *none* of hers, and that she had not yet determined as to how she should act concerning it.

Nothing more passed worthy of notice during the following week, only that humanity made us provide the little unconscious intruder with proper nourishment, when, a note was brought to Mrs. Littledale, from her cousin Clara. When she saw the hand-writing, she seemed much agitated, and desired me to read it, as her eyes, she said, "were still extremely weak."

I copy this note from the original, which I was desired to keep:—

"Dear Elizabeth,

"You have often taxed me with being *too fond* of your husband: to-morrow I shall have one of my own, so I hope you will have no more jealous whims on my account. Dr. C— and myself set off from the church-door for Italy. I hope you and *your little girl* (you see I know its sex), are doing well. It is of no use my sending my love to Littledale, for you would not present it.

"Your's affectionately,

"CLARA FANCOURT."

"What a heartless, hardened wretch it is!" exclaimed I, indignation throwing me completely off my guard; "I wish the bridegroom joy of his bargain."

"I can dissemble no longer," cried Mrs. Littledale, "for I see you know all about it: she has used me very ill, but she is my nearest relative, and if I cannot behave with some charity towards her, how can I expect the *world* can. My dear Mrs. Griffiths, I cannot be imposed on; that poor little infant is not *mine*, God has taken my sweet blossom

Digitized by Google

away I know. I *saw* her dead, and *felt* the pang of parting with her though they thought me, and I suppose I was, delirious. I should be deemed no competent witness in a court of law, I dare say, in this affair; but I am a *witness to myself*, and all the arguments in the world would not destroy the evidence."

I held down my head, and said nothing; Mrs. Littledale continued.

"That little innocent, when it gazed in my face the other day, appealed, with mute eloquence, to all the better part of my being; she has been thrown upon my protection: she is the child of my husband, and of my nearest female relation. *I will not abandon her*, and if I *can* help it, I will never show the least consciousness to my poor. still tenderly-beloved George, that I know any thing of this scheme they have all thought proper to play off upon me, no doubt to screen Clara from obloquy and loss of reputation. She shall not suffer from my want of discretion."

"Angelic forbearance!" I exclaimed, passionately: "this is indeed the very perfection of charity."

I forgot to mention that Mr. Littledale, in defiance of his contract with me, actually called the very next day after he had made it, at the house of Dr. C—, and sent in his card to Miss Clara Fancourt, who, with that caprice, and impudence, with which ladies of her class are generally well stocked, having just *accepted* the offer of the not over-nice physician, to become her husband, thought it *good taste* to send a mere verbal reply to the morning visitor, simply saying, "She was sorry she could not see Mr. Littledale, for she was at that moment particularly engaged." I was thus relieved from my obligation to keep his secret.

Perhaps this not over-flattering conduct in his inamorata did more to reform Mr. Littledale than the delicate and most admirable treatment of his wife. Some men are made up of gross materials, however beautiful and perfect may be their exteriors. This one was connected by the most endearing ties, with an angel of light, and yet he wandered from her to form an intimacy with a fiend.

There is now living in a very elegant house, near Kew Gardens, a gentleman and lady, with *three* children, or rather a grown-up family of three. They are considered to be a most happy couple, and he pays the most devoted attention to her; the two young men are, like their parents, exceedingly handsome; the elder one has entered the army, the other is to go into the church. The daughter, who is just sixteen, and is named Elizabeth, does not partake of the beauty of her brothers; she is short of stature, and, like the celebrated Sappho, has a brown complexion, and, like her also is all enthusiasm and genius. She is most devotedly attached to "her beloved mamma," and lately nursed her through a long illness, with such exemplary tenderness, and unwearied patience, that I heard that sweet lady say, as I called upon her a short time after her recovery, "My dear Mrs. Griffiths, I believe it would break my heart if that dear affectionate girl were told that she is not, in verity and truth, my own dear daughter; I could not have loved the *other* better."

I lately read the following notice in a morning paper:—"Died at Rome, of an intermittent fever, the lady of Dr. C—, M.D. She has left an attached husband and a large family to bewail her loss."

Digitized by Google

And now, my most beloved public, farewell for a season; do not, amidst brighter and better narrations, constantly teeming from the press, forget the claims I hold upon your affections; do not allow the "Remembrances of your Monthly Nurse," to be totally effaced from your memory. I resign myself now into the *open arms*, for a brief period, of my great easy-chair, and I will dream sometimes of you.

CENSUS OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE MODERN LITERATURE OF FRANCE.

Concluded from page 577.

THEN why theorise? Because of that which enables us to demand Why? The child's why is the dawn of the man's reason. Thus it is: —for all things we require a reason, by reason of the Reason within us. But the Reason within us, though a cause in itself, and productive of the effects for which a reason is demanded, is not an adequate cause. A sense of power not ours, and belonging to another being opposes the *pure* exercise of reason as the sole motive power, and calls the reason out of itself to act upon an existence not its own, and upon which therefore it can give no practical decision, but *au contraire* concludes speculatively. In a word it theorises.

The first French Revolution was altogether a theorising. The action of mind on matter—asserting of the latter what was only true of the former, and *vice versa*. By matter we mean the whole amount of what is contained in the field of nature—that is, comprehended within time and space—and therefore subject to necessity, not willingly, for it has no will, by reason of Him who has subjected the same in hope. True this, whether of nature, inanimate, animate, or human! Yet for this nature some of the earliest revolutionary writers demanded political liberty—at the same time another class of writers were denying liberty to human will, upon the notable grounds too of the universality of the law of necessity —both writers however, agreeing, that nothing was, save and except Matter; such matter, it being granted, could, under certain conditions feel as well as be felt.

All this was too absurd and self-contradictory to stand the wear and tug of civil warfare, in which all the moral elements of society were thrown into commotion. Consider the spectacle of a whole people denying moral liberty, and contending for natural liberty! How anomalous in all its aspects!—yet such is theory—which, in all cases, is mind attributing its own qualities to matter, and those of matter to itself. Whenever it speaks of and from itself alone, it never theorises—all such affirmations are of the most practical character, though vulgarly ranged in the category of speculation. Of all vulgar errors, none is more fatal than this.

Digitized by Google

Well might Bonaparte ridicule the ideologists of the first revolution. With those *pseudo*-metaphysicians—so called because they were the merest physicans the world had ever witnessed, the reign of theory expired. The second revolution was a brief one, because it was unencumbered with speculation; a single practical end was all it sought to attain, and its agents accomplished some shadow or image of it in the shape and name of a citizen-king.

It were well, therefore, for authors to confine themselves, whether novelists or essayists, to the bare assertion of what is or what appears; namely, of what is *in* the spirit, soul, and mind of man, and of what appears *to* the said spirit, soul and mind. We care not whether the writer be a Paul de Kock, or a De Beranger; so that he presents us with being as being, and appearances as appearances.

"The novels of PAUL DE KOCK," says Mr. Reynolds, "are *romans des mœurs;* and as such, they present a most correct and striking picture of Parisian life, society and manners, in all their various shades and colourings. His scenes for the most part exhibit the peculiarities of the middling classes. His wit and humour are irresistible, where he chooses to be gay; and when he appeals to the feelings, the tears of the reader must flow in sympathy with the hero or heroine, whose misfortunes he is occupied in perusing.

"Thus, in *L' Amant—le Mari et La Femme, Gustave, André, M. Dupont, &c.*, is such an overflowing abundance of humour and drollery, that peals of laughter greet every fresh page. The most mirthful scenes in *Peregrine Pickle, Roderick Random*, or *Joseph Andrews*, are, to use the words of our friend Sancho Panza,—'but cakes and gingerbread'—to the numberless ludicrous details and adventures to be met with in the works of Paul de Kock; in fact no English author ever possessed such wonderful powers of exciting the risible muscles of his readers as he."

Mr. Reynolds's specimen does not bear out this high praise.

Ch. Paul de Kock's novels are valuable, not for their morality or immorality, but simply as panoramas of Parisian life and manners, in the most popular form. They teach us what society is there at this time, making the lesson impressive by the force of wit and humour, and, what generally accompanies humour, sometimes of pathos so deep, that were it of long continuance it would agitate too strongly. *Le Barbier de Paris*, however, belongs to the times of old—chivalric and barbarous, lightened by the character of a lying hero, the Chevalier Chandoreille, rogue and coward. We know not what to say of *Sœur Anne;* the character of Dubourg is amusing. *Jean, M. Dupont, L' Amant, Le Mari—et la Femme*, are all works that show us the state of manners in France, and give us materials for judging of its spirit. They acquaint us with the views of that great city, and indicate a disruption of all the bonds that once united its members. The very important institute of marriage is habitually disregarded—and the stock incident of each production is some species of illicit intercourse. That a decent woman in the middle classes should have an illegitimate child is in

Digitized by Google

London an exception, but in Paris, according to De Kock, it is the rule. Nor wonder—for the marriage tie is despised on *principle*. Let us see to this; whether it be good or evil.

Paul de Kock differs from other French novelists in dealing rather with manners than with sentiment. The trials of social life are more with him than those of the susceptible heart. He transacts not with the romantic, but with the real. In the novel of *Madeleine*, however, he has aimed at the developement of interior feelings; but he has succeeded, after all, better in the character of M. De Saint Elme, a fashionable swindler, than in his sentimental heroine.

To pass to De Beranger—a true poet, speaking true things, according to his capacity of perceiving truth. The destruction of the Bastile was the first stern fact that awakened his mind. During his incarceration in Saint Pelagie, for an imputed libel against the government, he embodied his recollections of that event in a poem. At the dawn of manhood, De Beranger had to encounter poverty, and by her was instructed in the wants, the sentiments, and the peculiarities of the suffering classes. He had already written poetry; in 1802 he published some; but *Le Pélerinage*, in four cantos, was unsuccessful. In 1805, he obtained literary employment in *Les Annales du Musée;* and shortly afterwards enjoyed the situation of one of the clerks in the Institute, and retained it till 1821, when for his songs and his opinions he was dismissed. His imprisonment in Saint Pelagie occurred in 1822. In 1829, he was conveyed for nine months to the gaol which is denominated the Force. He now resides at Passy, in the suburbs of Paris; and lives, says Mr. Reynolds, on that which few would even deem a competency.

Beranger's songs have been published in five different collections;—the first in 1815, the second in 1822, the third in 1825, the fourth in 1828, and the fifth in 1833.

The distinguishing characteristic of Beranger's lyrics is their dramatic interest. Mr. Reynolds quotes the *Veteran Corporal*, and a profane song which his good taste should have induced him to omit. The following is good.

THE REMINISCENCES OF THE PEOPLE.

(*From the French of Beranger.*)

France shall sing Napoleon's glory
In the humble cot for ever;
Fifty summers hence shall never
Listen to another story!
At eve shall meet each village swain,
To hear some aged crone recite
The deeds of other days again,
And thus to wile away the night.
"Well," they say, "the nation's heart
Constant clings to Buonaparte
Him we adore."
"Mother, speak of him once more!
Oh! speak once more!"

Digitized by Google

—" It was in my youthful day,
(Many since that one have flown),
That the great Napoleon
Passed the cot in grand array.
On foot I clambered up the hill,
For I was dressed in garments gay.
Methinks I see his cocked hat still,
And riding-coat of homely grey.
When he passed I shook with fear,
But he said, 'Good day, my dear!'
So kindly too."
—" Mother, then he noticed you!
He noticed you!"

" Scarce a year had passed away,
When I saw his princely train,
And Napoleon once again;
To the church he went that day!
They were blithe and happy all,
Through crowds admiring moving on.
While thousands cried, 'May blessings fall
From heaven on Gallia's favourite son!'
Sweet the imperial champion smiled,
For he thought upon his child,
The infant dear."
—" Mother, it was a glorious year,
A glorious year!"

—" Then when battle raged around,
When oppressed by foreign foes,
Braving danger, he arose
He to succour France was found.
One night—I never shall forget;
A knocking led me to the door:
Great God! my eyes Napoleon met,
Followed by gorgeous train no more.
Sate the hero, and repeated
Words of despair."
" Mother, what! is that the chair,—
Indeed the chair?"

" He by hunger was oppressed,
Sorry food could I provide:
Then his dripping clothes he dried,
And obtained a partial rest.
At length awaking from his dream,
He marked my tears of sorrow fall.
'Be calm,' he cried, 'for Fortune's beam
Is yet upon the land of Gaul.'
Here's the goblet whence his lip
Deigned my humble wine to sip.
Forgotten never!"
—" Mother, will you keep it ever—
O keep it ever."

" Yes! behold—regard it well!
He—whose head a Pope had blest,
By his foemen was oppress;
In a distant isle he fell.
France, tired of hope, believed at last*

* For a long time the lower orders of the French refused to put the slightest faith in the report of Napoleon's death.

Digitized by Google

He ne'er could come her rights to save.
And now the ocean must be passed
By those who wish to mark his grave!
When the tidings met my ears,
Frequent were my bitter tears,
My grief to tell!"
—"Mother, Heaven keep thee well!
God keep thee well!"

Auguste Ricard is an imitator of Pigault Lebrun, and Paul de Kock. His works are more correctly described as pictures of Frenchmen and French manners than even theirs. He seldom seeks for scenes or characters in the world of fashion. To enumerate his heroes is to state the titles of his works. *Le Portier* (the Porter), *La Grisette* (the Milliner), *Le Cocher de Fiacre* (the Hackney Coachman), *La Vivandière* (the Camp Suttler), *Le Chaffeur** (The Bandit), *La Sage Femme* (the Midwife), *L'Ouvreuse des Loges* (the Box Keeper), *La Forçat Libéré* (the Freed Convict), *La Marchand de Coco* (the Coco-seller), &c. In the conduct of his novels Ricard is dramatic, in which form he excels. His great fault is a tendency to episodic construction.

Of Prosper Merimée, the English public have already a favourable specimen in the *Théâtre de Clara Gazul*, which was translated some years ago. The same sort of disguise he tried in *La Guzla* and *La Jacquerie*, but not with the same success. His fame rests on his *La Chronique du Regne de Charles IX.*, and the *Mosaique*, a collection of tales.

Our notice of Alexandre Dumas must be necessarily brief. Great as a melodramatic writer, his pieces have nevertheless a merit beyond their exquisite adaptability to the French stage in general, and to the Porte Saint Martin Theatre in particular. As a novelist also he is not without power and skill. *Angele* is the best of his plays.

As to Jules Lacroix, we condemn him utterly!

In introducing M. De Jouffroy, Mr. Reynolds indulges in some good remarks on the different styles proper to the short tale and the extended novel. He thinks that in the first more *genius* is shown, and in the second more *talent*. "There is," he continues, "a conciseness and a laconism about the style of De Jouffroy and his brother tale-writers, which we may look for in vain amongst the novels of the great authors."

Charles Nodier's tales are principally written in the shape of letters. They are learned and philosophic, sacrificing nothing to popularity, yet winning it by the graces of style. This writer is an etymologist also. His works of fiction are *Le Peintre de Saltzbourg*, *Reveries*, *Adele Madame de Marsan*, *Souvenirs de Jeunesse*, *Trilby*, *Jean Sbogar*, *Le Dernier Banquet*, *Thérèse Aubert*, and *Le Dernier Chapitre de* ——. His works of research and learning are *Le Dictionnaire des Onomatopées*, *Examen Critique des Dictionnaires de la Langue Française*, and *Questions de Litterature Legale*.

The last name that we shall mention is Michel Raymond, a

* Literally, the *warmer* or *burner*. This species of robber was so called, from the circumstance of placing his victims upon the fire, *à la Turpin*, to compel them to discover their property.

Digitized by Google

pseudonyme, designating a literary partnership between MICHEL MASSON and RAYMOND BRUKER, and formed of the christian names of the fraternal authors. The works thus authorised are entitled *Le Maçon, Daniel le Lapidaire, Les Intimes, Le Secret,* and *Le Puritain de Seine et Marne.* Michel Masson, unaided, has published, *Les Nouveaux Contes, Un Cœur de Jeune Fille, La Lampe de Fer, Thadeus le Ressuscité, La Couronne d' Epines,* &c. &c. Raymond Bruker, since the dissolution of the partnership with his former collaborateur, is the avowed writer of *Les Sept Pechés Capitaux, La Mensonge,* &c. &c.

It is time that we should conclude this paper, since we have come to cataloguing title-pages. The sum of the matter then is this—that Paris has its Bulwers and its Ainsworths, its pretenders to talent and its rightful claimants. Among them, however, we find not a Dickens. No, no—Dickens is thoroughly English—as moral as he is humorous. As to the rest, we must look to causes deeply seated, for the manners, the literature, and the politics of particular times. There is a Truepenny beneath the stage, not seen, yet audibly demanding that men should swear to keep the secret of his chosen Avenger! And well they keep it,—for they know it not. We must wait for the last act of the world-drama, and shall then learn it in the sequel of the piece. With what a weight of wisdom will the Epilogue be charged that shall succeed the falling of the curtain on that grand play:—"the blanket of the dark," that shall close in the universe!

THE TOURNAMENT.

AT the close of the year it seems no improper practice to review its principal phenomena. One of the most startling and stirring events, of recent occurrence, is the revival of the Tournament, at Eglinton Castle. It is an event which, in itself, has excited the curiosity and mirth of "all the world and his wife," and which, when viewed in its bearing on the present condition of society, is not unworthy the attention of philosophers, or those who would seem such. It is important, if possible, to direct the noisy stream of tittle-tattle even on such subjects as these; for, by tittle-tattle, half mankind, and almost all womankind are swayed and urged forward. Aye, tittle-tattle is the engine by which those high-sounding quiddites, the "march of intellect," "the progress of public opinion," &c., &c., acquire such accumulated momentum and bear down all before them. Happy are those, therefore, who by any accident can make tittle-tattle do yeoman's service to philanthropy on this occasion; for never was there a more exuberant out-pouring of tittle-tattle than has been afforded by the identical tournament under notice. For the last three months, in certain circles of celebrity, we have heard of nothing else "from night to morn, from morn to dewy eve." We have been obliged to ransack all our old reminiscences relating to the history of knighthood, the troubadours, *la belle science,* the courts of love, and all their dainty whimsicalities. We have actually been compelled in mere self-defence, to reperuse Mill's History of Chivalry, not to speak of Ariosto, Spenser, and other poets of the same kidney, by apt quotations from whom we endeavoured to conceal our ignorance of antiquarian niceties.

Digitized by Google

Well, after this exordium, to come to our *moral estimate*, a thing, by-the-bye, on which we particularly pride ourselves, as we usually hit the golden mean between the "budge doctor of the stoic fur," and the *porcus de grege Epicuri*. What shall our moral estimate of the tournament be? and with whose dictum shall we most coincide? Luckily the question is already decided for us by a book even now on our table; it is Chateaubriand's Genie du Christianism. In this noble author, by far the finest of the *ancien regime*, we find the sanctity of divine truth combined with the richness of human sentiment and sympathies. Let us explain his ideas on this subject, for they are worth the listening to.

The advocate of the French royalists argues thus in the book to which we refer, which has been translated under the title of the "Beauties of Christianity." The spirit of Christianity (says he) is itself the noblest spirit which can possibly influence an aristocracy. In proportion as the true spirit of Christianity prevails, it necessarily produces that aristocracy or best estate of mind, that finished piety, virtue, and patriotism, without which a nobleman is but a moral antithesis and a contradiction in terms. Christianity, therefore, argues Chateaubriand, being the complement of all divine and human virtues, is the true Ehrenbreitstein or broadstone of honour, with which the noble becomes nobler, and without which he is but a living lie. The road to the temple of Honour, among the Romans, was through the porch of Virtue. But now, as a quaint antiquarian observes, "by the preposterous innovation and change of things, that nobility, which was proper only to the good, gave place; and that nobility, which is alike common to the good and evil, stept to the helm. Yea, even the word *nobilis*, or noble itself, which some will have to have been so called, as who should say *noscibilis*, or remarkable, or for some virtue notable, began to be indifferently taken into both parts, good and bad, as *nobile scortum*, a noble harlot, *nobile scelus*, a noble villain."

Therefore, says Chateaubriand, let the aristocrat of modern times, who would be truly aristocratical, strive to excel in Christian graces, perfections so lofty and so rare, requiring such divine solicitude and unflinching discipline that no vulgar nature can conceive or compass them. Let such a nobleman who would aspire to aristocratical distinction, above his peers, take the shortest and discreetest road to it, by cultivating the spirit of Christianity. Let him personally evince that the *divine* is indissolubly connected with the *honourable*; that they must stand or fall together. The very mottoes of our aristocracy, if well read and considered, might serve to teach them this magnificent lesson. But why do we enlarge on a thought which has been so often more eloquently elaborated; a thought which has already produced Erasmus's "Christian Knight," and Sir Richard Steele's "Christian Hero."

Thus Chateaubriand advises noblemen, who would be really such, to aim at that spirit of Christianity which is the most sublime and beautiful of all moral conceptions. He recommends them to achieve those sacred and imperishable honours which lend aristocracy, aye, royalty, to the eternal soul, which are beyond the accident of time and place, and throw the mere formalities of rank into obscure insignificance He would have them learn something of that nobleness, which the apostle describes as so rare and so arduous. Whatever things are admirable,

Digitized by Google

and glorious, and renowned, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise let them think of these. The most aristocratical thing in the universe, as our old friend, Coleridge, was wont to remark, is that intense devotion to Deity, and that heroic philanthropy towards man, which would at once give the peer, who had the moral courage to exert them, the supremacy of character "which is conferred by no changes of the government, and which cannot be taken away by any ministry."

Chateaubriand, therefore, argues for this spirit of christianity, which would make our nobility so vast a blessing, and teach them to spend and be spent, not for the fantastic trumperies and buffooneries of fashion, but for the solid improvement of their fellow-countrymen in piety, virtue, industry, and frugality, (that last best estate of a peaceful, loving, and prosperous population, for desiring which Göethe has rescued the soul of Faust from the gripe of the devil). Chateaubriand has not however said a word against the spirit of science, nor dropped a syllable against the sentiment of chivalry which we are now discussing. On the contrary, he shows that the spirit of christianity is no proud limitary cherub, but ample, and expansive, and multitudinous as the beams of heaven's sunshine; christianity is that system of divine truth, longeval as eternity and boundless as space. In its holy and all embracing elements it includes all things sublime and beautiful, both in nature and art. There is nothing contractive or repulsive about it; but it perfectly blends and amalgamates itself with every thing that is lovely and of good report. God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, love, and a sound mind. We delight to add to our faith, knowledge, and to knowledge, virtue. We delight to add to our religion all that is true in esoteric and exoteric learning, and all that is gallant and elegant in the record of romance and poetry.

How then does Chateaubriand estimate the true spirit of chivalry? He estimates it most highly. He conceives that next to the sense of religion in our consciences, stands the sense of honour, of which chivalry is a synonyme. He conceives that the resurrection of this spirit of chivalry in the middle ages was altogether providential; that it was a glorious stimulus to the best developement of society during those pregnant centuries; and a capital defence against the imposture of hierarchies, who with their damnable sophistry, bigotry, and inquisition, threatened the best liberties of our race.

Respecting the true and pure spirit of chivalry, we agree with Chateaubriand; and with Dr. Johnson would we lament the degree in which that spirit has evaporated. Dr. Johnson being asked what had become of the spirit of chivalry, said, "it had gone into the city to make a fortune." Burke bewailed the same misfortune in the most eloquent passage of modern literature. "The age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, calculators, and economists has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex; that proud submission; that dignified obedience; that subordination of the heart which kept alive even in servitude itself the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise is gone! It is gone; that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour which felt a stain like a wound, which

Digitized by Google

inspired courage while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which, vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness."

Yet inclined as we are to indulge in commendations of the spirit of chivalry, we cannot venture quite so far in panegyric of the recent tournament as some of our contemporaries. That excellent little publication, the Mirror, has shown laudable zeal in the cause, and gives us an engraving of the whole ceremonial of the lists, though not exactly as large as life and twice as natural. The Morning Herald has, likewise, been astonishingly eulogistic on the occasion, and has fairly outshone itself in the style sentimental. As we heartily relish the good old English gentlemanly spirit of this Journal, and its consistent adherence to the main interests of religion, philanthropy, and patriotism, we shall take the liberty of quoting some brilliant lines from its columns.

"The attempt (says the Herald) to revive at the present day the chivalrous pastime of 'the tournament,' has been derided by the cold 'philosophy' of a money-getting, utilitarian age. Yet, let us ask, Are the mass of the people happier because the 'age of chivalry has past,' and, in what was once 'merry England,' the sordid, heartless, sensual doctrines of utilitarianism have triumphed over sentiment, and nearly extinguished the fine impulses and generous instincts of man's nature?

"Chivalry, divorced from the feudal system, of which it was the graceful accompaniment and softening influence, may be thought to be altogether out of place and out of season. What is there in our advanced state of civilisation, it may be asked, which can make it desirable to reintroduce its forms and usages—the inventions of ages comparatively illiterate? We answer that, though the feudal system has vanished, the spirit that tempered its despotism—that mitigated its ferocity—that, in an age of comparative darkness, restrained the arm of savage violence and led power captive in the silken chains of woman's finest influence, may not be without an object to operate upon, and a field for the exercise of its noblest powers.

"If the feudal power was fierce and rude and lawless, until chivalry came to subdue its passions beneath the yoke of an artificial refinement, is not the utilitarian age grovelling, mean, and sordid, and does it not require some counteracting influence—some elevating and inspiring sentiment, to redeem its character from the debasing bondage of that material 'philosophy' under which the manly virtues, and all those generous energies that exalt and adorn humanity, are fast perishing from the soil of England, where they once flourished in such vigorous luxuriance?

"Is not such a condition of society tending rapidly to realise the melancholy prediction of the poet Goldsmith, who, with the prophetic eye of genius, foresaw the national degeneracy which the utilitarian system, then only beginning to develop itself, would eventually produce:—

> "'Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
> The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
> Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
> Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote, for fame,
> One sink of level avarice shall lie,
> And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonoured die."'

"To those who have no directing power but selfishness, it costs no struggle of intellect to get rid of the generous attachment, or prejudice,

Digitized by Google

or whatever it is, to one's country. Their cosmopolitism is but the absence of manly sympathy—but the negation of heart; just as latitudinarianism in religion is not a triumph of charity, but a result of cold indifference.

"How can such persons understand the feeling of the bard, when, in the fervour of a patriot's enthusiasm, he exclaims,—

"'O, Caledonia! stern and wild!
Meet nurse for a poetic child;
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood—
Land of my sires—what mortal hand
Shall e'er untie the filial band
That binds me to thy rugged strand?'"

"Had that bard himself, the learned, graceful, and impassioned POET OF CHIVALRY, lived to see the tournament revived on the soil of his beloved Caledonia, how would he have welcomed, with the fascinating strains of his magnificent genius, the revival of the chivalrous splendours of the 'olden time.' Then, perhaps, another canto would have been added to the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' Even in the feebleness of old age such an event would

"'Have lighted up his faded eye
With all a poet's ecstasy.'"

"To view the 'tournament' merely in the light of a manly exercise and pastime, is it not one which deserves the encouragement of those who are admirers of recreations which strengthen, instead of enervating, the human frame, and teach the noble combination of hardihood of spirit and gentleness of character? What can be more masculine, adroit, and graceful, than the action and riding of a well-accomplished knight in the enterprise and evolutions of the tournament? As an exhibition of mere animal dexterity and prowess, it is a most interesting spectacle, but when there is added to all that, the indispensable accompaniment of the presiding charm of beauty, and the virtuous influence of woman, all civilised men must admit that the interest of the spectacle is greatly enhanced. What athletic pastime is worthier our approbation?

"'Whereby they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of the sex is lost.'"

"Is it steeple and hurdle chases, those brutal and barbarous pastimes of mercenary and unmitigated cruelty in which that generous animal, the horse, is inhumanly sacrificed to the cupidity of betting speculators? Scarcely do we ever hear of one of those cruel and senseless exhibitions in which one or more horses have not their backs or necks broken, and not unfrequently, the inhuman riders. This is a pastime, if anything so savage can be called so, which deteriorates both horse and man, and surely if the revival of the exercises—the manly and graceful exercises—of the tournament, were to put it out of fashion among the young aristocracy of the country, who are followed in this vice by a crowd of vulgar imitators, it would confer a great benefit on society, or, at least, abate a most disgraceful nuisance.

"How different to behold

"'Young knights and squires—a gallant train—
Practise their chargers on the plain
By aid of leg—of hand and rein
Each warlike feat to show.

Digitized by Google

To pass—to wheel—the croupe to gain,
Mid high curvet, that not in vain
The sword-sway might descend amain
On foeman's casque below."'

"All this is exercise which serves to develope all the strength and all the activity of the human frame. It was the recollection of the personal prowess of the steel-clad knights of old, which caused the great Lord Chatham to make a somewhat disparaging comparison between 'the silken barons of the present day, and the iron barons of antiquity.'

"Lord Eglinton has had the laudable ambition of endeavouring to remove that reproach from the young aristocracy of the present day. How different is the recreation which he, by a most bountiful expenditure of wealth, has endeavoured to make fashionable, from that which destroys the health and ruins the morals of its votaries at the gambling table.

"There the success of him upon whom Fortune smiles is not followed by the anguish, destitution, and despair of the vanquished. There no sordid passions take possession of the heart, and burden human nature until it puts on the malignity of the demon. There the ancient patrimony of the infatuated devotee of this miserable vice is not flung away on the cast of a die or the turn of a spotted card. How many noble castles, beauteous parks and woods, and lawns, have been passed in this way, as if by the wand of the enchanter, from the silly inheritor to some practised sharper, which in 'the age of chivalry' had displayed, as Lord Eglinton's domains have lately done, the noble array of that panoplied knighthood which was the 'cheap defence of nations,' and all the circumstances of a splendid hospitality.

"The scene of the tournament was graced by the fairest women of Scotland, and among them was the noble mother of the chivalrous host. It is not one of the least recommendations of such a scene that it cannot be considered complete without the presiding attractions of the fair sex. And, surely, in all times and countries there has been no such incentive to deeds of high emprise and honourable estimation as the virtuous influence of woman.

"If the 'age of chivalry' expired with a 'maiden reign,' the revival of one of its most manly and beautiful spectacles has been attempted, and we hope with success, in another 'maiden reign.'

"Here we leave the tournament and its hospitalities, hoping that the golden sun which withheld its beams on the late occasion, may shine auspiciously on it at a future day."

All this is very eloquent and ingenious pleading for the revival of the *spirit of chivalry*. But though we rather agree with those who would plead for the spirit of chivalry as a moral power, we conceive that this essential romance should not be too closely associated with the old cut and dried formalities of the middle ages, but be diffused, in more generous emanations, through the body of society. In this way we think the spirit of chivalry, properly so called, may be made highly servicable. It may extend to ennoble and purify our modes of thought, sentiment, and manners. It may extend to the education of the youth of the nation, in the mode which Milton has so splendidly delineated in his prose essays *De Institutione Juvenum*. It may extend so to polish

Digitized by Google

the manners of men, that insults shall rarely be given or received; or if offences of this kind arise, they may be settled by the umpirage of gentlemanly friends, which might supersede the courts of honour, and abate the barbarian nuisance of duelling, whose only defence is that specified by Dean Swift, "that it rids the world of its fools and knaves." And more than all, might the spirit of chivalry extend to diminishing and mitigating the terrible evils of naval and military hostilities, gradually make wars to cease on the earth, and drive them to their native hell, their only proper dwelling place.

But let it still be borne in mind that it is the *spirit of chivalry* which will avail us. It is the spirit we find in Sir Philip Sydney or Sir Charles Grandison, which will be always delightful, because always philanthropical. As to the mere *forms of chivalry*, as they have been recently revived at Eglinton Castle, we cannot help thinking them unprofitably expensive and frivolous. There is too much of what the economists call *unproductive consumption* about them to suit the good sense and good taste of the British. In their proper age, in the olden time these forms were highly important and serviceable; they then enabled the knights to settle many actual disputes concerning precedence and points of honour. Such contests were then made in good earnest, and they bore sufficient relation to the military discipline prevalent, to serve as valuable schools of emulation for youthful aspirants. But now-a-days a tournament is not *praetium operis*: nay, worse, the thing that was august hath become absurd. "There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," as the Emperor Napoleon very sagaciously observed; and that step has been passed. The very points, which, in the ancient tournaments, used to be fraught with the most thrilling and palpitating interest, are now the very ones that most inspire laughter; and laughter they will inspire in spite of the champions, just because the sublimest passages always admit of the funniest parodies. No, the great tide of social experience rolls on *in omne volubilis ævum*; you may inflect its current, but you cannot force it back. All which Don Quixote did to demolish the chivalry of Spain has Hudibras done to enervate that of England. The spirit and principle of chivalry, and all that made it most valuable, thank Heaven, gentlemen may still retain, even in the nineteenth century. But the mere forms must needs perish in spite of all the efforts made to uphold them. We cannot help thinking in this instance, that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!* The whole affair, to our minds, nearly equals in preposterousness the description of a certain festivity, with which Byron concluded his "Age of Bronze." His lines, if we may venture to quote them from mémory, run nearly thus:—

> "My Muse' gan weep, but, ere a tear was spilt,
> She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!
> While throng'd the Chiefs of every Highland clan
> To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alderman!
> Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with Erse roar,
> While all the Common Council cry 'Claymore!'
> To see proud Albyn's tartans as a belt
> Gird the gross sirloin of a City Celt,
> She burst into a laughter so extreme
> That I awoke—and lo! it was NO DREAM!"

Digitized by Google

A FEW LINES ON LITERATURE.

BY HANNAH D. BURDON.

When we consider the common occupations and ordinary thoughts of life, it seems scarcely possible that the mind can rise above them, as it sometimes does, and expatiate in the most elevated regions of reason and imagination; scarcely possible, that it can arrest itself on its hurried course, to take cognizance of its own nature, and mark, with calm precision, the intricate windings of its progress.

Nor are there many men who, either by nature or habit, possess the power of this abstraction; and very few, even when highly educated, are capable of original thought. In common life opinions are most frequently received and adopted without discussion or examination; they are prejudices under a false name. When the brain has small power of reflection, it spares much painful, and indeed useless labour, to coincide with others, and many men are not only incapable, but undesirous of exploring the heights of knowledge. They move contentedly on in the beaten track, despising the few who, with infinite toil and difficulty, gain the summit of the rugged cliffs, and who, after basking in the glowing light that truth sheds only there, return to reveal her mysteries for the benefit of their fellow-creatures.

Yet, in spite of the contempt with which the ignorant console themselves for their inferiority, it is by the thoughts of the surpassing few that their actions are unconsciously regulated. Aware of this power, and worthy of possessing it, the ancient professors of literature alone directed it to the improvement of individual man, in morality and religion, by teaching him how to attain the greatest virtue and happiness, by simply relating the noble actions of the dead as models for the living, or pouring forth in poetry, the inspirations of genius; either exciting men by the lofty aspirations of their own souls to soar above the world and its vanities, or instructing them with didactic strength how to use it with moderation. Virtue was then the object of all contemplation, and wisdom the means of attaining it.

But the examination of political interests has of late, except with religious writers, almost entirely replaced the philosophy of the soul. Philosophers have become habituated to contemplate their fellow-creatures as a mass, and no longer emulous of improving the qualities of separate minds, they endeavour only to influence the operations of nations, and watch their revolutions with intense anxiety, as the great machines which are to work out their own abstract principles, and prove the truth or fallacy of their political theories.

At the same time, the extensive diffusion of knowledge, by generating a continual demand for a literature adapted to the tastes of many classes, has greatly lowered its standard. In answer to the universal desire for novelty, a number of ephemeral writers have

Digitized by Google

sprung up, who, without either profound thought, or rigid principle, and indifferent as to the ultimate effects of their works, cater for every passing taste of the multitude. They amuse, and they are satisfied—they are paid, and their purpose is accomplished.

But at a time when democratic power is advancing with incalculable strides, it is of intense importance to the well-being of society, that the minds of the multitude should be instructed in the leading principles of morality and religion; that whilst they are eagerly acquiring a knowledge of their rights, they should be made acquainted with their duties; that the affections and the feelings should be trained as well as the faculties, and the general average of mind elevated, not only in knowledge, but in virtue.

Day by day the luxuries of the rich are diffusing their corrupting influence amongst the poor; yet day by day the voice of the people is assuming louder authority in the councils of nations; and though knowledge cannot arrest the progress of either, it is the sole means of controlling the most evil attributes of both, and directing them to become the means of human benefit.

Those therefore who are alone impelled to join in the arduous pursuit of literature, from the fulness of their own minds, and a disinterested love of truth and intellectual labours, should never be unmindful of the mighty and important task it is their duty to fulfil, nor forget that their toil is as worthless as idleness, when not directed to exalt and improve the mental and moral condition of mankind.

It was this single-hearted and god-like purpose alone which invested the poets and philosophers of ancient days with those immortal wreaths, against which even the thunderbolts of Jupiter were fabled to be powerless; it is this which has made the multitude of every age bow down before the shrine of genius; and it is this which can alone finally accomplish the triumph of intellect over the dominion of human passions, and the powers of earthly matter.

Such writers belong not exclusively to any age or country: the fountain of their inspiration is beyond the confines of space; and their influence will be felt in the remotest depths of time, though their labours are frequently undervalued by their contemporaries; for very slowly do mankind become aware of their real benefactors, and the light literature, merely contributing to their amusement, often secures immediate praises and rewards, whilst those sterling productions of genius destined eventually to immortalise their author, are disregarded by the multitude, till some reigning critic has pronounced his fiat in their favour; and he whose converse with the deity is to be the measure of future genius, passes away before his fellow-creatures are conscious of his existence. He follows the even tenour of his way without reputation or distinction, walking through the multitude unrecognised, as angels whom the guise of men veils from ungodly eyes.

But like such blessed messengers, in obscurity and humility, he still holds converse with things beyond the earth; and, in defiance of neglect, pursues his lofty contemplations for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, sustained by the persuasion that time in its pro-

Digitized by Google

gress will untimately dispel the darkness that brooded over his course. In the silent consciousness of immortality, of which genius is not to be divested by adversity, he dies, and leaves the mantle of his glory to lesser men, who, whilst they are themselves illustrated by the transmitted splendour, first teach mankind the mightiness of the prophet who has passed away. With gradual but certain influence, his thoughts, as their justice and utility are tried and proved by the infallible test of experience, direct the great current of public opinion; his speculations become the actions of nations, and the truths his genius elicited are thenceforth engraven as indisputable on the great volume of human knowledge.

There is another class of writers, who, created by the time, go with the time, and adapt their works to the temporary taste; who, though not endowed with any extraordinary or pre-eminent ability, are deeply imbued with religious and moral principles, and ever mindful of the high purpose of their calling. When they neither sink to common-place, nor bewilder themselves and their readers in the misty abstractions of sentiment, such authors have frequently an extensive and immediate influence on society, denied to more rare and loftier genius. They speak to ordinary understandings, and are universally understood; they appeal to common feelings, and they find an echo in every heart; they require no commentators to elucidate their meaning, and though they discover no new principles, they make a judicious application of established truths. Whilst the venerated works of their superiors, like mines of gold, are only explored by those who seek to rifle their treasures, their volumes, like coin of inferior metal, are endlessly multiplied to circulate from nation to nation. But years pass away, and others in more modern garb take their place, and they are forgotten.

A man must have other gifts to maintain a permanent reputation, and, however highly endowed, must remember, that all systems, whether physical or moral, erected solely by the imagination, all theories not founded in facts, and all literature where nature has not been taken as the type, have failed to hold a durable station in the estimation of society, and that the only source of impressive and original writing is truth. Yet nothing is more difficult to attain. Its dim reflections frequently wear the appearance of reality to worldly men: error is, by inexperienced ignorance, perpetually mistaken for it; and the spirit that is zealously bent on its pursuit, must not rely alone on its own powers, or those of living men, but claim the assistance of study to expand its perceptions into the past.

The works of a man of genius to whom extensive knowledge affords matter for reflection, are no longer limited to the thoughts of a single brain; no longer the mere reflections of existing manners, or passing events; but in his pages are condensed, as in a lens, all pre-existing talent, and his experience extends to the utmost limits of time. He sits like the merchant in his quiet home, receiving contributions from every nation of the earth. The minute historian, the zealous antiquary, the laborious collator, and the subtle legist, are all purveyors to his store-house of original

Digitized by Google

ideas, the observations of the traveller, the discoveries of science, the actions of the politician, and the vicissitudes of nations, are the oil which feeds the torch of his intellect, and thoughts, and words, and facts, worthless to other men, assume the diamond's value, when combined by his master mind, and condensed by the fire of his genius.

Extensive knowledge, whilst it embellishes literature, pre-eminently conduces to its utility. It is not by vague theories and idle deductions from fanciful propositions, that the moral conduct of man is to be improved, or his mind imbued with the purifying and elevating truths of religion, till his actions are constrained to be the result of his love for his Creator. They may amuse the imagination, but they are insufficient to control the passions, or correct the selfishness of the visionary student, and forgotten in the first moment of excitement or temptation, his reading and reflections are equally barren of good works, when he emerges from his study to mingle in the conflict of human interests.

It is action only which proves the value of a man's thoughts; and the sole worth of reading and meditation is to fit him for the performance of his duties. Literature, therefore, is of no value, but as it teaches him to connect the unreal with the real; the invisible with the visible, and by occasionally abstracting him from the hurry of life, to exercise the higher faculties of his mind in serious reflections, strengthen their influence over the senses, and enable him in future seasons of temptation to bring the principles he has derived from his studies to bear upon his conduct.

It is only when thus directed, that literature can effectually struggle with the corrupting influence of luxury, or effect that moral improvement of the individual, from whence the only permanent social amelioration can originate.

Its style and its subjects must necessarily be varied in adaptation to the diversity of human tastes and powers, but by whatever grade of intellect it is employed, whether it be used as the voice of science, the modifier of human institutions and bodily sufferings, or the bold assertor of human liberty and human rights, it will inevitably pass like a pestilential vapour over that land, where, divested of the sanctifying principles of religion and philanthropy, it breathes its noxious vapours. If unmindful, or despising the eternal and invisible, it deals only with the things of time, all the moral, all the social ties will be successively destroyed by its influence, till man, degraded to the depths of sin by the exercise of the intellect that was bestowed upon him as his guide to salvation, will experience, even on earth, in the consequences of his abuse of this mighty gift, that misery which the Divinity has ordained to be the infallible avenger of every dereliction from his law.

Digitized by Google

LIFE OF SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.*

This is one of the books that deserve the distinction of a separate review. The brief analysis that we shall be able to give will not be without its value. By conciseness of style much may be communicated in a few pages.

Very judicious remarks occur in these memoirs. After relating the circumstances and incidents of Davy's boyhood, his fraternal biographer observes, that he would not wish to be considered as attaching much importance to them. Thousands of individuals have been born and brought up amidst similar scenes, and in a manner very little different from him, without being gifted with any unusual abilities; and very many boys have shown indications of precocious talent, superior to his, which has withered in the bud or flower. There belonged, however, to his mind, it cannot be doubted, the genuine quality of genius, or of that power of intellect which exalts its possessor above the crowd, and which, by its own energies and native vigour, grows and expands, and comes to maturity, aided, indeed, and modified by circumstances, but in no wise created by them.

Sir Humphry Davy was the eldest son of Robert and Grace Davy. His native place was Penzance, on the shore of the Mount's Bay in Cornwall. He was born on the 17th of December, 1778, at five o'clock in the morning, as is certified in the cover of a large family Bible, in the handwriting of his father. He was christened on the 22d of January of the following year, and was nursed by his mother. He was a healthy, strong, and active child, and in every respect forward. Such was his precocity, that when scarcely five years old he made rhymes. He was taught reading and writing at a Mr. Bushell's school, from which he was removed to the Rev. Mr. Coryton's Grammar-school, an ill-conducted establishment, yet serviceable to Davy, even from the idleness which it afforded. He nevertheless acquired great facility in the composition of Latin and English verse, in the writing of Valentine and love-letters for his school-fellows, and in telling attractive stories. He took delight in angling, an amusement which remained with him through life. "The earliest indication," writes his brother, "that I am aware of, which he shewed of his fondness for experimenting, for which he was afterwards so distinguished, was in making fire-works. My eldest sister very well remembers, that she was his assistant in this undertaking, and that their workshop was an unfinished room in which, in bad weather, the Rev. Dr. Tonkin (the elder brother of Mr. John Tonkin, his early benefactor), then advanced in age, and a valetudinarian, took exercise on his chamber-horse, a large arm-chair attached to spring-boards, which boards served for a table for compounding the ingredients of the squibs and crackers."

---

* Memoirs of Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., LL.D., F.R.S., Foreign Associate of the Institute of France, &c. By his Brother, John Davy, M.D., F.R.S. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill, 1839.

Digitized by Google

On the occasion of his family leaving Penzance to reside at Varfell, which is situated on the shore of the Mount's Bay, separated from the sea by an intervening marsh, and immediately opposite the most striking and beautiful feature in the bay, that from which it derives its name, St. Michael's Mount, young Davy (then only nine years old) took up his abode with Mr. John Tonkin, and was much impressed with a scene relative to which the biographer before us has quoted Milton's lines:—

> "Where the great Vision of the guarded mount,
> Looked toward Namancos and Bayona's hold."

"The country," says our author, "between Varfell and Penzance, a distance of about two miles and a half, is an exquisite specimen of Cornish scenery; the expanse of the ever-varying blue sea on one side, bounded only by the horizon and the distant headlands; on the other side furze-clad hills, and rocky little glens, each pouring down its small clear stream, diversified with green fields, farmhouses, orchards, and other accompaniments of cultivation."

Davy quitted school at the early age of fifteen. The following is Dr. Cardew's testimony of his conduct while under his care. "He gave me much satisfaction, being always regular in the performance of his duties as a schoolboy, and in his general conduct. He was, too, I believe, much liked by his schoolfellows for his good humour; but he did not at that time discover any extraordinary abilities, or, so far as I could observe, any propensity to those scientific pursuits which raised him to such eminence. His best exercises were translations from the classics into English verse."

That the earlier tendencies of Sir Humphry Davy's mind were not to the manifestations of physical science, is the great secret of his after-success. His intellect was sharpened by the previous exercise of his reason on metaphysical topics, or, rather, by the habit of philosophising, even in a transcendental manner, which, with him, from the first, appears to have been rather an instinct than an acquisition. We find, therefore, that his earliest essays in his notebooks were on theology—religion and politics—on the immortality and immateriality of the soul—on body and organised matter—and similar subjects. His first conclusions were in favour of the materialist's theory—but three years sufficed to establish him firmly in the opposite opinion. He seems at one time to have been intent on an essay, bearing the title, "The Christian Religion not repugnant to True Philosophy;" but though the heads were all sketched out, the argument was not filled in. He however completed "A Letter on the pretended Inspiration of the Quakers and other Sectaries."

"It is interesting," says our biographer—how truly! "to compare these his early inquiries on the subject of religion with those he engaged in at a later period, as expressed in his 'Salmonia' and 'Consolations in Travels.' We may trace in the former the germs of many of the latter; and, indeed, the resemblance is often so marked, that the trains of thought have very much the character of recollections, with this marked difference, however, that in youth he considered reason as all-sufficient, whilst in later life he mis-

Digitized by Google

trusted it, as inadequate, and built his faith on internal or instinctive feeling, rather than on any process of ratiocination. And, I may here further remark, that, in comparing the two periods of his life, in relation to this inquiry, it is instructive to witness how presumptuous and daring is youthful genius; how easily satisfied with the semblance of truth; how modesty, distrust, and humility increase with the acquisition of knowledge; and how, with the conviction of the very limited extent of human knowledge, religious hope and faith also increase."

But Sir Humphry Davy was not only metaphysical, he was also poetical. A poem of his, "The Sons of Genius," was inserted in the "Annual Anthology" of 1799, with the date of 1795, when it was probably conceived. In the beginning of 1796, he entered on the study of the mathematics, and had proceeded as far as the eleventh book of Euclid by the second of January 1797. In this year he commenced the study of natural philosophy, and in November or December began the study of chemistry, when he was just entering on his nineteenth year. The theoretical parts of chemistry first engaged his attention; but he soon entered on a course of experiments.

"The rapidity with which he advanced in his new pursuit is strongly indicated by the circumstance that, in the April following, in the short space of four months, he was in correspondence with Dr. Beddoes, relative to his researches on 'Heat and Light,' and a new hypothesis on their nature, to which Dr. Beddoes became a convert. The results of these researches were the chief subject of his first publication, 'Essays on Heat and Light,' &c., which appeared in 1799, and were in part written a few months after he had commenced the study of chemistry."

His progress also was much promoted by his becoming acquainted with Mr. Gregory Watts, then in his twenty-first or twenty-second year, whose information, as well as sympathy, was highly beneficial to a mind then in course of developement; and, also, though in a less degree, by his connection with Mr. Davies Gilbert, afterwards his successor in the chair of the Royal Society. His professional pursuits, also, accorded with his chemical; and, as a student of medicine, he not only gained the favour of the patients of Mr. Borlase, to whom he was apprenticed, but became so proficient, that when he went to Bristol in the fourth year, he was considered competent, by Dr. Beddoes, to take charge of the patients belonging to the Pneumatic Institution.

"If the situation he had accepted, of superintendent of the Pneumatic Institution, had been created purposely for him, it could not have been more suitable to the bent of his genius, or better adapted for calling into activity and developing fully the powers of his mind; and the collateral circumstances generally were not less auspicious. The society he mixed with, Dr. Beddoes' family, of which he became an inmate, and even the scenery by which he was surrounded, all contributed to exercise a favourable influence over him."

Dr. Beddoes' house was then the gathering-point of the society

Digitized by Google

of Clifton—and thither Southey, Coleridge, and Tobin resorted; and here also Sir Humphry Davy formed that friendship with the late Mr. Pool, of Nether Stowey in Somersetshire, which was cherished by both ever after. "The extraordinary zeal with which Davy devoted himself to research at this time, and his great powers of application, are forcibly shewn in the rapidity of his labours. His 'Researches' were published in the summer of 1800." The experiments were all made between April, 1799, the period when he first breathed nitrous oxide, and the time of printing the book. "Ten months," he says, "of incessant labour were employed in making them; three months in detailing them." To repair his strength, exhausted by such labours, he revisited Penzance in October, 1799, for a month, and has left some verses on the incident. Indeed, he still continued to try his hand at essay-writing, and the composition of fictitious narrative, notwithstanding the severity of his scientific pursuits. Few of these were published—of some only the titles and plans are given—but all of them are of a philosophical and metaphysical kind, and intended to illustrate his views on such subjects. Such are the relaxations of great minds! Indeed, it appears that he contemplated the production of a philosophic epic, to be called Moses, and has left a regular plan of its treatment, with some fragments already composed.

But he was destined soon to leave Clifton. By the recommendation of Dr. Hope, he became professor of chemistry at the Royal Philosophical Institution established by Count Rumford. On the 31st of May, 1802, he was formally appointed to the office, having entered it a year before on probation as assistant lecturer. His first course of lectures on the galvanic phenomena was very successful. Circumstances, particularly in regard to the state of chemistry, were favourable to him; and the enthusiasm that he excited was great. He remained in the institution eleven years, *i. e.* until April 1812, when he retired on account of his marriage. During this time, he entered with all his ardour into investigations concerning tanning, and also turned his attention to agricultural chemistry—in this way illustrating and improving the methods of art, by applying to them the *principles* of science. In discovering the mode of making the combination of azote and chlorine, he much wounded his eye, inflicting an injury so severe, as for five months to prevent him from prosecuting his labours of research.

In the autumn of the year 1813, he found it possible, on account of his scientific name, to obtain permission from the French government to visit the continent. He was accompanied by Lady Davy, and Mr. Faraday, "as his assistant in experiments and in writing. In Paris he spent about two months, aiding M. Curtois, together with M. M. Clement and Desormes, in adding another substance to the supporters of combustion, viz. Iodine, an enquiry on which M. Gay Lussac had also entered. He kept no notes of his sojourn in Paris, but during his last illness, he amused himself with writing or dictating notices of the distinguished men of science whom he had known. In this way, we have sketches of

Digitized by Google

Guyton de Morveau, Vauquelin, Cuvier, De Humboldt, Gay Lussac, Berthollet, La Place, Chaptal. Some memorials of his journey he made in verse—poems entitled Fontainebleau, Mont Blanc, Banks of the Rhone, The Mediterranean Pine, The Canigou, at Morning, Noon and Evening, Vaucluse, Carara, remain to inform us of his finer feelings. We shall ere long give an article on "The poetry of Sir Humphry Davy."

From Paris he went directly into Auvergne, and having examined the extinct volcanoes of that mountainous region, proceeded to Montpelier, where he resumed his inquiries on the combinations of iodine. Afterwards, at Genoa, he made some unsuccessful experiments on the electricity of the torpedo, and extended his inquiries on iodine. Both here and at Montpelier, indeed, he examined many of the marine productions of the shores of the Mediterranean, in most of which he found traces of the substance. At Florence and at Rome, he investigated the nature of the diamond, and the different varieties of carbon. His note-books contain poetical notices of the scenes he passed through—Lines on Canova—The Sybil's Temple—A Distant View of Pæstum. At Milan he had the pleasure of seeing Volta, Piazzi, and Morichini, of whom he has left sketches. From Milan he crossed the Alps by the Simplon, and arrived in Geneva in the last week of June, and, in returning to winter in Italy, visited some of the most remarkable scenery in the different cantons on the way to the Tyrol. In the Campagna and the adjoining country, he took exercise with his gun, and completely recovered his youthful *cacciatore* taste; and from this time he continued to be almost as keen a fowler as he was before an angler. The results of his chemical searches during this winter he communicated to the Royal Society in three papers, which were published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1815, with the following titles and dates: "Some Experiments and Observations on the Colours used in Painting by the Ancients," Jan. 14; "Some Experiments on a Solid Compound of Iodine and Oxygen, and on its Chemical Agencies," Feb. 10; "On the Action of Acids on the Salts usually called the Hyperoxymuriates, and on the Gases produced from them," Feb. 15.

In the beginning of March he went from Rome to Naples, directing his attention to the study of the surrounding volcanic regions, and the investigation of the phenomena of volcanic eruption. Deterred by the plague (which a short time before had broken out at Malta and in the Levant) from extending his travels further to the Eastward, as he had originally designed, he set out on his return to England, again traversing the Tyrol, and avoiding France by a detour through part of Germany and Flanders. He embarked at Ostend, landed at Dover, and arrived in London on the 23rd of April.

Soon after his return from the Continent, he entered upon a new train of inquiry—the investigation of fire-damp, which ended in his well-known discovery of the safety-lamp, and the composition of a work entitled, "On the Safety-lamp, for preventing Explosions in Mines, Houses lighted by Gas, Spirit Warehouses, and Magazines

Digitized by Google

in Ships, &c., with some remarks on Flame." For the services thus rendered to the cause of human well-being, he was presented with a service of plate of the value of 2,500*l.* at a public dinner given to him at Newcastle, on the 11th October, 1817, at which Mr. Lambton, now Earl of Durham, presided. Besides this present from the coal-owners, he received also a splendid silver-gilt vase from the late Emperor Alexander of Russia, accompanied by a letter from the Emperor himself, and further, by his own sovereign, a Baronetcy was conferred on him in 1818. Stimulated by these means to fresh exertion, he made a further improvement in the safety-lamp, furnishing the miner with a steady though feeble light in any part of the mine where life could be supported.

In 1818 Sir Humphry Davy made a second continental journey and returned in June 1820. At Geneva he seems to have received a letter concerning M. Œrsted's experiments, which led to the discovery that the voltaic pile is a powerful magnet. The leading fact verified by Sir Humphry Davy was this, namely, that when the extremities of a voltaic pile or battery are united by a perfect conductor, as a metallic wire, and the compass is brought near it, the needle is attracted by the wire, and may be made to deviate from its natural direction. Reasoning whereon, he inferred that the uniting wire itself, during the passage of the electricity through it, must have become magnetic, which was confirmed by experiment —in conducting which, he found at length reason to believe that the magnetism of the earth depends on electricity.

On the death of Sir Joseph Banks in 1820, Sir Humphry Davy succeeded him as President of the Royal Society. He continued the Conversaziones begun by Sir Joseph Banks, changing however the evening from Sunday to Saturday, and proceeded with his scientific labours, especially on magnetism, and the liquefaction of the gases, and also with researches on the corrosion and on the protection of the copper sheathing of vessels. In 1824 he made an excursion into Norway and Sweden. In 1825 his health began to decline, and having experienced a paralytic attack in 1826, he made a third visit to Italy through France. On his return to England he visited his old friend Mr. Pool, and published his *Salmonia, or Days of Fly-fishing*, and in 1828 set out for his last journey to Italy, where he suffered at Rome a paralytic seizure, which ultimately proved fatal. His brother's account of his last days is highly interesting; Sir Humphry Davy died like a philosopher, on the 29th May, at Geneva, in the year 1829. We need not say with what high delight we look forward to the publication of the new and uniform edition of his collected writings. As we receive the volumes, we shall treat our readers with an analysis of the contents, and hope by such method to supply whatever may be the deficiencies of the present notice. Books like these, it is both a duty and a pleasure to review.

Digitized by Google

AMERICAN RAMBLERS.*

WELCOME, all ye ramblers in America, who delight to wander over the country, and write books upon the customs of the Yankees! More especially do we welcome Captain Marryat and Mrs. Jameson. Our greeting may have been long a-coming, but nevertheless is it sincere. Indeed, we are afraid that we are open to the reproach of having neglected both of these talented authors, although nothing was farther from our thoughts. 'Tis an old saying, and we believe it to be a very true one, "that things postponed until better opportunities, are never accomplished." Now this has been exactly our case. We have been pleasing ourselves with the idea that the time would come when we should be enabled to give these works an elaborate review—but the time came not! Yet have we now taken up the pen, with a determination to do something like justice to the Captain and Lady who have been so long waiting for our decision. We fear, however, that even now our ability will not be commensurate with our wish.

Lifting our eyes from the page whereon we are writing, we perceive, from the reflection of our visage in the opposite mirror, that we are absolutely grinning—a sad departure from our critical gravity. In thus leading us astray, you have, Captain, a heinous crime to answer for.

To let joking go by the board—really Captain we cannot agree with all your opinions, notwithstanding the engaging manner in which they are expressed, and our respect for yourself. You must excuse us finding fault—we shall admire as well as condemn.

To plunge into your book, then, *medias res;* or, as our mother-tongue more aptly expresses it, neck and crop, we don't like the following passage:—we find in vol. i. p. 73, "Beasts of prey, and noxious reptiles," say you, "are permitted to exist in the wild and uncultivated regions, until they are swept away by the broad stream of civilisation, which, as it pours along, drives them from hold to hold, until they finally disappear. So is it with the more savage nations; they are but *tenants at will*, and never were intended to remain longer than till the time when civilisation, with the gospel, arts, and sciences in her train, should appear, and claim as her own that portion of the universe which they occupy."

Horrid dogmatism this Captain,—horrid! If these said savages are but "*tenants at will*," of course they have a landlord. We ask, "who is this landlord!" If you say that the white man is he, well and good, for then he certainly has every right to take possession of his own property; but if you do not, it is quite evident that the white has no business to disturb another person's tenant. The supposition, however, of the white man being the landlord is manifestly absurd; opposed alike to common-sense and religion. Therefore, Captain, the only way in which you could support your opinion, would be to affirm, that the whites take possession of the "regions" occupied by the savages, by

* "A Diary in America, with Remarks on its Institutions." By Captain Marryat, C.B. author of "Peter Simple," &c. &c. London: Longman, 1839.

"Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada." By Mrs. Jameson, author of "Female Sovereigns," &c. &c. Saunders and Otley, 1838.

Digitized by Google

virtue of authority emanating from the real owner. This affirmation we will, with your permission, endeavour to controvert.

All of us, while we reside on this earth, are the tenants of a wise, great, good, powerful, beneficent, just landlord; and whom, accordingly, we honour, reverence, and obey, calling him God! It is impossible for us to separate these attributes from our idea of a God; but if Captain Marryat's opinion be correct, of some of them we must, at least, deprive him. Thus would the case stand: the white and the savage, are both, respectively, God's tenants or creatures, and both are, as we have been taught to believe, equal in his sight; the white man, however, being the more civilised, wins favour with his landlord, who, as it would appear, without reference to the right of occupying on the part of the savages, turns them out to make room for his favourite race. What could be more flagrantly unjust? We should not like to be the supporters of this hypothesis as a general rule. Mind we don't mean to say that whites should not take up their residence in countries belonging to savages—far from it! We merely declare that, in so doing, the right of the original occupants should be respected. It is well known that savages cannot avail themselves of the full capabilities of their country —that indeed it must be, in a great measure, unpeopled; and that, therefore, there is plenty of room for the old inhabitants and the new comers—hence we can see no harm in taking advantage of these circumstances to relieve our own over-burthened population; particularly as, if things are conducted properly, all parties must be benefited, and civilisation extended. We should consider ourselves missionaries to our savage neighbours, and instead of endeavouring to extirpate, we should try, by enlightening their darkness, to amalgamate them with ourselves.

These remarks have, in a manner, been forced from us by reason of the prevalence of the feeling which dictated Captain Marryat's opinion —a feeling which has been productive of much misery, injustice, and bloodshed! Savages have been treated as if they were out of the pale of humanity by Europeans proud of their own advancement; they, self-satisfied dreamers! little thinking that human nature, as exhibited in the conduct of the poor wild despised Indian, forms the groundwork upon which all civilisation is based; little thinking that the feelings, that the virtues, that the vices he possesses, are the counterparts, albeit in a ruder form, of those we find in our own breasts. We know too little of savage nature—would that all travellers were philosophers!

There is one portion of Captain Marryat's work in which we felt much interested, namely, that relating to a sect of fanatical Quakers* prevalent in America; concerning whose tenets much has been already said. The captain was present alone at one of their assemblies, and thus describes it:—"After a silence of ten minutes," he narrates, "one of the men of the community arose and addressed a few words to the spectators, requesting them not to laugh at what they saw, but to behave themselves properly, &c.—and then he sat down.

"One of the leaders then burst out into a hymn, to a jigging sort of

---

* "Shakers."

Digitized by Google

tune, and all the others joined chorus. After the hymn was sung, they all rose, put away the forms on which they had been seated, and stood in lines, eight in a row, men and women separate, facing each other, and about ten feet apart; the ranks of men being flanked by boys, and those of the women by girls. They commenced their dancing by advancing in rows just about as far as profane people do in *l'été* when they dance quadrilles, and then retreated the same distance, all keeping regular time, and turning back to back after every third advance. The movement was rather quick, and they danced to their own singing of the following beautiful composition :—

" 'Law, law, de lawdel law,
Law, law, de law,
Law, law, de lawdel law,
Lawdel, lawdel, law——'

keeping time also with the hands as well as feet, the former raised up to the chest, and hanging down like the fore-paws of a dancing bear. After a quarter of an hour they sat down again, and the women made use of their large towel pocket-handkerchiefs to wipe off the perspiration. Another hymn was sung; and then the same person addressed the spectators, requesting them not to laugh, inquiring if any of them felt a wish to be saved? adding, 'Not one of you, I don't think!' He looked round at all of us with the most ineffable contempt, and then sat down; and they sang another hymn, the burden of which was,

" 'Our souls are saved, and we are free
From vice and all in-i-qui-ty!'

which was a very comfortable delusion at all events.

"They then rose again, put away the forms as before, and danced in another fashion. Instead of *l'été* it was *grande ronde*. About ten men and women stood in two lines in the centre of the room, as a vocal band of music; while all the others, two and two, men first, and women following, promenaded round, with a short quick step, to the tune chaunted in the centre. As they went round and round, shaking their paws up and down before them, the scene was very absurd; and I could have laughed had I not felt disgusted at such a degradation of rational and immortal beings."

Strange enough truly! Yet wherefore should the captain feel disgusted? Some mystical meaning was undoubtedly cloaked beneath these apparently ridiculous exercises. We are sorry that there was any occasion for the captain to add a note to the passages quoted, reflecting on the morality of these people.

Taking from this point a hop, skip, and a jump to the end of this (the first) volume, we find some few remarks upon poors'-rates, deprecating the introduction of them into America. Now, in our opinion, the principle of poors'-rates is not one of justice, but of expediency. To say that it is proper to take a portion of the hard-earned profits of the industrious to keep those that work not, militates against all the received rights of property. As for the *moral* obligation, that's another thing. Dismissing, however, the question of its justice or injustice, the establishment of this tax is a measure of evident expediency. It might

Digitized by Google

be proved, that the expenses incurred by the rich on behalf of their poorer brethren, if the poors'-rates were abolished, would be much greater than they are at present. Public opinion will always enact a virtual poors'-rate, although the legislature might abrogate the legal one.

Under the existing arrangement, a man's *duty* is considered as discharged when he has paid the "rate for the relief of the poor;" all further donations are considered as proceeding from pure benevolence, and he gains credit accordingly. If, however, there were no poors'-rates, the case would be manifestly altered. Then a degree of reproach would fall upon him who should refuse to contribute towards the support of the indigent—yea, and that handsomely too—unsustainable by any, but those who are totally dead to all sense of shame. We should behold charitable associations arise "plentiful as blackberries," around us; and by their agents we should be so drained that the quarterly visits of the rate-collector, as we looked back on the past, would, in comparison, appear "as nothing." Besides, common sense tells us—the moral law tells us—our own conscience tells us, the poor must be maintained—ought to be maintained! Yet all this argues nothing to the justice of the *temporal* power, ordaining a compulsory contribution; but what can relieve us from our moral obligation to see to the wants of the poor?

In America, however, where every body can obtain employment, we completely agree with Captain Marryat in thinking that it is inexpedient to establish poors'-rates. It was with great pleasure we read the well-merited encomiums he bestows upon the generosity of the inhabitants of the city of Philadelphia.

We shall comply with the Captain's request, which he has attached to the end of his third volume; and refrain from criticising his remarks upon the American institutions, until the concluding portion of his work is published, for which we wait with great impatience.

Let us now accompany Mrs. Jameson in her Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada—that much wronged, much abused, much mistaken country. By misgovernment, by misrepresentation, this fine country has been driven into a revolution, which may perchance delay its ultimate prosperity for many years; and which has, among its other baneful effects, been destructive of all confidence between the rulers and the ruled. But let us fervently hope, with Mrs. Jameson, that although this finest province of the British empire has thus been placed in jeopardy, our young Queen may not hereafter, when she looks upon the map of her dominions, do so with the "indignant blushes and tears with which Maria Theresa, to the last moment of her life, contemplated the map of her dismembered empire, and regretted her lost Silesia."

To this sentiment, we are sure, all loyal subjects of our Queen will respond, *Amen!*

The chief charm of this book lies in its egotism. Though it be true that Mrs. Jameson, while in Canada, was thrown into scenes and regions hitherto undescribed by any traveller; and into relations with the Indian tribes such as few European women of refined and civilised habits have ever risked, and never recorded—and that the northern shores of Lake Huron are new ground—yet it is to the personal feeling running through the work, that its real attraction belongs. We seem, while reading the

Digitized by Google

work to be in personal and confidential communion with the writer—to be holding with her a comfortable *tete-à-tete*—and listening, while she, with sometimes a playful archness, and sometimes an engaging earnestness, expresses her opinions upon this, that, and the other.

While reading Mrs. Jameson's volumes, we were much struck by the womanly feeling which prevailed throughout them. And this is as it should be. Every book should be the picture of its writer's own consciousness, otherwise it is valueless. Valueless! 'tis worse than valueless—it is absolutely hurtful; hurtful to its writer, and more than hurtful to its reader. With such exotic works the press now teems; verily they and their authors deserve our critical lash—and perhaps some day or other we may castigate them. But *n'importe.*

Mrs. Jameson presents us with her readings and thinkings, as well as her seeings and hearings, in Canada. Accordingly, we have from her many remarks upon Goethe and Schiller, and other writers. These remarks generally predicate a strong mind; and though not always right, are always worthy of attention. By the bye, is not the following "Dream" delightful?

"Very significant, poetical, allegorical dreams have often been invented, or dreamt with open eyes; but once I had a singular dream, which was a real dream of sleep—such a one as if I had lived in the days of Pharaoh or Nebuchadnezzar, I should have sent for the nearest magician or prophet to interpret. I remember no vision of the night which ever left on my waking fancy so strong, so vivid an impression; but unfortunately, the beginning and the end of the vision faded before I could collect the whole in my remembrance.

"I had been reading over late in the evening, Sternberg's *Herr von Monsheim*, and in sleep the impression continued. I dreamed I was reading a volume of German tales, and as I read, it seemed as if, by a strange dream-like, double power of perception, not only the words before me, but the forms and feelings they expressed, became visible and palpable to sense; what I read seemed to act itself before my eyes. It was a long history, full of fantastic shapes and perplexing changes, and things that seemed and were not; but finally one image predominated and dwelt on my memory clearly and distinctly even long after I waked. It was that of a Being, I know not of what nature or sex, which went up and down the world lamenting, for it loved all things, suffered with all things, sympathised with all things and a crowd of sentient creatures followed, men, women, children, and animals—a mournful throng.

"And the Being I have mentioned looked round upon them, and feeling in itself all their miseries, desires, and wants, wept and wrung its hands.

"And at length a wish arose in the heart of the Being to escape from the sight of sorrow and suffering, which it could share, but not alleviate, and with this wish it looked up for a moment towards heaven, and a cup was held forth by a heavenly hand—a charmed cup, by which the secret wish was fulfilled—and the Being drank of this cup.

"And then, I know not how, all things changed; and I saw the same Being standing upon a high altar, in an illumined temple; the garments were floating in light, the arms were extended towards heaven, the eyes were upwards turned, but there was no hope or rapture in those eyes;

Digitized by Google

on the contrary, they were melancholy and swimming in tears; and round the altar there was the same crowd of all human and sentient beings, and they looked up constantly with clasped hands and with a sad and anxious gaze, imploring one of those looks of sympathy and tenderness to which they had been accustomed—but in vain.

"And I looked into the heart of that Being, which stood alone upon the altar, and it was also sad and full of repentant love towards the earth, and vain longing to look down on those creatures, but the consecrating spell was too strong, the eyes remained ever directed towards heaven, and the arms were directed upwards, and the bond which had united the sympathising with the suffering heart, was broken for ever.

"I do not mean to tell you that I dreamed all this to the sound of the Falls of Niagara,* but I do aver that it was a real *bona-fide* dream. Send me now the interpretation thereof—or look to be sphinx-devoured."

Dear Mrs. Jameson, we can and will give you "the interpretation thereof." Have we not aforetime beheld visions—dreamed dreams? Have not the dewy-footed phantasies often haunted our couch during the balmy hours of slumber? Yes, O yes.

The being, whom Mrs. Jameson thus beheld, is an epitome of Humanity, wherein each individual (so to speak) is individualised. Man comes into the world the child of love—all his sympathies are active within him—he is ever weeping for the miseries of mankind. He goes up and down the world lamenting, while, by reason of his sympathy, his fellow-men feel their sorrows lightened.

But the time cometh—how soon!—when he wishes to be relieved of his sympathetic nature, wishes to throw it off, as a burden too heavy to be borne; he tastes of the charmed cup, which steeps his soul in callousness, thinking thereby to free himself from tears.

Alas! it only makes him still more sad! No longer able to weep for his fellow men, he is obliged to weep for himself. He is lonely—he feels within his own heart the want of sympathy, but can neither give nor receive it. In an agony he seeks the altar—casts up his eyes to heaven, seeking from thence emancipation; while at his feet all the miserable crowds are asking what he can no longer give, unknowing that the bond which binds "the sympathising with the suffering heart is broken for ever." Yet, notwithstanding, he cannot cease from loving; he longs to return to his former state—a state which when once lost is never to be regained. How dreadful is love estranged from sympathy.

Through these volumes are scattered many loose, short sentences. These aphorisms are the gems of our authoress's book. We extract a few taken at random:—

"I have met with certain minds, which seem never to be themselves penetrated by truth, yet have the power to demonstrate it clearly and beautifully to other minds, as there are certain substances which most brightly reflect, and only partially absorb the rays of light."

"A man may be as much a fool from the want of sensibility as the want of sense."

"Every faculty, every impulse of our nature is useful; available, in

* The reader must remember that Mrs. Jameson's book is written in the form of a journal, addressed to a friend.

Digitized by Google

proportion as it is dangerous. The greatest blessings are those which may be perverted to most pain: as fire and water are the two most murderous agents in nature, and the two things in which we can least afford to be stinted."

Nay! not exactly so! 'Tis not that the most useful faculties are the most dangerous; but that all use implies a danger of abuse. Neither does it follow that the most useful faculties are those most liable to abuse. Indeed we should be dreadfully puzzled to decide from which faculty we derive the greatest use; probably no two men would agree in opinion upon the point. How then can we predicate of this unknown most useful faculty, that it is likewise the most dangerous one?

There is one thing for which, as we have said before, we respect Mrs. Jameson; and that is, for the warmth of her feelings. Every page of her book glows with these beautiful feelings, which are the distinguishing characteristic of her sex. Some space in her book is devoted to an indignant defence of the rights of woman, against the attacks of Dr. Johnson and others. She rightly declares the Doctor's assertion that "it is a matter of indifference to a woman whether her husband be faithful or not," to be "insulting." This remark is, like many others of our great moralist's recorded by Boswell, most wretchedly superficial. No wonder that Johnson in conversation was dogmatical: if he had been otherwise, he would have gained no converts. Even as it was, his *faithful* Boswell, who laboured very industriously to bring his intellect into due subordination to that of his *illustrious* friend, found it sometimes impossible to coincide with Johnson's prejudiced statements. The Doctor was obliged to become a bear, to avoid being reduced to a nonentity. One of his thundering "*Sirs!*" even as they stand comparatively inoffensively in Boswell, seem to be sufficient to frighten a whole legion of opponents out of their wits. But there was a great deal that was good and sound about the old fellow notwithstanding—modern literature and morality owe him a great debt; and while we condemn his faults, let us be generously awake to his excellencies.

There is a great deal of fuss made about the advantages of democracy, but we must admit that we have little inclination to put ourselves under the sway of that worst of tyrants, an usurping crowd! and we candidly own, that we can see no reason why we should not be governed quite as well by a king, as by a president. America, as the stronghold of equality, is constantly pointed to triumphantly by our English democrats; therefore is it that we are impatiently waiting for the work which Captain Marryat has promised upon the institutions of America; being confident that from him we shall have an impartial, plain, straight-forward representation. In the meanwhile, we must state it to be our deliberate opinion, that in no country does despotism prevail more strongly than in America; strange as the assertion may seem. There it is not, as in Europe, the tyranny of landlord over tenant—aristocracy over commonality; but it is the tyranny of one man over another—the tyranny, or as the radicals would more softly express it, the force of public opinion, that in America oppresses the people. Each man there is afraid of his neighbour; each man there is both the feared and the fearing. In America no respect is paid to authority as authority; the people will only respect *power*; consequently the laws are often openly disobeyed with impunity.

Digitized by Google

or cunningly evaded with success. Nay more, the sovereign people will sometimes take the law into their own hands, when they consider the punishment inflicted upon criminals by the regularly constituted courts to be too light, or their acquittal unjust; and without ceremony *lynch* the luckless defendants.* How can a country boast of its freedom where such a horrible practice is allowed?

Let not, however, what we have said be interpreted to express contempt for America or her institutions. Far be such an unworthy intention from us! We look upon her with wonder—with reverence, although we do not profess to blind our eyes to her defects; defects which are many in their number, and not seldom disastrous in their influence. The phenomenon of a new world rising into being and power in the space of a very few years, while other nations have taken centuries to struggle into existence, is a subject upon which the philosopher may well cogitate. Is it not unreasonable, then, to expect to find in America full perfection? We ourselves are surprised to find so little to censure. America is taking vast strides in the career of improvement: if the old countries do not take care, she will outstrip them. Perchance, when Europe has had her day of refinement, like Asia once had hers, and she once more sinks into her pristine barbarity, or worse, into an intellect-freezing sloth—America is the country destined to succeed her in the proud place she now holds among the four quarters of the globe, as the region of knowledge, science, and civilisation.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

I. BLAKE'S POETRY.†

This little volume has been forwarded to us with several of the works of the ingenious Emanuel Swedenborg, by the society of religionists who pass under the name of that scientific Mystic. We have now nothing to write—or rather shall write nothing now—on that respectable sect; it being our intention to discuss ere long, in the most impartial spirit, the entire fabric of mysticism, and ultimately the scheme of Swedenborg as the supplement and complement of all preceding systems. This labour, not being mystics ourselves, we shall perform with such philosophical acumen as may be granted to us in regard to the subject. Meantime some attention is due to the volume before us.

We are indebted to William Blake for an antediluvian character "the Founder of the Pyramids." "Call up, and paint the Founder of the Pyramids," said some one to the artist-visionary. "There he is," replied Blake, "a stately man, in purple robes, with a book full of golden leaves on which he sketches his designs." Such is the character portrayed in a certain poem. May we quote? We *will!*

> "Away—away,
> Unto the Temple of the Pyramis.
> Beyond the extreme of yon suspended bridge,
> Ascends the pile stupendous. Now, the stream

---

* Of this Captain Marryat gives instances.

† Songs of Innocence and of Experience, shewing the two contrary States of the Human Soul. By William Blake. London: W. Pickering, Chancery Lane, and W. Newberry, 6, Chenies-street, Bedford Square. 1839.

Digitized by Google

Surmounted, they arrived at its broad base,
Where those earthquake-defying foundations delved
That bore the astounding fabric. Them about,
A Temple, like a walled square, inclosed
An ample area. At the foot, behold,
A Man of giant stature and huge limb,
Recumbent, scaled with his ambitious eye
The punctual summit of the ascending spire,
Till it distinguished through the crystal tube,
With exquisite distinction, the nice point
That tapered into air, like air itself.
Alas; his look was melancholy; bent
To earth, dejected; when returned from that
Sufficing, soul-dissatisfying theme.
He saw the monarch now, and rose in haste,
But straight assumed his recollected state,
And stood erect in proud equality,
Barkayal—the transcendent architect;
He drew his purple robe about his loins,
Displaying in his hand his gold-leaved book,
And instant 'gan to sketch his vast conceits,
Creations which alone his mind might dare.
He was the "Founder of the Pyramis."

The Judgement of the Flood.—Book ix.

It was to be expected that the editors of the work before us would not be best pleased with the style of thought and tone of feeling in Mr. Allan Cunningham's clever biography. They declare, that that gentleman in his life of William Blake has proved himself incapable, either by nature or will, of dealing with the spiritual phenomena, of which that extraordinary person was the subject and exhibitor. "We have found," they write, "that *his* is a word-philosophy, in which the mysteries of man's interior being are all classed and covered up, under the one generic term,—*Delusions*. We have found that *his* are Mercantile Ethics, in which the Love of Art, and the high truths which genuine Art embodies, are only allowed, in proportion to their subserviency to the Love of Popularity; these, too, being legitimate, just for the sake of the hard cash they bring along with them. That Sense and Self are Realities; that God, and Nature, and our fellow-men, are current terms,—whence originating, or how disposed of, it matters not,—has been established, on the basis of Doubt, by David Hume; and has been carried out into some of the details requisite for making it into a 'System of Philosophy,' by Thomas Brown, and Dugald Stewart. Behold, then, in the 'Lives of British Painters,' the application of the system to Art, and the souls of Artists. He who has thus applied it, possesses eminently the qualifying power, of transmuting things into words; and into just such words, as imply a negation of the things they stand for; (which, indeed, is the grand *Arcanum* of the Scottish 'Philosophy,') and he handles the gold and the silver, the goodness and the truth, of primeval times, when angels, who had once been men, were in close communion with men,—only to display his ingenuity in transmuting them into dirt, after the most approved spendthrift fashion of our cunning alchymists of the nineteenth century. This is not as it should be."

Hard times these for a poet whom we respect—but in the enunciation of principles there must be no respect of persons. But sometimes, as with ourselves and Campbell, where the principle is right, the application may be wrong—an instance may be erroneously adduced. Perhaps this is the case between Mr. Allan Cunningham and his Swedenborgian critics. At any rate, if we recollect rightly, the biographer gave supernatural adjuncts of Blake's life as facts of Blake's experience. As to the term *Delusions*, what may be the meaning of it? Perhaps no more than this, that, referably to the readers of the

Digitized by Google

Family Library, these things were delusions—but not so to Blake. The madman's life and world are all as real to *him* as that of the sanest. And if the world to us is only as it appears, and the appearance be dependent on the law of our perception—lo! all the reality we perceive is attributed, not derived. What, too, if there be no man whose perception is not perverted, and that, owing to this perversion, there are specific differences of perception between man and man? So far forth as these differences extend, each man's world differs from that of every other man! The far-sighted and the near have their prospect bounded by varying horizons. Give to man an eighth sense—(for we are prepared to contend that he has *seven* already)—and we should all vote him mad, because of that extra perfection, which would open to him another world besides our own. It is a question of degree. Those who differ from us by slight specific differences, we tolerate as only minutely insane; but a man who should differ from all the rest of the world by an entire sense! who could endure him? He would be a Blake or a Swedenborg.

For our own parts, we believe that it is to misinterpret the idea of revelation, to confine it as a special gift to individuals, instead of predicating it of the species. According to the writer of the Proverbs, the very understanding of man itself is an inspiration. Such, too, is every one of our faculties. This claim we assert for ourselves as men. Man is an inspired animal! We are therefore content with the senses and the faculties that belong to us in common with every other human being; but, at the same time, without claiming more than we are willing to yield to the race at large, we demand for ourselves a special revelation—an individual inspiration. Such has every one who has not degraded himself to the condition of the brutes that perish. Nor, indeed, can the veriest criminal so degrade himself—no! not within *infinite* degrees of such condition!

We should be inclined therefore to make a wide distinction between Swedenborg and his disciples, not much to the credit of the latter, as believing that of him which they have not courage to claim for themselves. There needs no special revelation to the senses for the communication of those truths for which only revelation is expedient. All sensuous presentments are types of them, and the meanest grain of sand involves and is involved in the Infinite and the Eternal, of which it is the minute symbol. As for the ideas of the Infinite and Eternal, they are not received through the senses at all; and it is to revive the worst error of Locke to suppose so for an instant.

We know not but that the preface-writer's adjudication of Blake's inspiration, both in kind and degree, is correct enough, namely, "a vague and useless hyper-naturalism." But then, though without the vagueness and usefulness, we should say the same of Swedenborg's System of Correspondences and Series of memorable Relations, that they all come under the category of hyper-naturalism, if, indeed, the latter were not meant by their author for ingenious allegories. They are a kind of prose-poetry. For Blake, he was a poet, as the volume before us shews;—a poet, indeed, and without art, even as he was an untaught mystic without guile. Herein we should seek and shall find the key to Blake's character. "He was," says Allan Cunningham, "his own teacher chiefly; and self-instruction, the parent occasionally of great beauties, seldom fails to produce great deformities." The parent of great beauties!—granted! But as to great deformities, we say, Not proven. The first artist, must he not have been self-instructed? Aye, in our modern tongue; but in the ancient it was God-instructed. God conversed with man, according to Moses; and from such colloquy divine, language flowed as from its proper fountain. Its proper fountain, the eternal Word of God! The like verity is taught to us by heathen fabulists; according to whom, every art was taught by some god to man, who, thus taught, were demi-gods themselves. Shall all be thus so sensuously interpreted as to exclude a nominally self-taught man of these days from the privilege of divine communion? Nay,—which of us has not this privilege, does not constantly exercise it, although we sink the consciousness in the commonness thereof?

Digitized by Google

Poor Blake had not been educated for an artist, but for a hosier, such being his father's occupation; but the boy, we are told, "gave early and unequivocal signs of an inborn attachment to the arts. Being unable, from pecuniary considerations, to embrace directly the profession of a painter, he chose the collateral pursuit of engraving, and was bound, at the age of fourteen, to Mr. Basire, then an engraver in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields.

"At the early ages of ten and twelve, he became successively a painter and a poet. Between the ages of twelve and twenty, he composed a number of poetical pieces, among which was a dramatic poem. 'John Flaxman, a judge in all things of a poetic nature, was so touched with many passages, that he not only counselled their publication, but joined with a gentleman of the name of Matthews in the expense, and presented the printed sheets to the author, to dispose of for his own advantage.' A single extract will serve to shew that Blake was already possessed of high powers in verse:

> 'Thousands of souls must leave this prison-house
> To be exalted to those heavenly fields
> Where songs of triumph, psalms of victory,
> Where peace, and joy, and love, and calm content
> Sit singing on the azure clouds, and strew
> The flowers of heaven upon the banquet table.
> Bind ardent hope upon your feet, like shoes,
> And put the robe of preparation on.
> The table, it is spread in shining heaven.
> Let those who fight, fight in good steadfastness;
> And those who fall shall rise in victory.'

"But Blake did not suffer the engraver to be merged in the poet; on the contrary, he was careful to attain proficiency in his art. He served his master faithfully, and studied occasionally under Flaxman and Fuseli. Yet withal, his views were too unworldly to make it probable that he was on the right road to wealth or vulgar fame. 'Were I to love money,' said he, 'I should lose all power of thought; desire of gain deadens the genius of man. My business is not to gather gold, but to make glorious shapes, expressing god-like sentiments.' His days were devoted to engraving, which afforded him a respectable livelihood; and his evenings to making designs and paintings, and illustrating these with fitting verse-accompaniments.

"At the age of six-and-twenty, he married Katharine Boucher, a young woman of humble connexions, who lived near his father's house. If Blake had hitherto displayed his disinterestedness, in his pursuit of art for its own sake, and for the sufficient blessing which the active contemplation of its mere truth and beauty brought him; it was to be expected that the same spirit would, in some degree, live and shine in all his relations with the world, and would especially come forth under the circumstances of his new position, as a lover and a husband. In the widest sense, he was an artist here; and his courtship, and marriage, and married life, are a series of living designs, beautiful, picturesque, and unaffected. He was describing, one evening, in company, the wrongs he had endured from some capricious fair one, when Katharine said to him, 'From my soul, I pity you.' 'Do you?' said Blake; 'then I love you.' 'And I love you,' she responded. And this was the beginning of their courtship.

"After various changes of place, consequent upon his marriage, and afterwards, upon the death of his father, we find him at length located in 28, Poland-street, where 'he began those works which give him a right to be numbered among the men of genius of his country.' The 'Songs of Innocence and Experience' was the first of them, and was originally published in 1789. It contained the whole of the poems in the present volume, each one being accompanied and illustrated by marginal designs. The manner of engraving this work was peculiar to Blake, and was revealed to him, as he used to tell, by the spirit of his brother Robert. He had made the designs, and was meditating on

Digitized by Google

the best method of multiplying copies, when the spirit appeared to him. 'Write,' he said, 'and draw the designs upon the copper, with a certain liquid; then cut the plain parts down with aquafortis, and this will give the whole in the manner of a stereotype.' The plan was adopted, the plates engraved, and the impressions printed off. The artist then added a peculiar beauty of his own. He tinted both the figures and the verse with a variety of colours, giving to the whole a rich and lustrous beauty."

The best way of giving the reader a notion of what these poems are, is to quote one or two of them. Take the introduction of the Songs of Innocence.

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud, I saw a child,
And he, laughing, said to me,

"Pipe a song about a lamb,"
So I piped with merry cheer;
"Piper, pipe that song again,"
So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
Sing the songs of happy cheer,"
So I sung the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write,
In a book, that all may read."—
So he vanish'd from my sight,
And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear.

Next take the Laughing Song.

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
And the dimpling stream runs laughing by,
When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green,
And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene,
When Mary, and Susan, and Emily,
With their sweet round mouths sing, Ha, ha, he!

When the painted birds laugh in the shade,
When our table with cherries and nuts is spread,
Come live and be happy, and join with me
To sing the sweet chorus of Ha, ha, he!

The following is simply and exquisitely beautiful:—

NURSES' SONG.

When the voices of children are heard on the green,
And laughing is heard on the hill,
My heart is at rest, within my breast,
And every thing else is still.

Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,
And the dews of night arise;
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away
Till the morning appears in the skies.

No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,
And we cannot go to sleep;
Besides, in the sky, the little birds fly,
And the hills are all covered with sheep.

Well, well, go and play, till the light fades away,
And then come home to bed.
The little ones leap'd, and shouted, and laughed,
And all the hills echoed.

The next is inimitable—

THE LAMB.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child:
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee;
Little lamb, God bless thee.

We must quote also—

Digitized by Google

THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.

My mother bore me in the southern wild,
And I am black, but oh! my soul is white;
White as an angel is the English child,
But I am black, as if bereav'd of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,
And sitting down before the heat of day,
She took me on her lap, and kissed me,
And pointing to the east, began to say:—

"Look on the rising sun,—there God does live,
And gives His light, and gives His heat away;
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men receive
Comfort in morning, joy in the noon day.

And we are put on earth a little space,
That we may learn to bear the beams of love;
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face,
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

For when our souls have learn'd the heat to bear,
The clouds will vanish, we shall hear His voice,
Saying, 'Come from the grove, my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.'"

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me;
And thus I say to little English boy,—
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I'll shade him from the heat, till he can bear,
To lean in joy upon our Father's knee;
And then I'll stand, and stroke his silver hair,
And be like him, and he will then love me.

These are one and all of remarkable sweetness—all fancy, feeling and truth—not thought or spoken, but merely breathed. Yet they are not the best specimens. The two succeeding pieces are not without a certain skill in word-setting—the rhythm at the conclusion of the second piece is exceedingly pleasing.

A CRADLE SONG.

Sweet dreams, form a shade
O'er my lovely infant's head;
Sweet dreams of pleasant streams,
By happy, silent, moony beams.

Sweet sleep, with soft down,
Weave thy brows an infant crown;
Sweet sleep, Angel mild,
Hover o'er my happy child.

Sweet smiles, in the night,
Hover over my delight;
Sweet smiles, mother's smile,
All the livelong night beguile.

Sweet moans, dove-like sighs,
Chase not slumber from thine eyes;
Sweet moans, sweeter smile,
All the dove-like moans beguile.

Sleep! sleep! happy child!
All creation slept and smil'd:
Sleep! sleep! happy sleep!
While o'er thee thy mother weep.

Sweet babe, in thy face,
Holy image I can trace.
Sweet babe, once like thee,
Thy Maker lay, and wept for me.

Wept for me—for thee—for all—
When He was an infant small.
Thou His image ever see,
Heavenly Face that smiles on thee!

Smiles on thee—on me—on all—
Who became an infant small.
Infant smiles, like His own smile,
Heaven and earth to peace beguile.

THE SCHOOL-BOY

I love to rise on a summer morn,
When the birds sing on every tree;
The distant huntsman winds his horn,
And the sky-lark sings with me;
O! what sweet company!

But to go to school in a summer morn,—
Oh! it drives all joy away;
Under a cruel eye out-worn,
The little ones spend the day,
In sighing and dismay.

Ah! then at times I drooping sit,
And spend many an anxious hour;
Nor in my book can I take delight,
Nor sit in learning's bower,
Worn thro' with the dreary shower.

How can the bird, that is born for joy,
Sit in a cage and sing?
How can a child, when fears annoy,
But droop his tender wing,
And forget his youthful spring?

Oh! father and mother, if buds are nipp'd,
And blossoms blown away,
And if the tender plants are stripp'd
Of their joy in the springing day,
By sorrow and care's dismay,

How shall the summer arise in joy?
Or the summer fruits appear?
Or how shall we gather what griefs destroy?
Or bless the mellowing year,
When the blasts of winter appear?

Digitized by Google

With another quotation we must positively conclude our specimens of Blake's poetry.

ON ANOTHER'S SORROW.

Can I see another's woe,
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?

Can I see a falling tear,
And not feel my sorrow's share?
Can a father see his child
Weep, nor be with sorrow fill'd?

Can a mother sit and hear
An infant groan, an infant fear?
No! no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

And can He who smiles on all,
Hear the wren with sorrows small,
Hear the small bird's grief and care,
Hear the woes that infants bear,—

And not sit beside the nest,
Pouring pity in their breast?

And not sit the cradle near,
Weeping tear on infant's tear?

And not sit both night and day,
Wiping all our tears away?
Oh! no! never can it be!
Never, never can it be!

He doth give His Joy to all:
He becomes an Infant small:
He becomes a Man of woe:
He doth feel the sorrow too.

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not nigh:
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near.

Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our griefs He may destroy:
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan.

More than the simplicity of Wordsworth characterises these examples. No doubt can be entertained of the genius with which they are impregnated, and from which they are produced. But Blake's later works are not marked with the same intelligibility. It is only lately that we were looking over his "Gates of Paradise," and the "Book of Thel," which were his next productions. The preface writer before us quotes from the latter work some lines:—

"The eternal gates' terrific porter lifted the northern bar:
Thel entered in, and saw the secrets of the land unknown:
She saw the couches of the dead, and where the fibrous root
Of every heart on earth infixes deep its restless twists:
A land of sorrows and of tears where never smile was seen.
She wander'd in the land of clouds, thro' valleys dark, list'ning
Dolors and lamentations; waiting oft beside a dewy grave
She stood in silence, list'ning to the voices of the ground."

"These lines," continues the writer, "from the *Book of Thel* are no inapt description of the on-goings of the Author's mind, and of his immersion in that interior naturalism, which he was now beginning to mistake for spiritualism, listening, as he did, to the voices of the ground, and entering the invisible world through the sufferance of the terrific porter of its northern gate."

His next work was entitled "Urizen." Mr. Cunningham says of it, "It is not a little fearful to look upon. A powerful, dark, terrible, though undefined and indescribable impression is left by it on the mind, and is in no haste to be gone." The reader, then, may surely congratulate himself if he has never seen it.

His illustrations to Young's "Night Thoughts" were the next in time. The profits he derived from this work were small, but his execution of the task was so much to the satisfaction of Flaxman, that he introduced the Artist to Hayley, the poet, who persuaded him, in 1800, to remove in Felpham in Sussex, to make engravings for the life of Cowper. Of his feelings on arriving there, he gives the following account to Flaxman, whom he usually addressed as, "Dear Sculptor of Eternity."

"We are arrived safe at our cottage, which is more beautiful than I thought it, and more convenient. It is a perfect model for cottages, and I think for palaces of magnificence only enlarging and not altering its proportions, and adding ornaments and not principals. Nothing can be more grand than its simplicity and usefulness. Felpham is a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates;

Digitized by Google

her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, and their forms more distinctly seen, and my cottage is also a shadow of their houses."

By the shore of the sea and in the seclusion of the country, "he forgot the present moment and lived in the past; he conceived, verily, that he had lived in other days, and had formed friendships with Homer and Moses; with Pindar and Virgil; with Dante and Milton. These great men, he asserted, appeared to him in visions, and even entered into conversation. Milton, in a moment of confidence, entrusted him with a whole poem of his, which the world had never seen; but unfortunately the communication was oral, and the poetry seemed to have lost much of its brightness in Blake's recitation. When asked about the looks of those visions, he answered, 'They are all majestic shadows, gray but luminous, and superior to the common height of men.' His wife often accompanied him to these interviews: she saw nothing and heard as little, but she was certain that her husband both heard and saw."

After a residence of three years at Felpham, he removed to South Molton-street, where he lived seventeen years. Here he executed a strange work, entitled "Jerusalem," consisting of a hundred designs, which he thus announced. "After my three years' slumber on the banks of the ocean, I again display my giant forms to the public." The work was not calculated to be popular, and it never became so.

He now produced his illustrations to "Blair's Grave." For the twelve Inventions it contains he received twenty guineas from Cromeck the engraver. "The Soul hovering over the Body, reluctantly parting with Life," "The Descent of Man into the Vale of Death," and "The Death of the Good Old Man" are powerful and striking inventions. The "Reunion of the Soul and the Body" is boldly conceived, but the soul appears already in a body so much better than the body, that one sees no use in a reunion, which is again to merge the higher in the lower, and sully the spiritual by sinking it in the natural. We live in days, when even the imagination must embody truth, or, embodying falsity, be disregarded.

In 1809, Blake exhibited his principal works to the public. These, he illustrated by a catalogue, which contained many of the Author's peculiar opinions on Art; and much of that vague and useless hyper-naturalism for which he had now become remarkable. Two pictures, entitled "the Spiritual Forms of Nelson and of Pitt," are thus referred to in his list. "These two pictures," he says, "are compositions of a mythological cast, similar to those Apotheoses of Persian, Hindoo, and Egyptian antiquity, which are still preserved in rude monuments, being copies from some stupendous originals, now lost, or perhaps buried to some happier age. The Artist having been taken, in vision, to the ancient republics, monarchies, and patriarchates of Asia, has seen those wonderful originals, called in the sacred Scriptures the cherubim, which were painted and sculptured on the walls of temples, towns, cities, palaces, and erected in the highly cultivated states of Egypt, Moab, and Edom, among the rivers of Paradise, being originals from which the Greeks and Hetrurians copied Hercules, Venus, Apollo, and all the ground-works of ancient art. They were executed in a very superior style to those justly admired copies, being, with their accompaniments, terrific and grand in the highest degree. The Artist has endeavoured to emulate the grandeur of those seen in his vision, and to apply it to modern times on a smaller scale. The Greek Muses are daughters of Memory, and not of Inspiration or Imagination, and therefore not authors of such sublime conceptions. Some of these wonderful originals were one hundred feet in height; some were painted as pictures, some were carved as bas-relievos, and some as groups of statues, all containing mythological and recondite meaning."

He next produced his Twenty-one Inventions to the Book of Job; one of the noblest works of his genius. "It was in such things that Blake shone; the Scriptures overawed his imagination, and he was too devout to attem-

Digitized by Google

more than a literal embodying of the majestic scene. He goes step by step with the narrative: always simple, often sublime — never wandering from the subject, nor overlaying it with his own exuberant fancy."

At this period, when old age was fast approaching, Blake found that the little popularity and favour he enjoyed were leaving him; yet he was cheerful in his poverty, paid all his debts, and continued manly and independent. He was now reduced to a miserable garret and a crust of bread, and was only saved from perishing of want, by the kindness of friends, who were, themselves, neither powerful nor wealthy. After a residence of seventeen years in South Molton-street, he removed, in 1823, to No. 3, Fountain Court, Strand. "He had now reached his seventy-first year, and the strength of nature was fast yielding. Yet he was to the last cheerful and contented. 'I glory,' he said, 'in dying, and have no grief but in leaving you, Katherine; we have lived happy, and we have lived long; we have been ever together, but we shall be divided soon. Why should I fear death? nor do I fear it. I have endeavoured to live as Christ commands, and have sought to worship God truly—in my own house, when I was not seen of men.'" He grew weaker and weaker—he could no longer sit upright; and was laid in his bed, with no one to watch over him, save his wife, who, feeble and old herself, required help in such a touching duty.

"The Ancient of Days was such a favourite with Blake, that three days before his death, he sat bolstered up in bed, and tinted it with his choicest colours and in his happiest style. He touched and retouched it—held it at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming, 'There! that will do! I cannot mend it.' He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his works—'Stay, Kate!' cried Blake, 'keep just as you are—I will draw your portrait—for you have ever been an angel to me'—she obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness."

"On his death-bed he lay chaunting songs, and the verses and the music were both the offspring of the moment. He lamented that he could no longer commit these inspirations, as he called them, to paper. 'Kate,' he said, 'I am a changing man—I always rose and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed, or shone, and you arose, too, and sat beside me—this can be no longer.' He died on the 12th of August, 1828.

"William Blake was of low stature and slender make, with a high pallid forehead, and eyes large, dark, and expressive. His temper was touchy, and when moved, he spoke with an indignant eloquence which commanded respect. His voice, in general, was low and musical, his manners gentle and unassuming; his conversation a singular mixture of knowledge and enthusiasm. His whole life was one of labour and privation."

We have before remarked on Mr. Allan Cunningham's observations on Mr. Blake's self-instruction, and its works of beauty and deformity. Suffice it now to add, that he tells us also, that "though Blake was the companion of Flaxman and Fuseli, and sometimes their pupil, yet he never attained their professional skill, without which all genius is bestowed in vain. Blake was a most splendid tinter, but no colourist, and his works were all of small dimensions, and therefore confined to the cabinet and the port-folio."

No, Allan! Genius is never bestowed in vain; nor, in spite of his want of professional skill, was Blake's given to him idly. His hyper-naturalism was the result of strong imagination without philosophy. Imagination, with every artist, thus projects creations; but it is philosophy that teaches, that such impinge not the sense from without, but from within. Philosophy would have told Blake, that the Milton, the Dante, and the Brother with whom he conversed, were the coinage of his own strong fancy, yet not the less real for that. He, however, was possessed by the vulgar theory of supernaturalism, and ascribed to them an objectivity not properly belonging to them. The preface-writer is scarcely a remove from the same profane error, when he describes such intuitions as unusual, and ascribes them to the agency of "our human predecessors, all now spiritual beings." Unusual! No man of imagination but

Digitized by Google

has such. He should deal with them, however, as subjective products—and always does so, unless he has been nurtured in the belief of apparitions and presentiments. Says Shakspere,

> "Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
> Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend
> More than cool reason ever comprehends.
> The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
> Are of imagination all compact!
> One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
> That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
> Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
> The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
> And, as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings
> A local habitation and a name.
> Such tricks hath strong imagination,
> That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
> It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
> Or, in the night imagining some fear,
> How easy is a bush supposed a bear!"

Really, some people write as if such passages as these had no existence—as if there were no solution of their supernatural visitings, but that of *Quod æquilibrium inter cælum et infernum &c., &c., &c.* Equally erroneous, however, are they who undervalue the faculty and objects of imagination. These are facts to it, as much as the objects of sense are facts to the seuses. The former indeed are the worthier types—for we hold that line of Barry Cornwall's to be veritable—which names

> "Fancy ever the mother of deep truth."

In their degree, therefore, let us adjudge their due value to Blake's intuitions. They were the superstitions of a creative mind—superstitions which were yet "glorious shapes, expressing godlike sentiments." Our preface writer condemns Blakes in the following Swedenborgian manner.

"They who would form a just estimate of Blake's powers as an artist, have abundant opportunities of doing so, from his exquisite Illustrations to the Songs of Innocence; from his Designs to Blair's Grave, Young's Night Thoughts, and the Book of Job, in all of which there are 'glorious shapes, expressing god-like sentiments.' These works, in the main, are not more remarkable for high original genius, than they are for sane self-possession; and shew the occasional sovereignty of the inner man over the fantasies which obsessed the outer. Yet he, who professed as a doctrine, that the visionary form of thought was higher than the rational one; for whom the common earth teemed with millions of otherwise invisible creatures; who naturalised the spiritual, instead of spiritualising the natural; was likely, even in these, his noblest works, to prefer seeing truth under the loose garments of typical, or even mythologic representation, rather than in the divine-human embodiment of Christianity. And accordingly, his imagination, self-divorced from a reason which might have elevated and chastened it, and necessarily spurning the scientific daylight and material realism of the nineteenth century, found a home in the ruins of ancient and consummated churches; and imbued itself with the superficial obscurity and ghastliness, far more than with the inward grandeur of primeval times. For the true inward is one and identical, and if Blake had been disposed to see it, he would have found that it was still (though doubtless under a multitude of wrappages) extant in the present age. On the contrary, copying the outward form of the past, he has delivered to us a multitude of new hieroglyphics,

Digitized by Google

which contain no presumable reconditeness of meaning, and which we are obliged to account for, simply by the artist's having yielded himself up, more thoroughly than other men *will* do, to those fantastic impulses which are common to all mankind; and which saner people subjugate, but cannot exterminate. In so yielding himself, the artist, not less than the man, was a loser, though it unquestionably gave him a certain power, as all unscrupulous *passion* must, of wildness and fierce vagary. This power is possessed, in different degrees, by every human being, if he will but give loose and free vent to the hell that is in him; and hence, the madness even of the meanest is terrific. But no madness can long be considered either really poetic or artistical. Of the worst aspect of Blake's genius it is painful to speak. In his 'Prophecies of America,' his 'Visions of the Daughters of Albion,' and a host of unpublished drawings, earth-born might has banished the heavenlier elements of art, and exists combined with all that is monstrous and diabolical. In the domain of terror he here entered, the characteristic of his genius is fearful reality. He embodies no Byronisms—none of the sentimentalities of civilised vice—but delights to draw evil things and evil beings in their naked and final state. The effect of these delineations is greatly heightened by the antiquity which is engraven on the faces of those who do and suffer in them. We have the impression that we are looking down into the hells of the ancient people, the Anakim, the Nephilim, and the Rephaim. Their human forms are gigantic petrifactions, from which the fires of lust and intense selfish passion have long dissipated what was animal and vital, leaving stony limbs, and countenances expressive of despair and stupid cruelty.

"In many of the characters of his mind, Blake resembled Shelley. From the opposite extremes of Christianity and Materialism, they both seem, at length, to have converged towards Pantheism, or natural-spiritualism; and it is probable, that a somewhat similar self-intelligence, or Ego-theism, possessed them both. They agreed in mistaking the forms of truth for the truth itself; and, consequently, drew the materials of their works from the ages of type and shadow which preceded the Christian revelation. The beauty, chasteness, and clear polish of Shelley's mind, as well as his metaphysical irreligion, took him, naturally enough, to the philosophy and theology of the Greeks; where he could at once enjoy the loose dogma of an impersonal Creator, and have liberty to distribute personality at will to the beautiful unliving forms of the visible creation. We appeal to the 'Prometheus Unbound,' his consummating work, in proof of this assertion. The visionary tendencies, and mysticism of Blake, developing themselves, as they did, under the shelter of a religious parentage and education, carried him, on the contrary, to the mythic fountains of an elder time; and his genius, which was too expansive to dwell in classic formalisms, entered into, and inhabited, the Egyptian and Asiatic perversions of an ancient and true religion. In consequence of these allied deformities, the works of both are sadly deficient in vital heat, and in substantial or practical truth; and fail, therefore, to satisfy the common wants, or to appeal to the universal instincts of humanity. Self-will, in each, was the centre of the individual, and self-intelligence, the 'Anima Mundi' of the philosopher; and they both imagined that they could chop and change the universe, even to the confounding of life with death, to suit their own creative fancies."

Why do we quote this? Stuff! some will say, and jargon not to be endured! Jargon, indeed!—that is, there is a system and a terminology implied in the texture of the argument. But we think that the literary mind does wrong in not admitting to its examination those singular presentments, however perverse, of human opinion. There is a certain unity in these dogmas, though strangely enough expressed. We candidly confess, however, that the "divine-human embodiment of Christianity" mentioned above is not the *ne plus ultra* for the artist or for the religionist, as the writer seems to suppose. The truth should be told, and the fact should be generally known, that Swedenborgianism is the mere converse of Unitarianism. The Socinian sees but the Father, the New

Digitized by Google

Church believer but the Son! Thus it is that men divide doctrine, and every possible variety is exhibited in sectarian portions. Both the Swedenborgian and the Unitarian are equally absurd—one acknowledges a Father *minus* a Son, and the other a Son *minus* a Father, as if the terms were not co-ordinate equations.

Were it our cue to defend poor Blake, we should do it thoroughly, and without making any exception whatsoever. We should see in his productions the original expressions of a creative genius up to a certain period; then, as the necessities of his art grew upon him, the association with those outpourings of certain formulæ and types, gathered from that accidental field of illustration which happened to lie nearest at hand to the artist, and perhaps best agreed with his earliest impressions. The mind of Blake received early a religious tone, and the ideas with which he teemed were coloured by the specific opinions into which he had been taught to translate the ineffable verities which urge to all speech—which perhaps speak in us, but are not to be spoken of. There is but little of opinion, however, in the "Songs of Innocence"—for the most part they are the simplest utterances of the highest principles. He seems, in a humble fashion, to have been the prototype of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Lambe, and to have been indeed the founder of the modern school that delights to blend in loving fellowship the holy and the familiar. We can see in him a certain *inchoate* Goethe, with more than his inspiration, and none of his learning. Our preface-writer rightly opines that "many of these delicious lays belong to the era as well as to the author. They are remarkable for the transparent depth of thought which constitutes true simplicity—they give us glimpses of all that is holiest in the childhood of the world and the individual—they abound with the sweetest touches of that pastoral life, by which the golden age may be still visibly represented to the iron one—they delineate full-orbed age, ripe with the seeds of a second infancy, which is 'the kingdom of heaven.' The latter half of the volume, comprising the 'Songs of Experience,' consists, it is true, of darker themes; but they, too, are well and wonderfully sung, and ought to be preserved, because, in contrastive connection with the 'Songs of Innocence,' they do convey a powerful impression of 'THE TWO CONTRARY STATES OF THE HUMAN SOUL.'"

This volume seems to have been published with the best intentions, and therefore should be reverently spoken of. Though there be no "new spiritualism dawning on the world," as the editors seem to think, and though Swedenborgianism will be found the most mortal of sects, as the editors seem *not* to think, if this book leads, as they expect, "one reader to think that all reality for him, in the long run, lies out of the limits of time and space, and that spirits, and not bodies, and still less garments, are men; if it gives one blow, even the faintest, to those term-shifting juggleries which usurp the name of *philosophical systems* (and all the energies of the forms of genuine truth must be henceforth expended on these effects), it will," as they declare, "have done its work in its little day." We venture to predict that the name of Blake will be living when the god of their idolatry shall have become a prostrate idol.

In conclusion, we cannot but pronounce our regret at the attempts now made to impose truth upon the world by pretence of angelic communication. A book by the alleged Duke of Normandy lies before us, containing "Heavenly Doctrine," as delivered to him by three angels. This is exceedingly pitiful, rendered more so by the singular absurdity of some portions of the volume. In this age of the world, however, such contrivances can have but little influence, and will soon be effectually conquered by the rising and increasing class of philosophers who perceive and promulge the great fact, that reason and religion are their own evidence, and need none below themselves.

ANTIPOPOPRIESTIAN, or an Attempt to liberate and purify Christianity from Popery, Politikirkality, and Priestrule. By JOHN ROGERS. Published by Simpkin and Marshall.

This, as its title sufficiently indicates, is a very odd, queer, nondescript, and

Digitized by Google

indefinable sort of a book. The present volume (says its author) forms the first of three, two of which are hereafter to appear. Mr. Rogers evidently endured that disagreeable state of dubiety usually termed a *quandary*, whether to prefix his name or not to this hopeful offspring of his original genius. His *pros* and *cons* on this nice point are very ingeniously acknowledged in two successive paragraphs; in the first of which, his native modesty shrunk from public notoriety, but in the second the love of fame carried it hollow. Here they are *totidem verbis*: "Firstly, I have to apologise to my reader for publishing my work without my name. Anonymous publication is naturally objectionable and offensive to frank, honourable, holy people of a noble spirit, who like writers to declare openly their real and honest opinion. I decidedly think that the publishing without the name is bad, and therefore ought not to be done as the rule. An exception, however, may occur; and I candidly and truly affirm the present case to appear to me a real and adequate exception. For withholding my name on the present occasion, I am not condemned in the court of conscience." This satisfactory decision is, however, immediately knocked on the head by the next sentence. Second thoughts are doubtless best, and therefore it follows thus: "Secondly, since writing the former part of the present article, I have come to the determination not to print anonymously, but to put my name on the title-page." Such are the puzzles and perplexities of unhappy authors, who ask themselves,

> "What shall I do to be for ever known,
> And make succeeding ages all my own?"

To which enquiry Peter Pindar very shrewdly replies:

> "If thou dost sigh for reputation,
> Do something to deserve damnation."

Joking apart, however, it is not so much with the style of this book that we quarrel, nor with the huge jaw-breaking Græco-Germanic compounds with which it abounds; but, to speak frankly, we dislike the spirit and the principle which pervades its entire mass. To our minds, the divine religion of the Catholic and Universal Church recognises and encourages all that is true and good in the several mixed systems of ecclesiastical and civil institutions which have sprung up in successive ages. Christianity, properly so called, is a perfect theory, combining and harmonising the conservative, and conciliating the dissentient and destructive principles, both for the defence of right and the demolition of wrong. Christianity should so operate on mixed systems as to preserve all that is good, while overturning all that is bad. We therefore wish by all means to cherish and coalesce whatever is good and true in those mixed systems, which our author denominates "Popery, Politikirkality, and Priestrule." We wish to preserve the wheat that is in them, though we seek, as far as possible, to eradicate their tares. Now, Mr. Rogers appears to forget that these are mixed systems; that they contain a vast deal of good as well as evil. In him the spirit of the dissentient and destructive is triumphant; and he would annihilate entire constitutions for the sake of partial defects. Such is not the benign philosophy which descends from heaven. As well might we think of destroying a man because he was infected by loathsome disease; as well might we think of desolating a city because there were wicked desperadoes within its walls. We cannot therefore sympathise with our author in his slashing invectives against the Roman Catholic Church, or the union of Church and State, or the clerical institution of priests, &c., &c. To ennoble, to purify, and harmonise them, we have long earnestly struggled; but to proceed against them as enemies, as undiluted abominations and mischief, we will not do. This sort of method we leave to the throng of sects and parties, that delight in wholesale abuse.

Yet, to do Mr. Rogers justice, his book contains some grand and admirable ideas, that indicate a mind sincerely bent on diviner objects, and not unacquainted with spiritual communications from the sphere of eternal truth. His

Digitized by Google

book may be of service in certain quarters, from the bold and unflinching mode of dealing with crying abuses.

True union and coalition can be established only as we get rid of those errors and corruptions that now keep sects apart. We are grateful, therefore, to all writers who point out to Roman Catholics those objectionable points in their system, which continue to annoy and disgust a large body of thinking men. Let them but get rid of these morbid excrescences that deform the fair countenance of Catholicism, and the reconciliation of Papists and Protestants will become feasible. We are no less glad to meet with books which shew up the blunders of doctrine and discipline prevalent in Protestant establishments. The use of party philippics is considerable when they teach parties to amend the faults that keep them asunder. They are, perhaps, necessary evils in this transitory state of human politics, which is gradually preparing the dawn of more perfect economics.

THE PENNY POSTAGE. By W. COOPER. London: Fisher & Co.

This is one of the numerous pamphlets which have passed through our hands relative to the penny-post scheme. It is said that there have been laid before government no less than 2,000 plans for the new system. We are glad to find that government has reconsidered Mr. Hill's proposition, and modified it. Second thoughts are best, and discretion the better part of valour. The wiser portion of the writers on this topic generally stated, that the charge for letters could not safely be reduced below twopence, and that an universal *twopenny-post* would pay. Perhaps this may be yet realised in a few years. For the present, we have escaped an imminent risk of illustrating the adage, "penny wise and pound foolish," as well as the humbug of envelopes.

O'CONNELL ANSWERED.—Or a Reply to a Letter addressed to the Wesleyan Methodists, &c. Third edition. DEWETT.

Mr. O'Connell certainly allowed his pen too free a licence in his encounter with the Methodists; and in his zeal for his cause indulged that sort of eloquence, which, if at all proper, is better adapted to the common law bar than the page of literature. The present able pamphlet exposes the defects of his logic, and handles with just severity the atrocious notes which the Papalists have attached to some of their editions of the Bible. Until they expunge the damnable bigotry and malice displayed in these indefensible annotations—until their leading ecclesiastics publicly and absolutely disown such detestable tenets as those which figure in several of their cherished works, the Protestants can feel no confidence in them. This is but reasonable. If their forefathers have been such bigoted pedants as to declare all that differed from their way of thinking heretics, and then proceeded to punish them by the most infernal cruelties—the modern known Catholics ought not in any way to countenance errors so odious; but with generous ardour to come forward and denounce such tenets as impious. Let them do this, and Protestants will no longer condemn them for the blunders of their predecessors; but till they do this in a far more open and authoritative manner than has yet been done, they will needs be distrusted, With the kindest feelings towards our Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, we strongly exhort them to remove those causes of dislike and disgust which now excite the just indignation of the Protestant party. By this noble and generous conduct alone will they induce Protestants to renounce those vehement antipathies which, whether just or not, have been the result of incessant crimination and recrimination.

PLAIN ABSTRACTS FOR POPULAR USE OF ALL THE ACTS OF PARLIAMENT. By JOHN H. BRADY.

A very concise epitome—to be continued annually—of all the acts of public interest. It appears faithfully executed, and deserves encouragement.

Digitized by Google

DODD'S CHURCH HISTORY OF ENGLAND, with Notes, Additions, and a Continuation. By the Rev. M. A. TIERNEY, F.S.A. Vol. II. London: C. Dolman. 1839.

This is the second volume, just published, of the important work which we described in our number for October. The time of which it treats is from the year 1547 to 1579, exhibiting the further reforms under Edward VI., the re-establishment of the ancient faith under Mary, and the accession of Elizabeth, with all the events, vicissitudes, contests, and declarations, so startling and striking—so interesting to the historical—so appalling to the moral student—that make it so absorbing a period in our annals.

The qualifications of Mr. Tierney, displayed in the former volume, which commanded our praise,—his historical knowledge, inquisitive research, scholar-like ability, and the free, open, manly, unprejudiced treatment of his subject,—are here manifested in equal clearness and vigour. Upon the persecution which was exhibited by both parties (that of the Reformers and the Church to which he belongs), he expresses himself with the dignity and impartiality of the historian—the feelings of a man, and the sacred duty of a spiritual teacher. We now know, and all unprejudiced men admit, that the cruelty, of which *both parties* were guilty, was the fault of the age, not a consequence of their faith. The absolute and indefeasible right of freedom of conscience, although it had been so frequently and heroically maintained by the martyrs of the Church, was forgotten or overlooked by the men of that day. Every thing was to be done from without, instead of being allowed to spring and operate from within. The sword of Herod was to be swayed, instead of the persuasive words of Christ being suffered to work out their peaceful but victorious mission. Mr. Tytler justly says (Edward and Mary, vol. ii., p. 210): "The truth seems to be, that the principle of toleration, whether we look to Catholics or Protestants, was utterly unknown. In this respect, Gardiner and Knox, Pole and Calvin, Mary and Elizabeth, stand pretty much on the same ground." But darkened as was the atmosphere of strife and prejudice through which so many then regarded the question, it is gratifying to find that there were some who, by the guidance of the spirit of religion and humanity that dwelt within them, could look through "the smoke and stir of that dim spot" around, and, in the boldest and noblest manner, proclaim the eternal laws of mercy and justice written in the imperishable heavens. On the occasion of six of the Reformers being condemned to be excommunicated, and subsequently delivered over to the civil magistrate to be burnt, "Alphonso di Castro, a Spanish friar, and confessor to Philip, ascended the pulpit, and, in presence of the court, loudly condemned these inhuman and unchristian proceedings." For a moment the spirit of intolerance seemed to quail. The execution of the prisoners was suspended; all further prosecutions in cases of heresy were arrested: nor was it till some of the excesses, mentioned in the text, had again provoked the anger of the government, that at the end of five weeks the fires of persecution were rekindled. The reverend editor and annotator then continues, page 103, "To the atrocities that ensued allusion will hereafter be made. To detail them would be a revolting task; the mind would shudder—the heart sicken at the recital. Suffice it therefore to say, that the persecution continued to rage until the death of Mary. At times, indeed, a momentary suspension of cruelty seemed to indicate the presence of a milder spirit. But the illusion was quickly dissipated. New commissions were issued, new barbarities were enacted, and a monument of infamy was erected, which, even at the distance of three centuries, cannot be regarded without horror." And further on, at page 107: "As to the number and character of the sufferers, certain it is that no allowances can relieve the horror, no palliatives can remove the infamy, that must for ever attach to such proceedings. The amount of real victims is too great to be affected by any partial deductions. Were the catalogue limited to a few persons, we might pause to examine the merits of each individual case; but when,

Digitized by Google

after the removal of every doubtful or objectionable name, a frightful list of not fewer than two hundred still remains, we can only turn with horror from the bloodstained page, and be thankful that such things have passed away."

We have narrated in this volume the deceitful conduct of Elizabeth on her accession, in her declaration of adherence to the old faith, and her subsequent separation from it, and consequent persecution of the Catholics. The religious communities which in many cases had re-established themselves in Mary's reign, the ceremonies and worship, cross and altar, pictures and images of saint and virgin, again went into exile—that virgin, of whom our friend Wordsworth, in his beautiful Ecclesiastical Sketches, thus speaks :—

> "Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost
> With the least shade of thought to sin allied;
> Woman! above all women glorified,
> Our tainted nature's solitary boast;
> Purer than foam on central ocean tost,
> Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn
> With fancied roses—than the unblemished noon
> Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast:
> Thy image falls to earth. Yet some, I ween,
> Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend
> As to a visible Power, in which did blend
> All that was mixed and reconciled in thee
> Of mother's love with maiden purity,
> Of high with low, celestial with terrene!"

It is difficult to determine to what extent Elizabeth was sincere either in her profession of attachment to the Catholic faith, or its subsequent persecution: the agencies operating upon her were strong and distracting, and her conscientiousness is now left to a higher tribunal than an earthly one. The pressure and influence of the Puritans, who were powerful in her reign, at what objects they aimed, and how they were opposed; their effect on the Reformed Establishment, how, like a tree newly planted, it was assailed and wavered, but ultimately enrooted itself,—is here given, accompanied by a large collection of documents, corroborative and illustrative, which very much enhance the value of the work. The compilation and execution of the book deserve our highest praise; its importance, also, cannot fail to recommend it to our readers.

The facts recorded here are valuable to the historical student, as portions of English history; but, to him who looks deeper, they are evidences of the phases of the human mind—the history of man's heart and soul. Faith and heresy, belief and misbelief—the spiritual and the sensual—the light of heaven shining down, the darkness of Hades gleaming up—truth, error, creeds, forms, traditions, and articles—are here "in dire oppugnancy" displayed; not only declaratory of a temporal past, but typical of an eternal present in the inward man. Every one, the meanest of mankind, has his paradise, his state of innocence, his fall, his truth, his error, his reformation, and his ultimate re-integration into the Catholic faith, if he will but strive after it. In him, round him, and about him, are ever the temptations of his spiritual enemy, with spells seductive as heavenly melodies; the voice of the Church always uttering the laws of the eternal and the absolute, as warnings and invitations that he dare not gainsay, to lead him to that "one fold and one shepherd," where all are united, peaceful, and secure. Well is it with him, and happy shall he be, if he hear and obey—if he listen to, reverence, and fulfil its divine oracles.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA by the NORTHMEN in the TENTH CENTURY: By Joshua Toulmin Smith; with Maps and Plates. London: Charles Tilt, Fleet-street, 1839.

Christoval Colon, commonly called Christopher Columbus, was not the first discoverer of America—the Northmen discovered and explored it in the tenth

Digitized by Google

century. Bancroft's *History of the United States*, contains a world of errors on this point. Mr. Washington Irving, also, in his "Life of Columbus," has suffered himself to be deluded by the authority of M. Malte Brun and Mr. Forster. Thus, however, it must be, when Authors depend on fourth-rate resources instead of the first. From these facts, the Author of the work before us rightly argues, that the publication of the original documents was necessary, so that all may have access to them, and be enabled to examine directly into the internal evidences of truth, which they exhibit. The present volume gives the actual contents of such documents; and shows abundantly enough that, in the case of the "voyages of the Scandinavians," we have no loose remarks or "*deductions drawn* from very vague and questionable facts," but, on the contrary, we have simple, unadorned narrations of the transactions themselves; the whole free from ostentation or art, and characterised by a straight-forward plainness and simplicity:—there is no attempt to impose a tale of wonders on the reader's imagination; but we have a brief narrative of unvarnished facts, told in a strain of conscious truth,—there is no monstrous relation of marvellous adventures which are adverse to all probability; but there is a detail given of facts, which carry in themselves the air of truth, and which bear on their very face marks of the highest probability:—there is no contradiction between these relations and other known facts, and all external and internal evidence; but there is a strict harmony in all the parts of the narration with the facts of known authentic history; while all external evidence testifies to the authenticity of the documents, and all internal evidence testifies to the same point, and to the truth of the narration contained in those documents;—in addition to which, there are incidental allusions, in several ancient works of acknowledged authenticity, to facts narrated in detail in these documents, which allusions can only be accounted for on the supposition of the authenticity and truth of these documents and narratives.

It would seem indeed that Colon himself corroborated his idea of reaching land by crossing the Western ocean, by a visit to Iceland. We commend the volume before us to our readers. It is in the form of dialogue, and is well supported.

WESTERN INDIA in 1838. By Mrs. Postans, Author of Cutch, in two volumes. London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street, 1839.

This book professes to supply much wanting information on the great and varied branches of the natural scenery of India—of its social condition, of its agricultural capabilities, of its vegetable productions, of its geological formations, of its necessities as an empire, of its value as a colony—and well fulfils its task. It is illustrated by coloured engravings.

POEMS WRITTEN IN NEWFOUNDLAND. by Henrietta Prescott. London: Saunders and Otley, Conduit-street.

The leading poem of this volume consists of Three Cantos on the subject of Tasso—taking up the three periods of his life—his boyhood—his love-tide, and his death-hour. There is very great tenderness and much fancy shown in the treatment. The other poems which are mainly lyrical, are so very correctly versified as to be charming reading. Altogether this is such a volume of poetry as is seldom met with. It is wanting neither in elegance nor strength. It shows both sentiment and knowledge, and skill in the combination of these to the specific end of each separate poem. We know not what success the authoress may meet with, but she certainly deserves some. Such promise as this should not be blighted in the bud. Fatal it is for the public mind, that it should manifest so little appreciation for the poetic veins that are almost daily opened.

Digitized by Google

JACK SHEPPARD.

We do not hold with those who, comparing Jack Sheppard with other novels of the present day justify it on the ground, that it is less, or not more injurious than those which treat of titled gamesters, swindlers, and the like, even were this, if true, a sufficient justification to the author for throwing away his talents on such a work. The example of crime and its results in the fictitious histories of men of rank and station in society is, however, less influential for evil than the example of the like in men of the lower orders. The classes of crime peculiar to the former, require opportunity and facilities not within the reach of the great mass. A poor man reading such works would be affected much in the same way as he would be by the account of some rare and mischievous monster of the deep, in whose destruction he would rejoice. But take the case of a humane housebreaker or tender hearted thief, show him to be the son of titled parents, but ignorant of his birth, and that but for the indiscretion of some person reputed honest he might have been a hero and not a felon—make it appear that vice is not so vicious, that character and reputation are rather the results of accident than of the operation of any general rule,—and what is required or can be looked for in such a work for the assistance of a spirit, youthful, bold, and ingenious, struggling with poverty, and hovering on the verge of crime, in throwing off the inconvenient restraint of an early instilled prejudice in favour of honesty, and rushing into the commission of crime as to an act in some sense meritorious. And who will say that the story of Jack Sheppard is not such as we have here represented, and who will venture to set bounds to the evil it will stir up, who so clever as to point out the good it will do?

By way of conclusion to the Monthly Crypt, we may remark, that we have just received the fourth edition of Sir Edward L. Bulwer's "Sea Captain," —to which a preface, in defence of the play, is attached. In this preface, the author has erected a gibbet for his own execution. It seems, after all, that we are to be charitable to the writer, because, having matriculated as a novelist, he has much to learn in the mechanism of the dramatic art; and, besides, may not unfrequently mistake the effects of a novel for the effects of a drama. But if this apology should hold good, why should Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer retain the stage to the exclusion of better qualified writers? His next plea is "uncertain health and broken spirits." After this, the poetling enters into an analysis of his own character; and in particular boasts of its moral *denouement*.

"The character of Norman is not designed for one of intellect, of thought, of reasoning—but of affection, sentiment and passion. To judge of the sacrifice he makes, and of the moral included in that sacrifice, we must not judge as lawyers or casuists; *we must go back to the ethics of the classical drama!!!* the propriety of setting before the public the nobleness of sacrificing something to others. In the tragic or Greek drama, as in Iphigenia, it is *life*, that is thus offered up. In this country, and in this day, a moral more wanted is the sacrifice, not of life, but of what most men live for—*money and ambition*!"

To a Bulwer, money is more than life. This is only natural. But it appears that this mere *stage generosity* is "in direct opposition to all vulgar theatrical usages." The poor wight mistakes the charge that lies against his dramas. It is not that they are deficient in stage-effects, but that they consist of nothing else. Substance there is none—form is *all*. How blinded is this man by vanity!

Digitized by Google

GREEN ROOM.

COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles' *Love*, is rewarding that liberal outlay of the manager of which the author has spoken in highly eulogistic terms, in the modest and unpretending preface to his play. We doubt, nevertheless, whether the acting is quite worthy of its merits. Mr. Anderson, although a "proper man" enough, is hardly competent to the embodiment of the character of Huon; nor is Miss Tree quite equal to the physical exertion required for the very arduous part which she has to represent: they both, however, play with an earnestness and sincerity which would compensate for defects far greater than are to be found in the performance of either. Madame Vestris, in *Catherine*, is very spirited, and Diddear, as *Count Ulrick*, spoke his part in a manner deserving of the highest praise. The other parts are of a subdued quality, and it is enough to say of them that they were not overacted.

The *Beggar's Opera*, with the *dramatis personæ* attired in the costume of the period of its original production, is eminently successful and well worth seeing, if only for the contrast afforded by the pointed and pungent satire of Gay's Rogues and Thieves, to the fashionable *Newgate Calendar* dramas of the present day. But it has higher claims than this: the *Macheath* is one of the best we have ever seen. Mr. Harrison only requires persevering study to make him, if he is not at present, the best tenor on the English stage. And the Polly of Miss Rainforth, Madame Vestris's Lucy, Mrs. C. Jones's Mrs. Peachum, and Mr. Farren's Peachum, are fully equal to any which have preceded them.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

The chief attraction at this Theatre during the past month, has been Sir E. L. Bulwer's play of the *Sea Captain or, the Birthright*. Respecting the literary demerits of this production we have given our opinion at some length and unreservedly in another part of our Magazine. Of the performers we are happy to be able to speak in terms of unqualified commendation. Mr. Macready's *Norman*, the hero of the drama, is an admirable performance, equally sustained throughout. The author has—as is the custom of modern dramatists—taken his measure for the part exactly as his tailor would have done for a new coat, and it must be confessed he has succeeded in fitting him to a nicety. We hold it to be a great and radical defect in the author's conception of the character of *Lady Arundel* to make *Norman*—her eldest born, and the child of suffering, —the object of her hatred. To have made the part true to nature, he should have been beloved and endeared to her the more *because* of the mental anguish which clouded his birth. Nevertheless, such as it is—Mrs. Warner has fully sustained her reputation by its representation; her acting in the scene of which we have spoken, was exceedingly powerful, and tended in no slight degree to the ulti-

Digitized by Google

mate success of the play. The other parts are well performed, and the piece is *got up* most spiritedly, and must, we doubt not, have fully answered all the expectations of the manager.

"*His last Legs*" continue to *run* with unimpeded success. Mr. Power's light-hearted Irishman, with his amusing fund of animal spirits, and fertility of resource, never fails to send his audience *home* in high good humour. W.

THE CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE,

With a brief Address to our Readers on concluding our Second Volume.

One of the latest remarkable sayings, for which Mr. Canning was distinguished, seems, indeed, to have been of a prophetic character, "the next war will be a war of opinion!" A war of opinion, and yet a war of force! He did not mean that men would content themselves with bandying notions, but that they would fight for them. A war of opinion! and as such, not merely an international war, but civil. The people of a state differ much more between themselves than one state with another. A war of opinion, therefore, would partake more of civil broil than foreign battle.

A war of opinion is consequent upon the spread of opinion—and almost its inevitable result. Opinion is in itself a species of warfare; nay, it is self-antagonistic; there is no opinion that does not antagonise another. An opinion is the judgement that a man forms of certain temporal conditions or things, of men, or of manners, and is liable to error from a deficiency in the kind or amount of the relative knowledge. It is sometimes confounded with Principle—a fatal mistake. A Principle is the criterion of judgment, not its conclusion—a beginning, not a result—a cause, not an effect. Men frequently differ in Opinion who agree on Principle. It may safely be said that the strictest Conservative is as much a practical lover of liberty as the veriest progressionist; but the twain differ in opinion as to the means for securing the common object. Mr. Southey, for instance, still breathes the same preference for Freedom, both public and private, as when a youth: but he now sees that unmitigated democracy is not the best and pleasantest way for accomplishing the desired end. The fact is that men *cannot* disagree on Principle, for every principle is a law of the human constitution, and is common to every man, even as the law of gravitation is present in every atom of matter.

In like manner, however opposite the opinions expressed by different men, the same Principle, as above shewn, animates each opinionist, and is, in reality, asserted in each opinion. The question arises on the best mode or form of carrying it out, and the influence of the Opinion will vary in intensity precisely in proportion as the Principle has become conscious in the individual. An Opinion derives all its force and energy from the Principle that vitalises it, and is an evidence of its activity.

Digitized by Google

We were the first to notice the operation of Idealisms in the movements of the Chartist bodies. Down to the very day of the publication of our June number, the daily and weekly press treated the subject with ridicule; but from that time forward they regarded it as a serious matter. Even then the proofs were in our hands in the poem of *Ernest*, that the great principle of *Political Regeneration* was the recognised spring of the whole business. We were also aware of the class and extent of the Opinions in which the Principle was seeking expression, and of the great number of their adherents. The existence of Chartism was, therefore, a social phenomenon which it behoved the judicious to interpret.

What has lately occurred at Newport only tends to confirm our previous positions. The Welsh Chartism arises not from distress, but from a perception of a possibility of a better distribution of the wealth produced by the working classes; in order to their procuring such a share of it as shall give to them some of the *elegancies* of life, and sufficient *leisure* to enjoy them. This is the sole end and aim of all the rising, which will become revolution, unless the wise man be provided, who by satisfactory measures shall avert the growing tempest.

In such a state of the public mind, literature suffers; and, in its purer forms, receives indeed no attention. Periodical literature suffers by reason of it in a peculiar manner. To keep up the circulation of a Magazine under such circumstances, the proprietors of such have in general sought to counteract the tendency of the market, by substituting an appeal to the most vulgar tastes for those refined exercises which had ceased to be heard in the tumult of political contention.

The ruin of literature was impending when we proposed in this Magazine to direct public attention to its noblest aims. For the manner in which the press has seconded our arduous efforts, we cannot be enough grateful. Conscious that a mighty cause was at stake, they have come to our aid almost to a man. Such conduct is alike honourable to us and to them. Thus corroborated, we turn to the world of readers and book-buyers for that support which we endeavour to deserve. The cause now rests in the hands of the lovers of literature—the degree of patronage that we shall receive will gauge their number, and decide the amount of our relative success. Both in Germany and in France, we find that we are making a public—but it is to our own country that we look with patriotic pride for that response which should cheer the labours of the sage, and stimulate the exertions of the student. Experience has now been had of our spirit and purposes for a twelvemonth.—We should not be permitted to begin the new year without many fresh reasons for the hope that is in us, and for the desire to restore the respectability and enhance the value of periodical literature, which we cherish as the single motive of our earnest endeavours.

Trusting that these considerations will be laid seriously to heart by the intelligent public, we close the year and this volume with a cheerful farewell!

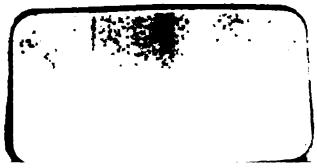
Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google